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TOWN TALK

Vol. 11 No. 566

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 4, 1903

126218



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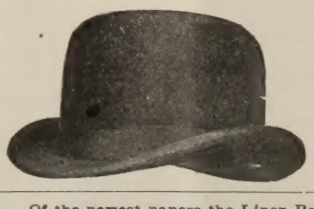
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, July 4, 1903

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THEODORE F. BONNET - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded. We cannot undertake to preserve or return manuscripts.

The Noisy Fourth

This is the day we celebrate; proud should we be of the day but far from proud of our method of expressing our jubilance. Our Fourth of July demonstrativeness is in harmony with the style of oratory prevalent about this time of year. Neither is worthy of the sentiment that inspires the guilty parties. The sound and fury that are characteristic of both are more suggestive of the chauvinistic spirit than of true patriotism. It is not pleasant to reflect that "the day we celebrate" has become a day of dread to many thousands of people, who flee from town to safeguard their nerves. Those fugitives are no less patriotic than their strenuous fellow-citizens who can find no better way of expressing emotion than by exploding detonating bombs and other ill-smelling specimens of Chinese handicraft and ingenuity. It is a humiliating commentary on our advanced civilization that the exuberance of our national spirits is annually expressed in a barbarous custom borrowed from the most effete heathens of the Orient. But it is not the humiliating circumstance of a borrowed, barbarous custom that should give us pause. We have made such substantial progress as a nation that we need not worry over our propensity to indulge animal spirits in a way that bespeaks a survival of the savage in our nature. It is not the absurdity of the custom so much as the offensiveness of it that should concern us. It is offensive not only because it jars the nerves and depopulates large centres of activity, dampening the patriotic ardor of the high-strung native, but for the more important reason that it jeopardizes life and property. The custom of celebrating the Fourth with fireworks has cost us more than our wars. There is more blood shed every Fourth than was spilled in the battles of the Yanko-Spanko disturbance. Why not be content to make the Fourth glorious by the flow of wit, eloquence and champagne? When spread-eagle orators are turned loose simultaneously in every town and hamlet in the land, the explosion should be sufficiently vociferous to satisfy all true lovers of noise.

New Definition of a Gentleman

The other day during the trial of a case in Santa Rosa a witness referred to some one as "a gentleman." Asked for the reason for this title the witness promptly responded: "He keeps an automobile." In this wise the discovery comes to hand that we are proudly moving up with the machines. Thomas Carlyle, in defining a gentleman, used to say he was a man who kept a gig. The veriest "pudd'nhead" can realize the immense stride civilization has made when the possession of an automobile is recognized as the mark of a gentleman. Most any man in these piping days of trusts can live up to and act up to the smartest kind of a gig, but how many can show the polish, the savoir faire, the—the "get there" and the bank roll sufficient to entitle them to get inside the corral and be deservedly branded under the new definition of the word, gentleman? Nay, the restriction goes further. Noblesse oblige: these men of gentle rank in the possession of their magnificent chou-chou machines are called upon to run them under the restrictions of gentlemanly conduct. It cannot on any theory of etiquette be considered gentlemanly to bump into an old lady plodding along the highway and then to duck around the corner without handing her a card. Thus is the behavior of the gentleman cut out for him as he grandly ascends in a civilization that is mounting "on wheels" to higher things.

Belasco's Fiasco in Berlin

Belasco's press agent is just now having a sizzling time in Berlin. "Du Barry" was produced there recently, and the German critics poked such fun at the play and bombarded the acts with such acidulous shot that they reduced the house to "empty seats." At once the resourceful press agent determined to get some sort of advertisement out of the fiasco even if he had to twist the incident into a charge that the hissing of the German critics was intended as a national slap at American art. He had heralded the play as the first genuine American dramatic product representing the higher standard of dramatic development in young America. Belasco was touted as America's Sardou. After all this kind of buncombe he expected the Germans to sing the praises of the play and playwright and to prove their sincerity by rolling their thalers into the box-office. This is the day of the international glad-hand, and, of course, the Germans ought to keep their end up by welcoming the "Du Barry" invasion of the Fatherland. After all this prelude the surprised press agent awoke one morning to read in the public prints that the critics agreed that dramatic art in the United States must still be in swaddling clothes if the frou-frous exhibited by "Du Barry" were a sample. They laughed, sneered and jeered at the play and empty benches followed. The press agent forthwith leaped on high and shrieked "Assassin critics, you have dealt the

death blow to the American drama on the German stage." Naturally the partisans gathered, ink began to flow, and the war is now on. It so happened that just before Belasco put on his play at this same Berlin theater the boards were graced by the talented Californian, Miss Ysidora Duncan. She won great success through her artistic interpretation of various dances. Now the active press agent is asserting that as the Berlin critics recognized Miss Duncan's art they must perforce admit that other art may come out of America "not dressed in swaddling clothes," and why may it not be in the Belasco package entitled "Du Barry?" This prize package argument did not alter the opinion of the critics, so the P. A. declared they were "no good anyway" because some of them had even guyed Miss Duncan, who "had succeeded in elevating to ideality and the esthetic the most sensual of all forms of art, dancing." In his last screed he wound up as follows:

"Miss Ysidora Duncan, who achieved her triumphs on the stage of the Theatre des Westens, is a Californian by birth. Graceful and willowy in action, Miss Duncan succeeded in exhibiting her new terpsichorean art, her dance interpretation of Chopin and other masters of musical composition, with such refinement and grace that she was proclaimed the creator of a new art. The same Berlin critics who denounce Belasco's 'Du Barry' went into ecstacy over Miss Duncan's art. For three hours Miss Duncan danced before them and was able to hold and sustain their interest and admiration. But to-day there is hardly a low-class music hall or burlesque theater in Berlin which is not producing 'Duncan-can' dances, and there is no comic paper which has not poked its rather vulgar cartoons at Miss Duncan. An American teaching us anything ideal, or revealing to us a new art! Banish the thought! That was finally the sum and substance of Berlin's opinion of Duncanism."

Just the same, Miss Duncan seems to be meeting with her old-time success in the high places where she gives her exhibitions of dancing. Isn't there an old proverb among the stage "props" which reads that "Imitation is the sincerest flattery?" As for "imitations" on the stage and burlesques, it's pretty well known the "dubs" and the "fizzles" are never accorded that recognition. Has the blasting of Belasco's play by the Berlin critics caused any of the burlesque houses to produce a skit on "Du Barry?" Perhaps German good taste does not relish "Du Barry" as dished up by Belasco. This indignant press agent will only succeed in doing one thing—drowning the Berlin fiasco of Belasco in printer's ink.

Jekyll and Hyde Politicians

The political pot gives up the same results the world over. If there is any apparent difference it can be found in word juggling. The method and the result will be found identical. Recent results in Servia only corroborate this view. Public opinion called for an expression of abhorrence of assassination and certain pledges of reform from Prince Peter: they were promptly forthcoming. Underground politics required that he should at the same time assure the assassins that he would do nothing of the kind. Otherwise his election and tenure of the throne might be as insecure as those of his predecessor. He promised both sides and got the throne—the regular way of the politician, whether in Servia or America. For years he had been planning to regain the throne for the house of Karageorgevitch, of which he is the head, and the murder of the heads of the other house was the first chance that offered to obtain it in that cheapest of politician's bonds—his promise to do or not to do a certain thing, or both. King Peter is not the first politician who has won his job by promising to do different acts for opposing factions. Impartial observers will fail to find any material difference between his inconsistency and similar inconsistency on the part of well-known local office-holders. The dodge of promising everything demanded by public opinion while at the same time having a private understanding of an exactly opposite nature with the machine has been familiarly demonstrated time and again between here and Sacramento. The machine that upset the late throne boosted King Peter upon the wreck. He never could have got there without its assistance, and he never could have got that assistance without his double-faced pledges. The machine doubtless smiled grimly at his public utterance that he "deeply regretted that it had been thought necessary to shed streams of blood, and deplored the fact that the army had taken recourse to such measures," but the machine knew that these words were merely sops to the multitude and did not mean any more than his pledges of reform. The men behind an American machine have a similar smile on their faces when they hear their candidates make "reform" promises to the public. But this farce becomes a tragedy when the machine becomes so weak that it cannot restrain its tool, or when a rival machine rises up powerful enough to crush it—as happened in the case of the late King Alexander himself. It was only a few years ago that he splintered the one that made him.

Another Deluge Threatened

This is the age of cutting expenses and the Society of American Authors, after carefully scanning the field, has decided that it can best bulge the bank account of the craft by saving some of the postage on poetry and other literary output. It is going to urge Congress at the next session to permit authors' manuscripts to be carried in the mails at third-class rates instead of regular letter postage, as at present. This means a reduction from two cents for each ounce to one cent for two ounces. A Hawthorne, a Poe or a Lowell wouldn't save much annually on the proposed new scale but the jokesmith, the literary machine, and the short story manipulator are expected to make enough out of it to buy some of the cheaper breakfast foods. It's a rasping commentary on the Society that it sees an easier way to earn a penny in this fashion than by a higher cultivation of its fertile field of work. But, alas, has this pondering Society considered what this momentous change will mean to the trustful editor? Already those over-worked wights are chin deep in manuscripts. Every other man, woman and child seems to be contributing to this mighty flood of "copy" which is struggling against a weak two-cent postage levee, to sweep over the editorial rooms of the

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land and deluge the resplendent sanctum sanctorums out of sight. What avail hope and trust in the heart of the simple editor when men must write and women must write and the Society of American Authors hacks at the only bulwark of safety, the two-cent postage rate?

His Idea of "Professional Suicide"

The question of David Bispham's legal residence being in dispute during the trial of his divorce suit, in England, he said: "I am proud of the fact that I am an American, but I never intend to live in the United States because it is not a musical country, and it would be professional suicide for a singer to make his home there." If the commercial value of Mr. Bispham's voice, in his opinion, depends in the slightest measure on the particular spot in the world which he chooses for his legal residence, he must set a very low estimate on the voice and clothe it with an evanescent quality it does not deserve. We have yet to learn of another member of the old Grau Opera Company, or any other singer, or for that matter any painter, sculptor, architect, orator, poet or musician, who has committed "professional suicide" in that way—that is by making a home outside of a certain radius bounding the centre of his or her art. Real talent of any sort that elects to sell itself to the public belongs to the world, and the world takes it at a true value no matter where it chances to take board or lodging or to pay taxes. The records hold a long list of talented Americans, who, notwithstanding their residences in this country, won both fame and wealth the world over without committing "professional suicide." Is Mr. Bispham untactful or was his utterance made for advertising purposes in Europe?

Charging for College Education

Objection seems to be raised in some quarters against the announcement that a fee of two dollars will be demanded of students late in registering at the University of California this year. There is no good reason why fees should not be charged, and why students should not pay for all they get. Most of them would value their education more than they do if it cost them something and a system of fees would weed out a considerable number of attendants who simply keep on at school because they do not know what else to do with themselves, and neither reflect credit on the University nor render the State any equivalent for the bounty they take advantage of. The glorious boast of unlimited free education for all applicants is getting to be very much like the proverbial whistling to keep up courage while walking through a dark graveyard. We have become so used to hearing education praised as a great and wonderful thing, without reference to the use that is made of it, that we do not dare to stop and examine it. Merely going to college, in search of that elusive chimera, "general culture," is about as profitable a task as filling both hands with sand and then attempting to perform manual labor. A college education, unless undertaken for some specific purpose, is a waste of time and life. To spend four or five years conning over the thoughts and opinions of other people when one might be doing one's own thinking, is a futility to be expected from our brilliant educational system. It is suggested that every one is not capable of originating thought, to which one may make answer, then why send the idiots to college? Nine-tenths of the general students in college today gain nothing better from their four years of study than discontent and dissatisfaction with their homes and relatives. They imbibe an idea that they are superior, and that somehow, somewhere, a great wrong has been done to them in that they were not born "higher up." It is not the "divine discontent" that leads to betterment, but a peevish, whining, ill-temper. There is more need for good handicraftsmen and artisans today than for half-baked doctors and lawyers, and with the proportion of two teachers to every class in California, there is no great demand for more girls to fit themselves for pedagogy, especially as the high and normal schools deliver a yearly grist of nearly five hundred. The fact of having continued to attend school of some kind up to the twenty-fifth year or later is not in itself any more useful or creditable than that of having gone to bed every night at nine o'clock. Instead of offering inducements to every yokel, reducing the requirements to the lowest notch, and dispensing with fees, it would be more to the purpose if admission to college were less easy. The pathetic story of the poor youth sounds better in print than in life. Given the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, and determination and a desire to learn will do the rest, and do it just as effectively and without either levying tribute on the public or acquiring expensive habits at the same time. It is noteworthy that while colleges multiply and attendance at each one of them increases, scholarship does not, and except those who take special courses with a definite aim in view, little, if anything is heard of the others. The college men who write would, in most instances, write just as well if they had stopped short with the high school, and those who enter other callings speedily forget all they learned, or thought they did, in order to make room for the special knowledge they need.

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On the Cultivation of Vice

Readers of the "Last Essays of Elia" will remember the dinner that the New Year, upon his coming of age, gave to the Days; and how unconditionally they, if right minded and not over-righteous, sympathized with the jovial Christmas Day in a certain design he had upon the too decorous Ash Wednesday; and will own up to it that they also had "a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would behave himself in his cups."

Most of us, being honest sinners, enjoy a mischievous delight, not altogether unworthy of our human estate, in detecting the slips of those who go through life walking with provoking pretentiousness a chalk-line drawn precisely along the middle of the straight and narrow path. We may detest drunkenness, and yet long to catch the President of the International Prohibition League napping and nipping.

Why is the aforesaid "Elia," or Lamb, one of the most lovable of writers? Is it not because of his endearing weaknesses? What prevented Stevenson, our own latter-day Lamb, from being quite just to Thoreau? The fact that he who dwelt apart from men by Walden Pond "was almost shockingly devoid of weaknesses; he had not enough of them to make him truly polar with humanity." I trust, dear reader, that neither your biographer nor mine may find any lack of polarity on our part a stumbling-block and an offense, and an occasion for adverse criticism! But let us be of good cheer: the sinless are no kith or kin of ours.

A man should cultivate a vice or two, were it only for the sake of sociability. The too good are no good at all in this imperfect, sinning sphere. They deserve to die. Their presence here among men is a perpetual intrusion. Had they but a few sins to their credit, they might be tolerable company; but this over-righteousness of theirs is in the worst possible taste, downright rudeness, an insult almost to common humanity. Is it not, to say the least, the height of ill-breeding to make honest mortals so uncomfortable in your presence that they feel they must needs give themselves up forthwith to the police? I propose that for the protection of everyday humanity, and for the furtherance of good fellowship, there be organized a Society for the Suppression of Too-Much Virtue. Persons without a single failing are a menace to mankind. These incredible creatures are much too bright and good for human nature's —Sunday dinner, even. To common nostrils the odor of sanctity that hangs about them is overpowering.

Angels in heaven we adore; and their visits, brief and far between, give rise to endless anticipations, afford pretty figures for their peers the poets, and may be used to point pleasant morals and adorn delightful tales. *They* don't go flaunting their feathers in the faces of the earth-born, or sit preening them aloof; but come in the likeness of men, and try a fall with you, or what not. But these wearers of borrowed plumes that I am having at—in our hearts we know them for pretenders; for moral negations, and no angels. Just as apes offend us, being as it were imitations of men, made by some amateur deity, so do these non-human offend, being as it were imitations of angels, made by—themselves!

Before going farther, it may be well to forestall possible misconceptions. I am not the devil's advocate, making out a case in favor of vice (to tell the truth, I would far liefer be God's advocate, defending virtue); but I do mean to say that it takes at least one failing to make a man companionable in this our spotted but beautiful existence, and that nothing short of divinity can be both sinless and lovable. Holiness is a high word. I hope I do it at all times reverence; but having on more than one occasion ventured to lift my eyes to the faces of your self-made angels, I came at length to see that the beauty of holiness was not theirs; that their lives were very unlovely; and having a holy horror of ugliness, I was moved to cry out to my companions, "If this be virtue, for God's sake let us sin!"

Purity in man or woman I love no less than thou dost, or thou; and yet, the fiercely virginal female, in her impregnable prudery, defending with unnecessary vigilance and vigor a chastity that no man ever dreamed of assailing, in either hand a stone for an erring sister—her it would, I hold, be a kindness to lead into the paths of dalliance—for her soul's sake. Who—but no; that would be asking too much of poor masculine human nature. God made her to the end of holding in check the evil desires that rise so readily in the desperately wicked heart of man; and all unwittingly she more than fulfills the divine intention.

Truly, I am more than half serious in saying that the too righteous need for their salvation—for the extension of their sympathies—a redeeming fault or so. I think it is human to err every now and then. However, I think also (I am wholly serious now) that to forgive upon occasion is equally human.

The disinterested devotion of women, to remember which makes pessimism impossible; the heroic deeds which men are doing and have done; the works of artists everywhere and when; these, to my thinking, are every whit as human as are follies and foibles and the like. Heroism, the disinterested doing of noble things, is just as human as Nero-ism, the doing of cruel things, or zero-ism, the doing of nothing. If to hate is human, it is likewise human to love. Man is made for successes no less than for failures. The fire is as characteristic of him as the clay; the divinity as the dust. If we humans have mighty desires to see how old Dominies behave themselves in their cups, and resent too much righteousness, we have also mighty desires to see old sinners some to their senses, behave themselves after some sublime sort. Some of the touches of nature that make the whole world kin would be to the credit of archangels.

HARRY COWELL.



The Saunterer

Exhibits in the Eppinger Failure

The show of rounding up the Eppinger firm and forcing its members to make good the shortage of some two million dollars is rapidly vanishing into thin air—into hot thin air. Two forms of investigating the affair were had. One, public, by the Grand Jury; the other private, by committees of business men. The inquiry by the Grand Jury was the usual farce. Every taxpayer has been educated by this time into knowing full well how inquiries into such cases usually end with a Grand Jury. The only hope of those who stood for a higher moral tone in our business community lay in the business men's committees. But the results were foregone as soon as they were named. Charges of "fine work" filled the air. Men who stood closer to the members of the delinquent firm than a postage stamp to an envelope were given the task of digging into the acts of Eppinger & Co.

Kinds of Influence Used

There followed a notable illustration of what is known in business circles as fraternal, religious and "stand in" influence. The last named is a case of speculators "standing in" against outsiders. "All for one and one for all" is the password. The understanding is that if a crony is caught in the meshes of the law he ought to be helped out —that is if it costs only influence and a cash outlay that is fully warranted by the profits in sight. The new local bankruptcy law is a standing commentary on the "stand in" methods of the most notorious wing of this business community. Before that law was adopted gentlemen of their kidney used to "stand in" when a local man failed and unite to squeeze the Eastern creditors. Under their flim-flam system insolvency became a good money-making business. Their methods finally became so flagrant that Eastern merchants hustled about and clapped the gyves upon such acts by having the present bankruptcy law adopted transferring the cases of insolvents from the Superior to the Federal courts.

Kicked Over Business Idols

The execution of all proceedings against the Eppingers was tacitly passed up to the involved banks. They were the heaviest losers and the highest representatives of the solid business element, and it was expected of them not only to safeguard but to advance the moral integrity of the community should it be threatened. Had they made the stand expected there would have been another story. "But capital is timid and notoriously sensitive." The condition of the case was put to them in such adroit fashion by those specially engaged to manage the matter that each institution thought it alone was going to enjoy the best dicker when it came to payment. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s bank was one that made some sign of exercising drastic proceedings. Several of its directors summarily kicked over the idols of fraternal and religious pull and—well, there has been something of a shake-up since in its management. Some of the other banks will undergo a like experience when they emerge from the hypnotized spell into which they have been thrown by the artful spell-binders.

Winked at Thimble-Rigging Methods

Already warm and bitter words are being heaped on officers who ought to have scrutinized the value of the securities more closely. Venturesome engineers on railroads are continually breaking rules and "taking chances" to make up time. Their delinquencies are winked at by the management as long as there is no smash-up. But when the smash-up comes the world comes down on the erring engineer and the railroad management hardest of all. So in the present instance. The bank managers who "took chances" against bank rules and, on the strength of holding warehouse receipts for grain, winked at the Eppingers' thimble-rigging in shipments and sales, won't be allowed to crawl behind the lame excuse that "it was customary."

The Artful Managers of the Show

The whole show has been most artfully managed and the "Commission" General will undoubtedly earn a big name in his line and come in for further business. Why not? They may raise Napoleons of finance in the East but California can cap them all with cash results when it comes to showing the coups of the Ferdinands of failure she breeds. The State is rising to the fate ordained when it allowed the lawyers to develop who acquired for it the reputation of being the greatest will breaker on earth. Not long ago an insurance company with headquarters in Japan was commercially damned by local merchants for practically repudiating some of its policies. The case showed how much depends on who does the thimble-rigging and how much the game is ahead before the explosion. Was General Butler right when he said a man was a fool for stealing less than one hundred thousand dollars, because with that sum he could easily buy immunity from prosecution with fifty thousand and retain a handsome balance to reward his "business" acumen.

Miss Wilson's Double Run of Luck

Miss Emily Wilson has had to parry all sorts of thrusts from her friends because she received both the ring and the thimble at the Murphy-Hopkins wedding and kept the fact a secret until one of the guests accidentally discovered it. There was a merry search for the tell-tale trinkets always hidden in a wedding cake and it was finally decided that the unscrupulous caterer had neglected to put them there, and many were the anathemas called down on his head by the girls who still have a third finger "to let." All the time they were making this to-do over it Miss Wilson had the ring and thimble tucked away out of sight, having quickly removed them from the piece of cake she drew. When of the girls caught the glint of the pretty baubles and pounced on Miss Wilson she blushingly said "that it seemed so silly for her to have drawn both," and now society is wondering whether there is not a Cupid in the woodpile who was responsible for Miss Wilson's embarrassment over her lot.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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Monks May Come to California

I learn that there is a strong possibility of the Carthusian monks, the makers of the famous Chartreuse, establishing themselves in California. Since their expulsion from the Grand Chartreuse in France the monks have had committees in almost every country of Europe seeking a suitable location for the establishment of their headquarters where their famous liqueur can be manufactured without government intervention. Not long ago it seemed to be definitely determined that they would settle on the Island of Iona, off the coast of Scotland. But when they learned that all ecclesiastical buildings on the island had been secured to the Established Church of Scotland forever purchase was out of the question. The monks who actually make the famous liqueur are temporarily at Tarragona, Spain. None of it is being made just now because there are great supplies on hand yet untouched. A committee of the monks left for the United States last week, with a view to discovering if California could furnish a location suitable for the purpose which they can own entirely and over which they will have undisputed sway.

Caught in a Fluttering Handkerchief

A well known merchant and club man went down to the Pacific Mail dock not long ago to see his wife and her sister and husband off to the islands. After the last fond good-byes and the clearing of the ship he walked along the dock to flutter his pocket handkerchief in response to those waving in the hands of his relatives on board ship. Several hundred other people pressed around him, most of them waving farewells to those on the departing liner. In turning to get a better view he brushed suddenly against a smartly gowned woman beside him. Apparently she too was waving a fond farewell to some one on board the vessel. The merchant apologized. When he caught the glamour of the warm blush that suddenly suffused the pretty face beside him, he took occasion to say that he was sorry the crowd was so great as to trouble her. "It's my own fault," she answered. "I ought to have known better and should not have been drawn into it. But I did so want to wave Dick just one last good-bye. I don't really know what I'm going to do. How shall I get out of this?" and she looked around her, quite perplexed.

Luncheon a Deux

Of course he volunteered to escort her through the jostling crowd and off the wharf. As travelers know that is a walk of several score of yards. When they reached the street he begged permission to see her on a car and she smilingly said he might ride up to Market street with her. At Market street he had recovered himself sufficiently to hazard that he was a bit sharp set after his sea trip and he suggested a bit of luncheon. Just a bite. She looked a bit frightened at the thought but after some pressing she consented. During that tantalizing luncheon he learned only two things—that she was deucedly pretty and that "Dick" wasn't her husband. He didn't even learn her name but he got a promise from her that she would dine with him the next evening.

Told in Song and Story

He knows more about her now. She is living in a handsome Laguna street flat and he is still ordering the things for their dinners—and breakfasts—and he does it mornings on his way down town. I wonder how many fond wives, who from the deck of an outgoing steamer bid their hubbies farewell, realize how many strange domestic complications may be in the surrounding air. The new flat was started some three weeks ago, it was the first of its kind in that family, and at present it gives every token of continuing in existence long after the return of the travelers from the islands. All of which goes to show that sirens lurk about the wharves for victims as well as about the waters of summer resorts.

An Indecent Exposure

Some people will not be denied at any cost when there is a little coin of the realm in sight. It appears that Edna Wallace Hopper undertook to break the will of Alexander Dunsmuir even at the risk of blasting the reputation of her dead mother, and incidentally of presenting herself to the world as the daughter of a woman with a somewhat pungent past. A posthumous family skeleton is never so repellant as when dangled in the light of day through sordid motives by those to whom decency should dictate that it be concealed. Edna Wallace Hopper has long posed as a rich woman, and though her pretensions as to wealth may have been greatly exaggerated she is at least in comfortable circumstances, and therefore she cannot plead penury in extenuation of her indecent expose of her mother's past. And though some actresses are willing to avail themselves of any pretext to promote publicity, as for instance Mabel Gilman who sought notoriety through the publication of a Mongolian potentate's love letters, I should be reluctant to believe that Edna Wallace Hopper thought only of the advertising in store when she instituted that will contest.



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New Homes of the Haggins

The house at Versailles, near Lexington, where Mr. and Mrs. James B. Haggin will spend the summer, is the site of an old colonial house which has one of the most romantic histories of the famous homes of Kentucky. The old mansion has been moved back and stands in the rear of the new palace, which has four colonial columns at the front of the house and two imposing lions guarding the entrance. Most of the Haggin famous horses are in the handsome stables near by. The family will shortly erect a new winter home on Fifth avenue. Mrs. Richard Lounsbery, Mr. Haggin's daughter by his first wife, is abroad with her debutante daughter, Miss Edith, but will return in July. The present Mrs. Haggin was a relative of the first wife and was brought up in her husband's house.

There was a dance at a Santa Cruz mountain resort the other night. One of the young women present was asked for the honor of a two-step.

"Oh, I can't dance without my appendix," she said, pressing her side.

Appendicitis operations, it appears, interfere with terpsichorean pleasures.

Grant's Boomerang Boomlet

There is a vice-presidential boom on down south in San Diego, for U. S. Grant, who has long been engaged in trying to capitalize the name of his illustrious father for political purposes. The boom was started by J. Wade McDonald, who wrote a letter to the San Diego *Union* calling attention to Grant's peculiar fitness for the position. "There is only one man on the Pacific coast who is thoroughly available for the position," says McDonald, "and that is U. S. Grant Jr. of San Diego." He closed the letter with this ingenious bit of word-painting which has the true San Diego flavor: "The slogan—the Atlantic and Pacific, Roosevelt and Grant—would evolve a torrent of popular approval that would sweep the country from centre to circumference with the irresistible force of an Alpine avalanche and the fierce enthusiasm of a Kansas cyclone." Mr. J. Wade McDonald, be it known, is Mr. Grant's attorney, a circumstance that probably accounts for the cyclonic enthusiasm of his pen.

His Refreshing Modesty

They have a very artful way of doing things political down in San Diego. Mr. Grant followed up his attorney's letter with one of his own which contained the following naive statement: "I have not announced myself as a candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination, but I have known that some of my friends have entertained the feeling that the position ought to come to this coast, and that I would probably be as available as any other citizen of the section." Mark the rare modesty of the man. Far be it from him to consider himself more available than any other citizen of the section. Content is he to regard himself merely as the peer of his fellow men. There is a comic opera flavor to the Grant boom which is positively refreshing. The attorney and his wealthy and ambitious client remind one of their famous prototypes, two of the three tailors of Tooley street, for what could be more preposterous than a Vice-Presidential boom started by an aspirant for the job and his attorney in little old San Diego by the sea. Mr. Grant blames the whole thing on his friends, but that has been the way of the job-chaser from time immemorial. He is the first to call attention to his own availability by circulating the report that certain friends are urging him to stand for the nomination. As a matter of fact Mr. Grant's friends want him to enter the race again for United States Senator, for they know that he will be sure to open his barrel again in the event of his aspiring for the toga. And by the way I should like to know whether Mr. Grant believes that he established his availability as a Vice-Presidential candidate when he sought to buy his way into the United States Senate a few years ago; also whether he thinks that the memory of that contest would aid him in his Vice-Presidential aspirations.

The whiskey of the particular — Chapin & Gore.

Astonished Her Critics

The superstition that California is principally inhabited by cowboys and miners is still frequent enough in certain New York circles to produce rather humorous effects. This belief has been partly kept alive by such literary Buffalo Bills as Charles F. Lummis and Joaquin Miller, who have come out of the West in corduroys and buckskins and made Fifth avenue sit up and take notice. Not satisfied with this, I am told, some of the most sedate and conventional of our citizens, when they get among the local-color seekers of Gotham, will cast aside the everyday business garb in which they were accustomed to appear while in San Francisco and blossom out in the hides and hair of semi-savagery. While visiting New York, it is said, Miss Evelyn McCormack, the painter, was joked about being a wild westerner and yet appearing clad like any other girl. She stood this for awhile but at last she got tired of it and resolved on a decisive move for the reputation of California. She was stopping at one of the best known hotels at the time, and she fairly caused a panic in the dining-room one morning by appearing in a garb of buckskin adorned with rattlesnake trimmings. When she sat down at the table she pulled a bowie-knife out of her belt and placed it alongside her plate. "She's from California, you know," was the comment she heard on every hand.

The Joseph Belleau Coryells have a little son, and the baby's cards have been sent out to his parents' friends. He is a month old now, and has been christened "Royal Ross." Mrs. Coryell was Mabel Lloyd Jessup. The Coryells own a beautiful country-place near Menlo Park.

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Why Nat Goodwin Smiles

If the story which I am credibly informed is true proves to have a good foundation, Nat Goodwin must be laughing in his sleeve at the stories which have recently been circulated concerning his separation from his wife—a separation said by the newspaper gossips to be personal as well as professional. I have it on the best authority, with which Nat has nothing to do, that Mrs. Goodwin is with friends in the East awaiting a very important domestic event, for she does not intend to let her little sister Gertrude get ahead of her and Gertrude is the adoring mother of a small and winsome daughter.

Perhaps it is the program situation, perhaps it is the Goodwin fate, to have the old-time rumor, "Nat and his wife are going to separate," floating like a comet over his circuit. And the cause assigned? Why, the proverbial woman. But all the same the acquaintances of the comedian who give ear to the rumor point to his failure this week to appear in Sacramento as billed and his hasty dark brown trip back to this city as one of the unfailing signs that the domestic felicity of the star has somehow slipped a cog.

Livernash Was Not Whitewashed

From the *Examiner's* account of the proceedings of the Labor Council on the occasion of the investigation of the case of Congressman Livernash who was caught red-handed in the act of buying socks at an "unfair" haberdasher's, it appeared that he was whitewashed. The fact is that the investigation resulted unsatisfactorily to the erratic newspaper man. He pleaded that he was in a preoccupied mood when he was accosted by the union men who notified him of the character of the store, and that their conduct was so offensive that it aroused his indignation. He argued that labor leaders should not be expected to follow strictly all union rules, because there were more important matters that engrossed their attention. His friends sought to have the Council express its confidence in him by a vote, but emphatic objections were raised, and the vote was not taken. It is now the privilege of the Retail Clerks' Union to take any action in the matter that its members may deem proper.

The Governor Is Grateful

Governor Pardee appointed Guy Barham a Bank Commissioner despite the bitter opposition of the anti-Gage element in Los Angeles. Barham was really entitled to the job, for it was at his earnest solicitation that Gage caused the publication of a despatch on the morning of the election calling for his friends to rally to the support of the Republican candidate. It will be remembered that up to that time Gage had been sulking in his tent, and that his friends were either apathetic or violently opposing Pardee. Since the election it has been conceded by many of Pardee's friends that he could not have been elected if Gage had not sent that despatch. In appointing Barham, Pardee testified his gratitude to the man who had induced Gage to break silence.

Political Conference at Tahoe

Abe Ruef stole quietly away last week to the shores of Lake Tahoe, ostensibly for the purpose of enjoying a summer outing, but his disappearance from his usual haunts was contemporaneous with the departure of John Lynch, the Revenue Collector, who has been actively engaged in calming the tempestuous waters of the Republican pond. I do not know whether the two leaders had an assignation up in the Sierras, but the fact is that they met at Tallac and held a conference among the tall pines. The little bird that brought back the news is authority for the statement that Lynch and Ruef went to Tahoe to talk over the Mayoralty, and that they failed to settle the question as to whom they should nominate. Ruef is, of course, intent on securing the Republican nomination for Schmitz, but Lynch thinks that Speaker Fisk should be the Republican standard bearer. They parted with the understanding that the subject would not be taken up for discussion until after the primaries.

Will Have a Private Auto Road

The set of millionaires who have palatial homes up on the McCloud river spend money so lavishly but so quietly that the gush writers of the society columns never even hear the clink of it. Their latest expenditure is a private automobile road which is to circle some eighteen miles and be a private thoroughfare for those who have contributed to



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build the road. Mrs. Hearst is not an auto enthusiast but she is one of those who have helped to build the new roadway and Charles Stetson Wheeler, the well known attorney, who has a home on the McCloud, is another who has enthusiastically given aid to it. Fancy the joy unconfined of the autoist who will be able to whirr over this road as fast as the machine can puff without seeing speed ordinances on every tree and stone. But the road will be barred to the ordinary autofarer for the people who have built intend to use it exclusively for themselves and friends.

Dined His Guests a la Hunter

While the homes of the McCloud colony are as costly as anything down Blingum way they are furnished with an eye to simplicity; any attempt at display is not tolerated. One wealthy gentleman who has a home up there that cost eighty thousand dollars in the building has it equipped in the severest fashion. He believes that there should be neither fuss nor feathers about a summer home. He always dines on an oilcloth covered table and uses this same primitive napery no matter how distinguished his guests may be. Last summer Mrs. Hearst was entertaining a party of her Eastern friends at her partly finished home on the McCloud and this believer in the simple mode of summering invited the whole party to dinner, served as per custom on oilcloth. The dinner consisted of fish and game caught on his own preserves and cooked a la hunter's style. The guests, needless to say, enjoyed it tremendously, particularly as they knew it was not gotten up for their benefit but was mine host's usual manner of dining.

Will Help Support Hubby Now

If Lady Sholto Douglas ever becomes a great actress those who knew her in Bakersfield when she was a poor, struggling dance-hall artist, will be writing startling reminiscences about her. The fair Loretta is going upon the regular stage, having taken a course of study at Mrs. Nelson Wheatcroft's one-two-three school. She will thus be enabled to give financial aid to her husband, the noble Lord Sholto, whose Washington saloon is said to have exhausted the remains of his inheritance. Lord Sholto's father was the late Marquis of Queensberry, a name celebrated in sporting annals. Not everybody, by the way, knows just how the marriage of the dancing Loretta and Sholto came about. The young lord was visiting some English friends of his who had a ranch near Bakersfield. The ranch owner fell ill and his wife's attention was consequently monopolized. She had little time to give to her guest. Lord Sholto fell into the habit of making daily and tri-daily trips to Bakersfield, and naturally visited its little theatre. There he first saw Loretta. Their marriage followed.

The Retort Acidulous

A certain matron of the upper set in San Rafael is disapproved in certain quarters on account of her ultra-exclusive airs and haughty demeanor. There is a tale floating around that at one time she was a needlewoman in Santa Rosa. Most of her acquaintances do not think the less of her for that while others believe that such an experience in the struggle of life ought to make her more tolerant of the feelings of others. The other day she happened to meet socially with one of her old customers. The self-made grande dame failed to recognize her. The latter's sweet smile of greeting melted into a look of extreme embarrassment, for several nearby ladies had noted the situation.

"You—you don't remember me?" she said.

"Oh, one meets so many people nowadays, you know," the grande dame replied, loftily.

"Yes," responded the other quickly, "especially among tradespeople and the working classes."

And they parted, each striving to show that nothing had happened.

From a private letter I learn that Alice Neilsen is in Sorrento, Italy, where she is playing a successful operatic engagement. She is billed for Naples next. She has appeared in four new roles, that of Marguerite among them, and has refused all offers to return to English opera.

Newport's smart set is said to be quite charmed by a talkative parrot introduced by the versatile Mr. Lehr. Having given gush society a monkey whose manners it aped, he is doubtless now bent on introducing a bird whose conversation it may copy.

Franklin Palmer has decided to remain in New York the coming season and has accepted there the positions of organist and choir director at St. Columba's church and at the large temple Beth El in Fifth avenue opposite Central Park.

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Singular Hold-Up in Oakland

There was an extraordinary hold-up in the Berkeley hills the other day, stray details of which have floated through the college town, but the whole story has not yet been pieced together by the gossips, so discreetly have the principals in the affair muffled themselves in silence. However I have heard a reliable account of the escapade that places some of the scions of aristocratic homes in the class of Dick Turpins. Several days ago a party of ladies and gentlemen started off on a walking trip through the San Ramon valley behind Piedmont. They belong to Berkeley's "outdoor" set, the set that prides itself on leading simple, natural lives in spite of the fact that Fate has put them in possession of easeful wealth. The fact that people that owned their own carriages and automobiles were going to tramp by day and sleep on the ground at night aroused very little comment, for such things are not out of plumb these unconventional days.

Frightened the Women

At dusk the first night out the men of the party left the ladies while they went forward to make a big bonfire. When they were some distance from camp the ladies were suddenly startled by a fusilade of gun shots on the hillside. At first they supposed the shots were fired by belated hunters. Suddenly, with wild whoops and Indian yells a half-dozen boys came tearing down the hill waving their guns as they rushed pell-mell on the frightened women. The young Duvals were all closely masked and the ringleader shouted "Hands up!" in approved bandit style. The startled screams and protestations of the women were interrupted by an order to hand over money and jewelry. This was promptly done. The youthful road agents were excitedly pocketing their swag preparatory to stealing away when there was another interruption. Some of the gentlemen, having felt that the ladies might be alarmed at the shooting thought it wise to hasten back to camp and forestall any nervousness. They were almost as much surprised by the sight that met them as the women had been by the boys. In a jiffy they made a rush at the young rascals, but the latter melted away in the undergrowth and in the semi-darkness they escaped. One of them happened to lose his hat bearing a silver marker engraved with his name. That name stands for something in Oakland. One of the ladies happened to be a friend of the mother of its household. Then followed a pretty ado.

Cornering the Culprits

The tramp was ended right there, and early next morning the whole party returned and a special committee of two was sent to Oakland to make inquiries and incidentally to tell the tale of the lost hat. It transpired that the hat's owner was supposed by the mother to be camping somewhere in the San Ramon valley with a company of young friends. A carriage was hastily sent for him. No one doubted at first that if the young owner of the hat was really mixed up in the raid it must have been planned as a hoax. But when he was brought home, what was the amazement of everybody when he flatly denied all connection with the affair. Close, sharp questioning and the production of his hat finally drove him into a corner and he finally confessed everything. Of course all the money and jewelry was quickly recovered and the greatest efforts were made to hush up the story. Those connected with the affair explain it among themselves as the prank of unrestrained youth, something in psychology.

A group of sonnets entitled "Love's Crucifix: Nine Sonnets and a Canzone from Petrarch," by Agnes Tobin, preface by Alice Meynell, has just been issued by William Heinemann of London. The work is very highly spoken of by the critics. In her preface Mrs. Meynell says, "Petrarch's love story has no doubt been burlesqued by the modern sense of humor; he in his day foresaw and feared no mockery. What he feared was theological rebuke, and he argued the matter out with his conscience until he died." This work is part of that accomplished by the two friends during Mrs. Meynell's late visit with the Tobins.

She Really Married Him

Few who read the announcement last January of Miss Beryl Whitney's engagement with Thomas H. Graydon believed that the betrothal would end in the marriage before six months had passed by. The engagement was the sequel to a little romance rather out of the common. In November of last year Miss Whitney, one of Miss Ely's school girls, for a bit of an escapade with two girl chums was rusticated in a little out of the way village under a duenna's guard. The girls found it rather slow, until Miss Whitney sent a message to her old friend Tom Graydon, the Harvard athlete, to come down and cheer them up. Graydon's spirit was equal to the occasion; he answered the summons *tout de suite,* palmed himself off on the credulous duenna as Beryl's brother and in that fraternal disguise managed to help his little sister and her friends pass their rustication in a lively fashion. The denouement came, as retribution generally does, and the newspapers got the story. But it seems the young people truly loved each other, and Miss Beryl's relatives were finally induced to forgive their naughty, daring daughter to the extent of permitting an engagement with the Harvard man. The engagement, as I said, was announced last January but nothing more was heard out here of the wedding preparations. Not long ago Mrs. Daisy Parrott Whitney, Beryl's sister-in-law, announced that Miss Whitney would visit California this summer. The few eligible bachelors left in San Fran-

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cisco began to prink and refurbish their wardrobes with view to a run for the prize. But they were woefully disappointed. Miss Whitney was married last Saturday in Boston to Mr. Graydon.

"Lucky" Baldwin's New Venture

"Lucky" Baldwin is in a fair way of getting stoutly on his financial feet again with the starting of his new city of Arcadia. He has laid out plans for a city twelve miles square on his Santa Anita ranch, and has made claim to the Los Angeles county supervisors that the site contains the requisite population of five hundred inhabitants. On this showing they have given him permission to call an election for the purpose of incorporating the new town. A hard fight was made against granting him this permission. It was suspected that "Lucky" had one of his pet schemes in view to launch a winter racing resort of mastodonic proportions and that a wide-open town garnished with every kind of a game that an intrepid human could possibly run against would be simply a side-show of his contemplated Babylon.

His Last Load of Gay Girls

Nearby towns declared he would corrupt the whole community. They recalled his steamer load of gay girls, gauze and gambling paraphernalia, which he sailed north with to found a new town near Nome. They charged that all the so-called inhabitants which he had marshaled to populate his new Arcadia were his touts, retainers, hirelings and stuffed dummies, and were ready to do his bidding on any kind of a job. Anyhow, they didn't want a man like him to acquire powers, "like a Russian Czar," under the act of incorporation. Baldwin called them "long hairs," declared they were jealous and were trying to keep capital from developing that section of the country. Evidently Baldwin has learned the proper way to invest his capital for he has been allowed to go ahead with his improvements and Arcadia, in big red letters, will soon be on the map. How much or how little racing and gambling will be conducted there the prospectuses as yet don't proclaim. But it's safe to say that under Czar Baldwin's management Arcadia will be the ultra-roseate capital of the hottest section of Southern California.

Greatest Gambler of His Day

"Ham" Baker, who has just died was, according to "Lucky" Baldwin who knew him well, the greatest faro dealer of his day. In the early 90's Baker was caught in a railroad wreck and badly crippled. After the smash-up he never touched the bank. "Thirty years ago," recounted the horseman, "Baker had seven of the greatest gambling houses in America bidding for his services at salaries ranging from two thousand to four thousand five hundred dollars a month. John Morrissey got him for four summers at the Saratoga Club for twenty thousand dollars. But the time I knew 'Ham' Baker best was in Virginia City, where for six years he was dealer in the greatest faro games in the world. I believe his salary was fifty dollars a night and fifteen per cent of the profits of the house. He made something like ten thousand dollars a year out of his job. But he died poor; he was an invalid for years after he came out of the Colorado railroad wreck and you know what that means to a bank account. But he was in the heyday of his glory when he dealt faro in the early '70's for Gentry and Crittenden who owned the finest gambling house on the Comstock. Many a time I've seen him handle eighty thousand dollars a day there. Once I saw him dealing in a game where one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars went back and forth across the table in one night.

Lost a Fortune at One Sitting

"One day a miner named Bilson, worth a million, came in from Utah. 'Give me a stack of thousand dollar fish,' he said. Baker handed them over. One thousand went on the jack and was lost. Bilson lost over ten thousand dollars without winning a bet. He tapped a bottle of champagne, bought another stack, and tackled the game again. Along about one o'clock luck was swinging his way and before two he was fifty thousand dollars ahead. But it swung dead against him after he made a call for one thousand dollars and picked up five thousand. As the day was breaking he played his last chip. He lost. As he kicked over his chair he said, 'Ham, that ends this jamboree, how much do I owe you?' 'Forty-two thousand dollars,' said Baker, counting up. Bilson went over to the desk and wrote out a check for that amount. That was the day of fast play and big bets. Men wanted quick action on their money and 'Ham' was put there to give it to them.

What the King of Clubs Won

"Along in the summer of '75 Jim Sharon, a brother of the Senator, dropped into the palace. Jim had been drinking a bit and perhaps that was the reason he walked

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straight up to 'Ham' and said: 'Say, Ham, this looks like a sick game. How much have you got in the box, anyhow?' 'Oh, just about something like thirty-six thousand dollars, and that's thirty-six thousand dollars more than you've got sand enough to try and win.' 'I'll go you,' said Jim. 'I've got thirty thousand dollars on deposit in the Pacific bank. I'll put up the check for it,' and he walked over to the desk and wrote out the order. Back he came and dropped it on a card. 'The whole thing goes,' he said, 'the king to win.' 'All right,' said 'Ham.' Of course everybody stopped playing and the whole crowd gathered about the board to watch the outcome. Baker began to move the cards. At the fourth turn he stopped. 'King of clubs wins,' he said, in a matter-of-fact way. 'Good enough,' exclaimed Sharon. He called for champagne for the crowd but Baker insisted on being the host. 'I'll be around tomorrow and give you another rattle,' said Sharon, as he went out the door. And that's the way they gambled when 'Ham' Baker was in his prime."

"Why did Gayboy marry such a thin woman?"

"Oh, he loves sea bathing, but he hates to have his wife wearing those decollete bathing gowns."

Will Dip His Pen in Tabasco

Monsieur Mabilleau, the French savant who gave a course of lectures at the University of California during commencement week, is said to be writing a brochure on America and it does not take a clairvoyant mind to predict that he will dip his pen in tabasco when it comes to the chapter on a western university. The distinguished Frenchman came to this country at the invitation of Mr. Hyde of New York and his lectures at Harvard created so much favorable discussion that Mr. Charles Alexander arranged for them to be repeated out here. The lectures fell at an inopportune time for commencement week is always crop full of "doings," but there were enough people interested outside of college to sparsely fill Hearst Hall. There were never more than two or three members of the faculty present at any one of the lectures and President Wheeler, in his capacity as appendage to Roosevelt, probably never once gave a thought to the distinguished lecturer. The cavalier manner in which their brilliant countryman was treated at the first lecture roused the ire of the French colony some of whom tried to induce Monsieur Mabilleau to decline to deliver the rest of the series. On the occasion of his first impassioned exposition of the true condition of women in France a number of students were practicing in the same building for their extravaganza and their disconcerting noise must have annoyed the lecturer even more than it did his audience.

Bowed Out in a Clatter of Dishes

It was thought that the committee who had charge of the lectures would surely prevent further annoyance of this sort and reserve Hearst Hall exclusively for Monsieur Mabilleau during the hour of his lecture. But President Wheeler had evidently not even taken the pains to appoint some one to look after Monsieur Mabilleau's comfort, and some variation of this sort of annoyance was repeated every day. It culminated in positive disrespect at the last lecture when the speaker's voice could scarcely be heard above the clatter of the caterers in the hall below, who were moving in paraphernalia for the reception President and Mrs. Wheeler were to give that night. There was a great deal of outspoken comment afterwards on the discourteous treatment the famous Frenchman received and those who witnessed it can not hope that Monsieur Mabilleau's impressions of Western culture and education will reflect favorably on California.

Went to War with a "Beecher Bible"

According to the press the public has lost, in the passing of Major Pond, "the most remarkable manager of celebrities the world has ever seen." The list of the celebrities whose tours he managed is really the list of all the great orators, singers, authors, artists, travelers, humorists and lecturers who appeared in this country during his business life. He managed them all from the time of Henry Ward Beecher to Booker T. Washington. He knew more prominent people intimately than any other man in the land. His life was eventful from the time when, as a lad, he went to Wisconsin and carried away by the sentiment around him, engaged in underground slave running. In 1856, at the age of eighteen, he joined John Brown in his famous raid. As a member of the band he carried one of the Sharp's rifles knows as the Beecher Bible, for the reason that the guns were shipped west by Abolitionists as Bibles. Three years later he was among the pioneers who made the rush to Colorado and Pike's Peak. Within two years he had enlisted in the cavalry and with a hundred thousand others was trying to capture Richmond and the South. He was one of the seventeen survivors out of one

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hundred and eighteen Union cavalrymen who were attacked by Quantrell in the Baxter Springs massacre. Later on he appeared in Utah as the proprietor of its first Gentile paper, *The Salt Lake Tribune.* Then his life-work began.

How He Began His Career

When Ann Eliza Young apostatized, Major Pond was delegated to go with her to Washington, where she told her story of Mormonism to Congress. At once the genius of the Major as a manager began to shine. He quickly realized the possibility of making money with Ann Young as a lecturer. He stopped at Denver for a trial. "I got the school room," he used to say, "and charged one dollar and a half for a ticket. I sold four hundred tickets, and that six hundred dollars—well, it was an eye-opener for me as to what might be done in the lecture field. I believe I've worked it pretty well since." The Major had countless delightful anecdotes on the celebrities he had managed. Once he had a contract with Mark Twain in which it was stipulated that the humorist was "to be kept moving" on the road. "At a little town in Minnesota," the Major used to recount. "We had been kept waiting for a train since four o'clock in the morning.

Mark Twain's Contract

"Mark began to grow uneasy and finally said, 'I'm tired of this business, Pond. You contracted with me to travel and here you keep me waiting for late trains that never arrive.' Mrs. Twain expostulated with him for his remark, but he persisted in his stand and said, 'I contracted with Pond to travel and I insist on his carrying out his contract.' 'All right,' I said, 'I'm willing to give you all the traveling you want if you'll tell me how to do it. This station has no wheels on it so I can't trundle you.' But he got around the difficulty by sitting on a wheelbarrow, and he never ceased growling at me for breaking my contract till I began to wheel him up and down the platform."

Urmy's Powers of Conquest

Clarence T. Urmy, the musician and poet, whose verses have figured in a divorce suit in San Jose, is said in appearance to fall short of the ideal one would set for an author of such charming verses. As a conversationalist he is not gifted with those powers that win the worship of the matinee lunch girl. Through his poems, however, he could not be much more fascinating, and he is certain to have been credited with the conquest of at least one woman.

Modjeska's Professional Vanity

Madame Modjeska's return to live in California brings back to us one of the most picturesque of our distinguished foreign residents. Count Bozenta, her husband, is a remarkably handsome Polish nobleman. He married her when she was a young girl, and contrary to the accepted rule of stage marriages they have lived in childlike happiness. Modjeska, however, has all the money and their palatial country place, Arden near Pasadena, is hers by purchase. A kindly woman by nature, Madame Modjeska has done more than most successful actresses to help young and ambitious girls toward prominence on the stage. Two San Francisco society girls, one of whom was Miss Young, whose father was stationed at the Presidio, came under the notice of the tragedienne with the result that their progress was remarkably rapid. However, the former queen of tragedy is not lacking in the vanities of her profession. One of these is the common Thespian yearning to hold centre stage even when in company. Before she last went abroad she was a guest at a Southern California hotel. The day before her departure the leader of the band composed a piece in her honor and invited her to be in the audience when it was first played. She was there on the front seat with her Count and sat quietly enough until her piece struck up. Along about the middle of it she showed signs of uneasiness. Finally she arose, carefully tied her husband's necktie, kept the pose with her face toward the audience for an effective moment, and then sat down.

Emil Steinegger, who has been studying under Leschetitsky and other Vienna masters for four years, has returned home. He is at present visiting his parents in Fruitvale.

LADIES WILL HAVE A FEAST.

For the next few weeks the ladies of this city will have what may be called a feast among the choicest line of Ladies' Cloaks, Suits, and Wraps. They are to be closed out at the removal sale of Kelly & Liebes, 120 Kearny street, which will take place next Monday. It is reported that all the goods will be sold out before moving into their fine new building, which is to be the handsomest west of Chicago. Hence, prices must be extremely low.

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What Is His Explanation?

The Italian colony is trying vainly to discover why Signor Edmondo Mayor des Planches failed to visit them before returning to Italy on July eleventh, as he has planned. Washington diplomatic circles are also very much interested in the question. It may require more explanation to the Italian foreign office than the Ambassador Planches press agents at Washington have been able to suggest. The fact is, an important part of this new diplomat's duties is to look well to the interests of all King Victor's American subjects, and especially to visit and encourage the wine growers of California. At frequent intervals since last autumn the Ambassador has been announcing a proposed western visit and even went so far as to arrange his itinerary from St. Louis to California, on the dedication of the Exposition buildings; but, as he has since confided to the world, the hotel accommodations provided at St. Louis were so distasteful as to necessitate his immediate return to his commodious quarters at the Embassy in Washington, so his California trip was "temporarily" shelved. As the Ambassador must sail for Rome next week on business with the King's ministers those most interested here are wondering how the pleasure-loving representative is going to explain his dodging the official visit to California.

Cured of a Rattlesnake Bite

Young Harvey Blair's remarkable escape after having been badly bitten by a rattlesnake has set the snake sharps to discussing rattlers' venom and hairbreadth escapes from the reptiles. Young Blair will have as good story as any of them to tell all his life. He was visiting friends in the Yucaipa valley and was out with them in the brush, one day, when he saw what he thought was a prettily marked stick. He stooped to pick it up and the snake struck his hand a vicious blow. His friends rushed him to the house, dosed him with whisky, and then raced him to the doctor, some twenty miles away. Antidotes were given, and now he is reported on the way to recovery.

Curious Experiments With Venom

"Rattlesnake bites and rattlesnake poison injected into the blood are two very different things, as the Carnegie Institute specialists are just now proving," said Dr. Sayers, in discussing young Blair's escape. "The institute, you know, has two physicians who are in the midst of experimenting on the poisons of rattlesnakes, cobras, moccasins, gila monsters and other poisonous reptiles. They chloroform the rattlers, open their jaws, and squeeze out the poison between their thumb and forefinger. The venom is thus collected in vials and used for experimenting. It is of a yellow color and thick as molasses. In the experiments with live animals the venom is injected hypodermically for reasons that will be interesting to those who live in dread of rattlesnakes. The first reason is that a rattler does not always strike effectively when he tries to poison you. Sometimes he fails to elevate his fangs sufficiently to inject into the victim more than a drop or two of poison. Sometimes he strikes fiercely and his teeth are actually fastened for a moment in the flesh, but the fangs with their poison ducts are doubled backward and not a drop of venom is injected into the wound. Yet, to all appearances, the bite has been a terrible one.

Way the Venom Works

"One of the attendants on the experimenters was bitten by accident several months ago. In a few minutes he became sick at the stomach and very weak. His face paled and a cold sweat broke out on him, his breathing was hurried and his pulse feeble. This was the first stage of the attack; during all this time the wound gave no pain. In the second stage—the stage of recovery—the wound was painful. The man was pulled through without trouble. On small animals the effect of a small dose of venom is almost immediately fatal. A pigeon, for instance, on receiving an injection of three or four drops, walks a few steps, crouches, gasps, rolls over on its side and in one or two minutes is stone dead. On a large animal, such as dogs, the poison does not act so powerfully. A thirty-one-pound bulldog bitten on the thigh by a rattler lost the power of its legs in fifty minutes, in eighty minutes it was breathing heavily, and at the end of three hours it was dead.

Greatest Remedy Yet Found

"These experiments have shown so far that the antidotes usually recommended for snake bite are worthless. The experimenters regard alcohol, taken internally, as valuable—not as an antidote, but as a stimulant. Persons bitten by snakes can take extraordinary quantities of whiskey or brandy—two quarts in an hour without exhibiting a sign of drunkenness. It has been tried on animals with good effect. In every case it has done much to tide the victim over the stage of prostration that follows the snake bite. The remedial agent that is of the greatest known value is the intermittent ligature—the tight band, drawn about the wounded limb, that is loosened for an instant at stated intervals, thus allowing the poison to enter the sys-



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tem gradually in tiny quantities. The system combats the poison well where this ligature is used; and alcohol, given each time the band is loosened, helps much to counteract the weakening effect of the entering venom. Snake poison, taken into the stomach, is as harmless as bread. Snakes have been made to swallow their own venom, and no evil results have followed. Injected into the blood, however, a snake's venom will kill another snake — will even kill itself."

The Same Old "Dooley"

Newspaper rumor places Mr. Finley Peter Dunne "Dooley" at the head of the New York *Morning Telegraph* as managing editor. This will be no new work for Mr. Dunne as it was he who lifted the Chicago *Evening Journal* out of the slough of bankruptcy and placed it on a paying basis after three months' management. It is not generally known that in addition to the "Dooley" papers, Mr. Dunne has also contributed pithy editorials to *Collier's* for some time. He is now a fixed star in the Harper galaxy. Mr. Dunne's first appearance as a managing editor was had with the Chicago *Sunday Post* at a time when literary excellence was at a discount and subscribers were few and far between. It is told of him that, one afternoon, hearing the strains of a funeral march in the street below the office, he called an associate to the window to view the cortege. After contemplating the procession for some time he pensively remarked, "I wonder if that's our subscriber."

"So you've soured on married life already, Thrifty. What's the matter?"

"Matrimonial dyspepsia. She was too rich for me, after all."

Will Try His Luck in the East

Jack Wilson, connected with the Tivoli for several years as a singer, as press agent, and librettist, will leave for the East on Monday. He has turned out no end of topical verses for its operas, and is known in the theatrical world as one of the most prolific producers of this kind of work. He has constructed no less than nine pieces for the Tivoli and has had a hand in building up many more. He has also done good work in the serious song line. Wilson has a number of operas and one drama to spring on the Eastern managers; judging from the value of his past work they should succeed. Anna Wilson, his pretty and accomplished wife, will accompany him.

Willing to Help Her

Has Mrs. Bowditch Morton stage aspirations? Those who are acquainted with the wife of the house-doctor at Del Monte claim that she has aspirations in that line. She has influential relatives by marriage in New York and rumor has it that they are more than willing to help her to attain success.

Study All Kinds of Crimes

"Russian methods are altogether different from our own," said Colonel Truax, who has been studying the surveillance system of that country for the Philadelphia authorities and is passing through here on his way home. "The Russian police fit Russia all right but they wouldn't do here. At the same time I must admit that our police, fine as they are for the necessities of this country, would have a hard time coping with criminal conditions as they exist in the land of the Tartar. In St. Petersburg there is a policeman's college where applicants are regularly trained for the force. There is a museum attached to the school where the students of criminal ways make themselves thoroughly familiar with the tools of the criminal. They study jimmies, drills, chisels and contrivances for robbing collection boxes, a special field much developed by the Russian thieves. The Russian passport system is likewise carefully taught them. The duties of the dvorniks, a sort of assistant police, are schooled into them. These dvorniks keep watch on all private residences, report on the habits of the tenants, their visitors, examine the papers of all newcomers and direct them to report themselves at the police station. In Russia one can scarcely stir without bumping into some sort of an inquisitive policeman, who wants to know all about your identity and your comings and goings. In this country such inquisition would not be tolerated. That's one of the few reasons why the police systems of the two countries must of necessity be so different."

Raphael Weill will leave for Paris next Friday.



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Viola Piercy's Way

The unostentatious "surprise" marriage of Viola Piercy and "Babe" Burnett Wednesday was not so surprising to those who understand the bride's character. Miss Piercy has always done things quietly, without making any how-de-do about them. She never made a formal debut in society, but went about a deal with her aunt, Jennie Dunphy. Ever since the sad and sudden deaths of her mother and father, Sam Piercy the actor, Viola has lived with her aunt. Miss Dunphy, whom rumor said might have married her brother-in-law had fate not intervened, devoted her life to the child. She took her abroad and saw that she received the best of education. Little Viola's tastes ran largely to books, and she took a course of special study at Stanford to satisfy her longings for the higher education. The young bridegroom is a Stanford man, and the wedding can be set down as another of those college romances that are of late enlivening prosaic matrimonial annals all over the country. The bride is an heiress, having inherited wealth from her parents; besides she will probably have her aunt's share of the Dunphy estate. There is little possibility that Jennie Dunphy will ever leave single blessedness. She had two romances and both ended in the grave.

Was a Star Athlete

Burnett still bears the ironical college nickname of "Babe" because of his large build; he is one of the handsomest physical specimens in California, and he made a record at Stanford as a star centre rush in several victorious games against Berkeley. Burnett's father is a cattle owner in the interior of the State and the boy came to college fresh off the range with a head for Latin and an arm for football that surprised his companions. When the Spanish war broke out he enlisted in a company of Volunteer cavalry as a sergeant and passed the best physical examination of any California recruit.

Her Opinion of Society's Leader

A SanFrancisco girl who knows her Washington even as the Washington girl knows her New York was discussing the rumor that is being circulated to the effect that Alice Roosevelt and her stepmother get along about as well as the proverbial step-relations. A lot of people were sitting on the Hopkins veranda at the time and those who had met Alice Roosevelt agreed with the oracle in laying the blame on her and not on Mrs. Roosevelt. Any one who has met Alice Roosevelt socially a half dozen times has felt the sting of her manner which is harder to bear than her words. When she is with the Astor set she plays on being the President's daughter and when she is with the official set she affects great disdain for the chances of politics and lays stress on her birthright to the Astor set. Naturally this has endeared her to neither set.

Bohemia's New Book

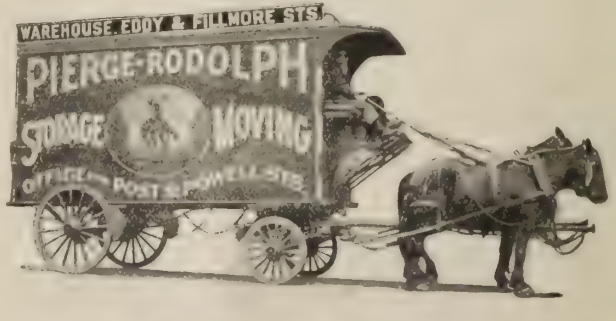
"Uncle" George Bromley is writing the story of his life. The volume is a record of the personal experiences of Bohemia's patriarch. It covers Connecticut, California in early days, South Africa, China and modern New York. "The Long Ago and The Later On" is its title. Those who have seen the manuscript say that it is a very entertaining autobiography, full of the anecdotes that interest all kinds of readers.

King Edward's Favorite

It is a romantic story the London correspondents have told about the attempt to burglarize the home of Mrs. George Keppel. At first they reported that the burglars were common, every-day crooks whose purpose was to steal the jewels of the society queen. Later on the story leaked out that "the real object of the burglars was to get possession for blackmailing purposes of letters which it is alleged Mrs. Keppel receives every day from a very exalted personage." And the London police imparted a soupcon of Sherlock Holmes mystery to the affair by stating that the crime was planned by a titled crook, in all probability there is no mystery as to the "very exalted personage" whose correspondence was the *motif* of the burglary. He is none other than His Majesty Edward VII. The correspondents very generously refrained from mentioning his name, but all London has for years taken a deep interest in the frisky King's love affair. All London loves a lover in proportion to his rank, and I believe that the esteem in which Albert Edward is held by his subjects is heightened



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not only by the circumstance of his being the first gentleman in Europe but also by the number of *affaires du coeur* that salted his salad days and spiced his later years. According to club gossip in London Mrs. Keppel is the very latest of the King's long unexpurgated list of favorites.

The King Can Do No Wrong

At the time of Albert Edward's accession to the throne several of the London journalists took occasion to announce that he had become a model husband, having some years before turned from the primrose path. They probably supposed that time had tempered his affections to the platonic degree, for of course they knew that Mrs. Keppel contributed to the gayety of his lighter hours. They were not unaware of the story that Sir Thomas Lipton, who enjoys the King's confidence, had relieved Mrs. Keppel of an encumbrance by making her husband manager of his tea agency in New York. But firmly believing that the King could do no wrong they were quite convinced that Mrs. Keppel was merely fulfilling the office of a loyal subject. However they did not regard the relationship existing between them as a proper subject for discussion, and the London papers suppressed part of the news a year ago when the King had a narrow escape from a serious accident on board the *Shamrock* II, on the occasion of a trial trip. They mentioned the accident but not the fact that Mrs. Keppel was on board unchaperoned. It is not unlikely, however, that they felt that when a young married woman is in the company of Grandpa Edward there is absolutely no need of a chaperon. But the club gossips will gossip, for they prefer to regard their King as an able-bodied monarch and they abominate platonic romances. Hence the plausibility of the story about the titled crook who planned a burglary to secure the letters of an exalted personage for blackmailing purposes. Mrs. Keppel, by the way, is the same Englishwoman who was so hospitably received by Newport society last season. Our American snobs are proud of the privilege of honoring a King's platonic favorite.

Failed in the Romeo Act

From a popular summer resort near Healdsburg comes the story of an amorous swain who tried to scale a latticed balcony and succeeded in sadly frightening two timorous Demoiselles. The young ladies are very well known about the bay and were chaperoned by the wife of a distant relative, a man who stands high in the Board of Trade. The smitten man is very wealthy. Indeed he is credited with owning most of the hills and vales in the immediate vicinity of the resort and also to have some sort of a mortgage on that place. During the summer he spends most of his time with his wife and children in their beautiful home nearby. Last season he happened to visit the resort at a time when one of the young ladies was also a guest there. His attentions to her were most marked and kept the gossips in a flutter of excitement. Her relatives deemed it prudent to cut matters short by taking her away from the place. This season as soon as the wealthy Benedict heard of her advent he quickly reappeared on the scene and set the tongues of the gossips busy with his undisguised attentions. The party were assigned to a cottage near the hotel, the room of the two young ladies being off the front balcony on the second floor. One night last week there was a jolly dinner given by the rural Benedict and all kinds of toasts were enthusiastically drunk. Soon after the guests dispersed the matronly chaperon thought she heard burglars trying to climb the lattice of the porch and she called for assistance. The first to respond was the rural Benedict. He was so—well, so voluble in his offerings of assistance that the chaperon indignantly summoned her charges early next morning and departed from the place. All might have gone well if the elderly Romeo hadn't made the mistake of explaining that it was all a mistake.

Were Not Dressmakers' Models

In reciting, last week, the family connections of Miss Lily May, whose engagement in Paris to Lord Bagot was recently announced, it was stated, through inadvertence, that her two sisters-in-law, the Misses Coleman, nieces of William O'Brien, had one time been employed as models in a New York costumer's establishment. The error occurred through confounding them with members of another family to whom they bear not the slightest relationship. My attention having been called to the matter I hasten to make the correction, though I know that both women, notwithstanding their high social standing, are of such a democratic temperament that it would cause them no pain to suggest that they were once engaged in honest toil.



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Oelrichs Warmly Welcomed at Del Monte

Hermann Oelrichs received the welcome of a matinee idol when he arrived at Del Monte. He is always depended on to introduce something novel in the season's itinerary of pleasures. Just now, however, he is not bothering about anything like that, but is giving his time to golf and salmon fishing. Golf is as much in favor as ever. At the clock golf tournament given by the Parker Whitneys, Bertha Dolbeer made the highest score. Quite a batch of smart people have gone down to stay over the Fourth at Del Monte—the Homer Kings and Frank King, W. D. Bourn and family, Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Horace Hill and family. Clinton E. Worden is settled at the hotel with his family for the entire summer. Mrs. J. O. Oyster and family are also there for the season.

Takes the Bridal Belt

Heretofore Fort Miley has rather held the belt as possessing, for its size, so many brides among its residents. But Fort Baker is now looming up as a possible rival, for it seems that Mrs. Cloke (Alice Findley) whose marriage took place so recently at Sausalito, is to share the honors of bride at that post to which she and Captain Harold Cloke have just returned from their honeymoon trip. The wedding of Miss Eleanor McCaskey and Captain Arthur S. Conklin, of the Coast Artillery, U. S. A., will soon take place at Fort Sheridan, Ill., where the father of the bride elect, Colonel William S. McCaskey of the Twentieth Infantry, is stationed. Captain Conklin will bring his bride to Fort Baker.

A lady who may almost come under the head of bride, her marriage was so recent, has been added to the Army ladies at Fort Mason. She is the wife of Doctor Henry Page, U. S. A., surgeon on duty at Fort Mason, and was Miss Edith Greenleaf, daughter of Colonel Charles R. Greenleaf, U. S. A., retired; so she was born, brought up, and has married in the service.

The following named well known officers in the Army are stopping at an up-town hotel: Major Ogden Rafferty of the Medical Department, and Mrs. Rafferty; Major and Mrs. Payson; Major and Mrs. Krauthoff; Major Edgar H. Mearns; and Major F. H. Hardie, Fourteenth Cavalry. Those of the Navy include Admiral and Mrs. Miller and family, and Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. William S. Hughes.

Flittings About the Summer Resorts

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt has just returned from the Rudolph Spreckels ranch in Sonoma and is going to Tahoe for two months.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller is at Blythedale and will later go to Del Monte to finish the season.

Mrs. Henry Stern has just left for a visit to Tallac.

Mrs. F. A. Pfingst is entertaining a large jolly house party "over the Fourth," at Watsonville.

Mr. and Mrs. Lilienthal and Miss Vic are spending the Fourth at Tahoe.

Dr. Herzstein is taking his vacation rest on the lake.

Mrs. I. N. Walter has taken her family to Belvedere.

Miss Allie Meyer, a sister of Mrs. Sig Stern, is coming on from New York and will join the family at Tahoe.

Claims to be His Widow

My New York correspondent writes that when Walter W. Watrous, clubman and a much favored parti in his youthful society days, died in the fore part of the week, his friends were surprised to hear of his marriage with Mrs. Katherine Ballou. Her sister, Mrs. Maud Spencer of San Francisco, is now in New York. The Watrous family at once repudiated the declared marriage and a legal tangle is being prepared by the lawyers who are waving previous and subsequent wills at one another. "Mrs. Maud" is acting as the spokeswoman for sister Katherine and she has kindly furnished the press with all interviews.

William Sproule, Freight Traffic Manager of the Southern Pacific and one time president of the Bohemian Club, left today for Chicago, where he is to meet E. O. McCormick, the passenger chief of the same company. Mr. Sproule did not stay in New York any length of time—just long enough to transact some business for the railroad corporation.

The new Sunday regime of the *World* is conceded to have "made good." It consists of Editor-in-chief F. L. H. Noble, formerly city editor of the *Examiner* and Bob Davis, formerly a reporter on the *Call*, now assistant to Mr. Noble. Both these men were with Hearst for many years.

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The Summer Girl's Dilemma

The girl in the Haight street car wore a flaring flower hat, costly butterfly silk blouse and white flanneled skirt, and she looked too dainty and summery for anything. The weather was warm and the car was not very full so she presently opened the package of confectionery she carried and began to daintily nibble at creamy chocolates. She kept her attention on the street signs however, and as block after block flew by she became a bit anxious. She tried to catch the attention of the conductor but she only aroused the interest of a willieboy at the other end of the car. By and by she hurried to the door, chocolate bag in hand. As she put the chocolates on the seat beside the door the willieboy noted how snugly the dainty white dress fitted the trim figure.

"Have we passed Central Park yet?" she murmured sweetly to the conductor.

"Nope."

"Are we near it?"

"Do you want to get off at Central?"

"No; I want to get off at Ashbury to visit my sister, but I always like to know a litle ahead of time when I'm near there."

"All right, miss, I'll put you off at Ashbury."

"Thank you," and she sat down on the seat next the door. Presently she felt beside her and then glanced down the car to the seat she had recently occupied. Then she began to move uneasily and an alarmed look crept over her sweet face. Gradually her lips puckered and her face began to grow pale.

Suddenly the conductor clanged on the bell and as the car stopped he shouted, "Ashbury"

She never moved but she puckered her lips more resolutely and something like tears began to gather in her eyes.

"Ashbury!" repeated the conductor in louder tones, eyeing her intently.

Everybody looked at her but she stared straight ahead, apparently oblivious of everything but the view.

Bing-bang! went the bell, the car shot ahead, the conductor shrugged his shoulders and began to count up his cash. One by one the passengers dropped off the cars. The willieboy gave her a fond, lingering look as he passed her and alighted at Cole street. A few moments later the car slid on to the turn-table at the Park entrance.

"All out," shouted the conductor.

"Don't we go into the stables, or—or some such place?" she gasped in trepidation.

"Nope; this is the terminal; all out.'

"But—but, I can't," she gasped.

"Can't! Why?"

"Why—why, I don't want to."

"Pay another fare, then."

She seemed about to give way to the flood of tears, but she held them back while she asked, falteringly, "Is—isn't there some place I can go in to?"

"What's the matter—sick?"

This brutal question started the tears. "I am perfectly well," she said with dignity, "but—but I am sitting on my chocolates and I've ruined my dress and I must go somewhere to fix it, or—I'll have to ride up and down till it gets dark enough to go to my sister's." —*The Gripman.*

The failure of Mrs. Bessie Stewart's society millinery shop reminds one of something in "The Spenders." Mrs. Gwilt Athilstran, daughter of an American cooper and mother-in-law of an English duke, is discoursing on society taking to trade: "Lots of 'em takin' to trade nowadays; it's a smart sayin' there now that all the peers are marryin' actresses and all the peeresses goin' into business. Only trouble is it's such rotten hard work collectin' bills from their intimate friends; they simply *won't* pay."

Compiled from Custom House Reports by S. Y. ALLAIRE & SON

Imports of Champagne into the United States

FROM JANUARY 1st TO JUNE 1st

	1902 CASES	1903 CASES
MOËT & CHANDON "White Seal" and "Brut Imperial"	**43,171**	**60,978**
G. H. Mumm & Co.	49,249	54,900
Ruinart, Pere & Fils	6,051	8,526
Pommery & Greno	11,301	6,310
Vve Clicquot	4,455	6,060
Louis Roederer	4,637	4,116
Piper Heidsieck	5,276	3,209
Pol Roger	1,863	3,057
Dry Monopole	2,500	2,648
Duc de Montebello	1,611	2,407
P. Ruinart	———	1,697
Perrier Jouet	635	1,000
Bouche	714	672
Jules Mumm & Co.	394	669
Royal	———	284
Ayala	389	200
Reinghold	———	125
Bollinger	———	100
Various other Imports	7,375	8,730
Grand Total	139,621	165,688

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Automobile Topics

The numerical strength of the party of automobilists which sailed for Ireland last week to witness the international cup race is regarded as strong evidence that the recent casualties of the Paris-Madrid race have had little influence upon the sport. It was expected that, as a result of the unfortunate accident, automobile racing would suffer in popularity, but as the first shock wore off and the true conditions of the contest became known the general interest increased. There is scarcely any likelihood of a repetition of the French accidents in the Irish affair, as the precaution will be taken to start the contestants a sufficient distance apart to make a neck-and-neck race impossible, or almost so. New York automobilists, while rooting for the members of the American team, would have been much better satisfied were that city better represnted in its make-up. All of the American machines in the race were made in Cleveland, and two of them will be driven by Cleveland men, while New York is represented by two men, one of whom will ride in the race as a representative of the German Auto Club and with a German-made machine.

Those automobile owners in this country who complain of strict laws for regulation of their speed on the public highways should study some of the measures that have been proposed across the seas. The recklesness of chauffeurs there has produced a popular exasperation which evolves some very stringent remedies. In Normandy local authorities have rigged up fire engines, standing with power ready, along the roads most infected with racing machines, and when a too-rapid machine passes it is to be brought to terms with a cold douche. In Conservative England James Wier, M. P., proposed that local constables shall be trained in the use of the lasso, to rope in motormen who transgress the speed limit. Sir Ralph Payne Galway has devised a more drastic remedy. It is that authorities shall furnish country-side dwellers with snipe-shot cartridges, and that the swift automobilers shall be subject to an open season for shooting. The special size of snipe shot, it is pertinently pointed out, will be serviceable for identification of the offenders when they apply for medical assistance in the next town to have the shot picked out. It presents a feature of automobiling under difficulties when the racers may encounter a stream from fire hose at one point, run the risk of being lassoed out of their seats in another and being peppered with small shot farther down the road. But the fantastic character of these measures should impress on the automobile lovers the importance to them of having full regulations for safety carefully obeyed. The automobile kept within the limits of safety is a salutary relaxation, with great possibilities of development into practical fields. The vital importance of establishing and maintaining those limits is as great to the automobile interest as to the public at large.

Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr. is said to be fonder of automobiling than of any other sport. He prefers to ride in his white ghost or red devil to any of the other jolly pleasures open to a young millionaire. New York is a great city for automobilists. They have right of way most anywhere. Bronx Park was for a time closed to the chauffeurs, but there is now a boulevard expressly for their use.

It was rumored this week that Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., had paid fifteen thousand dollars for the machine with which M. Louis Renault arrived first at Bordeaux in the Paris-Madrid race. I learn that the machine is actually in possession of Mr. W. T. Dannat, who made the purchase immediately after the race. —*The Automobilist.*

Manager E. D. Price of the Alcazar will return from his Eastern trip tomorrow with new material for the Belasco & Mayer theatres and road shows.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand J. Zinkand in Eddy street was last week gladdened by a visit from the stork. The little arrival was a daughter.

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STAGE

The Climbers

If Mr. Clyde Fitch would ply his pen more leisurely, and not be on the alert to dramatize the latest scandal and exploit the newest fad he would soon achieve a reputation for playsmithing worth having. He first gave us a glimpse of his talent in "Beau Brummel," he sustained the promise of that drama in "Lover's Lane" and he has vindicated his craftsmanship in "The Climbers." There is none of the slap-dash, pot-boiler mediocrity which characterized "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" in this latest Columbia offering. There is sufficient thrill in "The Climbers" to satisfy the most exacting playgoer. Indeed it abounds in thrills, and it has the finesse of Pinero in many of its realistic scenes. Pinero mirrored the degeneracy of London's smart set in "The Gay Lord Quex,' and Fitch reflects a phase of the vulgarity of America's pretentious plutocracy in "The Climbers." The play is a smashing satire on the foibles and vanities of the newly rich, and it exposes the hypocrisy and sham of the socially ambitious. The flippant Mrs. Hunter is not an exaggerated type of the ostentatious matron whose sole purpose in life is to achieve social conquests. The hypocrisy of the people of her set is accentuated by Fitch but it is not overdrawn. All the characters of the play are drawn with such unerring distinctness that it is not difficult to recognize them as people one has met on the world's stage. Amelia Bingham presents the play with a company that is quite capable of following the pace set by the star. But the star is not a glittering planet of the first magnitude. Amelia Bingham is merely a capable actress, sufficiently gifted to portray the emotions of the ordinary woman without impressing anybody with the quality of her genius. She is versed in all the little tricks of repression, and she knows how to attune her voice to the various notes of emotion, but she lacks the individuality that marks the great mummer. However her performance is conscientious and in the role of Mrs. Sterling she arouses deep sympathy for the faithful wife and noble mother. Mr. Wilton Lackaye in the role of the daring speculator, the husband who is shy of a sense of honor, and who disgraces his family by misappropriating the funds of his friends, is as usual artistic and intensely dramatic. He makes the character of Richard Sterling a most repellant one, and in no way appeals to the sympathy of his audience. I am told that Mr. Worthing, who created the role in New York, posed as a victim of circumstances and glossed the character of the moral wreck, but I think that Lackaye's conception is the more effective one. Sterling was a rascal from boyhood, according to the testimony of his friend; he was a petty larceny thief at college. Fitch painted him without a redeeming color and Lackaye is loyal to the text. Miss Adelyn Wesley is a capital Mrs. Hunter. She is a most picturesque snob and makes her points with true dramatic precision. Miss Bijou Fernandez is all that could be desired as the snappy Miss Godesby. This young woman played a smaller part in the original production but she has the talent and the temperament essential for the more important role. Of the men in the cast Mr. Ernest Lawford is perhaps the best suited to the role assigned to him. His "silly oss" performance ranks next to that of Lawrence D'Orsay who is now a New York star.

"Fedora" at the California

Four acts of tense, excited interest were only broken at the California on Monday night by the necessity for curtains between them. The house was packed clear to the top seat of the gallery, and the interest was so sincere that not a woman groped for a hat-pin or reached for a wrap until Fedora had been brought to life to respond to a final curtain call. "Fedora" seems overdrawn to those who feed their appetites on modern comedy-drama. But this early Sardou work has the stuff in it that holds the attention. From the first to the last you hang upon the words and incidents. Nance O'Neil finds a strong vehicle for her genius of emotion in the last two acts. So gently does she lead up to the tragedy of the last two scenes, her acting seems almost tame. But the contrast between the woman of the early scenes and the Fedora who, heartbroken, ends her life by taking poison, is thus made more powerful. On Monday night a woman sitting near me remarked to her escort, "Much as I admire Miss O'Neil, she never thrills me. She never carries me out of myself." I looked at the speaker when the play was over; she was wiping the tears from her eyes. That was a genuine tribute to Nance O'Neil's portrayal of the character. Loris in this play is a part that goes side by side with that of Fedora. Indeed, some of the strongest lines fall to Ipanoff. Ratcliffe did it full justice in both its light and emotional sides. Where he weakens his impression on an audience is in his facial expression, which he has not under complete command, but his elocution is most commendable in this day of slipshod diction. Millward developed unexpected comedy talent as Jean and Blanche Stoddard, formerly of the Grand Opera House stock, made an acceptable Countess Olga. Herbert Carr was a dignified Gretch, and Clifford Dempsey, late of the Alcazar company, fitted well into the part of Roudel.

Romantic Drama at the Alcazar

What is a male star to do when he is given a huge bouquet of roses, and the leading lady doesn't get a single blossom? If he passes it over to her, his friends in the box who threw the posy may take offense: if he retains them, there's the leading lady to reckon with, not to speak of the audience's favor or disfavor. White Whittlesey solved the problem on Monday night by keeping his bouquet. Perhaps he gave it to Miss Creighton behind the scenes, later on; only the call-boy or the dresser can tell that. The theatre was jammed on the first presentation of "Monbars." The play was worthy of its audience, and Whittlesey well deserved all the applause and curtain-calls he received. "Monbars" goes even beyond "Heartsease" in point of perfection of production and presentation. The cast could not be improved upon. Miss Creighton looked beautiful as Diane, and acted her role with discretion and grace. I have never seen Juliet Crosby look more charming than as Madame Mouton. She made such a distractingly lovely picture in that big poke bonnet that one continually found attention wandering from her lines to her fascinating headgear. Miss Crosby has a role that suits her in Blanche Mouton, and she acts with brilliant spirit. Henry Shumer is making a success lately in the villain parts, and that of Laurent gives him splendid scope for strong acting. Bacon as Mouton also has a role that suits him. Whittlesey in the title role is a picture to warm the matinee girl's heart. He is so tall he dwarfs all the others on the stage, and his costumes are superb. He made a speech on Monday night, in which he referred to his "Heartsease" reception, of which the "Monbars" one was almost a duplicate in enthusiasm.

At the Grand

"In Central Park," like its predecessor, is a gay spectacle peppered with good things a la vaudeville. It is a prettier show than the preceding musical eccentricity, has far richer costuming for the shapely, snappy, fresh and lively chorus. The grand march with the striking figure of Cheridah Simpson at the head makes a handsome stage picture that has to be repeated several times nightly. The daintiest and most artistic of the many good things contributed by the specialists to this pot pourri of fun is the song, "You Have Such Beautiful Dreams," rendered by Budd Ross and Anna Wilks. Cheridah Simpson and the chorus sing very happily a drinking song composed by our own Shafter Howard that wins a gratifying share of applause. It is light and graceful in movement with the true opera bouffe spirit. Raymond and Caverly uncork a lot of new gags, parodies and funny business in the German pattern of the Rodgers Brothers. They go, as is evidenced by the number of recalls they get, especially on their new "Reuben" song. Those who like a melange of stage things are sure to find something to their fancy in "In Central Park."

Stevens at His Prettiest

As Baron Henri de Grim in "Madelaine" Edwin Stevens does some exceptionally brilliant character work. It is a role that affords better opportunities for the display of his versatile talents than are to be found in the average comic opera. It also enables Mr. Stevens to look his prettiest, and with the artistic aid of a make-up the comedian has charms to agitate the breast of the most exacting matinee girl. "Madelaine" is a very charming little comic opera of the romantic order, the music of which is in Julian Edwards's best vein. Arthur Cunningham has a rollicking song in the first act, and Annie Myers, in the role of Matrimonial Mary, sings the story of her matrimonial experiences in a way that wins several encores. Bertha Davis is an effective Madelaine and Ferris Hartman a comical Gourmet.

Features of Next Week's Bills

"The Climbers" will run for but one week longer at the Columbia, and will be followed by Haddon Chambers's play, "A Modern Magdalen."

At the California the week will be devoted to Nance O'Neil's repertory, beginning Monday night with "Magda." In this McKee Rankin and L. R. Stockwell will reappear in their old parts of Col. Schwartze and Gen. Von Klebs. On Tuesday night "Queen Elizabeth" will be given; Wednesday night the Ibsen play, "Hedda Gabler"; Thursday night either "La Tosca" or "Fedora"; Friday and Saturday nights, 'The Jewess"; Saturday matinee a farewell performance of "Magda" and on Sunday night "Oliver Twist," with Nance O'Neil as Nancy Sykes, and McKee Rankin in his world-famous character of Bill Sykes.

"In Central Park" will continue to pack the Grand Opera House. It is too good to be missed and every one will wish to see it.

"Wang" will be revived at the Tivoli with Stevens as the Regent and Hartman as Pepat. The next opera will be a decided novelty, the fine work by Smith and De Koven entitled "The Highwayman," which had a triumphal run in the East, and in which Camille D'Arville scored heavily. Edwin Stevens will have the part of the detective, Foxy Quiller.

"Brother Officers" will be given with a strong cast at the Alcazar—Whittlesey, Wyngate, Adele Belgarde, Bertha Creighton, Marie Howe and Oza Waldrop in the leading roles. Fred J. Butler will make his first appearance with the company in the part of Hutton, the dissembling race-track sharp.

"Twirly Whirly" has splendid drawing powers and will go another week at Fischer's. When the public tires of it two travesties will take its place—"Under the Red Globe" and "The Three Musketeers."

'Kidnapped," in which James Corrigan will appear at the Central, is a strong melodrama with striking scenic effects and some comedy touches. Among the features are a startling "leap for life and love" from Brooklyn Bridge and the burning of the wine-cellar, in which the hero is imprisoned and unconscious. Jennie Weidmann joins the company, and Genevieve Kane will make her first appearance with the Central stock as the wronged wife in "Kidnapped." The theatre's new season will open Monday, July twentieth, with Herchel Mayall in "Faust."

Mabel McKinley, the favorite niece of the late President McKinley, ought to be a great drawing card at the Orpheum. She is a soprano, whose voice was trained by the famous La Cource of Paris and by Isidor Luckstone of New York. The latter's brother is Miss McKinley's accompanist on her tour. Charles Dickson, one of America's best comedians, makes his vaudeville debut here in "A Pressing Matter." William and Kitty Harbeck, hoop rollers from Australia, Mosher, Houghton and Masher, expert and comedy bicyclists, Young and De Voie, clever acrobatic dancers, from New York, will also be novelties to us.

At the Chutes will appear the Lutz brothers, the "twentieth century marvels." Clarence Lutz, who is armless, is a remarkable musician and sharpshooter. Evans and St. John, "the effervescent pair," Fred Wadell, the "king of clubs" and the Waldron brothers in a novel turn will all help to enliven the bill. Kartelli and Robinson and Grant will vary their stunts.

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Matinees—Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c: Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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Commencing Monday Evening MISS NANCE O'NEIL
In Repertoire—Monday Evening and Saturday Matinee "MAGDA"
Tuesday "QUEEN ELIZABETH"
Wednesday "HEDDA GABLER"
Thursday "FEDORA"
Friday and Saturday Evenings "THE JEWESS"
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Leahy's Intended Surprise

Manager Leahy of the Tivoli contemplated a very pleasant surprise for the patrons of the popular opera house a short time ago. It was the engagement of Camille D'Arville as prima donna of the Tivoli company. Negotiations were in progress for several days, and it was almost settled that the singer should appear in this week's production. Just as she was about to affix her signature to a contract a difference arose, and no further negotiations were held. When Camille D'Arville married Mr. Crellin, a wealthy citizen of Oakland, a few years ago, it was announced that she intended to retire from the stage. Later on it was announced that she had retired, but she has been singing in vaudeville entertainments with but brief intermissions ever since. It is evident that she is as firmly wedded to her profession as she was before her marriage to Mr. Crellin.

Personalities on the New York Stage

Those who think Barney Bernard goes a little too far when he reaches out after people in the audience with his gags ought to visit New York when a show is on. The company not only flings quips over the footlights, but at those behind them. When "Twirly Whirly" was wafted upon Broadway at the first Thursday matinee Willie Collier and Lillian Russell were discussing their ideals. Said Collier: "Mine is a tall blonde—some nights. She looks very much like you, in fact enough like you to be an advertisement for those cigars you make."

"I, too, have an ideal," said the queen of comic opera.

"What do they look like?" asked Collier.

Marshal Wilder, in a front row, began laughing until Collier begged him to stop and let the show go on.

When Willie suggested to Lillian that they tell their real names, she said that two years ago she was known as little Nellie Jackson.

"Two years ago!" exclaimed Collier; "my, how you have spread out." When Miss Russell, who is really Nellie Leonard, called him Willie, he hushed her up for fear Louise (Mrs. Collier) might be listening in the wings. In the second act Willie had an inning with Fay Templeton. When she asked him if he had an opening for her, he said:

"Yes, the first door on the left, but I don't think you can get through. It was made for Bonnie Maginn."

Pete Dailey sprang joshes on Frankie Bailey all through the season. One was a statue pose in which, with shaded eyes, he gazed into the distance. He dubbed the pose "Looking for Frankie Bailey's Voice." In one scene, where the leading lady wears a crown solidly set with diamonds, Pete remarked:

"Too bad you have a headache."

"But I haven't," returned Lillian.

"Then what are you doing with all that cracked ice on your head?"

Lillian Russell is never disconcerted at any gag flung at her impromptu. It will be recalled that one of "Twirly Whirly's" lines refers to a great financier—"Russell Sage, for instance"—so that the repartee was, "Russell's age? I never discuss a lady's age in her presence." One day Lillian changed this at a matinee to "J. P. Morgan, for instance," and Dailey lost on his straight tip. Very few of the original New York gags can be used in the San Francisco productions of the Weber & Field burlesques, chiefly because they lack savor so far away from home. Jokes on Lillian Russell, for example, do not fit Maude Amber, who hasn't a feature in common with the fair Lillian. But in New York they don't object in the least to personalities.

New Stage Epigrams

These epigrams are from Hobart Chatfield-Taylor's play, "The Idle Born":

A husband is like an umbrella—when you lose him always suspect a friend.

The only consolation plain women have is being virtuous.

One has only acquaintances and enemies in society.

Don't bother about your husband until you are so old other men won't bother about you.

It is getting more difficult every day for a well-bred woman to keep her position in New York.

Rainier beer has won for itself a popularity that would be above all understanding, were it not that the reason of this favor is so patent. Rainier is decidedly the best beer on the market. It is absolutely pure, refreshing and pleasing to the palate.

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The Fourth of July Idea

Bob Edeson was talking the other evening about the American dramatist—and the opportunities which the dramatists let slip. "Ask an American playwright to build a drama for you," he said, "and what does he do? Straightway gives you the roll of drums and the sound of muskets. He picks out the three war periods in our life—the Revolution, the Rebellion, the war with Spain. So far he seems to think there's nothing in our national life worth the exploiting except the glory of our marksmanship —when that is really the least of our Americanism. Now, there's our consular service, for instance. We never posed before the world as diplomatists, and yet American diplomacy is keen enough, subtle enough to cope against the rest of the world. Take the inherent grit that is part of the national character, and that wakes a man up to the exigencies of the situation. There was that chap Bowen, hidden down in South America—why, a year ago not a soul of us knew who he was or where he was stationed. The opportunity came—the man was there to meet it in the true American spirit—the straight-from-the-shoulder fashion. Our consular service is full of such chaps, and any number of plays could be built about them. There's no need of hauling in the American flag, you know—wrapping a fellow about with it and playing for cheap patriotism. The poor old flag has stood for so much, don't let us play trying for the gallery on account of its red, white and blue. But one can get the spirit of Americanism without hauling in the national colors to do it. Augustus Thomas wanted to write an American flag at the the finale of the third act of 'Soldiers of Fortune' but I wouldn't stand for it. Other things stand for the national spirit—one needn't yell 'Three cheers for the red, white and blue' to prove that he's an American."

The Orpheum has as its kingpin entertainer this week Julian Rose, a Hebrew character comedian with a bright monologue full of amusing stories. Rose is a monologuist far above the average of his kind. Henrietta Byron with her new clothes, Barney Fagan and a new sketch, received an ovation on her reappearance. The Wang Doodle Four are clever colored singers and dancers, and Vernon the ventriloquist is out of the ordinary.

Before Denman Thompson produced "The Old Homestead" he made a pot of money out of "Joshua Whitcomb," which is built on much the same lines. He might have hung on to it forever, and gone on making money indefinitely. But it is good for James Corrigan that he didn't. Corrigan plays old Joshua with all the genuine, homely touches that make the character so entertaining. He has succeeded in drawing big audiences to the Central all the week, and two days more than were originally intended. But the illness of comedian Curtis necessitated the withdrawal of "The Greenhorn" after a few presentations and "Joshua Whitcomb" took its place. Corrigan does not depend wholly upon himself to make the rural drama go. There are numerous good specialties. Eugenie Thais Lawton gives a melodious whistling solo which is as good as any of Alice J. Shaw's warblings. Myrtle Vane, the Columbia quartet and others also contribute to the entertainment. Corrigan will be at the Central for two more weeks, playing in "Kidnapped" and "Muldoon's Picnic.". A splendid array of attractions has been arranged by the management for the new stock season, which will shortly open.

There is to be an eruption of "Alexander the Great" plays next season. Hackett is to have one. Richard Mansfield intends to star in one, and James and Warde have one written for them by Collin Kemper and Rupert Hughes. —*The Playgoer.*

FOURTH OF JULY RATES.

Take advantage of the Special Low Rates over the CALIFORNIA NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY, for the Fourth of July Holidays. That road has so many delightful places at which to stop—Mineral Spring Resorts—Hotels and private homes in the towns—Farms—beautiful Camping spots, and Hotels under canvas—that none can miss being satisfied. Schedule of rates will be found on the front page of this paper.

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Views on the Glorious Fourth

Firecrackers were invented by the Chinese who have also given us bubonic plague, polygamy and highbinder wars.

If more people knew the Declaration of Independence there would be less racket on Fourth of July.

On Independence Day the young and thoughtless love their country so strenuously as to make the more sensible and sensitive hate it.

Our forefathers, in signing the Declaration, forgot to make any provision for fire underwriters.

There used to be a time when a contemplative patriot could go out into the country during July and thus save his eardrums. Today they are shooting firecrackers among the daisies and skyrockets from the redwoods.

The meaning and true significance of the Fourth will never be entirely overlooked by the American people so long as there are political aspirants willing to explain these things from the platform with a view to future nomination.

To the average small boy patriotism is a thing that can be bought for a small sum of money from a dealer in fireworks.

If all the money expended in fireworks were judiciously used in a lump there would be enough to build as large an idiot asylum as the case requires.

On April Fool's Day the fool gets revenge on his neighbors; on Independence Day he gets revenge on himself.

If love of noise is an attribute of savagery, how much lower than the Hottentots must we be!

All this shooting may not mean war but it certainly proves just as dangerous.

The most violent explosions of the day are caused by grown folks who try to excuse their folly by saying that they are doing it to amuse the children.

—*The Cynic.*

SPECIAL RATE TO WILLITS FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY HOLIDAYS..

An excellent opportunity to visit Willits during the Fourth of July holidays is offered by the CALIFORNIA NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY. On the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th of July tickets will be on sale, with return limit Monday, July 6th, at only $6.00 for the round trip. Hotel Willits, the largest and finest hotel in Northern California, built by the citizens of Willits and opened last April, offers splendid accommodations and excellent meals. Terms, $2.00 to $3.50 per day; $10.00 to $18.00 per week. The mountain surroundings, redwood forests and picturesque canyons make Willits a most desirable location for a summer outing.

Hotel Proprietor—We're full, but there's a hotel two blocks up the street where you can get a room, I guess. It isn't much of a place, but—

Belated Traveler—Oh, I ain't particular—

Hotel Proprietor—Neither is the owner of this place.

In hot weather such as has been the rule lately no drink is so refreshing as Rainier beer. It is cool, pure and delightful.

"DOMESTIC" LEADS.

For household use the light-running "Domestic" sewing machine, of which J. W. Evans at 1021 Market street is the local agent, has for many years held supremacy over all others. The Domestic's popularity is based upon its general excellence.

"Jim looks all broken up—as if he'd lost his balance."

"He has—it was in the Goneup Bank."

Hope Cheney, the young daughter of the John Vance Cheneys, whom the despatches say aims at grand opera, was a very bright little girl. When the Cheneys lived here, Hope was the pet of those who visited their home. She was called the "mascot" of the Abbey Cheney Amateurs, the club formed of her mother's pupils.

The annual picnic of the Letter Carriers' Mutual Aid Association will be held tomorrow at Shell Mound Park. The picnic is for the benefit of the sick fund of the organization.

DIVIDEND NOTICES

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. Corner California and Montgomery Sts. For the six months ending June 30, 1903, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes and payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after July 1, 1903. J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager

The German Savings and Loan Society. 526 California St. For the half year ending with June 30, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903.
GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

San Francisco Savings Union. 532 California St., corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 30th of June, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and forty-two one hundredths (3 42-100) per cent on Term Deposits, and three (3) per cent on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 710 Market St., opposite Third. For the half year ending with June 30, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, July 1, 1903. GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

Continental Building and Loan Association. For the year ending June 30, 1903, has declared a dividend of 5 per cent on all ordinary deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits and 8 per cent on installment stock. Office 301 California Street, San Francisco. WM. CORBIN, Sec. and Gen'l Mgr.

Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery St. The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1903, at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits free of taxes and payable on and after July 1, 1903. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1903.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister and Jones Sts., San Francisco, June 26, 1903. At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1903, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1903.
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

Security Savings Bank, 222 Montgomery St., Mills Bldg. For the half year ending June 30, 1903, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-fifth (3 1-5) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1903. FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

Origin of Famous Hymns

The origin of many of the popular hymns that are sung with zest wherever Christian people assemble deepens the interest in both the songs and the singers. "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," was written in 1775 by Rev. Augustus Toplady, a learned English divine, who died at the early age of 38. In his last illness he said: "I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. It will not be long before God takes me, for no mortal man can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul." The marble tablet over his grave says: "He wrote 'Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.'" Mrs. Vanalstyne, better known as Fanny Crosby, the blind poet, wrote the hymn "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" for music, in twenty minutes. Miss Crosby, after a day's jostling through the city streets, guided by some loving hand, returned to her little room and poured forth her soul in song. Of the many hymns written by Sarah Flower Adams, the only one that has survived is the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," based on the Bible story of Jacob's vision at Bethel. One day Charles Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking over the beautiful fields, when he saw a little bird pursued by a hawk. The poor thing, weak and frightened, in seeking to escape from its enemy, flew into the room and found refuge in Wesley's bosom. As the poet was then in great trouble and needed the safety of a refuge, the incident seemed to him a divine message, and, thus inspired, he wrote "Jesus Lover of My Soul."

Former San Franciscans

Mrs. Walter Reed has been singing a good deal lately. She is the best known and beloved of Portland's contraltos and has made her home in the Oregon metropolis for many years. But she is a San Franciscan born, and as Rose Coursen was a favorite singer here. She is a sister of Madame Ellen Coursen-Roeckel. Their brother Edgar Coursen is one of Portland's prominent church choir directors and organists. In April of this year Massenet's oratorio, "Mary Magdalen," was sung at the First Congregational church in Portland under Edgar Coursen's direction, Mrs. Reed singing the contralto role. There are few musical affairs given in Portland in which she does not take a leading part.

The Toreador Song

In the *Woman's Home Companion* this month is told the story of how the original score of the toreador song was changed. When Bizet submitted his song to his librettist, Halevy said it was too good, so good that it would never be popular.

"You ought to put more snap and swing in it," he said.

"Great heavens!" returned Bizet, "do you want me to write for the slums?"

However, he took Halevy's advice, revised his music and made it the popular success it has forever continued.

Ferdinand Gottschalk, of Amelia Bingham's company, is the composer of some dainty morceaux. When he was a member of Rosina Vokes's company he wrote a charming minuet, which the fair Rosina danced in one of her sketches.

Emil Paur has made an artistic and social success in Madrid, where recently during a performance of "Tannhauser" he was bidden to the royal box and congratulated warmly.

Mrs. Alvina Heuer Willson, who has been visiting her mother at 2117 Taylor street, was recently called to Boise, Idaho, by the serious illness of her husband. —*The Music Critic.*

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LETTERS

Satire and Poetry

A. M. Robertson has issued "Flim-Flam Society Girl," by Lionel Josephare and Beatrice Van Slope. The Van Slope share of the authorship is, of course, mythical, and the whole is a biting satire upon society, authorship, criticism, and various other matters. The imaginary Miss Van Slope, while undergoing a fashionable course of rest cure, is permitted to while away the time by authorship, that occupation, according to her physician's idea, not requiring the exertion of thinking. Beginning with light fiction, she progresses to poetry. Some specimens of Miss Van Slope's verse are given as interludes by Mr. Josephare, thus providing a medium for the expression of his own decided views on various subjects. Mr. Josephare's work has the ring of sincerity, and it is evident that he always writes from strong conviction. The present book shows a distinct advance in workmanship. His style is becoming clarified, and while there are yet some crudities of diction, they are less numerous than formerly. Mr. Josephare's command of language is unusual, and he owes it to his muse not to employ such words and turns of expression as belittle her, especially when he could so easily find more appropriate ones. On page 10 he says: "'Oh, let me read the *newspape*,' she entreated." This might be a misprint, but more likely it is device to save the meter; if so, a most unworthy one. Again, "They did not pain and yet somehow they *riled* her"; "But it took not *the cake*, nor captured the cruller"; "List, lovers of song, here appeareth the *pome*." Instances like the foregoing might be multiplied. They are not slang; there is no objection to slang in the right place, skilfully used it may contribute to strength; the trivialities I have quoted are, on the contrary, elements of weakness. One of the incidents of the poem relates the offer of a prize by "Sunstroke," California's leading magazine, for a poem celebrating the glory of California. Miss Van Slope competes, and, after some unsuccessful efforts, bears off the guerdon. This is the prize poem, a neat bit of satire:

CALIFORNIA HYMN TO THE SUN.

"O! westbound sun, I importune
As you descend Sierra's tops,
Shine on my grape and light my prune,
Illuminate my growing crops.

"Scowl on the streams of wicked East,
But smile on Sacramento trout;
And when your working hours are ceased,
Set by the Southern Pacific Route.

"O! sunset, dear to every breast,
Thou'rt like our fields of well-known poppies,
Making our setting sun the best,
And Eastern sunsets only copies.

"O! climate—maker of our zone,
The greatest name at my behest
I give you; henceforth be you known
As Native Son of the Golden West."

There is a basis of earnestness and thought to Mr. Josephare's booklet notwithstanding its unsubstantial title, and it will be found, upon the whole, well worth serious consideration.

Zack's Latest

The volume entitled "The Roman Road" contains three stories by "Zack," otherwise Miss Gwendolen Keats. Two out of the three are almost long enough to be termed novelettes. The first, which gives title to the volume, gives an account of an English manor house and the dwellers therein, and the curiously distorted morality of the lady who presides over it. She is most punctilious about the minutia of life, and exacts tithes of mint and cummin, but the one great wrong that she has committed, and which nullifies all her little particularities, affects her not at all. The situation is somewhat the same as that of Lady Transome in "Felix Holt." Both sons are living, and between the real heir and the one in possession there is little to choose, from the standpoint of those at their mercy. The second story, "The Balance," is less clear and direct than what one usually expects from this author, but the third, "Thoughty," ought to be spoken of in the same breath with Grahame's stories of childhood. One pities in advance the children who are brought up on modern tales, where giants are not, nor smugglers, nor pirates, nor highwaymen, and where there is a scientific explanation at hand for every phenomenon. No doubt "Thoughty" was a hard brother to live with, and "Doozle," the only girl, with three of his kind to contend against, did not find life all spring flowers and lollipop, but the "Doozles" who have never had her experiences have missed some of the good things in life. No doubt it will prove horrifying to the mammas of the little Lord Fauntleroys, and to those good ladies of both sexes who are bent on eliminating 'Mother Goose" and emasculating "Jack the Giant Killer," but to flesh and blood people the effect will be more like that produced on Jimmy's father, in Stephen Crane's "Whilomville Stories," when he came to interview his son in the quietude of his own room, in connection with some of the youngster's capers, and overheard the conspiracy of the bold bandits carried on in the garden beneath the open window. Any one who knows boys would put more faith in "Thoughty" and "Gimlet" and their ultimate security from turning pirates, smugglers and murderers than he would in any of the whey-faced little prigs who never carried out imaginary ventures. It is a pity that "Zack" did not give us another tale of "Thoughty" instead of "The Balance." The parts of that which relate to "Kink Pain's Henchmen" are far better than the love story. But one is not inclined to quarrel with "Zack," whose latest book is from Charles Scribner's Sons. —*The Bookworm*

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Jens Peter Mortensen, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Jens Peter Mortensen deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at Room 79 Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM, Administrator of the Estate of Jens Peter Mortensen, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 13, 1903.

CARLTON W. GREENE, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 73 76 and 79 Chronicle Building

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 86011.

ESTHER DONAIRE, Plaintiff
vs.
HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion and upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this Second Day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

O. M. GOLDARACENA, Plaintiff's Attorney
Rooms 44-45, 628 Montgomery Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Heinry Boehm also known as Henry Boehm, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the estate of Heinry Boehm also known as Henry Boehm, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market Streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the estate of Heinry Boehm, also known as Henry Boehm, deceased.
Carlton W. Greene, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 73-76-79 Chronicle Building

Dated at San Francisco, June 27, 1903

Estate of J. J. Chauviteau, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the estate of J. J. Chauviteau deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the estate of J. J. Chauviteau, deceased.
Carlton W. Greene, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 73-76-79 Chronicle Building.

Dated at San Francisco, June 27, 1903

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. —— No. 85027

Catherine Loveland and Alice Dwyer, Plaintiffs.
vs.
Georgina Tew also known as Georgiana Tew, Mary A. Tew, Margaret E. Appleton and Arthur K. Appleton, her husband, John Doe and Richard Roe, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

Georgina Tew, also known as Georgiana Tew, Mary A. Tew, Margaret E. Appleton and Arthur K. Appleton, her husband, John Doe and Richard Roe, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or they will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of April, A. D. 1903

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk

THEODORE J. ROCHE, Attorney for Plaintiffs
Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF COPARTNERSHIP

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO } ss.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting the general agency business as importers and agents for the sale of Tansan Mineral Water for the Pacific Coast; and in what is known as the "Pacific States" and Territories of the United States of America, and the principal place of business will be in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the style and the name of the firm will be Dufficy and Anderson; and that names in full of all the members of such partnership are: Charles M. Dufficy and H. F. Anderson and that the places of our respective residences are set opposite our respective names hereto subscribed

IN WITNESS WHEREOF we have hereunto set our hands and seals this 28th day of May A. D. 1903.

CHAS. M. DUFFICY, (SEAL)
Residing 410 Post St., City and County of San Francisco

H. F. ANDERSON (SEAL)
Residing 537 Geary St., City and County of San Francisco

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO } ss.

On this twenty-eighth day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and three before me, JAMES M. ELLIS, a Notary Public, in and for the said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Charles M. Dufficy and H. F. Anderson known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

[SEAL] IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

JAMES M. ELLIS, Notary Public
In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

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TOWN TALK

Vol. 11 No. 567

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 11, 1903

Comment
Politics
Society
The Stage
Letters
Music

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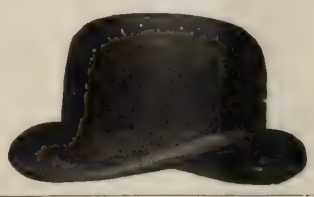
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, July 11, 1903

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING CO.
THEODORE F. BONNET - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager
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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded. We cannot undertake to preserve or return manuscripts.

Public Ownership of Water Works

The people of this city will surely decide in the near future the question of the advisability of owning their own water system. Aside from the importance of eliminating the water question from politics, it is essential that San Francisco should have an abundance of pure water. The Spring Valley Company has long since ceased to provide the city with pure water, and its sources of supply have not been augmented in proportion to the city's growth. We have been threatened with a water famine more than once, and there have been many times when a great conflagration would have tested the storage system of Spring Valley beyond its capacity. These are facts that have been brought to light during investigations before the Board of Supervisors, and it is a disgrace to San Francisco that such should be the condition of affairs. It is especially disgraceful in view of the fact that the city is within comparatively easy reach of the largest natural water supply in the world. The snows of the Sierras afford an inexhaustible supply of pure water, and sooner or later they must be tapped by a pipe line to this city. It is folly to rely on the uncertain sources of Spring Valley, which are quite frequently reenforced with the flow from cow pastures and other equally impure water sheds. A city whose population is increasing as rapidly as that of San Francisco must make provision for its water supply of the future, and it should not depend on a corporation which will always be managed in the interests of its stockholders rather than those of its patrons. Public ownership of an adequate water works is, therefore, a consummation devoutly to be wished, and sentiment in favor of it is crystallizing so rapidly that it cannot be long deferred. It is now being agitated with considerable fervor, and the people are being enlightened as to the advantages and necessity of public ownership and of a better supply, but it is absurd for those who are intent upon making it a political issue to affect an indifference to the interests of Spring Valley. That corporation must be reckoned with before we undertake to secure a public water works. It has certain interests and rights that cannot be ignored. The courts would never permit the city of San Francisco to render the property of the Spring Valley Company valueless. The city must purchase the system of that corporation before it can plan for a new one. And no doubt it will have to pay a great deal more than the system is worth, for the company has a shrewd way of giving verisimilitude to its preposterous claims.

Corporation Generosity

Apropos the purchase of the opposition lighting plants by the corporation that had long enjoyed a monopoly of the lighting business in this city, it was suggested by the *Chronicle* that it would be wise for the people in control to discourage new opposition by refraining from cinching the consumers. In other words the monopolists were advised to deal fairly with the people to the end that there should be no dissatisfaction and therefore no encouragement to capitalists to establish new plants with a view of being bought off. This was very good advice but nobody imagined for a moment that it would be followed. It has long been the custom of monopolists on this edge of the continent to charge all the traffic will bear. It has been demonstrated that this is not a wise policy, for competition is inevitable in all branches of industry, and when it comes the indignant victims of monopolistic greed are quick to show their resentment. The victims of the gas monopoly showed theirs when competition was started a few years ago, and it is evident that the directors of the old company heeded the lesson, for though they are privileged to charge the maximum rate of one dollar and thirty cents for gas they have given notice that the rate will be one dollar. It was proved, when gas rates were under investigation before the Supervisors some time ago, that dollar gas was profitable to the manufacturers, but nobody thought that the company would be content to sell gas at that price. The generosity of the company in voluntarily cutting down its own revenue after a most expensive fight against competition is almost incredible. Perhaps it is an experiment in fair dealing that may prove successful and lead other monopolists to follow the good example.

The Fanatical Fillingham

The Rev. R. C. Fillingham of England, an anti-ritualistic fanatic, who recently visited New York, was astonished to find that some of the Episcopal churches of that city were addicted to ritualistic practices, and he wrote a very insulting letter to Bishop Potter charging him with neglect of duty. Bishop Potter retorted discourteously, and the Englishman announced that he would return to New York in February and start a crusade against ritualism. He said he would not give his plans away but he intimated that he would start a big row in those churches in which ritualistic practices were indulged. "Ritualism is like a big pile of fuel, all ready to be a bonfire," he said, "all it needs is the torch. I shall apply the torch in February." His remarks have been construed as a threat to promote "rough house" in church. If such be the in-

tention of the fanatical clergyman he will find, should he undertake to carry out his plans, that the police of New York have no sympathy with cranks. In England it is not improper for a person to arise in church and protest if he finds that the laws are being violated by ritualistic practices, for over there the citizens pay the expenses of the Established Church. But in this country the clergymen and the congregation decide what sort of a service they shall have, and if a person should attempt to create a scene and a disturbance by way of expression of his disapproval he would be guilty of disorderly conduct. If Fillingham doesn't watch out the police will get him, but perhaps notoriety is what he is looking for, and to achieve it he would be willing to spend a few hours in jail.

Horseplay and Weddings

The Pullman Car Company has a suit pending which, if successful, is apt to put an end to the monkey tricks which have been the accompaniment of recent fashionable weddings. Some of the sportive gilded youths whose sole idea of wit is horseplay and coarse practical jokes took possession of a car secured for the bridal party and proceeded to "decorate" it according to their taste, nailing up horseshoes, old slippers, placards, white bows and everything else they could think of, both inside and out, without regard to the damage to property, much less to the feelings of their victims. The result was that the car had to be sent to the repair shop, and the groom was made defendant in a suit for damages for two hundred dollars, not a great amount, to be sure, and probably no more than will compensate the corporation for the mischief, but quite enough to bring home to the perpetrators some idea of responsibility. If the victim of this sport is one of the gilded set he will probably not mind putting up an occasional hundred or so for the sake of advertising his class, but if he happens to be in merely moderate circumstances he is likely to revise his list of acquaintances and cut off such costly luxuries. The extent to which horseplay and burlesque have entered into the celebration of recent weddings in the smart set makes sober people pause to wonder whether they have even a passing realization that marriage means anything more than a day of sport and license. No one expects a marriage to be as solemn as a funeral, but, on the other hand, it should not be entered into lightly, with no sense of the solemnity of the ceremony. It should not be a vulgar spectacle, nor should it be the occasion for such demeanor on public ferry-boats and railroad trains as would call for the intervention of the police if the participants were not enthroned upon their millions. Neither is there any reason why public or private property should be defaced and damaged because to those who commit the depredations the amount of the injury is a mere bagatelle.

Why Be Good

An Eastern paper pertinently inquires why, in these days of sugar candy and rosewater methods, any one should take the trouble to be good. Why, indeed, when all the efforts of philanthropists are devoted to smoothing the path of the transgressor and shielding him from the consequences of his wrongdoing? The youth who starts life as a truant, and becomes in other ways a lawbreaker, may have just as good (or bad), a home and surroundings as his next-door neighbor, who does his best to be an exemplary youth. Who cares for that? He goes to school in some poorly-lighted, ill-ventilated and overcrowded building, and it is quite a matter of course, while the truant is removed to better quarters, and things are made as pleasant as possible for him, as an inducement to keep on in the path of learning. Later on the good boy, having finished such schooling as he is to get, must hustle for a living. He wants to learn a trade, but where, how, when? Perhaps he has whittled out gim-cracks at school, under the high-sounding title of manual training, but he has not learned the elements of a trade, and the prohibitions of the labor unions stand in the way of his apprenticeship, so that, without influential friends, or some one to take a special interest in him, he must pick up a livelihood as best he can, at some unskilled employment. Not so the erstwhile truant, who, being wiser in his generation, takes to petty crime and is sent to some reform institution, where he is taught a trade in the intervals of more schooling, athletic exercise, and good food and shelter, at the expense of the community. When he is released, at the age of twenty-one, he is bettter fitted, both mentally and manually, to cope with the world than the one who has not been a burden to the tax-payer. The good boy is glad to be able to pay rent for a few rooms in a crowded tenement, and make his small wage go as far as he can in supplying cheap food, but the other chap will probably paddle in the shallows of criminal life, and when times are hard be committed to a comfortably warm jail, in which he will be served with food of a better quality than most industrious workmen enjoy, supplied with library books free, and carefully kept from over-exerting himself. When he is liberated there will be "Helping Hands," "Prison Gate Associations," Salvation Armies and benevolent individuals, all falling over themselves in their anxiety to help him to find work. The man who keeps clear of the clutches of the law may starve and freeze, and unless he is considerate enough to do so in public, and so discommode traffic, no one is going out of the way to inquire how he fares. Doctors, lawyers, preachers and criminologists unite to find excuses for the lawbreaker. There is always some reason why he cannot help himself. He has "an unfortunate heredity," or they discover that he has prominent ears, blue eyes, straight hair, or some other characteristic which denotes his exemption from responsibility, so the way of the transgressor is made easy. It is worth while to consider that since the passing of the woodshed and the spank strap, juvenile depravity has increased, and the unrestrained youth makes the criminal adult. Children no longer have an expectation, much less a fear of being called to account for their misdeeds. To be the bad boy of a neighborhood is to achieve importance, and to be sent to a State institu-

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tion is a distinction. Our penal management is in reality a coddling of criminals, and it offers a premium for the unfittest. The industrious and well behaved are elbowed aside in favor of the scamps, and the man of thirty who has held to respectability by teeth and toe nails, in spite of the hardships and poverty of his condition, may well look back and ask: Why be good?

The Doctrine of Damnation

At the Brooklyn Presbytery, the other day, objection was made to a candidate for ordination on the ground that his views as to future damnation were indefinite. The objection was a serious one and therefore it should have occasioned considerable surprise, but clergymen are not always blessed with a lively sense of humor. And yet the objection raised in the Brooklyn Presbytery, coming as it did so shortly after the adoption by the Presbyterian General Assembly at Los Angeles, of the revision of the Westminster Confession, should have struck even the gravest and most sober-minded of the gentlemen present as a capital joke. The very purpose of that revision was to impart an air of indefiniteness to the doctrine of future retribution. It was the theory of the revisers that though the old Confession laid stress on the terrors and uncompromising sternness of the justice of God, yet it offset them with a sufficiently consoling declaration of the Divine love and mercy. The Brooklyn candidate said that he was unable to reach a positive opinion as to the duration of future punishment, and he was willing to leave the question open. "I think," he said, "there is enough to preach of sin and salvation, without going into speculations." The young man was accepted by a vote that would have been unanimous were it not for the single member who expressed dissatisfaction with the candidate's loose views of hell. The objections were promptly overruled, for of course the dissatisfied member is not an up-to-date theologian. It is no longer fashionable for Presbyterian clergymen to discuss the doctrine of everlasting punishment in the lake of fire. It was once the favorite theme of the Westminster Confession School, but now it is seldom touched on, for people have grown very sensitive, and they take their religion like their pills, sugar-coated.

The Craze for Commemorating

It is well known that Hall Caine prides himself on a fancied resemblance to Shakespeare, so that when, at one of the periodical indignation meetings to protest against desecrating the town of Stratford, some one took occasion to forecast the time when there will be a bust of the Manx novelist placed opposite to that of Shakespeare, with the invitation to "look upon that picture, then on this," it was too much for even Marie Corelli's gravity. Truth to tell, these indignationists are doing more to cheapen Shakespeare than are all the wicked American tourists, and since we have adopted the custom of memorializing, "shrining," "pilgrimaging" and centennializing cheap authors, dime novelists and village poets, there is no special honor in being set apart for a celebrity. Of course it is only the fad of an hour. A certain coterie have a penchant for making themselves conspicuous, and one author is as good as another for that purpose. In ten years' time some other fancy will engage them, and museums of relics and memorials will be alike forgotten. A large proportion of the expensive projects will never be carried through unless by private subscription, and the wonder is that, seeing how many such schemes have met with the same disastrous end, there are any rash enough to project more. It is precisely the fate that overtakes our projected holidays. Time and again it has been attempted to make Lincoln's birthday, Grant's birthday and other birthdays take rank with that of Washington. Flag Day, Maine Day, Dewey Day and a host of other days have been proposed since the last year, but a single observance is about all they have had. Memorial Day, intended as a solemn occasion, is observed as an excuse for picnics and sporting events, and Bunker Hill Day, Forefathers' Day, and a comfortable sprinkling of other occasions are forgotten by all but the few who hold to their provincial customs wherever they find themselves, and at the end of any decade in which at least one new holiday has been proposed each year, we are apt to find ourselves just where we began, with Christmas, Fourth of July and Thanksgiving the only occasions universally celebrated. Shakespeare will not cut a larger figure in the literary world at the end of the twentieth century for all the clubs, memorials and birthdays that have been kept. Neither will the Scots revere Burns the more because of cheap excursions, nor will Carlyle's essays and histories gain anything because of the pilgrimages to Cheyne Row or the photographs of his back yard. The stars keep on in their courses in spite of all the terrestrial telescopes leveled at them, and the occasions worth remembering, whether they be Shakespeare's birthday or "the year of the big wind," will hold their places in spite of, rather than because of the puny efforts of a few would-be celebrities to gain a little reflected notoriety.

New Panacea for Divorce

And now comes the Rankin University with its own patented panacea for divorce. Among the doses offered are: "Women should learn to know their husbands"; "let wives and sweethearts study psychology and thus become able to read the minds and dispositions of their husbands to be." Isn't there a chance that the woman who has made herself thoroughly acquainted with her prospective husband's psychology may change her mind regarding marriage with him? A man's character usually has the good and the bad balanced in such fine proportions, and when a woman sets herself deliberately to study them—well, she needs far more than a collegiate education in psychology to arrive at a capital decision. Nature has a quicker and easier, and, on the whole, a better way of solving this great conundrum. Though the divorce records may show she sometimes errs, yet her system has survived through countless generations, notwithstanding the thousands of substitutes that have been offered to replace it. The way of a man with a maid puzzled wise old Solomon, and the univerities will find more profit in tackling the qualities of radium than in trying to settle the problem that has stumped the human race.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

Love and Death

BY HARRY COWELL

In his "Thirty Years of Paris" Daudet tells us how Flaubert, Turgenev, Zola, Concourt and himself, a friendly five brought together by a common love of letters, considering themselves, forsooth, "unsuccessful authors," were wont to dine together once a month, the dinners lasting from 7 p. m. to 2 a. m.; and how, when they had done with discussing each other's books and the topics of the day, the conversation became more general and they fell to talking familiarly of the time-worn, but ever timely, themes of love and death.

How I wish I had been there, hiding behind the usual accommodating arras, a not altogether impolite eavesdropper, listening to those unrecorded conversations. What a spectacle to witness, even with the ears alone—those giants tossing freely back and forth the weightiest and most wonderful of words, love and death crossing each other, as in life, at all sorts of angles, or fatefully meeting!

Whether, like Job, we die full of days, a burden of memories upon our backs, the fire of life fallen into gray ashes; or, like Juliet, forward looking, full of dreams and desires, the fire beautifully ablaze; those two words, love and death, strangely coupled as we ever find them, are without doubt the most mysterious and moving in our vocabulary.

Of all the flowers that blossom in this garden of God, love is the fairest, the most fragrant, and the most subject to death. Furthermore, for it there is no day of resurrection: when love dies, it is dead. And yet love defeats death: the torch of life flames in the hands of lovers, and they pass it on. The individual lovers perish, but love and the race of man endure.

Were love (I here mean not the wilding but the cultivated form)—were love as hardy as the weed hate, would it not be less dear, less desirable? Does not the idea of death make kissing more sweet? Is not quite half the charm of youth, of love, of beauty, due to their evanescent nature? Did the dusk of evening not die so soon into the night, would it be after all so well beloved of lovers? Flowers are fair because they fade. We have a passion for the poppy; we are indifferent to the immortelle.

Life owes infinite things to death, as does love—a subtly sweet flavor, a fineness of feeling, an eagerness, an intensity; all because the time is so short. Death and love are the life of art; death and art the life of love. The making of love is a fine art, which all men practice, wherein but few attain proficiency. Every amateur, bungling pitiably over the very rudiments, desires to be adored, and not even the masters deserve to be. No man was ever yet worthy of love.

To compare what and how much one thinks of love and of death at sixteen with what and how much one thinks of each at sixty, would, as the phrase is, be interesting and instructive.

At sixteen death is something that might happen almost at any time to any one—except to me; but love is then inevitable: it must happen to me.

Love! To the young it means one thing, to the old another; this to a man, that to a woman; the pessimist who has been disappointed in it, the optimist who is happily married, both use the same word to express how different ideas! Here a maiden tries to imagine what it may be; there a grandame, to remember what it has been!

Death! Think for a moment what diverse things the matchless word means to a Theosophist, to the orthodox Christian, to the Atheist, to the Spiritualist, to the Agnostic.

Death is the great misunderstood, the great unappreciated. It induces us to use the Now to its uttermost; it quickens the love of life, the life of love. Death forces upon us a refinement of choice. Whoever heeds his friendly reminders will not waste the wonderful days, knowing them to be numbered.

I do not say nice things of death to the end of finding favor at his inescapable hands. He is nearer and dearer to me than he is to most men; and I feel friendly toward him. The delightful curiosity one enjoys concerning him more than compensates for any little pain he may cause.

To depict death as a skeleton is to make selection of the obvious and the ugly; to be inartistic. A skeleton is a nasty nude. A domino and a mask would be more appropriate, would give proper play to the imagination, would be more in keeping with our ignorance, would not beg the great question. Death does go in disguise, and may be an angel.

And one of his offices may be to disengage a man from the many things wherewith he here confounds himself and is by others confounded, and to reveal him to himself and to others for what in very deed he is. And another—But all this is wild conjecture. What death is we know not; that he is we know; and of his relation to love we know this, that lovers ride post haste in his direction, consuming the numbered days in numberless kisses.

But whether we kiss or refrain from kissing, we are all the while journeying toward death; each setting of the sun sees us inevitably nearer to that great stopping place whither all footsteps tend—that "vasty inn," with its self-closing door making entrance so easy, exit so difficult.

Here's to mine host!

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The Saunterer

Is Wheeler Going to Retire?

When President Benjamin Ide Wheeler started on his Eastern trip, a short time ago, the report gained currency in Oakland that he had shaken the dust of Berkeley from his feet forever. The President of the University has many enemies across the bay, and they believe that he would like to retire gracefully from his position. They say that he has proved himself a failure; that he is lacking in executive ability, and that some of the Regents have begun to regard him as a very shifty fellow, and that therefore he does not enjoy their confidence. When it was reported in the despatches that there was some likelihood of his being appointed Minister to France it was at once suggested that he had not been cultivating the friendship of Roosevelt so assiduously merely in the interest of the University. Wheeler has undoubtedly made himself very unpopular in certain influential circles, and I have no doubt that he could be easily lured away from the University.

Benjamin Ide as a Diplomat

It would be very interesting if President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the State University should really resign his post to be our Minister to some country or other. But he is unlikely to do so because he is poor, and diplomats have great difficulty in living on their earnings; there is such a large establishment to keep up and so much entertaining to do. Wheeler found it impossible, or said that he found it impossible, to keep up the fine stone house the Regents were building for him in Berkeley, though it was difficult to see just why this house should cost more to keep than the one he occupies now. Of course it would have cost more to furnish, but he could have struck Mrs. Hearst for the coin, and that is a rock which has never failed to gush money when he tapped it with his rod. Good university presidents are very hard to get and the Regents would have an awful time replacing Wheeler. They still remember what a time they had to replace President Kellogg, who was thoroughly unsatisfactory for years before they could find a suitable successor.

Why Kellogg Was Shelved

The thing that cooked Kellogg's goose more than anything else was the exhibition he made of himself going East. He went in a tourist car, was seen and recognized and promptly called down for such niggardliness, for he was getting a good salary. Shortly after that he gave a student entertainment at which he served coffee and cake by way of refreshments, and this in spite of the fact that he was allowed fifteen hundred a year for entertaining. The Regents heard of this and promptly cut off the entertainment fund, so the old man's parsimony proved disastrous. It did not matter specially, however, for Kellogg is a rich man. Before he left the university he became a real estate dealer. He bought a large tract of land adjoining the university grounds at a very moderate figure and then he sold it in parcels to professors. Of course when he offered a home site, no professor thought it was wise to refuse it, and so the lots sold readily at a large advance and now the Kellogg residence in Bushnell Place—I think they call it—is surrounded by choice professorial homes. In spite of this, the Regents settled a five-thousand-a-year pension on the ex-president when they retired him, and as he lives on about fifteen hundred he has a nice little margin to put in the bank.

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What Has Become of Reinstein?

Many people interested in University affairs are wondering what has become of J. B. Reinstein in connection with Mrs. Hearst's affairs. Once he was her factotum —she could do nothing except through him. Now he is never seen with her. In the old days he dined with her constantly, accompanied her to The Hague, where the International Architectural Competition was opened and closed, and spent most of his time on the Hearst architectural scheme. But now he seems to be completely separated from her and everyone is wondering why. Perhaps Charley Wheeler has forced him into the background.

Stanford Offers an Attraction

The Berkeley university is not, by the way, to take the lead in attractions for 1903. Stanford has a big card up its sleeve, which will probably give the Palo Alto institution quite a boom. It is none other than the magnetic Pietro Mascagni, who is under engagement to give twenty concerts at Stanford University. He is guaranteed twenty thousand dollars for his series by Mrs. Stanford. Sunny Pietro is to give concerts in but three cities outside of California—Chicago, Milwaukee and Kansas City.

Anti-Pardee Growls

Governor Pardee's troubles have commenced. The Governor has been distributing his patronage, and, as he is possessed of no divine attributes, he has failed to retain the love and respect of those upon whom he inflicted serious disappointment. The loudest and most distinct sounds of teeth-gnashing come from the other side of the bay, where the bewhiskered doctor was engaged in practical politics of various shades before achieving his great ambition. When a budding statesman in Oakland throws out his hooks of steel to grapple time-serving friends for future emergencies he cannot afford to be fastidious. Pardee was a thoroughly practical politician. His thoroughness won him the nomination for Governor, and now he is expected to show his gratitude. But he finds that if he gave all his old friends among the peanut politicians of Oakland the jobs

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they want he would be guyed all over the State, for Oakland has a wonderful assortment of tax-eaters. But it is not only in Oakland that he has been roasted for his selections. One of his severest critics is Senator Ralston, whose hammer has been very active. Ralston has told him that some of his appointments were very bad. He instanced the appointment of J. A. Filcher to the St. Louis Fair Commission as one of the very bad selections. "I should think," he said to the Governor, "you could find a Republican for that position, but if you couldn't you surely didn't have to appoint a man who used to run an anti-railroad organ and ride on a pass."

They Never Die

There is said to be some uneasiness among the grave and venerable dames that direct the sprouting of thought among the future mothers and predestined club women of the Girls' High School. It is because there has been some agitation of the advisability of retiring them to private life. Some meddlesome person recently suggested the possibility of employment as a teacher in the Girls' High School being conducive to longevity, whereupon inquiry was made and it was learned that the pedagogues of that institution never die. And then arose the question whether a woman who has passed the three score year and ten mark is competent to perform the duties of a teacher in a high school. It appears that nearly all the teachers in the Girls' High School are over sixty, a few have passed seventy, and one is at least eighty. Yet it is admitted that they are all brilliant women, and that they were most successful teachers in their days. To them many of the most accomplished mothers and grandmothers of the city are indebted for their education, and there are pupils in the high school today who are being instructed by the same women that taught their grandmothers. It is not strange therefore that those women should be suspected of having outlived their usefulness, but if an attempt were made to remove them an awful hubbub would be raised, for their old pupils would rally to their defence and demand that they be retained. Those aged women have long since been regarded as permanent fixtures of the department, and what matters it that they have grown impatient and peevish with age, or that occasionally they wander off into day-dreams or retire to a couch to snooze while the class looks after itself? Sentiment is with them and it will demand that they be allowed to continue their labors undisturbed.

Miss Blimgum—Yes, I'm going over to England to visit the scenes associated with the lives of my ancestors.

Miss Cynic—Then you'll spend most of your time in Whitechapel, I suppose.

A Bitter Contest Recalled

The suddenness of the marriage of Miss Viola Piercy and Mr. Burnett occasioned almost as much surprise as did the quiet manner in which the ceremony was performed. When people of wealth marry nowadays their friends expect them to have elaborate weddings, and to put themselves on exhibition, and they are grievously disappointed if the affair is not a public function. I presume that the privacy of the Piercy-Burnett marriage was in deference to the wishes of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Dunphy, who is in feeble health, and who is a woman of strong prejudices. It seems but a few years ago, though nearly two decades have passed, since little Viola Piercy was the subject of one of the bitterest guardianship contests that ever took place in the Probate Court. It was waged by the relatives of her father on one side and those of her mother on the other, and the latter won. Her father, Samuel Piercy, was an actor who at the time of his death was just coming into prominence in his profession.

The Unconventional Anna

Dr. Anna G. Lyle, the distinguished California girl who has just returned for a vacation from her professorship in the University of Vienna, is educationally a product of this State. She is a graduate of Stanford University, where she took her degree in physiology and left a record as one of the most original, self-willed, independent girls that ever attended the Palo Alto institution. She always had lots of money to spend, and she used to startle the campus by entering the Quadrangle daily on horseback and wearing a stunningly becoming riding habit. Her unconventional charm was accentuated by the fact that she wore her profusion of reddish gold hair in a braid down her back. Even at that time her remarks were the clever observations of a woman of the world, and she was never sparing of them. She was independent on the subject of friendship as in all others, and if she saw a man whom she wished to speak to she did not wait for the formality of an introduction, but launched forth into conversation. She was for a time a disciple of Marie Bashkirtseff and she used to indulge her egotism by gazing at her reflection in her glass and striking the favorite attitude of the unhappy Pole. But this was a passing madness, and Anna Lyle was, in her own line, one of the most direct thinkers and brilliant scholars which our young universities have produced.



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A Quaint Companionship

Few people outside of the congregation of the Swedenborgian church out in Lyon street are aware of the fact that it is one of the most artistic places of worship in the city. Some of the best things that William Keith, the painter, has done, are set as panels in the walls of this picturesque church. Mr. Worcester, the dilettante minister, is an old and tried friend of the artist. The two old men are, each in his way, equally original, and their companionship is suggestive of what Stevenson called "to make friends without capitulation." Every day the venerable minister makes a little pilgrimage to the studio of his artist friend and the two, beyond exchanging greetings, often say nothing, but sit wrapt in meditation. But if a day should pass without the two seeing each other both would take pains to find out the reason why.

A Social Mystery

I hear that society will see very little of Miss Sarah Collier next winter, it being her intention to devote nearly all her time to charitable work. It has long been a mystery as to how this stunning young woman has managed to elude Cupid's wiles, for she is said to have received more offers than any other young woman in society. She has always been the particular pet of Mrs. Salisbury, who invariably placed her in the first set of her Fortnightly Cotillions. Her fad is driving, and she can handle six with masterly skill.

Theatricals on Nob Hill

From reliable authority I learn that Mrs. M. H. de Young intends giving a series of amateur theatricals in the theatre of her California street residence, and that she will take occasion to exploit her own histrionic talents as well as those of some of her friends. "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night" are her favorite plays, and society may look forward to seeing her in the hose and buskin of Rosalind or in the picturesque robes of Olivia. A debutante who heard of the proposed Shakespearean revivals has suggested the production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with Addison Mizner as Falstaff. A dramatic club is to be organized this fall with Ella Bender, Mrs. Mark Gerstle and Dr. Shiels as leading members.

The Stork's Busy Year

This has been a boom summer for the stork in society and the long-legged bird seems determined to make it a record season. The Jack Casserlys were delighted when the bird alighted on their roof. They now have two little ones. Last week the stork visited the George H. Popes and though this was his third visit, his welcome was none the less sincere. Mrs. Horace Pillsbury has gone to Boston to her mother's home. She expects the second arrival in August, and has frequently said that she has no use for San Francisco doctors.

Busy Life of Mrs. Will Tevis

One of the busiest matrons this season is Mrs. Will Tevis, whose energy would rouse the envy of a live business man. Besides keeping an eye on the Tevis place in San Mateo which it is expected will be completed soon after the Tevis's return from abroad this winter, she is managing some attractions on the ranch near Bakersfield, superintending the construction of a house-boat on Lake Tahoe, and paying numerous visits to different house-parties throughout the countryside. To fill up her spare moments she has under her consideration plans for a house which will be built, I am told, somewhere in Pacific avenue.

To banish the blues nothing is so efficacious as a drink of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye.

Gabrielle Lived Here

It seems curious that the dailies, in publishing a despatch about Gabrielle Bompard's purposed lecture trip to the United States, failed to comment upon the fact that the pardoned murderess of Goffe formerly lived in San Francisco with Eyraud, her alleged Svengali. I do not recollect whether the arrest was made here, or if they escaped and were captured elsewhere. The Eyraud-Bompard case occurred years ago and was the first, I believe, in which hypnotism was set up by way of defense. Only a Gaboriau could do full justice to the story. Goffe was rich, and that made his murder worth while. Gabrielle enticed him to her apartments in Paris. She distracted his attention with her caresses while Eyraud—her Svengali, as she alleged later—strangled him from behind a convenient portiere. Then they robbed Goffe's corpse, packed his body in a trunk and sent it wandering while they came to America. In this city they posed as papa and daughter and had adjoining rooms in a private house where they lodged. Either because father was an invalid or daughter was timid there was a connecting door. When they were taken back to France Mademoiselle Bompard claimed to be under hypnotic influence and hence not responsible for her part in the murder. Eyraud was executed. She put in a plea of impending motherhood and her execution was stayed. Whether the child ever materialized, the despatches have never told us. La Bompard is to lecture in this country on hypnotism.

If dowdiness were next to godliness what a lot of our society women would be assured of a heavenly hereafter!

Madame Bavarde Going East

Ned Greenway may czar it alone this winter, if a distressing rumor now going the rounds be true, and the *Bulletin* may be without its Bavarde. The on dit is that Mrs. Monroe Salisbury is going to join Mr. Salisbury in New York late in the fall, and that she will remain there all winter.

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Leo XIII.

Blessed with a lively sense of humor, Pope Leo often went strolling in the Vatican gardens just as the dailies were polishing off his obituary notice, and people were incredulous when the report that he had been fatally stricken was flashed over the wires in the early part of this week. But so ripe an age had he attained that when the news of his illness in all its details had been received people of all shades of religious belief, who esteemed him for his many grand qualities of heart and mind, felt a thrill of sorrow, and the hope was universal that the end of his brilliant career had not been reached. There is no corner of the civilized world today in which the great Pontiff is not beloved for the beneficent influence which he has exercised. The gentlest and yet the manliest of men, it would be difficult to recall in the world's history a single individual, other than the one whose church he ruled, who did more toward conquering the material and sensual world by the light of his intellect and the splendor of his example. Leo XIII has been writing across the century in letters of light that can never fade, the most magnificent and authoritative code of ethics the world has ever known. In those marvelour encyclicals, so exquisitely graceful, are to be found almost every subject of national, social, domestic and individual ethics treated in the most exhaustive, conclusive, luminous and simple manner. And so eagerly have they been sought that as soon as they left his pen they were translated and read in every language of the earth. He has been the teacher of every grade and condition of society. What a sublime and inspiring picture he has presented, fading away, in the years that have been wonderfully lengthened, into the light of eternity, always striving for the good of his fellow man, never resting, though his frail life threatened at every moment to flutter away into the world beyond!

The World's Benefactor

Leo XIII was born in the dim past, when Napoleon was deluging the nations with blood. He came from a sandaled and togaed people, his childhood was spent in an ancestral palace, and he was one in whose veins ran the blood of the famous Coladi Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes, and yet for years he labored obscurely and faithfully in God's vineyard, and never did he seek the ring of the Fisherman. It was this man whose words have controlled the clamors of the laboring masses, whose appeals are at present inspiring the fight in the few Catholic countries that are left for the last rampart of Christian civilization—Christian marriage. And it was the voice of this marvelous personality that checked the tyranny of the rulers of certain nations and made justice and mercy prevail. Great therefore is the debt of mankind to that High Priest of God from whose glorious life the world has profited for its peace, its happiness and its truth.

Electing a New Pope

When the news of the Pope's illness was received there was naturally a great deal of interest among the men of the Sacred College, for it appeared that the day was approaching when the Grand Papal Chamberlain, taking a little mallet in his hand, would tap on the head of the dead Pope and, after calling him by name three times, as Cardinal Pecci did his predecessor, would announce that the reign was over. This ceremony, quaint and significant, and emblematic of the vanity of all human affairs, is followed by the summoning of the conclave and the selection of a new ruler of the Church. But meanwhile there is the novendial, or nine days succeeding the Pope's death, during which takes place the celebration of his obsequies. So soon as the last ceremonies for the dead Pope have been performed in St. Peter's all is ready for the conclave of Cardinals held for the election of a new Pontiff. To preserve an appearance of secrecy, the quarters occupied by the cardinals are isolated from the rest of the building and from the outer world by the walling up of every door and window. Each cardinal has a separate room which he draws by lot and may not exchange. On the first day of the conclave mass is celebrated in St. Peter's and at night the cardinals disperse to their cells, after which the cardinal camerlingo, accompanied by men with torches, inspects the whole vast quarters, peering into each dark corner to see that no unauthorized person is hidden there. On the morrow the balloting begins in either the Pauline or Sistine chapel. It is rare that more than two ballots a day are taken until some candidate receives more than the requisite two-thirds vote. At the largest recorded conclave, that of 1878, sixty-one cardinals were present; the conclave of 1800, held in Venice, had only thirty-five. That of 1800 lasted one hundred and four days; that of 1878 only three days.

The Coronation

It appears to be the general impression that the Pope must be a cardinal. The canon law does not prescribe that he must be even a cleric. Nevertheless since the election of Urban VI in 1378 the successful candidates have be-

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longed to the Sacred College, although as late as 1758 a non-cardinal was voted for several times. The coronation of a Pope occurs a few days after the election. He is borne to St. Gregory's chapel, where he is attired in the pontifical robes of state. As he comes out, a master of ceremonies stops him, and, kneeling, holds before him a silver wand tipped with tow, which a cleric lights. As the tow burns, the master of ceremonies sings, *"Sancte Pater, sic transit gloria mundi."* After a second burning of tow, which symbolizes the evanescence of even papal pomp, the Pope proceeds to the high altar to receive the pallium. Mass is celebrated during which the general clergy do homage; that concluded, the Pope is borne to the balcony which overlooks the square of St. Peter's, and there, in the presence of thousands of spectators, the mitre having been taken off, the triple crown is placed on his head by the second cardinal deacon. "Receive the tiara adorned with three crowns"—thus runs the ancient formula—"and know thou art the father of princes and kings, the rector of the globe, the vicar on earth of our Savior Jesus Christ, to whom is honor and glory, world without end." The Pope then gives his benediction, *"urbi et orbi,"* the multitude applauds and the pageant ends.

The Conviction of Saunders

Civil Service Commissioner McCarthy and his trusty henchmen of the Building Trades' Council exerted all the influence at their command to save Business Agent Saunders, a brother-in-law of the McCarthys, from conviction on a charge of embezzlement. "Cleve" Dam, the legal adviser and handy factotum of the unsavory McCarthy, exerted what little legal ability he has in behalf of the thief, and brother-in-law McCarthy swore for him with his usual glibness, but the culprit was found guilty. Saunders has been McCarthy's confidential man for years, and he could tell a most interesting story about the inner workings of the bosses of the Building Trades' Council. Dam, the legal adviser, was formerly a resident of Oakland where he has quite a record. Every little while Billy Foote has him haled into court on an order of examination with a view of locating a little money that Dam gave him the "rush" for on a certain memorable occasion. Foote has never been able to recover the money.

A Monument for Bret Harte

Robert Aitken is to have the honor of making the bronze monument to be erected here of the late Francis Bret Harte. A subscription is now under way for the monument. Bas relief portraits of Harte will be sold to swell the fund, and several Bohemian Club artists will paint portraits to the same end. The last resting-place of Bret Harte is in Frimley churchyard, Surrey, and his tomb bears the inscription: "Bret Harte. Aug. 25, 1837—May 5, 1902. Death shall reap the braver harvest." The stone was erected by Madame Van der Veld, "in faithful remembrance," and fir trees are planted about it. Last Christmas English and Americans visited the grave and laid wreaths and flowers upon it.

Why Boris Was Embarrassed

When Grand Duke Boris was on this coast about a year ago I published a paragraph to the effect that he had said, after having danced with Mrs. Sterling Postley at Del Monte, that she was the most beautiful woman he had met in America. In a short time the story was quoted by numerous papers, and ever since then Mrs. Sterling Postley has been referred to as the woman whom Duke Boris declared to be the most beautiful woman in America. Now the Duke is once more in America, and he stated to an occasional correspondent of mine in New York the other day that the story had embarrassed him very much, because he had pronounced Miss May Goelet the most beautiful woman he had ever met in any country. Unfortunately I cannot vouch at this time for the story which I published a year ago, as the gentleman who quoted the Duke to me for publication is now in Europe. The Duke's embarrassment is probably due to the fact that the Goelets have lionized him, and that he is now visiting them, with the prospect, it is believed, of winning the hand of the young heiress. It is said that he has the sanction of the royal house of Russia to choose an American wife.

The I. W. Hellmans are domiciled at their beautiful place on Lake Tahoe. It is one of the handsomest homes in the Tallac region, and is said to have cost a matter of two hundred thousand dollars.



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According to a private letter from a well known local yachting man who has been closely watching the interesting trial spins of both the *Reliance* and the *Shamrock III* the race of August twentieth will be the closest, sharpest and liveliest in the history of the *America's* cup. He pronounces *Shamrock III* a beautiful boat under sail and clearly faster than *Shamrock I*, but it is hard to get a clear line on her real capabilities because Captain Wringe, who handles her, unquestionably does not work her for all she is worth in the trial spins. It is as easy "to pull" a yacht as a horse, you know, and Wringe is undoubtedly jockeying with a view to springing surprises on us during the race, but that is to be expected. It's exactly what every new challenger has tried to do. Up to date, though, they haven't succeeded in springing any successful surprises on the shrewd Yankees who are defending the cup. However I'll have to admit that the *Shamrock III* is a very beautiful boat under sail, among the ideals of racing 90-footers. She is clearly and easily faster than *Shamrock I*. She moves fast in smooth water, makes a small bow wave and leaves as clean a wake as the *Reliance*.

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Nothing But Caged Employes

As I foretold last week, Professor Mabilleau, the eminent French sociologist who recieved such scant treatment when invited to lecture at the University of California two months ago, has come out with some blunt and biting criticisms on the ways of American professors and the methods of our universities, both state and endowed. It is only fair to state that he visited other universities besides our own before he delivered himself of the following: "If a professor is to do the highest grade of work and accomplish a maximum amount of good, he must be at liberty to think and speak as he pleases, even though his thoughts and opinions may be contrary to those of trustees and founders. In America, unfortunately, this is not the case. Educators there are bound to respect certain interests, and failure in this respect on their part often results in enforced resignation. Numerous instances of this sad state of affairs have arisen in the past few years, and I have personal knowledge of several such cases. Professors in American universities are like caged employes. They may not speak, they may scarcely even think, as they please. They must respect the opinions and interests of the trustees who employ them and of the rich men who make the institution possible."

Weak Spot of Universities

This blunt statement has drawn forth a shower of replies from all over the country. Crystallized, they seem to be that perhaps Professor Mabilleau's account of the situation in the United States is a little overdrawn. Perhaps, too, the state university as conducted in America might not carry the assurance of perfect freedom of thought and utterance which it is said to do in France; for partisan politics has at times, in such state universities as we have, crept in with muzzle or club to control university teachings or make faculty politics. But in a general way Monsieur Mabilleau has touched a great weakness, a great evil of our system of higher education through privately endowed institutions. There is no sort of question that the source of the endowment and the opinions, prejudices and interests of the donors, actual or possible, have a regulative and repressive influence upon the utterances of instructors in the departments of economics and sociology, and a more or less controlling power over the management of the institution. What Monsieur Mabilleau tells us to our face is largely true and as humiliating as it is true. The growth of expenses, the increase of salaries, the magnitude of the endowments, all tend to make educators pensioners of the money power. The Chicago University and Palo Alto have recently given signs of this influence. Will they be able to withstand it in the future?

Makes His Own Fireworks

The launch party given by Dr. Harry Tevis on the Fourth of July is said by those invited to have been "lots of fun." Claude Terry Hamilton entertained the party at dinner at the Hutch in Sausalito. It was served in the arbor and the garden was illuminated with over five hundred Japanese lanterns and innumerable fairy lamps. The day and night fireworks were designed and made by Dr. Tevis himself, who has a passion, it is said for "playing with fire."

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Something New In Weddings

The pretty wedding of Miss Lucy A. Furbish and Mr. H. C. Campbell, which took place on June thirtieth, was somewhat of an innovation, but one that appeals to home-loving people. It was solemnized in the charming flat at 1325 Masonic avenue which is to be the future home of the bride and bridegroom, and thus their married life was begun under their own roof-tree. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Vorsburg of Oakland, a friend of the bride, and the guests were only close connections of both families. At the bridal table, at the supper following the ceremony, were Mr. Walter C. Campbell, the groom's brother, Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. Pratt, Miss Bessie Pratt, Mrs. E. P. Buckingham, M. B. Ivory, Miss Fannie Edgerton and Miss Elizabeth Freeze. Walter Campbell was toastmaster.

Made a Happy Bridal Show

Accounts of the marriage of Miss Bessie Swift, daughter of the Chicago millionaire, and Charles Fernald of Santa Barbara, that have wafted this way indicate it was a most gorgeous affair. Mr. Fernald went to Chicago some time before the wedding, which occurred on the twenty-third of June, and his fiancee took pleasure in displaying her Californian betrothed to the admiring public. The two were the most conspicuous people at the American Derby held in the Windy City. Wherever Miss Swift and her promised husband went the bridal party to-be followed after and the little procession had a copyright on the lorgnettes of the curious. The girls who were to be Miss Swift's bridesmaids were gowned, if not alike at least in the same color effect, and it was only the touch of black on Miss Swift's white gown that prevented people from thinking that it was a bridal party turned loose at the race. As the Fernalds are to spend much of their time after marriage in Santa Barbara the San Francisco colony who have flitted there are much interested in them. The Robinson Rileys who have bought a home down there are great friends of the groom and will be among those who will enjoy the lavish hospitality the Fernalds will be able to indulge in with the Swift millions to grease the wheels of the merry-go-round.

The Seeley Dinner

The news that Mrs. Herbert Barnum Seeley has instituted divorce proceedings against her husband has revived recollections of the Seeley dinner which was the talk of the country seven years ago. It was given by Herbert B. Seeley, the defendant in the divorce suit, at Sherry's in honor of his brother Clinton Barnum Seeley, who was to be married ten days later. It became a celebrated affair because of the raid which Police Captain Chapman made on the banquet. He had heard that the vaudeville entertainment provided was going to be an improper exhibition. Chapman testified that "Little Egypt" danced with nothing but stockings on, and it was admitted that one of the dancers had some innocently worded signs on her, but denied that they were attached in such a way as to be suggestive. Chapman was afterwards tried at police headquarters for his raid.

The Eloquent Sullivan

Frank J. Sullivan scored such a hit by his eloquence on the Fourth that people are beginning to wonder why a man of his ability should have remained so long in the background. But the fact is that Mr. Sullivan has been a man of affairs for many years. Being a man of considerable wealth and culture he has always had a fondness for travel, and he has spent much of his time abroad in study and observation. Some years ago he took an active interest in the non-partisan movement in this city, and to him is due a large share of the credit for the purification of the municipal government. His was the guiding hand that directed the political fortunes of James D. Phelan in the early years of the latter's public career. If Mr. Phelan had been more willing to hearken to the advice of Sullivan in later years he would not, perhaps, have had to retire to private life.

Gavin Throws Out Signals

Gavin McNab, the canny Scot who became Mr. Phelan's political grave-digger, has been throwing out signals of distress in the last few days. Such strength has the anti-McNab movement gathered in all sections of the city that Gavin is no longer blind to the handwriting on the wall. The other day he sought a conference with certain Republican leaders, and suggested that a combination be made for mutual protection at the primaries. This was his first confession of weakness. The Republican leaders declined to consider the proposition, but they were not slow to put the story of the request in circulation. I hear that Mr. Phelan no longer places confidence in McNab, and that he has ceased to do politics with his old manager. The young millionaire was a long time discovering the char-



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acter of his associate. And yet McNab has been villifying Phelan in stage whispers up and down Montgomery street for four years.

Spreckels and the Merger

Since the merger of the local lighting companies Claus Spreckels has been criticised for selling out and becoming one of the principal representatives of the monopoly. Some people appear to have been laboring under the delusion that the aged sugar magnate was masquerading as a philanthropist, and that he went into the gas and electric business solely for the purpose of relieving the downtrodden victims of monopoly from oppression. The fact is that Mr. Claus Spreckels engaged in the lighting business to administer a rebuke to the company that was being mismanaged by a boor named Crockett. That is an old story which has been told so often that it is familiar to everybody in San Francisco. Mr. Spreckels did not invest several millions of dollars in a gas and electric light plant for the sole purpose of supplying the people with cheap illumination. He was out for the long green from the day that the first pipe was laid, and people patronized his concern not because they admired him as a public benefactor but because he sold his wares a little cheaper than they could be purchased elsewhere. Mr. Spreckels made a gallant fight and forced the old company to pay him a handsome price for his business, at the same time getting in on the ground floor of the consolidated companies as one of the largest bondholders. All the old stockholders of the original gas company who sold out at a small figure when the fight was on are no doubt sore on Spreckels, and many of them are charging him with being a flim-flammer, but the old gentleman should not be held responsible for their misfortune. He merely consummated a profitable business deal, and as a consequence we are now buying dollar gas instead of gas at a dollar-thirty.

Mrs. C. T. Mills of Mills College has been visiting Byron Springs. C. C. Clay of Fruitvale was there last week, and recent arrivals at the springs are Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Shainwald, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Klein, B. P. Flint, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Montgomery.

There will be an exhibition at the Camera Club this month of F. W. Guerin's *genre* work. Mr. Guerin was formerly of St. Louis. The third photographic salon of the Camera Club and San Francisco Art Association will be held at the Hopkins in October. The exhibition is to be such as will best exemplify artistic feeling and expression in photography, and only works of real worth will be admitted. The jury of selection includes Dr. Genthe, F. E. Monteverde, Newton J. Tharp, H. W. Seawell and John M. Gamble.

The published portraits of Princess Henry of Pless look so much like Mrs. Cornelia Baxter Tevis that her friends are calling her attention to the resemblance.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Office of the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, corner Market, McAllister and Jones Sts., San Francisco, June 26, 1903. At a regular meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1903, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1903.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

His Norman Blood

Apropos the introduction of an American cash register by Lady Deerhurst into a charity bazaar in England recently, Madame Bavarde remarked: "Viscountess Deerhurst, whose father was a member of an old Norman family in America, will one day became Countess of Coventry." Madame Bavarde dearly loves the nobility. The father of the Viscountess is none other than C. W. Bonynge, whose Norman blood counted for very little when he worked as a gardener for a San Mateo landholder, or later on when he performed the duties of a chambermaid in a local livery stable. He was not a gentleman in appearance and his manners were uncouth. A broker who patronized the stable where Bonynge worked gave him winning stock tips upon which he made considerable money. With this he went to Virginia City during the boom days, and as a curbstone broker augmented his bank account. He may be the scion of an old Norman family but the circumstance was not referred to in the old days. We are all members of old families, however, but we haven't all kept the family records.

Theodore Wores was in Tangiers at last accounts. He writes his friends that Africa is a great place and full of artistic material.

Costumes That Shocked

Alameda society has been shocked. During the recent hot spell residents of the Encinal city flocked to the cool waters of the bay that lave the town, and some of the fair sex sallied forth from their homes in costumes that are not considered *de rigueur* in the chaste little village. So *neglige* were some of the costumes that they sent cold chills through the conservative element that beheld the undress spectacle with feelings akin to horror. The suburbanites of Alameda are fearfully old-fashioned. They do not know that it is the custom in Atlantic City and other fashionable Eastern seaside resorts for the fair bathers to walk along the street from their hotel to the beach in bathing costume. Hence they were amazed to see women walking down to the waters of the bay hoseless and sandaled, and with a bare expanse of neck extending to a considerable depth, but shaded by a stylish parasol. One of those responsible for the shock of the town is a young matron, a member of the Criterion Club. Her daring exhibition of bare legs and neck excited much unfavorable comment among the sedate members of the club, and at a recent meeting the president of the organization took occasion to administer a rebuke. Of course it was very daintily veiled, for the president is

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a charming and tactful woman, but it inflicted a sting nevertheless, and she of the sandals retorted with much spirit. She asserted that envy had prompted the criticism of some of the club members who didn't dare expose their bones. Then she resigned.

An Oakland Engagement

The engagement of Miss Helen Richardson, a popular school teacher of Oakland, and Dr. Edward S. Grigsby of Nome, has awakened more than the usual interest on the other side of the bay. The young doctor is related to the Palmers of Oakland and through them to theWheatons. He went to Alaska to establish a hospital but the enterprise proved a failure. Dr. Grigsby was married once and that affair also proved a failure, but it was not altogether the doctor's fault. I believe it was due to his wife's jealousy, though there was really no occasion for it, for the doctor's conquests were largely fictitious. He is quite a hustler in social circles, and he has superb confidence in himself. Miss Richardson attended the University of California for a time, I believe, and made a record in mathematics, which she has since taught in the Alameda high school. She is an interesting girl with an infallible taste in dress. She visits the Charles Wheelers a great deal and is at present with them on the McCloud river.

From Pekin, But Not Loot

The August Chamots have returned to town after a long absence with a large collection of articles that bear a strong resemblance to Chinese loot. Mr. Chamot, it will be remembered, played a prominent part in the stormy days of the siege of Pekin. He was conducting a large hotel in the city when the Boxer troubles began, and nearly all the foreign legations took refuge in his establishment. The hotel was burned to the ground but Chamot rendered valuable assistance to the representatives of the foreign governments and their families. After the siege he recovered heavy damages for the loss of his property, and he was presented with decorations by several European sovereigns. The Chamots have a valuable collection of Chinese ornaments in jade and pearl and silk, but they deny having any loot. All that they have was presented to them. Among other things in the collection is a fantastic bonnet that belonged to the Empress. They have taken possession of the old Wilson house at Pine and Stockton streets, but at present they are rusticating with the Helmerichs at Inverness. Mrs. Chamot was formerly Miss McCarthy of this city, sister of ex-Supervisor McCarthy.

Mrs. Stanford's Denial

Mrs. Stanford is reported to have stated, in assuming the presidency of the Board of Trustees of the Palo Alto University, that she had delegated to the President the exclusive right to appoint and dismiss professors and teachers, free from all dictation, and that not in a single instance had his powers been curtailed. This statement places President David Starr Jordan in a rather awkward position. At the time of the summary dismissal of Professors Ross and Howard it was believed that Dr. Jordan acted in obedience to the wishes of Mrs. Stanford. It is true that he assumed all responsibility, but it was thought that his purpose was to shield the wealthy benefactress of the university, and that he was working under sealed orders. In her public denial of responsibility, however, Mrs. Stanford has simplified matters for herself while complicating them for Dr. Jordan.

Those Awful Intruders

The Upper Thirteen of San Rafael are thinking of holding a meeting to discuss ways and means of safeguarding themselves against the intrusion of objectionable characters. They have found that they are not so exclusive as they thought; that people without the proper brand have had no difficulty in hoodwinking them, and that they have no protection against contamination. Why, even Woods, who is now receiving so much newspaper notoriety, enjoyed social intimacy with three of the Upper Thirteen, and it has lately been discovered that they had been harboring a divorcee; not only that, she was a woman with quite a past, had lured away a friend's husband, and all that sort of thing. When she reached San Rafael with her husband he was an invalid and she was nursing him. As he was wealthy she had no difficulty in breaking into the swagger set. Presently the husband died, and within a month the sad widow appeared at an afternoon card party. Eyebrows went up and the Upper Thirteen immediately consulted the *Ladies' Home Journal* to see if the period of fashionable mourning had been shortened. Six months later the lady took unto herself a new husband and then she left town. The atmosphere of San Rafael had congealed. Now the villagers are busy fixing the blame.

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Factions in Society

Two factions of Los Angeles society are arrayed against each other. On one side are the E. T. Earlites, and on the other are those that sympathize with the first wife of the millionaire founder of the Earl Fruit Company. Since their divorce the first Mrs. Earl calls herself Mrs. Emily Runyon Earl, and lives at one of the big fashionable hotels of the citrus belt city. It was rather awkward meeting her ex-husband at social affairs, but it was not until the millionaire married the sister of the wife of Dr. West Huges that the factional war began. Society was forced to take sides, and now it is said that a very hot campaign is being waged against Mrs. Earl No. 1. And by the way, some people in Los Angeles are still commenting on the fact that the Episcopal Bishop of the diocese sanctioned the second marriage of the millionaire.

Somewhat Premature

The Santa Cruz promoters of publicity sought to lure summer visitors this year to the somnolent seaside resort by announcing that numerous brass bands had been hired, and that the town was connected with Capitola by an electric road. The brass bands were on hand but the electric road has not yet reached Capitola. The electric road is a delusion and a snare. The people who go to Capitola don't miss it, because they have no desire to go to Santa Cruz, but those that go to Santa Cruz are indignant when they learn that they have been deceived. Capitola, by the way, has developed into one of the most popular summer resorts on the coast. Among last week's visitors were W. W. Foote and James V. Coleman, who went down to troll for salmon, and who were pleased to find that the fish were biting with avidity.

Anderson Has Recovered

A familiar figure at Capitola this summer is that of J. Francis Anderson, the eccentric Englishman of Ben Lomond, whose divorce suit excited considerable interest some months ago. It will be remembered that his wife died pending the suit, and that about the time that there was talk of a reconciliation. Anderson has evidently recovered from the shock for he has been having a gay time at the summer resort. He has been devoting a great deal of attention to Miss Ida Sargeant of the wealthy Sargeant family, after whom Sargeant Station was named.

Has a Boat Now

The overflow from Capitola and other points on the shores of Monterey bay was sufficient to crowd Santa Cruz over the Fourth. It was a very gay throng that spent the holiday on the beach and in the surf. But it was not the fashionable throng of the days of yore when the yacht fleet was anchored in the harbor, and the amateur tars were wont to contribute to the gayety of the occasion. A single yacht made its appearance this year. It was the *Nixie* with "Admiral" Fulton G. Berry of Fresno aboard. Berry has been known as the "Admiral" so many years that he recently decided to become a real mariner. He contracted malaria a short time ago and his friend "Commodore" Pew of Belvedere said to him, "Berry, you must buy a yacht; nothing better for malaria."

"Oh, I don't want a yacht," answered the Admiral, "what would I do with it in Fresno?"

"Never mind Fresno. Here's the *Nixie* for sale. Now you buy her, and you'll find her a great medicine."

And the raison grower bought the *Nixie* and sailed to Santa Cruz in her.

The whiskey of the particular — Chapin & Gore.

No Pony for Her

Admiral Berry was momentarily staggered by a bit of repartee on the Santa Cruz beach last Saturday. A daring feminine swimmer had attracted his attention and when she swam in from the raft she appeared fatigued.

"You need a little pony," suggested the Admiral.

"What?" she asked.

"Oh, I mean a little whisky would be good for you." The Admiral put it in this delicate way so as not to shock the fair swimmer.

"A little one?" she retorted. "What I want is a big one and I want it right away, see?"

At Del Monte

Among those who spent the Fourth at Del Monte were C. R. Splivalo and family, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill and Horace Hill Jr., W. W. Carson, Miss Helen Wagner, W. Morgan O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Armsby. Mrs. John A. Darling has come down from Rutherford and is visiting her daughter, Mrs. La Montagne, at the hotel. The Jack Parrotts are at Del Monte for the summer with their interesting brood. A guest toward whom not a little attention has been directed is Mrs. Arthur Bird, daughter of Salt Lake City's plutocratic banker, W. S. McCormick. Others at the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Oyster, Major Lewis Smith, U. S. A., and his wife.

"Bobby" Eyre assures everybody that he is not going to marry yet awhile. "Bobby" has been in love so often that his heart is dotted with pinpricks—there have never been any severer wounds. The nearest to a real attachment that "Bobby" ever had was for that Amazonian young woman, Bessie Ames. Society still thinks this will be a match some day, "Bobby's" present crush on Miss King notwithstanding.

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Ailene Ivers Robinson Perfectly Good Form

I overheard an interesting conversation the other day about Mrs. Ailene Ivers Robinson who has just returned from Europe to her Philadelphia home. Some one of her old intimates was inquiring if Mrs. Robinson had any children and the society woman to whom she was talking said, "Oh, yes, she is perfectly good form. She has one." They tell another good story of Mrs. Robinson which I have never seen in print. It seems that she is seven years older than her husband, who is very wealthy. Some one said, "Oh, what a pity that there should be seven years' difference between their ages and the difference the wrong way."

"Oh, no," said the kind friend—a great crony, by the way, of Mrs. Robinson in the old days, "you see, it was seven off for cash."

Women That Do

Probably of all the women's clubs in the city which lay claim to being "intellectual" the Spinners' Club presents the best case. There are very few of its members who do not do something and it is coming to include the best really serious literary workers on the coast. Not that its number of writers is so large, but nearly all of them have accomplished something in letters. Among this number are Geraldine Bonner, who made her reputation with "Hard Pan," one of the best novels of San Francisco color yet out; Margaret Cameron, whose short stories are appearing quite regularly of late in *Harper's* and whose book of amateur plays is soon to be brought out by McClure Phillips; Alice Prescott Smith, whose novel "The Legatee" is having a run; Mrs. Wallace Irwin, whose clever book of parlor plays will be brought out by Paul Elder this fall; Mrs. Al Gerberding, who is the author of "The Golden Chimney" and who has had a play produced by Ellen Terry in London; Grace Llewellyn Jones, who is responsible for a book on Italian life and travel; Mrs. Pennoyer, who has also brought out a successful work on Italy; Mary Bell and Ednah Robinson, who are both well known as magazine writers. By this list it is easy to see that for a club of its size, which also includes artists and musicians, the Spinners has more than its share of brains and can refute the popular belief that the West is no longer active in literature.

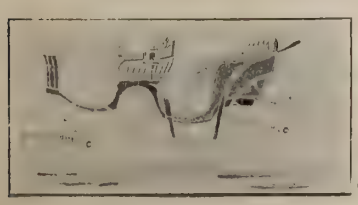
McEwen the Culprit

There is considerable discussion as to the genuineness of the "Englishman" who wrote that tirade against Americans called "The Preposterous Yankee," which is having such a run in New York, due to the American's love—I am afraid—of hearing himself cleverly cursed. All the ear-marks indicate that the book was written by an American who saw the commercial value of such a stunt and had the keenness to size up his audience. I have received a tip to the effect that the real author of the book is no other than that former San Franciscan Bohemian, Arthur McEwen. In his connection with the *Journal* staff he would be in the position to have his work sensationally exploited and commented on, just as it was in the Sunday edition. The book, too, is redolent of just that style which was noticeable in the letters which he had published in the Hearst editorial page and signed "A Gentleman." Altogether facts point to the conclusion that McEwen has played an exceedingly remunerative practical joke in assuming the role of a frantic Britisher who plies the lash upon the defenseless shoulders of the American people.

The West has been unusually active of late, judging from the current magazines. This month's *Atlantic* is a Californian number. Mabel Craft Deering, Will Irwin, Gelett Burgess, Ella Sterling Mighels and other local writers have contributed to its pages. And by the way I see that the publishers of Jack London's and Anna Strunsky's collaboration, "The Kempton-Wace Letters," are booming it as a literary conundrum, which they say will set the critics guessing. I am quite sure the letters will not cause any conjecturing among Californians, for I announced months ago that London and Miss Strunsky were engaged in the work.

The Eccentric London

Gelett Burgess is not the only one of California's strange geniuses whose table manners are on a par with his other social eccentricities. Jack London has performed some feats in this line which might make the editor of the *Lark* envious and teach him that there is something to do beside crowning oneself with lettuce leaves or upsetting the claret when making a bid for dinner-table popularity. It was several years ago when Jack London first came back from the Klondike. He was little known in the literary world, but he brought down from the North a fine stock of material, a youthful enthusiasm and a controversial leaning toward Socialism. He had not yet learned the value of a flannel shirt as an advertiser, so he wore starched linen like the rest of us when he was bidden out to dine by a conventional lady who believed in his genius and loved to hear his tales. London is a splendid talker when he is given leeway, and on this particular occasion he conversed well about every topic under the sun. Gradually the flow of ideas switched toward Darwin and a plain citizen took



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ocasion to dispute one of the young writer's points. "Oh, no, you are quite wrong," said London. "Any observer has doubtless noticed in the reproduction of the lower animals"—here, however, some tactful individual interposed another argument and the blushing situation was saved while the party retired to the drawing room.

The Epigrammatic Mrs. Mumford

It is a proverb in the New York literary set that there could not have been three more congenial cynics than those who wrote "The Cynic's Calendar." They are Addison Mizner, Oliver Hereford and Ethel Watts Mumford. Of the first two there is nothing new to be said, but the personality of the last is not generally known out here, aside from the fact that she has made her mark as a clever short story writer. Mrs. Mumford is a large, handsome woman with a wit and independence which remind me of Alice Rix. She doesn't care what she says so long as it is bright. The gentleman whose fate it is to pass as "Mrs. Mumford's husband" is also a writer by profession, and he pursues his Muse with more persistency, if less brilliancy, than does his wife. "Where is your husband?" asked a friend one day. "Don't know," was the careless reply, "the last time I saw him he was at a semicolon. I suppose that when he reaches the period he'll come home." Mrs. Mumford's new book of epigrammatic verse will be brought out by Paul Elder in the fall.

Frances Charles, whose new book "The Siege of Youth" has come out close on the heels of her former success, "The Country God Forgot," is at present living in San Francisco. Very few know that she is a Californian by birth. The scene of the new novel is laid in this State; the scene of the first was Arizona.

Aiken's Achievement

While on the subject of Western literary talent I should not overlook that which is exploited this month in the *Sunset*. Under the able editorship of Charles Sedgwick Aiken it has become one of the most creditable periodicals published in this country. Its July number is an achievement which ranks with the best of the most widely known Eastern publishing houses. It contains a very interesting article by Carl E. Ackerman on the subject of the President's trip to Yosemite, illustrated by some very artistic engravings. George Hamlin Fitch, the *Chronicle's* clever book reviewer and essayist, writes of Lake Tahoe, Miss Irene Connell contributes an interesting article on Glacier Point, and there are sketches and verse of exceptional merit by Herman Sheffauer, Bailey Millard, Porter Garnett, Gelett Burgess, Eloise Davis Everett, Mabel Porter Pitts, Helen Le Conte and other local writers.

In the current *Critic* appears a portrait of Pauline Bradford Mackie, well known in the Eastern literary world. She is in private life Mrs. Herbert M. Hopkins, her husband being the professor of Latin at the U. C.

A Pretty Love Story

Mrs. Percy Selby is entertaining her son Fred's wife and child at her Menlo Park home. Mrs. Fred Macondray came over from the Philippines recently and will spend some time in California. Mrs. Selby is a charming grandmother, and to look at her now no one would ever fancy she had been the heroine of a romance that once agitated society to its centre. The story of Elena Atherton Macondray's second marriage has been told many times, but never loses interest. She was fifteen when she married Fred Macondray, and he left her a widow with two children, a girl and a boy. When the daughter grew up, her neighbor, Percy Selby, fell in love with her. She, however, had her eyes turned in a different direction, and spurned young Selby's suit. Then Percy discovered it was not the daughter that he was in love with, but her mother, still beautiful and youthful looking. At first the young widow would not consider the proposition, such was the disparity in their age. But the young man's pleadings were finally effective and they were married. They have been happy ever since, too, just as they are in fairy tales.



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The Cake Walk in Foreign Lands

It is amusing to note the various attitudes of the several European states over the American rag-time and cake-walk craze which has struck the continent and has introduced the coon step into places where the stately minuet thrilled the aristocratic revelers of old. The surprised admiration of the three great nations might be expressed something as follows:

FRANCE.

Ze tres comique Americain
He mek me laugh ha! ha!
He dance ze rag-a-time can can—
Que pensez-vous de cela?
Zat crazy dance has caught ze town,
Ze Marquise and canaille,
From mad atelier up and down
To historique Versailles.
No more zey sing "Ze Marseillaise"—
Voila ze kakwak tune
Which fill Parisian nights and days
Wiz "Coon, Coon, Coon!"

GERMANY.

Vorworts! I will der rag-time reel
Und down der ball-room skate—
Dot bughouse down-side-up gespiel,
Py golly it iss great!
Already I can do it yet,
Just fine and straight as chalk,
So hoch der Kaiser, und you bet
Ve'll hoch der caken-valk,
Und you can vager all you've got,
Ven I acquire der knack
I'll make dot old "Blue Danube" rot
Go vay down und sit back.

ENGLAND.

Upon me honah, don't y' know,
A jolly silly game!—
But in the Yankee lingo, though,
"It' gets there just the same."
His Royal Majesty, King Ned—
God bless the dear old lad—
Quite took into his royal head
A fancy for the fad.
So hail the cake-walk, to be sure,
Though beastly bores they be,
And give me courage to endure
"All Coons Seem the Same to Me."

An Oldtime Summer Resort

Claus Spreckels and family have gone to Aptos for the rest of the summer. The Spreckels's own a lot of property down that way and at one time they contemplated making a popular resort of Aptos. Somewhere around twenty-five years ago Spreckels senior built a hotel at Aptos, and it was opened with great eclat. A splendid table was served, with an ex-club chef to preside over the cuisine. It looked as if the hotel would become a big money-maker, when fate settled otherwise by burning it to the ground, and it was not rebuilt.

Gossip of the Service

Brigadier-General George H. Burton, Inspector-General U. S. A., is expected to arrive here sometime this month. He was on duty in this city for many years and with his family has many friends here. Major Ramsey D. Potts of the Artillery Corps has been ordered to San Francisco as Inspector-General on the staff of General Mc Arthur. Major Potts is at present in Manila. He formerly commanded one of the field batteries at the Presidio. Colonel W. L. Alexander will, it is understood, succeed General C. A. Woodruff, retired, as Chief Commissary of the Department of California. Major Ira McNutt of the Ordinance Department has been ordered to take command at the Benicia arsenal, to succeed Lieutenant-Colonel John F. Greer, who is to take station at Governor's Island, New York. Captain F. E. Johnson, who is on duty at the Presidio, left last Friday for the East on a month's leave of absence.

Mrs. Coolidge, wife of Colonel Charles A. Coolidge, gave a delightful reception at her husband's quarters at the Presidio last Monday evening, in honor of her guest, Miss Johnson, who is here from Vancouver Barracks.

Those who were looking forward to entertaining Mrs. Guy Edie and her husband, the Major, who was recently ordered to Monterey as surgeon in charge of the new camp, will probably be disappointed. I hear that Major Edie will not come West and his orders will be countermanded.

Movements and Whereabouts

William Morris loves fish as much as he does pictures, and he lately got up a party to go to King's river on a fishing trip. The party of ten left last week for the river.

The Stanley Jacksons are at Napa Soda Springs, where most of the Jackson connection spend at least a part of every summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Costigan have returned from their wedding trip East and are stopping at a Van Ness avenue hotel till their new house in Sausalito is completed.

Mrs. Leon Greenbaum (Dorothy Heyneman) is seriously ill at the Hotel Rafael. She has three physicians in attendance.

Orrin Peck is in Paris.

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SAN FRANCISCO

The Three Cupids

Something was agog in the big house on Pacific avenue. Excitement seemed to centre about a certain chamber on the second floor from the oaken door of which a little French maid would tiptoe up to the waiting servants in the hall, whisper her orders and then steal back again. So great was the concern upon the faces of all that one would believe that one were dead, or at least grievously ill within, and the occasion was nearly as important, though not nearly so grave; for the debutante heiress was retiring early preparatory to her "coming out" at a tea to be given in her honor on the morrow.

Convent-bred, continent-traveled, polished and finished to the last degree of nicety, the Heiress had ever her opportunities to make discreet observations, and she had come of too blase a life to feel excitement or trepidation over so trivial a thing as another entrance into the world, yet the idea of the fuss and the frill that was going on in her cause gave her a quickening thought that was akin to the plebeian sensation as she lay in her bed at the end of her pricelessly pretty room, where she had been tucked and smoothed by her maid as though she had been an invalid or an expensive Parisian doll. Then her mother entered, as was her custom, and kissed her, as was also her custom, and departed with the unction of mechanical respectability, leaving the Heiress with her maid.

"Turn down the light, Marie," she said to the girl, "you may go."

The door closed softly and the Heiress slid almost immediately into sleep, and this is what she dreamed:

She thought that a little winged and naked boy came and sat at the foot of her bed and coquetted with her with large, blue eyes.

"Why do you look at me so?" asked the Heiress, after the gaze had passed the point of politeness

"Pardon me," said the tiny fellow coolly. "I thought it was about time we became acquainted. We will meet often in the world you are to inhabit after tomorrow, and an introduction might prove awkward."

"So you are Cupid," she said, seeing his sprouting wings.

"Perhaps," said the babe, rather cynically. "I am certainly the presiding deity of many linked hearts, and it matters not what I am called in the comic papers or the divorce courts. How do you think you will like me?"

"I have often read of love," said the girl, "and I think I shall not mind."

"Love!" said the little spirit gravely, "you have evidently taken me for somebody else."

"But are you not the god of love?" she asked anxiously.

The child's voice became suddenly hard and dry and he held up a golden amulet which hung from a cord at his neck.

"I have worn this from my birth," he said, "and I have been told that it was my name, although I'm sure it says nothing about Love."

And the girl took the amulet and looked at the letters upon it, and the word she read was "Mammon," and she turned her face away. A moment later she again looked for the boy, but he had grown suddenly old and his head was bald and toothless, and he vanished chuckling.

The girl awoke and turned on her side and fell asleep again, and in her dream another Cupid was waiting on her bed. This fellow was a gay little imp, and he held in his hand a glass which seemed to fill as fast as he drank from it.

"I certainly like your gayety," said the girl.

"I am discreet in my tippling," said the god, "for I am a man of the world."

"But aren't you ashamed at your age—a mere baby—to behave so intemperately?" said the girl in a shocked tone. "What can Venus be thinking of to allow her son such liberties?"

"I am the son of Venus's liberty," said the child, "and I am not so young as you think. Since the birth of man I have been the curse of man that has cursed woman."

"Will I meet you also out in the world to which I am going?"

"You will meet me, yes, but you will not know me. Few know me at sight by my right name."

"But are you not Love?" asked the Heiress, as she looked at the medallion which he also wore.

"Some fools call me so—but not for long," he said, hiding the disc of gold. "You cannot see my name, for it is not in my business to reveal it."

But the girl suddenly snatched the medallion from his hands and read upon it the word "Lust," and the child's face became so hideous and crafty that she fought him away and awoke with a scream.

And when she was calm again she once more fell asleep and the third Cupid sat by her side and studied her with eyes that thrilled her.

"I know you are Love," she said, "but I cannot tell why, for you surely look like the others, but for some reason I feel that you are not the same."

"I have no need to conceal my name," said the child. "I am Love, but I may be no better companion for you than the others.

"On the contrary, I want you to be mine always," said she, "for I want nothing so much as love."

"Wait and see," said Cupid. "Like the others you have seen, I also have a medallion."

"But why should I look at it, since I already know your name?"

"There is something written on the other side," he said, and he handed her the coin from his neck.

And on one side she read "Love," and on the other "Poverty." —*The Oracle.*

"You must grant," said Miss Softspoken, "that with all her faults there's one thing commendable about Amelia. She's thoroughly virtuous."

"Well, yes," drawled Miss Frank, "but I think Amelia's friends would like her better if she were less virtuous and not such a bore."

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If Cabby Should Tell

(At the Grand this week Cheridah Simpson is singing a rattling topical, "If Cabby Told Half That He Knew." These are verses that she doesn't sing.)

The tales would be lurid and queer
If cabby told half that he knew!
The smart set would be out of gear;
The tales would be lurid and queer
Of the world that prefers fizz to beer,
And gives old Mephisto his due.
The tales would be lurid and queer—
If cabby told *all* that he knew.

The "climbers"—not "in" yet—would sneer,
If cabby told half that he knew.
Where the risque-inclined ones would leer
The "climbers"—not "in" yet—would sneer,
The ochre-hued newspapers jeer
At old Satan in giving his due.
The climbers—not "in" yet—would sneer—
If cabby told *all* that he knew!

There'd be blushes and many a tear
If cabby told half that he knew.
There'd be lots of divorces, I fear,
There'd be blushes and many a tear,
If the facts in the case should appear,
When Beelzebub gives all his due.
There'd be blushes and many a tear—
If cabby told *all* that he knew!

The tales would be lurid and queer,
The climbers—not "in" yet—would sneer,
There'd be blushes and many a tear—
If cabby told *all* that he knew!

—*The Fare.*

To Tombstone II.

(The Press Club's Cat.)

Thy gaze, transfixed, disdains my presence, small,
And lingers on creations of thine own;
The twitching of thy lip betrays the strange
And startling wonders of thy retrospect.
Perchance these walls give place to jungle briars,
And curious gapers turn to hunted prey?
Perhaps within thy reminiscent brain
Lurk dreams of summer nights when stealthy forms
Cast undulating shadows 'neath the moon?
I think 'tis so; despite thy stolid mien
A sudden light burns green within thine eyes,
Ferocious hate leaps high as thought recalls
How mortal cunning wrought thine impotence.
By means unworthy living thing, save man,
They have thee caged, and harmless, by a trick.
They took thy body captive, but thy pride
Remains thine own, and clothes thy haughty form
In solemn garb of peerless majesty.
I gaze at thee and feel my littleness,
And slink away; ashamed that man presumes
From his conceit, to call himself thy lord.

MABEL PORTER PITTS.

I Don't Know

"Do you like that expression, 'Search me'?" asked the lexicographer.

"Well, that depends," returned the professor. "If for instance I asked one of my woman friends, 'Are you of the knock-kneed or bow-legged variety?' the answer would scarcely be delicate." —*The Prude.*

No Right to Read Wife's Letters

Here is something that will interest the wife who periodically protests against her husband's opening her mail. As a result of repeated requests by postmasters throughout the country for a ruling on this point the postal authorities have just issued the following order:

"A husband has no right to receive the mail addressed to his wife against her wishes.

"As to the mail addressed to the children, the father has the prior right to receive it unless there be some particular circumstance in the case which the Department might take into consideration on a statement of the facts being presented."

A WONDERFUL SALE.

The announcement of Kelly & Liebes' great removal sale created a stir, as was prophesied, and thousands of garments have been sold. This week several hundred wrappers are placed on sale in connection with cloaks, suits, skirts and waists. The selling price of the wrappers will be 65 cents; former price, $1.50.

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Automobile Topics

Every day one hears of some new convert to automobilism. The horseless carriage germ is being disseminated with remarkable speed on this coast, and the time is not far distant when not to own an auto will be as humiliating as to be without a tuxedo. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is the latest convert. It was not so long ago that she sought to discourage her son from taking trips through Europe on his auto, for she heard of some of his hazardous journeys over mountainous roads, but now she has a horseless carriage, a forty-horse power Mors auto which arrived here two weeks ago, and which is in charge of the Pioneer Auto Company

* * * *

John D. Spreckels having become a convert to automobilism, I should not be surprised to learn before long that the Park Commissioners had been prevailed upon to amend their rules with a view of giving auto owners a little more freedom in our great pleasure ground. Mr. Spreckels should be able to convince his brother Adolph, the Park Commissioner, that the restrictions placed upon autos are unreasonable. Adolph is a most ardent lover of horseflesh, but when he sees John D. manipulating that handsome big machine perhaps he will decide to try one too.

* * * *

The amateur automobilist tried to scorch along the principal thoroughfare and after he was dug out of the wreck a doctor was summoned from the crowd.

"I can't do any good," said the doctor, "I'm a veterinary surgeon."

"You're just the man," said the amateur, "I was a jackass to think I could run that machine."

* * * *

The growing popularity of the automobile was evidenced by the prominence given to machines in the parades on the Fourth throughout the State. Many towns gave prizes for races. At Vallejo, Whittel's imported Mors won first prize and at Boulder Creek Fred A. Jacobs's Knox was the winner.

* * * *

Mr. C. S. Middleton has purchased from the National Automobile Company a four cylinder Toledo Touring Car, with which he and his family will tour throughout the State. The car has a speed of fifty miles per hour and it cost five thousand. The National company, by the way, has ten car loads of machines en route to this city. There are fifty-five machines aboard valued at seventy-five thousand dollars.

* * * *

It is believed that great impetus will be given to the automobile industry on this coast when the building of the Pacific Automobile Company is completed at the corner of Golden Gate avenue and Octavia. This is the institution projected by such men as E. P. Brinegar, Harry D. Morton, Frank Lee, Byron Jackson and others who have invested over one hundred thousand dollars in the enterprise. The ground floor will be devoted to automobile storage and will have a capacity for three hundred machines. There will also be reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and a machine shop. —*The Automobilist.*

"SUNSET" FOR JULY.

Sunset Magazine for July is the summer outing number. The leading article tells of President Roosevelt's trip to the Yosemite. As usual the superb engravings are the feature of this magazine. Here are one hundred and ten pages of good reading, just the thing to take with you to the country or to send to friends in the East.



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Danae of 1903

A Rich Old Man had long coveted the Smiles of a Beautiful Young Society Girl. She, however, like Floria Tosca, had a lover nearer her Own Age toward whom her Heart tenderly inclined.

The Rich Old Man might have gone to work like Scarpia and woven an Intrigue that would end with the Girl in his toils, but he had no Diplomatic Gift, and to Brute Force he was not Partial. He had been a Porter in his Youth and the hard work had given him in his Later Years a Distaste for everything involving Muscular Effort.

He thought of another Plan much simpler and in which only a trifle of Diplomacy, not enough to cause Brain Fag, was necessary.

He simply spent his Money like Water. He bought a Yacht and an Automobile, a high Trap, a Drag and a Stable of Magnificent Horses. He set up a Kennel of Blooded Bullpups, and he did everything in his Power to make the Poor Youth look like Thirty Cents.

By and by the Girl became tired of Love with nothing Substantial behind it, and the Shower of Gold continually falling around her felt mighty good.

So she dropped into the Old Chap's arms.

There's no particular moral to this. Jove conquers Danae every day in the Society World by just such Manœuvres as this. —*The Fabler.*

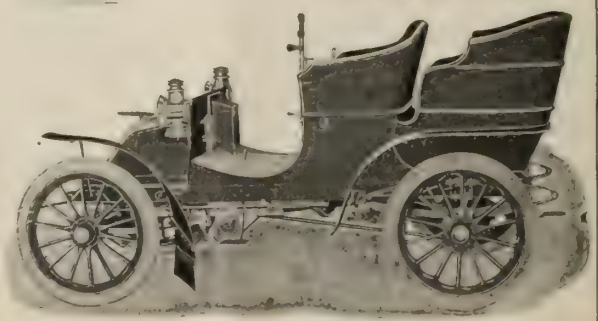
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STAGE

The Binghams

Amelia Bingham has a nice, handsome dark husband who makes the finest possible foil for her blonde prettiness. The two are devoted and Bingham, by the way, is the lady's real name—by marriage. Her maiden name, not being euphonious, she took her husband's name for her stage name. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham are devotedly attached and he usually accompanies his wife. They are blessed with this world's goods, too, and in their New York home everything is as elegant as are the blue plush curtains, richly embroidered with Miss Bingham's coat of arms and monogram, which decorate the stage at the beginning of each performance. The Bingham home is one of Miss Bingham's fads and there are Louis Quatorze rooms and Napoleon rooms, in which every piece of furniture is authentic. Everything in the house is pale blue, as that is Miss Bingham's color and makes the most effective background for her blondeness. House decoration is also the fad of Clyde Fitch, the young millionaire play-builder, and his New York home is groaning with the treasures of European palaces. It's an interesting story how the play in which Miss Bingham stars, "The Climbers," was hawked about by Fitch to every manager in New York. Nobody would touch it because of the scene after the funeral, with which the play opens. After all the men had said "Nay, nay, Clydie," Fitch offered it to Miss Bingham, who said she would do and dare it. She called together a company in the middle of the season and opened in New York in January. "The Climbers" at once climbed into popular favor and ran for five hundred nights in New York—proving the biggest money-maker that Fitch ever wrote. Since then it has been two seasons on the road and it has proved a little fortune to author and actress-manager.

Could Some Power the Giftie Gie Us

I wondered the other night if the scene after the Christmas dinner, when the servants came in to clear the table, suggested anything to certain members of our smart set. One of them remarked as he finished a glass of champagne, "Very dull dinner—not a clever thing said." Another said, "Did you see that fellow shove in the food?" and the third remarked, "Oh, he's one of those singing chaps asked to help fill in the time after dinner." That should have struck home in some quarters, but self-complacency is thick. But it's not a bad thing to remember that servants think and their viewpoint would be mighty interesting, I should think.

Ferdinand Gottschalk, of Amelia Bingham's company, was with Rosina Vokes when that still lamented comedienne used to produce her little plays. He has many friends in San Francisco.

Sothern Gone Mad Over Press Agents

They say that E. H. Sothern has gone perfectly daft over press agents. Formerly he didn't believe in them at all and he scarcely permitted his name to go into the paper—so reserved and shy was he. Now he has gone over to the opposite extreme and he can't get enough newspaper advertising. Anything goes for a newspaper yarn—the star even invents things that his name may be constantly kept before the public, and he is willing to pay anything for a good advertising scheme. The story that he is to star next year with Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean roles is but one of these fakes, for why should the two give for two dollars what people are willing to pay four dollars to see? It is said, too, that the rumored engagement of Miss Illington to Dan Frohman, which she is forbidden to deny, comes from the same source, though it has a basis of fact in this—that some one is certainly booming Miss Illington very hard, either through personal interest in her or, as has been stated, because she has money behind her. But there's one consolation and that is that she has far more talent than some of those who have been boomed because—well, simply because.

The fault of White Whittlesey's impersonation of the hero of "Brother Officers" is that he makes the transition from the unlettered Hinds to Hinds of the drawing-room too pronounced. A woman might adapt herself to new circumstances with such celerity, but scarcely a man, particularly one with Hinds's natural diffidence. Whittlesey will be at home next week in the part of Rudolph of Hentzau. In the Zenda play will debut Harry Hilliard, the Alcazar's new juvenile. Hall Caine's "The Manxman" will be the next production, with Whittlesey in James O'Neill's great part.

Some Vaudeville Stars

Miss Mabel McKinley, the niece of the late President, who made her appearance at the Orpheum this week, is a sweet soprano who sings "Il Bacio" in a way that shows that her voice has had good training. Though her singing is not brilliant it is pleasing. The song "Anona" is sung with considerable artistic effect, but her rendition of "The Rosary" is somewhat of a disappointment. However Miss McKinley is blessed with considerable vocal talent and she should meet with success on the vaudeville stage. She is especially fortunate in having such a brilliant accompanist as Oscar Luckstone. One of the most amusing sketches that has been presented at the Orpheum in a long time is "A Pressing Matter," in which Charles Dickson and Nell McEwen appear, and perhaps the biggest hit of the week, though not the headliner, is Julian Rose, the Hebrew dialect artist. Though he reminds you of no other dialect comedian, he impersonates a type that is easily recognized. His stories are bright, and they are refreshingly free from any suggestion of vulgarity.

Price's Profitable Trip

During ten busy days in New York E. D. Price, general manager of the Belasco and Mayer theatres and road companies, accomplished results which promise to afford much future satisfaction to local play-goers. He engaged half a dozen players of reputation and special skill, who will be added to the Alcazar company at the opening of the autumn season. He also skimmed the cream from the play market and brought home a trunkful of recent Eastern successes. Incidentally he perfected the tour of Florence Roberts, which lasts for thirty weeks after her September engagement at the Alcazar, and engaged several members of the original company presenting "The Dairy Farm," which enjoyed great vogue in the East, but is now west of Denver. Belasco and Mayer are to send it out for an extended Pacific coast tour, and promise it the finest scenic equipment and cast bestowed upon any play of rustic life.

Should Take Up Comedy

Nance O'Neil's comedy is so charming that I do not see why she does not elaborate that phase of her art instead of depending entirely on her tragic talent. Jane Hading, who is an emotional actress of wondrous art, does not disdain comedy. Ada Rehan, who might have become the greatest of Camilles, was wisely—considering the plethora of emotion on the stage—turned into a great comedienne by Augustin Daly. There are many actresses who can do strong tragic and emotional work, but how few comediennes of worth! Now Nance O'Neil is great in tragic roles, where she wrings the heart, but when she plays comedy such as the light scenes of "La Tosca" and "Magda" she touches a new chord, and a pleasanter one, in her auditor. She used to play Lady Teazle, but she has given it up of late years. She should have a try at

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Rosalind, and Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," and the graceful heroine of "Much Ado About Nothing." Nance O'Neil is probably one of the most serious students among stars. She never takes up a part for study that she does not read all the outside literature on the character that she can secure, from ancient history to modern magazine articles.

At the Central

The talented Cooper children without a doubt inherit their dramatic gifts from their mother. Georgie Woodthorpe has acted many roles in her time, and she now ranks as one of the best character actresses on the Western stage. She is a versatile little woman and this week does a cake walk in "Kidnapped," in her character of Mrs. McMooney, with Jim Corrigan. The latter in his role of Policeman McMooney has managed to please the Central audiences all this week. There will be one more week of his starship and then will come the opening of the new stock season. Herschel Mayall will make his debut as leading man at this theatre, in a spectacular production of "Faust." Scenic artists have been engaged for weeks in preparing for the big event. "Faust" will be the most elaborate production ever seen at the Central.

Camille Will Sing

The Tivoli company is rehearsing "The Highwayman," which is to be put on for the first time at popular prices week after next. The management succeeded in making terms with Camille D'Arville, whose work in the soprano part of Lady Constance Sinclair placed the opera in the top notch of success in the East, and she has been engaged for the production. "The Highwayman" is by Smith and De Koven. It will be given with all the original stage business and the scenery will be modeled after the New York production. One of the big parts is that of Foxy Quiller which will be taken by Edwin Stevens. Bertha Davis will appear as Lady Pamela, Annie Myers as Doll Primrose, Edward Webb as Toby Winkle, Oscar Lee as Captain Rodney and Arthur Cunningham as Dick Fitzgerald.

New Weberfield at Fischer's

Although "Twirly Whirly" is still turning away crowds at Fischer's, the management has decided to remove it after this week. They have so many good plays on hand that they could really continue two years if they ran each play a fortnight. The bill Monday night will be a combination of two burlesques, "Under the Red Globe" and "The Three Musketeers." A small fortune has been expended for the scenery, the costumes and the paraphernalia that are required for "Under the Red Globe." There will be new faces among the principals and a larger chorus for both the ensembles and the dances. Among the new features are the latest song, "The Leader of Vanity Fair," sung by Maude Amber and the chorus, "The Peroxide Sisters," song and dance by Misses Hope and Emerson, "For Love is King," arranged for and sung by Winfield Blake, "Soldiers," a funny song and march, acted and sung by Kolb, Dill, Bernard and Whelan, a new coon song and dance in which six little clog dancers will help out Kolb and Dill, "Oh, Fudge," a new topical song by Harry Hermsen, and some specialty numbers by the quartet.

Maclyn Arbuckle, who is to create the title role in George Ade's new spectacular comedy-drama, "The County Chairman" next season, made his first appearance upon the stage in Shreveport, Louisiana. Before that he was a successful lawyer in St. Louis and later in Texas. Arbuckle was a member of T. D. Frawley's first San Francisco stock company.

John G. Sparks, the delineator of Irish character, so long identified with the Rich and Harris Broadway productions, has been secured for the chief male part in "The Chaperons" next season. This musical extravaganza will tour the Western country with nearly all of the original New York cast.

Wilton Lackaye will appear in "Othello" and the dramatization of Frank Norris's "The Pit" next season.

There is no more refreshing drink at this season than a high-ball of Chapin & Gore.

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BLITHEDALE
Marin County, California. Opened April 15th.
Hotel bus meets train at Mill Valley Station

The modish woman's stationery is as much a part of her nowadays as her dainty wardrobe. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the newest modes in paper and envelopes, dies and seals.

Following Nance O'Neil at the California comes the new Neill-Morosco company, one of the strongest stock organizations ever seen in the West. During the season here will be produced "In the Palace of the King," "Hearts Aflame," "Janice Meredith," "Mrs. Dane's Defense," "The Royal Family," "Notre Dame" and "The Way of the World." The Neill-Morosco company is the only organization in America authorized to produce these plays at popular prices.

Features of Next Week's Bills

As "A Modern Magdalen" will be played for only a week at the Columbia, a special Wednesday matinee is to be given in addition to the regular Saturday matinee. Wilton Lackaye will appear in his great interpretation of the father in this play. There is a very interesting story in "A Modern Magdalen," though on entirely different lines from "The Climbers." An impecunious bohemian father, a second wife, an invalid daughter and the beautiful truant step-daughter of the title role, a wealthy money lender, a student lover and a gay man about town are some of the characters. It promises to be of unusual interest.

Nance O'Neil's old standby, "The Jewess," will be the California's bill tonight and tomorrow night. On Monday Miss O'Neil will give us her conception of the gentle, ill-fated Juliet. She played this character in Australia but it is new here. Ratcliff will be Romeo and Millward, Dempsey and the others will be of the cast.

The Grand continues to do a land office business with the musical eccentricity, "In Central Park." It will begin its third week tomorrow night, to be succeeded by "In Wall Street."

In "The Prisoner of Zenda" White Whittlesey will show us what he can do with James K. Hackett's famous role. "The Prisoner" will be a sumptuous production and will doubtless be as big a triumph as "Monbars" and "Heartsease."

"Under the Red Globe" and "The Three Musketeers" will be Fischer's new bill. Some surprises are promised.

The revival of "Wang" has proved so successful that, with the same cast, it will go another week at the Tivoli.

The jolly farce comedy "Muldoon's Picnic," with James Corrigan in the star role, will crowd the Central. This will be Corrigan's last week.

Julian Rose will stay another week at the Orpheum and Mabel McKinley will sing the waltz song from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," a "Danza" by Chadwick and a Japanese love song. Charles Dickson will present a new sketch, "Heart to Heart Talks," the scene laid in a newspaper office, where the sporting editor has been called upon to handle the women's department. The new people will be headed by De Kolta, the wizard who after eight months of success at New York's Eden Musee makes his American vaudeville debut here. Bailey and Madison, grotesque eccentrics from England and the principal Eastern cities will also be new. Hodges and Launchmere, the "American Nightingales" in medleys, German yodling, piano solos and fancy buck and wing dancing, are old favorites.

At the Chutes will be George Hanlon and sons, late of "Superba" in their sketch "Phunny Phrolicks." "The Coontown Disturbers," Van Fossen and McCauley, comedy singers and dancers, will make their first appearance here, as will also Marion George, a talented violinist. —*The Playgoer.*

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DE KOLTA. Bailey and Madison. Hodges and Launchmere. Charles Dickson and Company in "Heart to Heart Talks;" Mosher, Houghton and Mosher. Young and DeVoie. Julian Rose. The Biograph and last week of MABEL McKINLEY
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Children at Matinees, 10c and 25c

MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

When Steinegger Met Leschetitzky

"My first meeting with Leschetitzky," said Emil Steinegger, who has just returned from four years' study in Vienna, "took place at his summer home in Ischl. Having received a telegram from him reading 'Ankunft zu melden,' I went at once. I arrived there Sunday morning, and found him with his wife and two pretty American girls. His first movement, after greetings were exchanged, was to offer me a cigarette. The offer was good-naturedly extended to the girls—Vienna women are not strangers to the cigarette. He then took me into his room, a front one, and drew my attention to the view from his window, exclaiming, 'Schauen lie hieber?' That remark showed that Nature was his church. Having heard so much about Leschetitzky's autocratic manner I was surprised to find him in such an amiable mood. However the girls told me afterward that one could not have found him in better humor; an autocrat off duty does not always wear his official air. Two very pleasant hours were spent, chiefly in listening to the master's tales of his interesting experiences. He does not believe in overexertion. His teaching begins in earnest in January, ending the last of May. Some Boston pupils come in January and stay until his season ends.

What "A Pupil" Means

"My motive in going to Vienna was to discover how technic is developed, and to see if there is really a short cut to virtuosity. To be a pupil of Leschetitzky, as some use the term, is nevertheless a farce. Last season over ninety pupils came from America, stayed one year, had *one* lesson from the professor and then went home advertising themselves as 'pupils of Leschetitzky.' This is an absurdity and a swindle as well, for these pupils really study under the 'vorbereiters,' or preparatory teachers. From these they take two or three lessons a week except in August and September. These 'vorbereiters' are inferior teachers, many American instructors at home being by far their superiors.

The Master's Methods

"One day, when by appointment I met Leschetitzky, I asked him about 'methods.'

"'Methods?' he returned, 'there is no method. I have no method. Nature is my method.'

"He became interested in my detail work and inside of two and a half hours told me his experiences from boyhood—what he did to develop his muscles.

"'The same muscles,' he said, 'that one uses in turning a strong key in a stiff lock are the ones to develop for piano work. Strictly speaking, the vital point is the arched hand. Sunken knuckles are bad. All hope vanishes for great work by whoever sinks the knuckles and then raises the fingers, as the Stuttgart Conservatory advocates. The true road to success,' said Leschetitzky, 'lies in the brain and not the fingers. Memorizing is absolutely necessary if one wishes to become more than ordinary. Nine out of ten pupils do not understand this "arched hand" and it is of the utmost importance to be able to discriminate. The "grabbing" muscles lead to disappointment, while the "taking" muscles lead to success.'"

With Regard to Going Abroad

Mr. Steinegger considers it absurd for any one to say that it is not necessary to go abroad to study music. He believes in getting the groundwork from a good teacher here, but the higher study must be found in the music centres of Europe. "Musicians," he said, "who claim to be able to teach as well as in Europe were there once upon a time themselves, the only difference being that they could not earn the salt for their bread there, so they come to the land of dollars and plenty. Joking aside, many American piano teachers are bad advisers. They handle all pupils alike. They do not as a rule advise their professional pupils to advance themselves under theorists." In the old country there is more discrimination, and more incentive to ambition, Mr. Steinegger says.

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"Leschetitzky is one of the remaining few celebrities. He has had great experience. He is intimately acquainted with nearly all the renowned people. None of the great ones have ever made America their home. So long as the remaining few last it will always be worth while for the professional student to get ideas and advice from them. Amateurs can easily be handled in America but the professional will have to broaden his mind by visiting historic parts."

Studied with Miss Withrow

Marie Tempest, who is to go upon the stage again and take her high-born husband with her, is very well known to San Franciscans in London. She studied voice for a time with Marie Withrow, and has always been most enthusiastic over the Californian woman's method of instruction. Marie Tempest (Mrs. Cosmo-Lenox) is said to have the smallest eyes of any stage beauty, and yet the execution she can do with those eyes is wonderful. Her name was Marie Etherington and she is London born, though so many take her for an American. She was educated in a Brussels convent, and later went to Paris and then to London where she studied at the Royal Academy of Music. Her father was dead and her mother had no idea of letting Marie go upon the stage, but she had a fine soprano voice and it called for cultivation. Emanuel Garcia, however, looked upon his pupil as the coming prima donna, especially since during her eighteen months at the Academy she carried off all the medals, bronze, silver and gold. Then she took a course under Randegger, who also predicted stage success for her. She made her debut in "Boccaccio" at the London Garden. After other successes she appeared in Cellier's "Dorothy," playing it for nine hundred nights at the Lyric and Prince of Wales. In private life, Californians who have met her say she is charming. She is absolutely devoted to her husband, who returns the devotion with interest.

And Pauline Hall

Pauline Hall, "the girl with the red waist," as she was known in early days in California, is also to return to comic opera. Pauline first sang at the Tivoli years ago, but her name was not widely known till she hit New York and sang for one thousand nights on a stretch in "Erminie." Miss Hall revisited San Francisco a few years ago, singing in "Dorcas." In private life she is Mrs. George B. McClellan and she lives in West Seventy-seventh street, New York.

While Wilson Leaves

While Marie Tempest and Pauline Hall are coming back, Francis Wilson is to leave comic opera. He will be a plain comedian, non-singing, next season. I remember when Sidney Rosenfeld adapted Lecocq's "La Jolie Persanne" for Wilson under the title "The Oolah." That was Wilson's first big success, though not on its premier. Rosenfeld had received many substantial benefits at the hands of Wilson, and whenever Rosenfeld wanted one hundred dollars, or even one thousand dollars, he could depend upon Wilson to let him have it. "The Oolah" was sold to Wilson outright, Rosenfeld agreeing to make any necessary changes. On the first night everybody, before and behind the curtain, knew that the piece was what is known in theatrical parlance as a "frost." Wilson had risked a lot of money on the production, and he was in despair. Next day, he called on Rosenfeld, and said: "Now, Rosy, my boy, this is where we must do some great work on the opera," and then proceeded to outline the alterations needful. Rosenfeld refused to make any changes whatever, unless a new contract was made whereby he should receive five per cent of the gross receipts. Wilson engaged another librettist, who made a new piece from the old materials. After "The Oolah" he had other successes, but he is tired of comic opera now and wants a change. —*The Music Critic.*

TEL PAGE 2254

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Helas!

In her curtained and perfumed chamber in the Rue de Choiseul, Paris, the beautiful American girl, Miss Indianna Smith, lay dead, stabbed by her own hand. The instrument of death, a jeweled dagger of the Renaissance, lay beside her, and clasped to her heart was the following letter:

"My dear parents,

"I die by my own hand. Forgive me. Fate alone is to blame. Young, rich and beautiful, the betrothed of a prince, why do I choose death? Because destiny has been too unkind. You, my parents, led me at an early age to dear Paris, far away from the nakedness, the crudity of my native land, so lacking in a past, an atmosphere, in everything (save money) essential to a refined and cultured soul. You kept from me the dreadful secret that my grandfather was a grocer, a common, hideous grocer, a dealer in tea and sugar, soap and molasses! I write these awful words with a full conception of their monstrosity. To be sure, my name, the unromantic one of Smith, awoke misgiving, but then, there are Smiths and Smiths, not to mention Smythes! But the truth can no longer be concealed. The secret of my lineage stands revealed in all its nakedness. A Smith, and a grocer! An Austrian prince of the bluest blood has asked for my hand (with my fortune in it). Can I allow him to join his noble lineage with a Smith whose grandfather sold molasses? Never, never. Why was I born an American? I, whose tastes and instincts equal those of a princess of the blood! I, whose aristocratic affiliations scorn the plebeian associations of the country where I first saw the light. I do not blame you, my parents, for the misfortune of my birth. You could not help being Smiths. My paternal grandfather, the grocer, could not foresee that his granddaughter should have been born a duchess. Fate should have been more kind. My misfortunes began before my birth. Why was I not descended from a Baron of the Empire, a Prince of Servia, an Italian count, a Spanish hidalgo—from anybody except an American grocer? Not all the glitter of the Smith gold can conceal my origin. Of what use are toilettes, diamonds, equipages, to one whose soul is consumed by secret sorrow? No, it is too much. The dagger with which I intend to close my miserable existence lies before me. It is said that it belonged to Lucrezia Borgia. No such vulgar means as poison or illuminating gas shall put an end to *my* life. An aristocrat in life, I shall remain one in death. Oh, my unhappy parents, why did you bring me into existence?

"Your unfortunate child. *Indianna Smith.*"

—*The Tragedian.*

LITTLE ELF CUPID.

Little elf Cupid, all weary of sport,
Sought for some work at a summer resort,
But vain was his search until he did roam
To the psychic precincts of Hotel Vendome.

Little elf Cupid, with quiver in hand,
Goes dashing about at Love's sweet command;
In pools, courts or alleys, he's ever at home
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LETTERS

A Politico-Social Romance

"The Fighting Chance" is an uncommonly clever story. It is a political and social romance, in which a number of people have just a fighting chance of obtaining the desire of their hearts. There is a charming hostess who has a nephew, the apple of her eye, whom she longs to see in a position which will secure for him a political career; and a distinguished and dignified statesman, who has a fighting chance for preferment, though he himself is not aware that his appointment has an element of chance in it. Then, there is his private secretary, who has the fighting chance of continuing to occupy the same position, relatively, when the great man moves farther up, and there is Edith Deming, already married and disillusioned, who has her chance of freedom and new ties, and last and most, Blanche Adrian, a most ingenious ingenue, whose like is not to be found outside "The Secret Orchard." All of these people come together at Ilkley Villa, the summer residence of Mrs. de la Mar, and it is there, in the brief space of a few days, that the comedies and tragedies of six lives work themselves out and the fighting chances are lost or won. One cannot help speculating on what came after the last page—when every one discovered, as each must, on what a slender *if* his own chance hung; whether Mrs. de la Mar forgave Kenneth when she found that he had not, after all, sacrificed his career, or whether Edith and John Townsend made up their quarrel when they found that there was nothing else; whether Claridge Robertson cared more for his lost bride or his fallen fortunes, and most of all, what Kenneth thought when he learned to know his wife. The dialogue is bright and sparkling, but not of that dazzling, glittering order which resembles a flashing electric sign more than human conversation. It is a good book for summer reading, but does not belong to the "hammock" variety, which can be begun anywhere and left half-finished, for any one who takes up Gertrude Lynch's story will be wide awake from beginning to end. It is reprinted from the *Smart Set*, and published by the Ess Ess Company.

Collaboration appears to be the literary fad of the hour. Lothrop announces, amongst the new books to be brought out, "A Parish of Two," the joint work of H. G. McVickor, a New York society man, and "Percy Collins," under which pseudonym a well-known metropolitan clergyman is concealing his identity. The theme and treatment, if one may judge by advance notices, is nearly identical with that of the "Kempton-Wace Letters," since it is to be a love-story told in an exchange of correspondence between a club man and a clergyman.

A unique bit of collaboration will be that of "The World's Children," written by Dorothy Menpes. It will contain one hundred illustrations by her father, Mortimer Menpes, and these will be engraved and printed in color by Maud Menpes, a sister of the author. Miss Dorothy Menpes is one of the youngest women writers. She is the author of that series of articles in *M. A. P.* signed "The Painter's Youngest Daughter." Miss Maud Menpes received her early art education from her father, and later, studied color-reproduction in Germany.

The Passing of the Serial

Apparently *Black and White* is of the opinion that the passing of the serial is a bad thing for authors, and perhaps it is if one looks only to the loss of the sum they have counted on in exchange for serial rights, but whatever may be the case in London or on the European continent, the fact remains in the United States that the serialized novel has seen its best days. Whether it be that the times have so changed that people have no longer the patience to take fiction in segments, or whether the rush of modern life leaves their minds in such a chaotic condition that they cannot find one end of the thread to tie to the beginning of the next, the serialization of novels is no longer counted upon by editors of periodicals as a means of either increasing their circulation or attracting especial attention. Most people prefer to read their fiction through without interruption, and *Lippincott's* and the *Smart Set* make a specialty of supplying a complete novel to their patrons every month. The *St. Nicholas* ceased to publish serial stories for children some time ago, and though the majority of the monthly magazines still adhere to established custom and publish articles or novels in installments it frequently happens that some one of them depends for months consecutively on short stories. Time was when a novel was published serially, and did not appear in book form for months, or even years later, but now, before the final chapters have been printed in the magazine the book in its completed form is for sale at the stores and news stalls. It is not likely that any one or a dozen readers could give an explanation of what is the universal fact, that they no longer enjoy stories on the installment plan. It is questionable whether serialization has really much effect on the success of a book. If it is poor, people discover its shortcomings the sooner, and if it is good they are prepared to read it in its entirety. It is not improbable that odd installments of a serial may occasionally act the part of introducer between writer and reader, but such chance-made acquaintances are as little apt to end in permanent friendships as those made on railway journeys. The same peculiarities follow people into their reading as into their other affairs. Some become permanently attached to a few favorites, while others take up with the last new one, and some flit about like butterflies, neither knowing nor caring with whom they spend their time as long as they enjoy themselves. There are methodical people who can divide their days into half-hours, and apportion one period to history, one to science, one to poetry and another to fiction, and to such, perhaps, the serialization of any subject would seem an eminently proper treatment. Others like to finish what they begin, and to them a serial is a nightmare.

—*The Bookworm.*

Don Jose—Drybone has asked me down to his Blingum place for the week's end. He seems to be an accommodating fellow, after all.

Don Juan—Accommodating? Well—er—I don't know; he always seems to me to be infernally in his wife's way.

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Depart Sunday—7, †8, †*9, †*10, 11, †11:30 a. m.; †12:30, †*1:30, 2:35, *3:50, 5, 6, 7:30, 9, 11:45 p. m.

Trains marked (*) run to San Quentin. Those marked (†) to Fairfax, except 5:15 p. m. Saturday. Saturday's 3:15 p. m. train runs to Fairfax. 7:45 a. m. week days—Cazadero and way stations. 5:15 p. m. week days (Saturdays excepted)—Tomales and way stations.

3:15 p. m. Saturdays—Cazadero and way stations. Sundays 8 a. m. Cazadero and way stations. Sundays 10 a. m.—Point Reyes and intermediate. Legal Holidays—Boats and trains on Sunday time.

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Other People's Ideas

From "The Virginian," by Owen Wister:

"The spirit will go one road, and the thought another, and the body its own way sometimes.

Scipio: There's times in life, when a man has got to have courage *without* convictions—*without* them—or he is no good.

The Virginian: A middlin' doctor is a pore thing, and a middlin' lawyer is a pore thing; but keep me from a middlin' man of God.

The Virginian: A man, any full-sized man, ought to own a big lot of temper. And like all his valuable possessions, he'd ought to keep it and not lose any.

The Judge: The whole secret lies in the way you treat people. As soon as you treat men as your brothers, they are ready to acknowledge you—if you deserve it—as their superior. That's the whole bottom of Christianity.

I knew he was a good man; and I also knew that if a missionary is to be tactless, he might almost as well be bad.

Molly's Aunt: So long as you can help it, never marry! But when you cannot help it a moment longer, then listen to nothing but that.

Scipio: When a man ain't got no ideas of his own, he'd ought to be kind o' careful who he borrows 'em from.

Lin McLean: It's bein' engaged scares yu'. Marriage restores your courage, I find.

Molly: There's a higher courage than fear of outside opinion.

Although the fatted calf is an animal that can assume more divergent shapes than any known creature—being sometimes champagne and partridges and sometimes cake and currant wine—through each disguise you can always identify the same calf.

Nothing's queer except marriage and lightning. Them two occurrences can still give me a sensation of surprise.

Good things have to be engraved on the memory; bad ones stick there of themselves.—*Charles Reade.*

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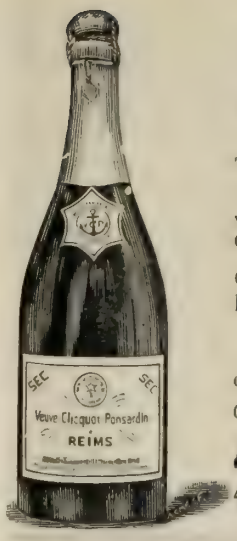
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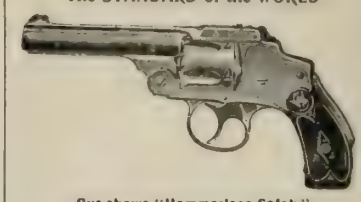
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Jens Peter Mortensen, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Jens Peter Mortensen deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at Room 79 Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM, Administrator of the Estate of Jens Peter Mortensen, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 13, 1903.

CARLTON W. GREENE, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 73 76 and 79 Chronicle Building

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 86011.

ESTHER DONAIRE, Plaintiff
vs.
HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion, and upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this Second Day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

O. M. GOLDARACENA, Plaintiff's Attorney
Rooms 44-45, 628 Montgomery Street.

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Estate of Heinry Boehm also known as Henry Boehm, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the estate of Heinry Boehm also known as Henry Boehm, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market Streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the estate of Heinry Boehm, also known as Henry Boehm, deceased.
Carlton W. Greene, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 73-76-79 Chronicle Building

Dated at San Francisco, June 27, 1903

Estate of J. J. Chauviteau, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the estate of J. J. Chauviteau deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the estate of J. J. Chauviteau, deceased,
Carlton W. Greene, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 73-76-79 Chronicle Building.

Dated at San Francisco, June 27, 1903

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No.— No. 85297

MARGARET SCHIRMER, Plaintiff, vs PHILIPP SCHIRMER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, Cityand County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to PHILIPP SCHIRMER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's adultery with one Mrs. Frank during and about the month of August A. D. 1902, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and this extreme cruelty towards plaintiff as in plaintiff's complaint alleged, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco State of California, this 29th day of April in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By H. H. ST. LEGER, Deputy Clerk

JULIAN PINTO, Plaintiff's Attorney
Room 204, 2nd Floor, Emma Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF COPARTNERSHIP

STATE OF CALIFORNIA } ss.
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO }

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting the general agency business as importers and agents for the sale of Tansan Mineral Water for the Pacific Coast; and in what is known as the "Pacific States" and Territories of the United States of America, and the principal place of business will be in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the style and the name of the firm will be Dufficy and Anderson; and that names in full of all the members of such partnership are: Charles M. Dufficy and H. F. Anderson and that the places of our respective residences are set opposite our respective names hereto subscribed.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF we have hereunto set our hands and seals this 28th day of May A. D. 1903.

CHAS. M. DUFFICY, (SEAL)
Residing 410 Post St., City and County of San Francisco
H. F. ANDERSON (SEAL)
Residing 537 Geary St., City and County of San Francisco

STATE OF CALIFORNIA } ss.
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO }

On this twenty-eighth day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and three before me, JAMES M. ELLIS, a Notary Public, in and for the said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Charles M. Dufficy and H. F. Anderson known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

[SEAL]

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written. JAMES M ELLIS, Notary Public
In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

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TOWN TALK

Vol. 11 No. 568

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 18, 1903

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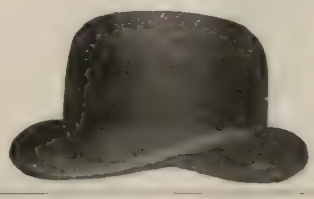
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, July 18, 1903

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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THEODORE F. BONNET - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager

1019 Market Street Third Floor Telephone South 1190

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded. We cannot undertake to preserve or return manuscripts.

They're After Him

The troubles of Mayor Schmitz are now multiplying. For a long time he appeared to enjoy the esteem of all the dailies; he had cultivated their favor with great success, and they appeared to be blind to his shortcomings. Those that were not under obligations to him for political favor were deterred from criticising him through fear of arousing the ire of his friends of the labor unions. So the ex-fiddler had no occasion to worry himself. *Town Talk* was the only paper that exposed the character of the relationship that existed between the Mayor and his enterprising mentor, Abe Ruef, or told how they were manipulating public affairs for their own selfish ends, and the echoes of their squeals have frequently fallen on the editorial ear, together with murmurs of threats of retaliation. But while the dailies kept their hands off the thrifty twain pursued the even tenor of their way believing themselves secure, and even reckoning upon fooling the people for another term. But the silence of the dailies has been broken. Mr. De Young of the *Chronicle* and Mr. Spreckels of the *Call* have served notice through their papers that the Schmitz-Ruef partnership must retire from business. The two morning Republican dailies have a candidate of their own for Mayor, and they intend to see to it that Abe Ruef is not perpetuated in politics. So the anti-Schmitz campaign is now on. The Mayor's apathy in the Mershon scandal is the pretext seized upon by the dailies to find fault with the Administration. If Mershon's charges were all that could be urged against Schmitz then it would hardly be fair to condemn, for the ex-Civil Service Commissioner is unworthy of belief. The Schmitz administration has been a scandal from the beginning. The high office has been more shamefully prostituted than at any time since the days of Kalloch, but heretofore the dailies have maintained a respectful attitude toward the unholy alliance. The interest they have taken in the Mershon case is purely political.

To banish the blues nothing is so efficacious as a drink of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye.

Russia's Bluff

A Washington correspondent of the *Bulletin* was vouchsafed half a column of space the other day, in which to explain to the readers of that paper that the State Department regards the Kisheneff petition and the Manchurian question as entirely separate and distinct matters. "It is learned," he wrote, "that the State Department considers the Kisheneff petition has no connection with and is separate and distinct from the negotiations for opening of ports in Manchuria." This is perhaps a polite way of assuring people that the State Department is not affected with paresis, for if it confounded the complications in the Far East, growing out of Russia's treaty-breaking designs, with the issue involved in the Kisheneff petition, then there would be occasion for suspicion regarding the soundness of Mr. Hay's mind. It is very likely that the frowns of Russia's statesmen, ostensibly provoked by the Kisheneff petition, were in reality affected in furtherance of a by-play in connection with the Manchurian project, but there is no reason why Secretary Hay should connect both issues. The questions involved are in no way related. Russia has a perfect right to reject the Kisheneff petition, and suggest that we should move out of our glass house before throwing stones, but that retort could have no bearing upon the Manchurian question. The conviction is growing that Russia is running a bluff and that nothing but the stern certainty of war will check the unscrupulous policy of Muscovite aggrandizement. England is anxious for this country to take the first decisive step toward calling the Russian bluff, and it looks very much as though Mr. Hay would like to accommodate the British diplomats. Perhaps the Kisheneff affair might be made the pretext for the severance of friendly relations. But that sort of thing would be decidedly in violation of American tradition. We have a record for direct, straightforward methods of diplomacy, and there is no occasion for emulating the unscrupulous cunning of the statesmen of Europe.

Murderers at Liberty

Diplomatic etiquette appears to restrain the Governments of Europe from insisting on the punishment of the men who participated in the Servian butchery. Immediately after the assassination of King Alexander and his wife it was said that the monarchs of Europe, mindful of the possible consequences to themselves of the horrible example furnished in Belgrade, would demand of the new sovereign the punishment of the murderers. But the murderers are still posing triumphantly as patriots. However there is undoubtedly more or less uneasiness in the courts of Europe, for there are many personages abroad who today are pretenders but tomorrow may be kings. There is Don Carlos for instance. He claims to be Carlos VII, the rightful King of Spain by virtue of his descent from Don Carlos, brother of King Ferdinand VII, and also that he should be King Charles XI of France since the death of Comte de Chambord, when the elder line of the House of Bourbon became extinct. Twice the Carlists have taken up arms for him in Spain, and they still remain a political power. Then there is a pretender to the Portuguese throne

in the person of Dom Miguel II, whose father fought unsuccessfully for the crown in the last century. Another Portuguese pretender is Prince Pedro d'Alcantara, who if every man had his rights would today be Emperor of Brazil. Italy has its pretender in Prince Alfonso who claims to be King of Naples and the two Sicilies. He has his official organ and his political adherents in Naples. In Italy, too, is carried on active propaganda in favor of Don Juan Skanderbeg who claims to be the Prince of Albania. Another of the "kings in exile" who have made Paris their retreat is Prince Guy de Lusignan, who claims to be King of Armenia, Cyprus and Jerusalem. His throne is very shadowy but he has designed two attractive decorations which he confers with much solemnity on persons whose merit he approves. Other pretenders are the Duke of Orleans and Prince Victor Napoleon in France and the famous Sobieski Stuarts in England. So it behooves the crowned heads to worry over such a soul-stirring and blood-curdling affair as the Belgrade butchery, for it showed with what ease designing persons may foster a revolution and shorten the reign of a proud and haughty monarch. Yet the only sovereign who appears to have profited by the experience of Alexander and Draga is the new King of Servia. It is said that he keeps in touch with a few dynamite bombs on all occasions. He is said to be an expert shot but he prefers bombs to pistols. He remarked the other day that if Alexander had one or two on the fatal night he could have defied any number of conspirators. If bombs are good things to throw at Kings, why shouldn't Kings arm themselves with bombs to throw at their enemies?

He Preaches Faith

It is refreshing in this degenerate, religion-made-easy day to come across an old-fashioned preacher of the type of the Rev. Thomas Scott Bacon, of Frederick county, Maryland. He has written a pamphlet on "The Great Apostasy of the Twentieth Century," in which he complains that the first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," etc., does not enlist as it should the thoughts and aspirations of the Christian people, and is not sufficiently dwelt upon in the sermons that are preached. The reverend gentleman is one of the old-school preachers. He is aggressively orthodox and he has no desire to scrutinize the motives of Providence or to reconcile the works of God with scientific principles. The Bible is good enough for him, and he has no patience with the philosophy or higher criticism that impugns the most unimportant incident therein recorded. He thinks that as we are finite beings it is presumptuous for us to doubt all that we cannot understand in the mysteries of creation. He urges that we should have faith in the Bible as the inspired word of God; that preachers should preach the Gospel, and not seek to dissect and criticise. He contends that it is the duty of preachers to strengthen men's faith and not to undermine it. He objects to substituting Nature for God, the creature for the Creator. Mr. Bacon is a moral teacher and as such should be admired. He may not be a great philosopher, and perhaps he lacks a logical mind, but he is possessed of religious fervor and he is more useful to society than the agnostics who plausibly argue that if God is all he is represented to be it would be unreasonable to believe that He would damn people for following their natural inclinations. He is more useful than the popular preachers who sugar-coat their sermons for men who object to the old-fashioned system of religion and morals because it is too exacting. He preaches faith without which in the hour of mortality there is nothing but misery.

The Pension Evil

Edward Everett Hale is an advocate of the old-age pension. In discussing the subject he devotes himself to the necessity for making some provision for the aged, and to the ease with which the necessary funds could be secured. The financial part is the least important consideration, since any community could levy an arbitrary tax, and those who owned taxable property would have no choice but to pay. The necessity for providing public relief for persons over sixty-five is more apparent than real, for the majority of those who would need public relief are already in receipt of it in one form or another, either as dependents upon their relatives, as pensioners of the government, or as inmates of alms houses. A pension system is the easiest thing in the world to put in operation, but about the hardest to control, and the rate at which the demands on the United States Treasury for soldiers' pensions have increased, when there was every legitimate reason to expect a falling off, ought to make the most sanguine pause. It is naturally taken for granted that only those who cannot subsist without public relief will apply for pensions, but experience teaches that the contrary is the case, and that if people become possessed of the idea that they can get something for nothing, neither pride nor perjury will stand in the way of their making a claim. There are authenticated cases of veterans of the Civil War drawing pensions for total disability, and yet carrying on skilled occupations, and the police pension fund of San Francisco is regularly mulcted by retired officers who are earning substantial salaries in private employment or carrying on paying businesses. The proposed old age pension is fixed at one hundred dollars a year, not enough to support any one independent of other means, but quite enough to excite cupidity, and the number of men and women who would suddenly discover errors in the family record in order to come into their inheritance the sooner would be enough to upset all theories. A very good example of what people will do for the sake of a few dollars came to light a few weeks ago, when the authorities of New York decided that whenever the relatives of paupers could be found and small sums charged them for the maintenance of the aged at the public almshouse, they would be obliged to contribute according to their means. The result was that an astonishingly large number of sons and daughters suddenly discovered that they could maintain their parents at home. Pride was nothing, but parting with coin was another matter altogether. All of these advocates of old age pensions

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point to its success in New Zealand, but New Zealanders are less enthusiastic. They have sampled the pudding. In the first place, it is to be borne in mind that these pensions are not to be granted as a matter of course, and checks will not be mailed without publicity on the first of the month to all those who, according to the last census, have reached pension-age. It has been found in New Zealand that the class of decent poor whom it was most designed to assist are reluctant to come forward and make public the conditions of their lives, while the sturdy beggars who have the saving grace are just as hasty in presenting themselves. Moreover, New Zealand has been an experiment station in which all sorts of socialistic fads have been incubated and the load of debt under which the country is staggering is something appalling. Far-seeing statesmen do not pretend to forecast the end. It is easy enough to do a large business on borrowed capital while the day of reckoning is yet far off, but as the time for settlement draws near things assume a different aspect. Instead of holding forth the prospect of a pension as a means of lightening the cares of age, there is more reason in demanding that people should exercise a reasonable degree of prudence in laying aside something out of their earnings.

Popular Literature

One of the large Eastern publishing houses deems it worthy of special note that, contrary to the general opinion, works of fiction are not *always* the most popular reading, and cites two instances, "The Making of an American," Jacob I. Riis's biography, which leads the list of most often called for books in our city, while in Chicago it is displaced only by Edward Everett Hale's "Recollections of a Century." Any observer of book-sellers, or library lists, could have remarked the same "phenomenon" long ago. While in the bulk, fiction will always be read more than any other form of literature, it is always to be noted that when anything else is presented in an interesting form, which even approximates that of the common run of fiction, it wins an audience. The trouble with the average writer is that he does not know how to present his subject in a way that commands attention. He is dull, dry, or dogmatic, and nine times in ten he has nothing new to say. Take those much-quoted "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant," for example. The same sentiments have served for the headlines of copybooks since the first copybook was invented. The same ideas have been thundered from editorial columns and preached from pulpits; lecturers have lectured and teachers taught, and nice little Sunday-school books have prattled them. There was not an idea that every one was not familiar with, but when George Horace Lorimer took the old platitudes and brought them down to date and said them all over again they took a new hold. Every one read the book. Some writers, like some lecturers, have the faculty of taking hold of their audiences and making each one feel that he, personally, is the one addressed. There are comparatively few of them, but none of them has to go a-begging, nor do we hear any lamentations from them because of the tide of fiction. When writers create the impression upon the minds of their readers that they think they are writing above the heads of the crowd, and expect to be appreciated by the elect alone, it is not surprising to any one but themselves when they find themselves neglected. When they treat their subjects in a style that plainly says, "I am doing this for the price," they need not complain if the price turns out to be a small one. It is all very well to sneer at the popular demand for "interesting writing," but it is the first duty of a writer, after truth, to consider interest.

A Cunning French Lawyer

M. Waldeck-Rousseau has become the attorney for the religious associations that suffered expulsion from France, in their legal fight for the recovery of the valuable estates confiscated by the Government. The quality of honor to be found in the legal profession is the same the world over. This Waldeck-Rousseau is the same individual who, as Premier of France, inaugurated the anti-clerical legislation, which has been pushed to its logical extremity by his successor, M. Combes. The latter has done just what Waldeck-Rousseau planned and projected, and as a consequence he has been most bitterly execrated. His severest critic is none other than M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the ex-Premier. The attorneys of San Francisco are not more cunning in drumming up business than those of Paris. M. Waldeck-Rousseau has proved himself an adept in the gentle art of promoting litigation to the end that he shall be paid a fat fee. Yet he has not violated the ethics of his profession. Those ethics are very elastic. In this country attorneys become members of the legislature and then accept fees as lobbyists. Their license to practice law protects them from criminal prosecution.

The Lionizing of Jack

The American sailor has been having a very fine time abroad. Never before were the officers and men of the American navy so enthusiastically lionized, feted and toasted as have been those of Admiral Cotton's fleet. At Kiel the Kaiser did everything but embrace the man behind the gun, so cordial was he and so eager to testify his friendship for America and Americans. He dipped the Imperial Ensign, he flew the American flag and he invited the American officers to Prince Henry's luncheon in undress uniform, as though they were all cronies of the royal family. But since reaching England the representatives of our navy have been overwhelmed by the warmth of their reception and the whole-souled hospitality of their entertainment. Dinners, luncheons and banquets followed in rapid succession, and Jack had not only all he could eat and drink, but the glad-hand was extended to him on all sides and he was given all sorts of amusements. The speeches made by guest and host abound with expressions of good will, and it looks very much as though the English were intent on making the German demonstrations in honor of the Yankees seem tame. Of course we all understand that it is the policy of both Germany and England to cultivate the friendship of the United States but we are susceptible to foreign flatteries and we enjoy a hearty welcome.

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The Cleveland Boom

Editor *Town Talk*.

All of the Republican press of the East, aided and abetted by the subsidized, trust-supported, Democratic papers, are now actively engaged in selecting the next Democratic candidate for President of the United States, and it is a significant fact that these president making journals have seemingly united. Thoughtful people, Republicans as well as Democrats, who are not on the "inside," as it were, are wondering why the Republican papers should devote so much of their valuable space in launching a successful Cleveland boom. Speaking from a Democratic standpoint, and as an old-line Democrat, who was always loyal to Democratic candidates and Democratic platforms, so loyal indeed that he canvassed the State for Greeley and Brown, I desire to say for myself, and those who think as I do, that this cunningly devised scheme will not prove a success. Mr. Cleveland at one time represented the masses of the Democratic party, because he was loyal to the Constitution, and faithful to the principles laid down by the immortal Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence. In an evil hour for Cleveland he abandoned the principles he had formerly espoused, and became the associate and mouthpiece of the money kings of Wall street, and in order to fill a depleted treasury, sold to Pierpont Morgan and his associates United States bonds in bulk, and by this sale the genial Mr. Morgan and his associates were enabled to clear, without risk to themselves, several million dollars. This financial transaction was conducted and carried through by Mr. John G. Carlisle, formerly Speaker of the House, but then Secretary of the Treasury. When another sale of the bond issue was made necessary, the indignant demand of the people of small means, who were seeking a safe investment, compelled Mr. Carlisle to permit them to bid also, with the result that the Government made large profits. Morgan and his associates were highly indignant that any of the people, save those whom he represented, should be permitted to purchase government securities, and Mr. Carlisle felt so much aggrieved at the failure of the people to approve his financial schemes that he left his beloved state of Kentucky, moved to the city of New York, and at once became a partner in a New York law firm which receives large salaries from various corporations and trusts. Thus was disloyalty to Democratic principles rewarded by the money power of New York. Mr. Daniel Lamont, formerly Cleveland's private secretary and afterwards his Secretary of War, likewise disgusted with the treatment of his chief, Mr. Cleveland, and Carlisle his friend, also settled in the city of New York and accepted the presidency of a big railroad corporation. Even Mr. Cleveland himself became a member of a New York law firm, in order that he might keep the wolf from the door.

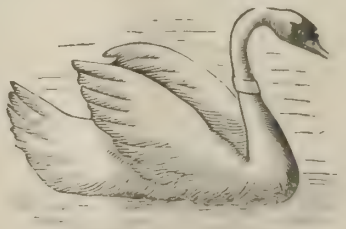
The same people who are now lauding Grover Cleveland to the skies as the greatest living exponent of Democracy, were then derisively calling him the "Stuffed Prophet," whatever that may mean. Gentlemen of the president-making press, what has come over the spirit of your dreams? Has the "Stuffed Prophet" become an ideal statesman, or is all your laudation simply because Mr. Cleveland has ceased to be a Jeffersonian Democrat and become the golden calf of Wall street?

John T. Altgeld, that much-abused and misunderstood statesman, whose history reads like a romance, placed an estimate upon the character and public services of Grover Cleveland, which whilst rather severe, is approved by millions of Democratic voters who followed the gallant Democratic standard-bearer, William Jennings Bryan, to defeat, brought about largely by the treachery and apathy of such so-called Democrats as Grover Cleveland, Senator Palmer and Simon Bolivar Buckner. In reply to a request to be present at a so-called Jeffersonian banquet, given by a prominent Democratic club in Chicago in 1896, Governor Altgeld politely refused and wrote as follows:

"Last summer one of the great newspapers gave an account of the greatest timber stealing and homestead robbing operations ever carried on in the Northwest, involving even the prostitution of high office. Recently the country was alarmed at seeing in Washington the most powerful and the most corrupt lobby ever known, engaged in trying to force the railroad pooling bill through Congress. I notice that two of the men whose names were most prominent in connection with one or the other of these scandals have been selected to point out the beauties of Clevelandism, and I will admit that they are the right men for the purpose. Coupled with these is at least one other whose fame in the East is co-extensive only with his ability to injure his party. These three are to discuss the great questions now before the country. All three stand for Clevelandism but not for the Democracy of the country. They stand in practice for the theory that government is a convenience for the strong, and were it Hamilton's birthday you wished to celebrate, this would all be in accordance with the eternal fitness of things. But not even a resolution of Congress, supported by a speech from a Senator and an opinion of the Attorney-General and backed by the Federal army, can keep Thomas Jefferson's bones still while you attempt to dump this program into his cradle. These men represent a class which in his day called Jefferson a demagogue, derided his statesmanship and sneered at his patriotism. Jeffersonianism was the first-born of the new age of liberty and human progress, while Clevelandism is the slimy offspring of that unhallowed marriage between the Standard Oil and Wall street. Jeffersonianism brought liberty, prosperity and greatness to our country because it gave its benediction to the great toiling and producing masses, while Clevelandism has put its heel upon the neck of our people, has increased the burdens and sorrows of the men who toil, and has fattened a horde of vultures that are eating the vitals of the nation. . . . Jefferson's eye took in the situation from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Cleveland is today ignorant of the fact that there is a country west of the Alleghenies. Jefferson belonged to the American people; Cleveland to the men who devour widows' houses. Jeffersonianism is an illumination in the American firmament; Clevelandism merely a swamp-light floating around in the Standard Oil marsh. To laud Clevelandism on Jefferson's birthday is to sing a Te Deum in honor of Judas Iscariot on a Christmas morning."

This is strong language, but it expresses a sentiment that is possibly dormant, but not dead. Let the Democratic Convention nominate Cleveland, and it will meet the most overwhelming defeat in its history. Sentiments such as are above indicated do not find a place in Cleveland newspapers, but they are nevertheless entertained by millions of Democratic voters. The great body of Democratic voters are not yet willing to turn over their party organization to those who have betrayed it in the past, and are now anxious to join with Republicans in defeating it in the future. The mass of Democratic voters are honest, earnest and patriotic; they believe in the principles of Democracy and are prepared to fight to the bitter end traitors in the organization, or open foes from without. The Cleveland boom will "die a-borning," and the gold of Wall street will be powerless to give it life.

A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT.



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A better boon is thine:—
A heart that held no false or faltering fear
When it confessed to mine.

I learn from thee the courage that can cast
A scrutinizing beam
Upon the sombre spectres of the past,
Till like a dismal dream
They fade away and in their caverns cower
Before my fearless gaze;
Yea, love hath given unto me the power
To laugh at other days.

It is no wonder then that on thy breast
I find the longed-for goal,
Which through a waste of years hath been the quest
Of an o'er-wearied soul.
But I have reached at last the oasis
I dreamed of in my youth,
And drink the passion of thy peerless kiss—
The sweeter for its truth.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Saunterer

The Governor's Revenge

The impression is becoming widespread among politicians that Governor George C. Pardee is of a very revengeful nature, and that he devotes considerable of his time to planning for the punishment of his enemies. Immediately after taking office he laid in wait for the official scalp of Bank Commissioner Kevane, and to get it he encouraged the passage of an act to wipe out the whole commission. That was as discreditable a piece of business as ever the Chief Executive of a great State engaged in, but it was characteristic of Oakland politics. Last week the Governor attended a meeting of the trustees of the San Jose Normal School, and the salary of one of the teachers, Miss McKenzie, was reduced from sixteen hundred to twelve hundred dollars a year. It was explained that the trustees wished to economize, but as Miss McKenzie is the sister of Harbor Commissioner McKenzie who was identified with the Gage faction in politics, the opinion is prevalent in political circles that it was merely another case of Dr. Pardee wreaking one of his little private revenges. Miss McKenzie is said to be one of the most competent and zealous teachers in the Normal School, and her friends are very indignant over the way she has been treated. But it is surely placing a very low estimate on the character of the Governor to suspect him of smashing McKenzie through his sister. However, when he engaged in the bank commission deal he invited suspicion on his motives in all his subsequent official acts.

Lane After a Federal Job

Mr. Franklin K. Lane is the subject of much speculation among politicians these days. By affecting a coyness and a becoming humility while his claquers are diligently engaged in making a noise to attract attention to him, he makes it appear that so great is the magnetism of his personality that the people will not permit of his sequestration. He has said that he will not run for Mayor, but his claque insists that he shall; that he owes it to his party to win a victory for the organization, and that he must bow in humble submission to the wishes of the people. It is the old story of Cæsar thrusting aside the proffered crown. Now the fact is that Mr. Lane prefers another job, but as he isn't quite sure that he is going to get it he doesn't wish to protest too hard against being nominated for Mayor. At the same time he thinks he can help his friend McNab at the primaries by continuing as a factor in the Mayoralty race. The position that Lane seeks is that of Interstate Commerce Commissioner. It will be remembered that during the gubernatorial contest Lane went through the State booming Roosevelt. It was most unusual for a Democratic standard-bearer to devote himself to the laudation of the Republican Administration but Mr. Lane had an eye to his own future. When the campaign was over he went to Washington, called on the President, and presented him with a scrap-book containing his campaign speeches. When the President visited this city Lane dogged his footsteps, and now it has leaked out that the City Attorney expects the Federal job. I have been told that Roosevelt has been advised that Lane can render him valuable assistance in the next campaign. The Interstate Commerce Commission is a non-partisan body, and there is therefore no political obstacle in the way of Lane's appointment.

The Man of Destiny

Some people believe that Lane, like Roosevelt, is a man of destiny, and to reflect upon his meteoric career and ponder the fortuitous circumstances that have pedestaled him in the community today, is to impel the conviction

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that his horoscope was not planned without deliberation. If Lane had been elected Governor his career would have been at an end, for he never could have kept all the promises he made during the campaign. Though defeated he acquired the reputation of being the strongest available candidate for Mayor in the Democratic party. This notion is based upon the fact that his majority in this city was about ten thousand. The fact appears to be forgotten that he was running against a citizen of Alameda, a man with the nickname of Pickhandle, so designated because he once threatened to drive back a mob with that implement. So bitter was the feeling in union labor circles against the man whom they regarded as their enemy that they rotten-egged him at one of their meetings, and yet Lane's majority in this city was only ten thousand.

His Blundering Record

None but a man of destiny could make a holy show of himself as a public official after the manner of Franklin K. Lane, and yet be nominated for Governor, and after being defeated be taken seriously as one of the most available men for high public office. As City and County Attorney Mr. Lane has made a resplendent record for blundering that is unsurpassed in the history of the office. It was Mr. Lane who formulated the bonds issued for the extension of the Park panhandle, and who dictated all the proceedings in connection with that pet project. The Supreme Court decided that his blunders vitiated the issue, and as a consequence that great municipal project was abandoned. It was Mr. Lane who handled the Spring Valley water case which was decided against the city by Judge Morrow the other day. Mr. Lane has a happy faculty for reversing himself, and he does his official somersaulting without a blush. He rendered two opinions diametrically opposed in the case of Lieutenant Price who demanded reinstatement in the Police Department; he did the same thing in the matter of the contract for public printing, and again in the matter of the authority of the Supervisors to require the union label on all official stationery. But for a long time Mr. Lane has ceased to write opinions. He has assigned that work to his brother who is said to know something about law.

They Regret Their Bargain

When the arbitration proceedings resorted to for the purpose of settling the differences between the car men and the United Railroads company were commenced, it was stated that the issue involved was of tremendous importance to street railroads all over the country. It was understood to be the intention of Mr. Livernash to convince the arbitrators that the car men were entitled to share in the profits of the railroads. The Congressman has abandoned his original position, however, and the importance attached to the contest at the beginning has greatly diminished. However there have been some sensational rumors afloat to the effect that the reluctance of the corporation officials to produce their books is due to the fact that they have been having a hard time to float their stock. It is said that the Eastern capitalists have reason to regret their bargain, and it is predicted that before long Huntington and Hellman will regain possession of the roads for a sum much less than was paid for them.

The Greatest of Engineering Triumphs

From one of the engineers of the Southern Pacific Company I learn that the greatest engineering triumph in the history of railroad construction, the building of the now famous Lucin cut-off across the treacherous bed of Great Salt Lake, is rapidly nearing completion. This is one of the great improvements projected by President E. H. Harriman, which have aroused the indignation of Jim Keene and other stockholders of the Southern Pacific Company, who objected to the spending of money which they thought should be paid to them in dividends. The loss of the stockholders is the gain of the traveling public, and it should be especially appreciated by the people of this coast. The one hundred and six miles of railroad over which this cut-off extends are being built at an estimated cost of thirteen million dollars, and as success is now crowning this most wonderful and by far the most daring piece of railroad engineering ever attempted, we are assured that within another six months the actual running time between Ogden and this city will be reduced by more than two hours. The heavy passenger trains that now spend more than four hours covering the one hundred and forty-six miles of mountainous road around the north end of the lake from Ogden to Lucin will reach the same destination over a railroad which is laid straight across the lake forty miles shorter and almost level.

Harriman Ordered Secrecy

Comparatively little has been published concerning this stupendous piece of work. The Southern Pacific did not want the world to know what it was doing, and has taken every precaution to prevent the press from publishing anything concerning the work. The reason for the secrecy was that uncertainty as to the ultimate result of the daring undertaking has existed in the minds of even the

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most sanguine engineers. Had it any time become necessary to abandon the project, the loss to the stockholders of the company would have been great. As it was many of the stockholders were greatly dissatisfied, and Mr. Harriman issued orders to keep all newspaper men off the work, and prohibited the issuance of information. From time to time reports did get into the papers to the effect that the undertaking was a failure and would be abandoned. But Harriman's three thousand workmen and hundreds of thousands of piles have conquered the mysterious lake and the one great sinkhole known as the bottomless pit was overcome by dumping a mountain of rock into it.

A Wise Jap

George Pippy, president of the Union League Club, and one of the numerous colonels of that organization, is a man of varied interests. He is a politician, a lawyer and a dairyman in addition to being a professional colonel. That he has confidence in the character of his cows is evident from the fact that he supplies their milk to his own family. But he recently hired a Japanese chef who thinks that he knows good milk from the kind that is objected to by the Board of Health. The other morning Mrs. Pippy handed her husband a note which had been given her by the milkman who said he received it from the Jap. It was as follows: "Unless you give me more milk and less water, we get new milkman." Pippy hasn't told the story for general circulation.

The Danger of It

Few business men know how to take their vacations properly. At the Bohemian Club the other day one of the medico members gave voice to the following warning: "I wish some of you who try to get your year's rest in a fortnight's outing would stop and think a bit. Not a year passes that this season does not bring its quota of victims. Many men, enfeebled by close confinement and attention to office work, rush away for a short vacation trip. By systematic overexertion they try to make up for months of inactivity. *Qui bono?* The warning lies in each year's record of fatalities. The experience of myself and colleagues shows that this overexertion is nearly always succeeded by a spell of serious illness. You must remember that the respiratory and circulatory systems run hand-in-hand; against undue disturbance of their routine they naturally rebel. Take heed to this—your greatest danger is when, in the presence of any cardiac weakness, the exertion demands an arrest of respiration. In moments of intense nervous excitement, the breathing often stops and the strain upon a weak heart becomes extremely severe."

The Boot-Black King

It was stated in the despatches the other day that at the annual Haggin sale of young Kentucky thoroughbreds, Tony Aste bid William C. Whitney's English son-in-law, Sidney Paget and S. Deimel off their feet. He wanted a promising brown colt and he ran the price up to seventy-one hundred dollars, which was the top price of the day. Tony Aste was formerly a resident of this city. He blacked boots for a living in Leidesdorff street. He is now known in New York as the boot-black king. He saved enough money blacking boots in New York to buy privileges to erect boot-black stands in most of the sky-scrapers, from which he has made a fortune estimated to be close to half a million. He is a good judge of horses and has acquired a fine stable. During the past year he has put more long-shots under the wire as winners than any other man in the racing game.

From Waikiki to Broadway

One of the most interesting of the thespians that have deserted Broadway to while away the summer months in this city is William Lewers, who came to town a few weeks ago. The stage has recruited many actresses from society, but it is seldom that men in the full enjoyment of the social whirl take to the histrionic profession. Those that do, like the society women that are lured by the footlights' glare, are impelled by the bread-winning motive, but William Lewers was not influenced by materialistic considerations. He is the son of Robert Lewers, the millionaire shipping merchant of Honolulu, and he enjoys the approval of his father in all that he does, for he is a sensible and cultured young man. He is of the artistic temperament, and he felt that the stage offered the most suitable vehicle for his talents. That he was not mistaken is evident from the rapid progress he has made during the few years that have elapsed since he made his debut in this city with the Frawleys. That was in the days when Blanche Bates and Frank Worthing were the stars of the organization. During the last few seasons he was one of the most popular of Frohman's leading juveniles. He made a most pronounced hit in the support of Annie Russell, and next season he is to essay the role of leading man with Bertha Galland in "Dorothy Vernon." Though Miss Galland is comparatively unknown to local theatre-goers she is one of the reigning Broadway favorites. Mr. Lewers is a prominent member of the Lambs' Club of New York and of the Bohemian Club, in which he has spent a great deal of his time since his return to this city. He is at the Occidental with his father. The Lewers residence at Waikiki beach in Honolulu is one of the most beautiful homes in the Hawaiian Islands.

Anticipated a Verdict

Supreme Court Commissioner Cooper tells an interesting story of his experience as a lawyer while practicing in Mendocino county some years ago. One day he was engaged to defend three men who had been arrested for mur-

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der in a small town about thirty miles distant from the one in which his office was located. He was promised a big fee, and he agreed to make the trip over to see his clients the next day, for the cases had already been set for trial. Accordingly he started out the following morning and journeyed over the mountainous roads. He entered the town over a bridge that spanned a small creek, and as he was driving over he was shocked to find that three dead bodies were suspended over one side. Upon inquiry he learned that the citizens of the town had decided to spare the county the expense of a trial and so they executed his clients.

Henley's Just Protest

In their obituary notice of William Ernest Henley, last Monday, the dailies stated that he was universally condemned for having exposed the character of his dead friend, Robert Louis Stevenson. He was for a time, but not for long. Henley was a sincere friend of Stevenson, and he was thoroughly disgusted with the sentimental distortion of the character of the dead stylist, with the apotheosizing of the man who was sufficiently great without being pictured as Saint. Henley pleaded for the real Stevenson whom he knew, and his protest soon made it apparent that the novelist was the greater for the weaknesses his former friend had pointed out. The *Saturday Review* characterized his protest as a case of "literary leprosy," but now it is conceded to be a useful contribution to the literature of biography. The office of the biographer is a thankless one. Unless every fact that would be in the slightest degree derogatory to the popular idol, or likely to offend his idolatrous worshipers, is suppressed; unless the writer is lavish in his praise and takes such an optimistic, *couleur de rose* view of everything affecting the little tin god, he will not be considered a true or a discreet biographer.

Fulfilled the Soothsayers' Predictions

It is not likely that one person in society was surprised when it learned of Kathryn Robinson's engagement to a wealthy New Yorker. When Miss Robinson made her debut it was predicted that she would make a good match. This, too, with only the milkmaid's dot of the famous nursery rhyme. Mrs. Crittenden Preston Robinson was not able to give either of her daughters a dot. Compelled by adverse circumstance to support her children herself, she did not shrink from the task but with the real Southern grit carried out the duties imposed upon her in a most noble manner. When her girls became of age to go out into the world their aunts, Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, were very willing to give them a lift. It was two years ago that Kathryn entered society, and her beauty, charm and wit at once made her popular. The man who has won this charming girl is to be congratulated. He is George R. Beardsley of New York.

A Salisbury Triumph

Whatever Mrs. Salisbury's faults as a writer of society gossip she is certainly far above the average as a matchmaker. The engagement of her niece, Miss Robinson, and Mr. Beardsley is said to be another one of her triumphs. She is what might be known as an "old campaigner," for her experience in such affairs is broad. But if Sarah Collier doesn't marry soon Mrs. Salisbury's reputation as a matchmaker will be seriously damaged. When the Czarina took that young lady under her wing it was predicted that the campaign would be short and decisive. But it is still on. Miss Collier is an exceptionally attractive girl and I hear that the only reason she fails to marry is that she is hard to please. Now that Mrs. Salisbury's daughter and her niece are out of the field there no longer remains an excuse for her to stay in society except that, like Mrs. Martin, she loves the game. There is no doubt that she will renew her excuse in the shape of another debutante to be favored by Cupid next season.

Hearst's Washington Quarters

Congressman Hearst, who will make his debut next season in national legislative circles, is reported to have engaged nearly an entire floor in "Stoneleigh Court." "Stoneleigh Court" is the new swell apartment house now being constructed in Washington by Secretary of State Hay and will be ready for occupancy some time in December. It is built on mammoth proportions and is located right among the fashionable residences in the District. It is said that Editor Hearst has turned the plans over to well known designers and furnishers and has given them carte blanche to produce the most beautiful private apartments in the Capital. This is all in line with the rumor that prevailed immediately after his election, that he planned to entertain on a grand scale when he took up his quarters in Washington.

An Engagement Renewed

There's an interesting bit of news afloat anent the impending trip abroad of Mrs. Head, widow of Colonel A. E. Head, and her daughter, Anna. The story appears to be well authenticated that the engagement of Miss Head



The Crystal Baths

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths on Bay between Powell and Mason Streets, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

and Lieutenant Jepson has been renewed, and that the Heads are going abroad for the marriage, which will probably take place in London. It will be remembered that some years ago the news of that engagement created quite a flutter in some of the fashionable drawing rooms, and Anna Head was heartily congratulated on having made a brilliant match, for though Jepson is not wealthy he is the scion of a blue-blooded English family. Besides he is no dawdler. He was a member of the relief expedition sent to darkest Africa in search of Explorer Stanley, and on his return he wrote a very entertaining book of his travels. He also took to the lecture platform and he appeared in this city before the Geographical Society. Some years ago he was honored by being appointed Queen's Messenger.

Story of the Romance

Anna Head met her fiancee while she was traveling in Europe. The passion that he inspired was of a most ardent character, and it appeared to be sincerely reciprocated, but after a protracted engagement the news reached this city that it was broken off. The news stimulated teacup chatter, and there was much speculation as to the cause of the rupture. But as society was not taken into the confidence of the young people the gossips had to be content with mere rumor, and of course all the conjectures usual in such cases were indulged. There was much sympathy for Anna Head over the unfortunate ending of her romance, for she was a popular girl and had a host of friends. The story of the renewal of the engagement arouses interest once more, and there is much rejoicing among Anna Head's friends that whatever the misunderstanding that separated her so long from the object of her affections they are to be reunited just like the hero and heroine in the last chapter of a Duchess novel.

The Hearsts and Heads Fell Out

Anna Head is the daughter of Colonel A. E. Head who was for many years engaged in the cattle business in Arizona and Mexico with Hearst and Haggin. The Hearst and the Head families were for a long time on most intimate terms. But one night, so the story goes, a very swagger function took place at the Head home and Willie Hearst was not invited. The oversight didn't bother Willie but some days later "Uncle" George Hearst heard the reason why, and he became very indignant. Thereupon the cordial relations existing between the two families were severed. Some years ago Colonel Head suffered financial reverses but he left one or two pieces of down town property that have greatly increased in value. His widow is now quite wealthy.

A Sculptor's Sad Plight

F. Marion Wells, the sculptor, occupies a pauper's bed in the County Hospital, and his wife complains that the members of the Bohemian Club heeded not her appeals for aid in his behalf. Wells has been in financial straits for many years, and I have been told that he frequently received generous assistance from the Bohemian Club. However the club is not an eleemosynary institution, nor does it guarantee subsistence or financial aid to those of its members who are so unfortunate as to become indigent. It would have been a graceful act for the club to have come to the relief of the unfortunate sculptor but there are two sides to a story. There was a time when Wells was regarded as one of the great geniuses of Bohemia, and twenty years ago he was one of the Board of Directors. Some beautiful bits of sculpture were contributed by him from time to time, to the collection of jinks souvenirs. On one occasion when Crittenden Thornton sired a "Gossip" jinks Wells modeled an exquisite figure of women gossiping at a well. Another time, at a midsummer jinks in Meeker's Grove, Wells, aided by some of the other artist members, erected a huge statue of the patron saint of Bohemia, St. John Nepomuck. Perhaps the most exquisite thing he ever did was at a jinks when "Muses" was the theme. His work was the sculptured figure of a woman, physically perfect, and when it was shown placed against red draperies, a roseate light was thrown upon it making it almost lifelike.

Mrs. M. G. Bulkeley and M. G. Bulkeley Jr. arrived at the Hotel Vendome the other day, hastily summoned from Hartford, Connecticut, by the serious illness of Mrs. J. F. Houghton. Considerable alarm was created by Mrs. Houghton's illness, and fears as to her recovery expressed, but at last accounts she was much improved. Miss Minnie Houghton has her friend Miss Sparhawk with her from San Francisco.



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The Busy Chaperon

Blanche Bates is enjoying the hospitality of Dick Hotaling at Sleepy Hollow where he has been entertaining a house-party, and she is under the protecting wing of a chaperon. Which reminds me that the chaperon is becoming a very much overworked functionary. She was originally intended as a guardian in public places for young, unmarried women, but now she is ostentatiously paraded by women who have arrived at the age of indiscretion and who haven't the courage to refuse concession to the conventions. Some years ago it was argued by European sociologists that the refreshing independence of spirit which characterized American women was due to the freedom they enjoyed, and to the fact that our girls were vouchsafed liberties that were denied their sisters of the Old World. That was before the chaperon became a silly affectation among women who desire to give notice to the world that they are taking no chances. Even the woman with a past goes chaperoned on certain occasions, and usually when she does it is because she contemplates doing things of which she desires people to believe her guiltless.

Emancipation Far Distant

If a chaperon were an absolute guarantee of a clean bill of moral health at all times, she would occasionally be indispensable, for there are times when it behooves young women to silence criticism. However, the presence of a chaperon isn't always *prima facie* evidence of strict observance of the proprieties. There are times when she is expected to be discreetly oblivious, and occasionally when a woman feels that the conventions demand a chaperon, it doesn't matter much whether she has one or not. The affectation has been so greatly abused that nobody takes the overworked functionary seriously, and she excites suspicion as often as she inspires respect. I long for the time when woman's emancipation will be so complete that she will scorn to summon the world to witness that she has taken precautions to safeguard her virtue. But when I hear of women noted for their intellectual attainments, women who have achieved fame by doing things that denote their ability to take care of themselves, confessing that they are slaves to tyrannous conventionality, I lose confidence in the sex. Indeed it seems as though the sex is drifting backward, for even the bright women of the stage are becoming as conventional as those of society, a natural consequence of the stage's contamination through fostering cordial relations between the stars of the theatrical firmament and the lion worshipers of the smart set.

In Town and Country

The new home of the Frank Deerings is rapidly approaching completion, and it will be one of the prettiest houses on Russian Hill. It is in Larkin street, on the northwestern slope of the hill. Dolliver, who designed it from suggestions furnished by Mrs. Deering, has put some of his best work into its architecture. The Deerings, by the way, have been visiting the H. K. Fields at their summer camp on the Russian River. The Fields' camp consists of several tents, furnished with rare comfort. They always take two servants up with them, and one of them is a chef. They are seldom without guests; from Saturday to Monday there are sometimes as many as twenty entertained at the camp.

BORJES & BENSON, 1001 Market Street, corner of Sixth, carry none but the Finest Imported and Domestic Wines and Liquors. Polite treatment, quick service, fine goods and popular prices have made this house one of the favorite resorts of the city.

The Versatile Davis

The ex-Reverend Edwards Davis, who wearied of acting in the pulpit and became a real footlight mummer, and who is now in the Macdonough theatre in Oakland, has a wonderful faculty for keeping himself in the public eye. If he were as good a drawing card on the stage as he was in the pulpit, his season at the Macdonough would be a most successful one. As a clergyman he was skilled in the art of advertising. He was always doing something to attract attention to himself. He rode a wheel before bicycling became common, he wore a claw-hammer into the pulpit, and he waltzed for his congregation. His sensational stunts shocked many of the good people of Oakland. One day he married Alta Kingore who sang in his church choir, and they went East, Davis having resigned his pulpit. In New York the ex-clergyman invented a drawing-room game that sold well and kept the wolf from the door. Then he fell ill and went to a hospital and his wife went on the stage. Later on Mrs. Davis returned to Oakland and engaged an attorney to sue for a divorce, but she relented and when next heard from husband and wife were doing profitable turns on a vaudeville circuit. I hear that Davis has written a novel which has been accepted by an Eastern publishing house.

Captain John Leale and family are spending the season at Inverness, where they have a summer home. Captain Leale's eldest daughter, Marion, is almost of age now to make her debut in society. She is very pretty and accomplished. Her mother, who was Fannie Cheney and a great social favorite in her girlhood days, is a fine pianist.

The Irwins to Leave Us

The Wallace Irwins will leave for San Diego on the first of August, and a few weeks later will depart for New York, where they expect to remain a year. Irwin, although he will take no complete manuscript with him, has considerable work in partial preparation and Mrs. Irwin has the manuscript for a children's book which is ready for the printer. "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" are still having a great vogue in the East and they are not only be-



ing read, but they are being copied in one way or another by those who deal in patter literature. Among others Dorothy Dix has rendered the Hoodlum the sincerest form of flattery by using in almost every one of her slangy fables some line from the Irwin verses, which she invariably forgets to quote.

Tevis and His Hobby

Dr. Harry Tevis had, perhaps, his first opportunity on the Fourth to make public his curious fad for home-made fireworks, but the fact is, he has long been a mute, inglorious Santos-Dumont. Paper balloons are the doctor's special hobby, and he has experimented thoroughly with all sorts and conditions of levitation until he has become a past master in the art of sending things into the air. About two years ago he began making a little Aero Club of his Taylor street mansion and he played with his toy balloons with quite a childish enthusiasm. Almost every afternoon he would make miniature ascensions from his back porch till the air of North Beach was full of red, white and blue paper. About that time it was whispered that Dr. Tevis had gone abroad and become infatuated with the Santos-Dumont craze, and even his friends were sincerely expecting him to father air-ship racing on the Pacific Coast. Time, however, proved that this talk was "all in the air," for the scientific millionaire has limited his investigations to tricolored toys and Japanese day-fireworks —which is a great deal more safe and a great deal less expensive than running a midair auto after the fashion of the reckless South American.

Mrs. Thomas Morffew has returned to town from a visit to the family ranch in Sonoma county. She was accompanied by her granddaughter, Miss Peel.

Industrious Dick Tully

Dick Tully, who seems to be outrivaling Clyde Fitch in the drama mill business, has finished and disposed of another play since his "vacation" in California. He has sold the play, I am told, to Nat Goodwin, and it is to be called "The Late Mr. Archer." It is the style of human comedy which fits Goodwin like a tailor-made. Tully's experience, financially, is such as to encourage us all to write plays. He is given a thousand dollar guarantee as soon as his work is accepted, and he receives his profits on the basis of a liberal royalty. Tully, I hear, is somewhat mortified because, upon his arrival with his celebrated wife, the newspapers referred in a jocular vein to the fact that "Mrs. Tully has come and brought along her husband, Dick Tully."

Mrs. Tully's Salon

The quick success of Eleanor Gates Tully, by the way, has made her fairly crazy to be considered the centre of things literary in the West. The West, if I am not mistaken, will not be so quick to accept this state of affairs, for Mrs. Tully is young, and her book, brilliant though it be, has still many marks of the schoolgirl about it. Still, Mrs. Tully has been working strenuously to make one of those peculiarly difficult contrivances, a "salon," and she has succeeded so far in gathering about her some of the well known literary figure-heads of the West. Her evenings at home fairly bristle with magazine names and the conversation is fiercely technical. At one of her receptions recently the list of those present read like a table of contents, and some of the following were among them: Lloyd Osbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bashford, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keeler and Mr. and Mrs. Bailey Millard.

The Parrott Brood

The fact that the very domestic Jack Parrotts and the little Parrotts have gone for their annual outing at Del Monte recalls a funny nickname which was given to the Parrott brood during a season past. Mrs. Parrott was sitting on the hotel veranda surrounded, like the mother of the Gracchi, by her pretty children. "That's a fine picture," remarked a stranger. "Who is she?" "Oh," said a Del Monteite, "That's Mrs. Parrott and her nest of little Parrotts." "The little Parrotts are not very talkative," said the stranger. "No," replied the Del Monteite, "they are only paroqueets, don't you know."

Loubet's Little Joke

The despatches tell us that President Loubet presented Queen Alexandra with a musical bed that plays tunes when occupied. If so the President of France has a sense of humor that is peculiarly Parisian. It is well known that the Queen of England is deaf, consequently a musical bed for the royal lady would only serve to notify everybody in the palace whenever it was occupied.

Sir Colin Moncreiff, Lady Scott Moncreiff, Miss Scott Moncreiff, Miss Seebalm and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson King, recently stopping at the Knickerbocker, have gone to Vancouver on their way to Scotland.

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Woolsey's Japanese Wife

News comes to me by the last steamer from the Orient that just before she left the last Japanese port, one Dr. Woolsey of Oakland, who has been traveling in the Mikado's realms ostensibly as a commissioner of this Government, appeared on the dock with a pretty Japanese girl on his arm.

"Who is your friend?" asked a man who was acquainted with the doctor.

Woolsey tickled her under the chin and proudly exclaimed:

"This, sir, is my Japanese wife."

Needless to say the old doctor, whose boundless admiration for the gentle sex is well known to all Oakland, is having a high old time in the land of the geisha.

Thought It a Hostelry

The courteous young man who receives applicants at the Waldeck was called to the reception room to speak to a young woman one day last week. The latter was comfortably seated in one of the easy-chairs, and evidently found herself very much at home.

"The head nurse is very busy," said the young man on his entrance, "but I can assign you to a room."

The young woman looked grateful.

"What is the name of your doctor?" he went on.

The young woman looked puzzled.

"Doctor? I have no doctor."

"Oh, very well, then, I will speak to the head nurse again and she will assign you."

The young woman stared.

"What is your illness?" he further asked. "You see, the head nurse is so busy, I will just tell her about it and she will know what to do."

"What is the head nurse to me?" returned the visitor. "I'm not asking for a head nurse. I don't want a nurse. I'm not ill."

"But why, then, did you come here?"

"I came because I wanted board and room," snapped the young woman. "Isn't this a hotel? The sign says so."

"No, it is a sanitarium," was the answer.

The young woman wilted and passed out

Automobiling is very popular among the guests at Del Monte. Mrs. W. P. Fuller has a fine Winton in which she made the run from Burlingame this week with Miss Florence Bailey. Mrs. J. J. Moore is the most beautiful woman at the hotel. She is there with her husband and sister, Miss Wagner. The latter, however, is not gifted with Mrs. Moore's pulchritude, though she has considerable *chic*. Others at Del Monte are Mrs. G. P. Hayne and family of San Mateo, Roy and Percy Pike and H. D. Bell.

Salmon Are Plentiful

Now that market fishermen are no longer permitted to cast their nets for salmon in Monterey bay, the run of salmon in those waters is unprecedented. The biggest catches have been made off Capitola and that resort is now crowded with sportsmen from this city. Fifty fish is the record catch for one man. It was made last Monday.

San Rafael's Summer Colony

San Rafael is almost gay these days. Beside the great crowd of the Inconsiderable who rent cottages and board in the many family boarding houses in the village, the hotel colony has been augmented by a few notables from town. Golfing, riding and driving, and that never-failing source of amusement in San Rafael—gossiping—are the chief diversions. The Willie Babcocks, contrary to their usual custom, have not gone abroad this year but are entertaining occasionally at dinner in an informal way. The George M. Pinckards are occupying their house in the Forbes addition, but will probably spend some time in the mountains later in the season. Their departure has been delayed by the serious illness of their son Eyre Pinckard who recently returned from Yale. The George Davis Boyds are at their beautiful home on the heights and one sees the De Youngs about frequently, especially on the road to "Sleepy Hollow." This home of Dick Hotaling is anything but sleepy. There is always a crowd cruising about in Dick's automobile, the "Asthma," a great red affair which gets its name from a diverting wheeze.

The Upper Thirteen Disappointed

When Mrs. George Herman Powers starts out to give a concert nothing can stop her. This year she decided that a new bell for the Methodist church in San Rafael should be the *motif*, and she was confident that she could put a large sum of money into the hands of the trustees.

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The total sum realized was thirty-five dollars. The concert caused considerable disappointment among the Upper Thirteen. They had hardly hoped to share with Mrs. M. H. de Young and Mrs. L. L. Baker the honor of being on the list of patronesses, but they did think that when Mrs. Powers was making up the program of her vaudeville show she would seek for talent among them. But many were overlooked. There was some surprise over the failure of Mrs. Douglass Hardy to appear. She has an exquisite voice, rather thin, perhaps, and lacking in cultivation and quality but peculiarly adapted for Spanish love ditties. Mrs. W. B. Bradford was expected to do an Oriental dancing stunt but she didn't. Mr. Bradford who is president of the Cosmos Club accompanies his wife on the bass viol and the effect is charming. Mrs. John E. Alexander had consented to recite an intensely dramatic and emotional thing of her own composition, and others of the Upper Thirteen expected to have opportunities to shine, but they were not needed. Mrs. Powers has an abundance of talent in her own family, and what she actually needed outside her family she imported from San Francisco. Therefore the affair was less profitable than artistic.

In San Jose

Mrs. James M. Goewey and her mother, Mrs. L. A. Spencer, are at the Vendome for the summer. Others at the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Taylor and the Misses Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. William Gruenhagen. Thurlow McMullin arrived the other day, having spent two months traveling among the mountains of Northern California. Mrs. Ernest Folger of Oakland is the most daring of the women swimmers at the hotel this year.

Grant Donahue, editor of the *Morning Herald* of Sydney, Australia, is on a tour of California. He is at present summing up the resources of the Santa Clara valley and is the guest of Paul Shoupe at San Jose.

A New Engagement

Miss Amy Gregory, whose engagement with Oliver Blanchard of San Jose has just been announced, is a stunning looking girl, tall and brunette, and she is well-known in musical circles here and in San Jose where her parents formerly lived. The Gregorys own a big ranch near Niles, the Centerville hotel and various other real estate in Washington township. Mr. Blanchard is an official stenographer in the San Jose courts, and is one of the amateur athletes of the garden city. The marriage will take place early in August.

The Brighams at Home

Dr. Brigham's illness is a serious one, and his family and friends are naturally much concerned over his condition. The Brighams have been prominent in society for many years, and their branch of Society is that of the most exclusive. They despise the new-rich and keep strictly within aristocratic lines. The Brigham home is the most picturesque of the pretty residences on Pacific Heights, and was one of the first of its kind on the hill. It is situated in Broadway and overlooks the bay and the Golden Gate. A huge hedge screens the house from the eyes of vulgar passers-by. There is a beautiful garden in front and rear of the house, flowers being one of Dr. Brigham's fads. There are two Brigham girls in society, Alice and Kate.

Gambling at the Seaside

Santa Cruz is not depending altogether on brass bands to lure the summer visitor. The little seashore town of holy name is wide-open these midsummer days, and the flow of coin into the pockets of the residents is stimulated by various gambling devices. The tiger is rampant and a roulette wheel is operated in the rear of the St. George hotel. A sensational story has been in circulation to the effect that a retired banker of the seaside city went against the game with his I. O. U.s for a large sum of money and now refuses to pay. He asserts that he was lured into the game while flushed with wine.

Robert Shaw Oliver, the new Assistant Secretary of War appointed a few days ago, is the scion of an old Boston family, but he has lived for years in Albany where he became an intimate friend of President Roosevelt during the latter's term as Governor of New York. He married in Boston a Miss Rathbone, daughter of General Rathbone and a cousin of Major Rathbone of this city. He served as a volunteer in the civil war and of late years he has been prominently identified with the National Guard of New York.

Society is looking forward with considerable interest to the revival of the polo pony races and games at Del Monte under the auspices of the association founded some years ago by Major Rathbone. Preparation for the event is now in progress and it is believed that many of those who participated in the Santa Barbara tournament will come to Del Monte. Among them is Tom Driscoll who has required a great deal of coaxing ever since he had a row with Walter Hobart. Driscoll is one of the best polo men in the State.

TO OUR CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS:

Fire in our repository at Market and Tenth streets the morning of July 8th destroyed a portion of our stock of vehicles. The main part of our merchandise, however, is stored in our warehouse at Fifth and King streets and is uninjured. All orders will be filled with usual promptness and business will be conducted the same as heretofore. Our repair shops in the new building on Tenth street are not injured, and our manufacturing and repairing is being promptly attended to.

For the present we have opened a temporary office at 1325 Market street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, telephone Private Exchange 634.

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The Honesty of the McDonalds

R. H. McDonald Jr. says that his father, Dr. R. H. McDonald, formerly president of the Pacific Bank, who died in Montreal the other day, was an honest man. That is probably more than the old man would say for himself in the last years of his life. The conviction of his honesty was not strong enough to hold him in this city after the collapse of the Pacific and Mutual Savings banks, for the veteran purveyor of vinegar bitters and hypocritical nonsense didn't stay to be tried, as one of the dailies reported. He ran away from town and never dared return. People familiar with the affairs of the Pacific Bank at the time of the collapse, and who recall the fact that money had been loaned in large sums without security to people whose duty it was to expose the rottenness of the concern long before the crash came, cannot be easily convinced that the McDonalds were honest men.

Young Rosenstirn a Marvel

Dr. Rosenstirn has a son who is such a marvel of recuperative power that he would make a good advertisement for some patent restorative. The young man has had more accidents and operations, to say nothing of hairbreadth escapes, than usually falls to the lot of a dozen mortals, but he goes on his way rejoicing with only the slightest inconvenience. Not only has he been deprived of his appendix but he recovered from the operation in about half of the time consumed by the average patient. Shortly after he was spilled out of an automobile with disastrous consequences and, after abjuring automobiles, he was tipped over in a stage this summer and rolled down an embankment. Like Jack, he cracked his crown and the fracture to the skull was of such a nature that for awhile after going into the hospital he was flighty. This, however, passed almost immediately and in a week he was out on the street again, to the utter amazement of his friends. The Spartan endurance of the boy runs in the family. Miss Emily Rosenstirn, his sister, shot herself accidentally in camp some summers ago while at target practice, and after the accident walked calmly into camp with the blood spurting through her white skirt. It was Miss Rosenstirn who, some time ago, gave the appendix dinner to a number of friends who had lost this interesting appendage. The dinner and its gruesome decorations of surgical appliances occasioned much talk, most of it of an unpleasant nature. A New York paper took it up and drew from it conclusions as to the degeneracy of San Francisco society.

"Coming Out" Ball Promised

The two De Guigne girls have changed their plans regarding their debut in society. Last year at a family conference it was gravely determined that the time had arrived to depart from the old-fashioned lines of introducing the family buds to the charmed circle, so bids were offered to the bright wits present to suggest some novelty to the conventional function. It happened that several months before two cousins of the De Guignes, the daughters of Colonel Dick, had made their debut in English society at a garden party given by King Edward. This happy idea hit the fancy of the assembled family and forthwith it was decided to launch the two buds at a beautiful garden party some time during the present year. As I said before that idea has now been tabled and it has been finally settled that they shall have their "coming out" at a big ball to be given during the coming winter. The two girls are of the "really, truly" Parrott stock, their mother being one of the direct daughters of that social line.

Brave John Nugent

The recent marriage of Miss Maude Beatrice Nugent serves to recall to many of our early residents the stirring events of the '50 decade. The bride's progenitor, John Nugent, was then the editor of the San Francisco *Herald*, the chief organ of the Democracy during the troublous times of the Vigilance Committee, when the Democrats were "law and order" almost to a man. Nugent was as fearless an opponent of the committee as he was a staunch supporter of the Democratic ticket, and did good service for his party as president of the Young Man's Democratic Club during the election of President James Buchanan. Though small, almost diminutive in stature, he was a giant in intellect and a lion in courage, as was evidenced by the duels he fought. He married one of the Estudillos and then retired from public life and became a ranchero in Alameda county.

Sympathy for Professor Soule

Considerable sympathy is expressed for Professor Soule of Berkeley who is suing his wife, Ella Bacon-Soule, for a reduction in the amount of alimony she is receiving. Professor Soule's complaint is interesting. In it he says that he receives but two hundred and seventy-five dollars a month, of which he is obliged by the terms of the divorce decree to pay her seventy-five dollars. This was originally planned for the support of the two sons of the marriage—the daughter died some years ago—but one of the sons is now married and the father of two sons of his own, and is not only earning a good living but is married to a wealthy woman. The other son resides with his mother. The

ITS SCOPE ENLARGED.

When that pretty, unique restaurant at 323 Larkin street sprang into being no one could have foretold how soon it would catch on with the eating public. But Bab's took right away, and leaped into high favor. This popularity is due not solely to the original scheme of furnishing that prevails throughout this epicurean place, but because of the undoubted excellence of its menus. The James H. Babcock Catering Company has now enlarged its scope and will serve dejeuners, luncheons, dinners and suppers for formal occasions in private houses and clubs. Mr. Babcock's experience in this line—he was formerly with Sherry in New York—enables him to cater to all tastes satisfactorily. Fine silverware from New York and beautiful crockery from Europe are features of the establishment at 409 Golden Gate avenue.

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Professor goes on to say that he is purchasing a home on the installment plan. It cost but forty-five hundred dollars and he pays seventy-five dollars a month on the purchase price. This leaves him but one hundred and twenty-five dollars upon which to live and he has married again since he parted from the original partner of his sorrows.

The Pedagogue's Wail

The professor says that he has not enough to live on and to dress as he should in his position, and by the way the professor is fond of dress, for he has always had a predilection for giving the ladies a treat. It is sad to hear the once gay gallant of Berkeley wail over his financial distress. He complains that he has nothing left out of his salary for a rainy day, and he asserts that he is past the prime of life. He also complains that he cannot afford to subscribe for the periodicals which he should have in order to keep up with his profession. He makes no reference, however, to the ten thousand dollar legacy which came to him from his father's estate, but he calls attention to the fact that Mrs. Bacon-Soule is a wealthy woman, having inherited half a million from her father and mother. She is now building a twenty thousand dollar residence in the Piedmont district in Oakland which she is furnishing at a cost of ten thousand. The professor's friends say that he is deserving of sympathy because his first wife was never well and cheerful. His second wife is the antithesis of his first, being big, buxom and hearty. When he started in search of a mate a second time he looked first of all for a woman without an ache or a pain and now he is happy with his Hebe.

University Gates Closed

Both the State University and the Palo Alto University are going through a singular legal ceremony just now. All the roads and paths leading to their grounds are carefully barred and all the gates locked and safely chained. Big placards bearing the word "Closed" are conspicuously posted. At the main entrance men are stationed to unchain the gate and allow only those to enter who have business on the premises. At Palo Alto this is not causing any extravagant inconvenience but at the University of California it caused some mutterings at first because the biggest "summer school" on record is now being held there and most of the students, being strangers, thought for a time that the authorities were trying to bar the attendance. They were relieved later on when arrangements were made whereby they could more easily go in and out by the main gateway. It was also explained to them that the same gate-closing ceremony had to be done every five years according to the letter of the law by the university authorities so as to hold the franchise.

Book Thieves at Berkeley

From the last official report of the librarian of the University of California it appears that three hundred volumes were stolen from the college library during the past year. This is a severe commentary on the character of the students of the State University. It means that the State is educating many young thieves in the institution of which we are all so proud. It is also a circumstance that reflects on the character-building efforts of the faculty. At the same time it bespeaks a woful lack of what is known as college spirit among the students. It should be the aim of the honest members of the student body to rid the university of the predatory element, and to safeguard the reputation of the institution. If imbued with the proper spirit it would not be difficult for them to apprehend the culprits. These peculations have been going on year after year, and it is a disgrace to the university that nothing has been done toward compassing the exposure of the thieves.

Osbourne's Play

Lloyd Osbourne, son of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, is back from London whither he went to supervise the production of his Napoleon play, "The Exile." The play was not a success nor was it a complete failure. However it would not have been surprising if it had been hissed off the stage, for the popular British prejudice against Napoleon is still too great to permit any play in which he figures to be a success unless he is caricatured. The British cannot forgive the Corsican who humbled Britain and almost scared the islanders out of their senses. But there is in London a well known actor who bears a strong resemblance to Napoleon and who has long wished to impersonate the great hero on the stage. Osbourne, who had written many plays without having a single one accepted, promised to supply this ambitious actor with the thing that he wanted. He therefore wrote the play and he considers it a triumph that it was even endured in London. I am told that it is a very sad play, and that its one great scene deals with a pathetic incident in Napoleon's life in exile. The soldier



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is reviewing his troops consisting of half a dozen children, the offspring of his guards and servants. Austin Strong, Osbourne's nephew, who is a son of the late Jo Strong, claims the credit of having collaborated with his uncle, but about all that he did was to draw a few scenes. He is a landscape gardener and is said to be a very good one. But such is his egotism that he is very unpopular. He is now in Paris with his mother.

The Passing of Leo

For over a week the whole world has been watching the mere shadow of a man at the Vatican struggling with death. Pope Leo XIII is passing into the gloom, but at this writing, Thursday afternoon, he continues to defy all physical laws, belie the prophecies of his physicians and live on. With undiminished virility he discourses with those around him on a variety of topics. No wonder that one of the physicians, after viewing the exhausted body in which no fuel remained, and hearing the patient, whose functions had almost ceased but whose mind had lost none of its alertness, discuss questions of the most serious import, exclaimed, "I feel that I am witnessing a miracle." The Pope has no right to be alive scientifically speaking but the flame of his wonderful intellect burns on though the end is fast approaching. The world awaits the passing in sympathy and reverence for the world knows that here was a man stronger than any monarch among his contemporaries, yet pious as the humblest devotee of the church, a mighty churchman in an unreligious age, who was ever the exemplar of gentleness and kindness, and who never faltered in his devotion to his ideals or to his God.

Gossip of the Service

Two of our resident army officials welcomed the arrival of relatives by the *Thomas* last week. Lieutenant J. A. Woodruff of the Engineer Corps is a son of Brigadier General C. A. Woodruff, and Lieutenant G. B. Rodney a nephew of the new commanding officer at the Presidio. Captain B. F. Cheatham of the Quartermaster's Department, who was one of the passengers on the *Thomas*, is well known in San Francisco, having formerly been stationed here. Major George O. Squier, the new Chief Signal Officer of this Department arrived on the *Thomas*. When the transport again sails for Manila on the first of August among the passengers will be Colonel John D. Kerr and Mrs. Kerr, Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Simpson, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry P. McCain, Major and Mrs. William A. Mann, Captain Robert E. L. Mitchie and Captain William W. Gibson.

It is understood that Lieutenant-Colonel John McE. Hyde is to be relieved as Chief Quartermaster of the Department of California.

Lieutenant William R. Bettison left the Presidio early in the week for his new station at West Point, where he expects to remain for the next two years.

After his strenuous remarks President Roosevelt may think he is entitled to the fruits thereof, so he may be pleased to get the happy tidings that the stork is hovering over the homes of the Walter Magees and Georgie Hopkins that was. The latter is with the family at Prosser Creek.

Pinkerton Bunkoed in the Orient

Mr. William A. Pinkerton, the famous detective, returned the other day from Yokohama where he rubbed the glamour of the Orient from the palimpsest of his imagination. From my correspondent in the Far East who met the detective during his travels in the Orient, I have received the following newsy paragraphs:

Mr. Pinkerton was far too wise to "hustle the East" as he has hustled his native West. Long years of bitter experiences inflicted upon others—has taught the great detective that if you play the other man's game you must carry marked cards in your own kit. The man from Chicago crossed the tropic of Cancer with no other intention than might be expressed in a desire to meet the Oriental in his own paddy field. I am assured by Mr. Pinkerton that he went among those guileless people without a single sinister purpose, and he endeavors to prove his assertion by the fact that while he was in Hongkong one of the natives passed an iron dollar on him in lieu of the genuine Mexican worth thirty-three and one-third cents more than a bad counterfeit. The nemesis of forgers and coiners never suspected that his dollar was worthless until he attempted to pass it on a jinrikisha man. He learned then that it is the custom in Hongkong, as it is



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the custom throughout the Far East, to ring all metal coin before deciding whether to accept it or not. There is not the slightest doubt that if Mr. Pinkerton had been "on the trail" he would have been also on his guard. Furthermore, if you see him "ringing" coin during his stay in San Francisco you will understand why he has acquired this singular habit. Of course when Mr. Pinkerton found out that he had been bunkoed with the iron dollar of Oriental commerce, he felt disposed to pocket his loss and say nothing about it. It is his business to apprehend men who pass counterfeit money, and, as a rule, he practices what he preaches. But in this instance he violated his first principles by passing the iron dollar on the executioner of Canton. "I didn't like the looks of the chartered assassin," said Mr. Pinkerton in explanation. "He was fat and sleek and oily, and he grinned hideously as he showed me how easy it is to cut off a man's head. I tipped him that iron dollar without a twinge of conscience, and I am certain that the murdering scoundrel will not lose a cent by the transaction."

A Fascinating Adventuress

Mr. Pinkerton met some old acquaintances in the Asiatic ports visited by him. One of these was the Baroness Mae de Pellandt. There are many false baronesses and countesses in the Far East, but the Baroness de Pellandt is not one of these. She is legally entitled to the honorific, having trapped and married one of the million barons of Germany. She has used the title to good effect ever since and it is said that in addition to the profits accruing from the creditors she has swindled and the plunder acquired from unwary globe trotters, she will receive ten thousand dollars from the baron as soon as he is awarded his decree of divorce. In the meanwhile the baroness is going about like a roaring lioness seeking more men to devour. She is accompanied by her brother, Jen Dugass, who acts as her chaperon and guarantee of good faith and respectability. She has a young millionaire in leash and it is her avowed intention to marry him as soon as she is free of the baron. Her fiance is twelve to fourteen years younger than herself but as long as it cannot be charged that she is old enough to be his mother the fool infatuate is content in his folly. When some one who knew the baroness by reputation hinted that she was an adventuress and that she did not dare to land at either Hongkong or Shanghai, on her way northward, en route to Europe over the great circle and the Canadian Pacific, this young man, who cannot or will not understand, wanted to shoot the traducer of his lady love. He was finally dissuaded from his murderous purpose by the information that if he killed the man who had slandered the baroness he would probably be hanged according to Japanese law, which places woman a little lower than the gods but somewhat inferior to man, whose companion she may be but whose chattel she certainly is. The baroness has been published in San Francisco and that is why she prefers to travel by the Canadian Pacific. She is afraid that if her victim is too frequently informed of her past he will take fright and escape. Mr. Pinkerton, however, is of the opinion that the Pellandt need have no fear of such disastrous denouement. The young man is hooked beyond all redemption. And such is one phase of life in the Far East as the great detective has glimpsed it in his swift observation.

Met an Old Acquaintance

Mr. Pinkerton was walking along the streets of a city in China, wondering why the Chinese look with such scorn on the intruding foreigner and finally laying all the blame on the self-seeking missionaries and their tributary "rice Christians," otherwise sacerdotal mercenaries converted from heathenism for revenue only, when a familiar face loomed through the surging throng, reviving memories that had been filed in the archives of the Pinkerton agency for more than a decade and a half. It was the face of a man whom the detective had sent to the penitentiary in one of the Northwestern States. It could not be said that the man was an old friend, but Mr. Pinkerton felt that their ancient intimacy justified such recognition as is accorded in a foreign land even to a "bowing acquaintance." Whereupon he accosted the man by his penitentiary name previous to his effacement in a numerical designation. The man stared at the detective with well simulated astonishment, and assuming the broadest accent of the transplanted Londoner denied his identity, declaring that Mr. Pinkerton had "mistaken his man, don't ye know." The Chicago man is used to this sort of thing and insisted that he was not mistaken. He furthermore congratulated the man in the street upon the admirable accent he had adopted—an accent that could scarcely be distinguished from that of Bow Bells or Piccadilly. Finally, when Mr. Pinkerton had assured the man that he was not to be disturbed in whatever reputation he might have acquired, the ex-convict confessed that he was living in that Far Eastern community under a false pretense. He had been a respected citizen of that city for eleven years and was not only rich but influential. He thought that he had put his past far behind him, and until Mr. Pinkerton spoke to him he had virtually forgotten the prison episode of his youth. He hoped Mr. Pinkerton would not betray him to his fellow citizens, and when he had obtained this assurance he wanted to pay the detective for his consideration, offering him the pick of the most expensive silversmithery in the metropolis. Mr. Pinkerton was subsequently introduced to this man at the swell club of the city, thereby confirming his claim to respectability.

The Paradise of Adventurers

Mr. Pinkerton will tell you many interesting stories of an import similar to this one, of gentlemen adventurers who are endeavoring to "hustle the East," despite Kipling's weird warning to the contrary. Many of these soldiers of fortune are remittance men from ancestral halls in old England—younger sons of younger sons unfitted for the army, the navy or the church; wild blades, too lazy to work and too willing, on occasion, to use the names of their rich relations, for the beguilement of unsuspecting creditors and careless money lenders. Others are in this land of promise because their native land promised nothing—driven by stress of circumstance to seek the greener grass that grows in pastures far from their own doorsteps. The cities of the Asiatic littoral are crowded with men from every part of the world, waiting on the bunds of Yokohama, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila, for the ships that pass in the night bearing the loot of the Indies or bringing tidings of battle, murder and sudden death that shall profit these patient watchers along shore—these gamesters risking the hazard of the die with eager expectation and imperturbable confidence in the future.

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In Retrospection

Could I turn back all the leaves of life,
Correct the blunders and soothe the strife;
Could I blot out every dark deed done,
Make good each triumph unjustly won;
Could I live free from the faults of men,
I would not. Living my life again,
I'd do each deed as I did it then.
This life were surely a tiresome page
If man, arriving at sour old age,
Have nothing braver to grace his bier
Than a prudent life and a just career.

MABEL PORTER PITTS.

Letters of a Hand-Painted Mother to Her Daughter

I.

My dear Louise,

As you journey through society you must pay as you go. Always remember that. If it isn't in money, the payment is made somehow, in loss of looks, health, spirits. So be very careful. Don't dance late or long, and never with impecunious youths. I know college boys are very jolly and generous but as a rule they never amount to much. I was a college belle myself—and see how the roses in my cheeks withered after I finally fell a victim to Cupid. I should never have had to pad my hips or rouge my cheeks had I married the rich soap man instead of your father. I should have had a maid and masseuse of my own. Don't think, dear Louise, that I am mercenary, but I cannot see why all the skittles and beer should fall one way. Be a good girl now, and try and yoke yourself to some shekeled chap, young or old doesn't matter much. It would be a pity to miss your chance. You may never have a chance to visit the city again while you're as attractive as you are now. A bird in town is worth two in a village, you know, dear.

Your loving *Mamma.*

II.

Dearest Louise,

Don't for a moment think I am chiding you but I think you made a big mistake in taking that automobile trip without a chaperon. It is all right, my dear, to do such things when you have reached the age of artificial roses and aids to beauty, but when you're young you should never do such indiscreet things. Indiscretions are only pardoned in the ultra-rich or the emancipated bohemienne. In your position, that of a marriageable girl with no dot, the only proper course is to be *ingenue* straight through. Of course I know the Man was a *parti*. However, dear Louise, even a *parti* becomes less "easy" when you grant him such a privilege as a chaperonless motor spin *a deux*. Few men are worth wasting one's reputation on, and never beyond a certain point should you go, my dear. That point is speedily reached with a man who shows signs of—well, you understand, Louise. Now, all I can say, *cherie*, is: Don't do it again. Think of Punch, and *don't*.

Your worried *Mamma.*

III.

Sweet daughter,

Your last was most encouraging. I've looked forward for years to being the mother-in-law of millions. They never came my way directly—you know, dear, I told you of my foolish refusal of the soap man—but when you were born I said to myself: "Here's where my future lies." You say the young man is somewhat of a fool. Well, dear, better a fool with money than one without—and you know a fool and his money are soon parted, which will be good for your private bank account. Now don't let yourself be carried away by any foolish ideas of romance and that sort of thing. You've brains enough to carry ten fools through a dinner-party, not to speak of to the altar. Hold your lines loosely, but give a strong pull when the right time comes. There are lots of good fish in the sea, it is true, but they aren't all goldfish.

Your expectant *Mamma.*

—The Parodist.

A Tale of Extremes

There was a girl once of whom men said "She goes the pace." And that was not all that they said. But the girl was so constituted that she did not care what men said, and knowing this, these very same men were none too careful about making remarks. Being both young and beautiful, the girl had a decided advantage over her less favored sisters. Men rushed her unceasingly. In fact, the girl never stopped long enough, in her mad career, to reflect on what would be when the dark days came. But the dark days did come, even to the girl who went "the pace." She faded, and fading passed into the unattractive stage. Looking back upon her past triumphs and realizing the contrast she grew miserable. "Ah, woe is me!" she sighed desperately.

There was yet another girl of whom men said nothing, because, you know, she gave them nothing to say. Her life was so pure, so good, so immaculate, that even girls looked reverently as she passed their way. Men were afraid to touch even the hem of her garment. They walked by on the other side of the street. And so it was that this girl, who likewise was beautiful, walked ever on and on as might walk in very truth God's saint.

But Time had no more consideration for the good girl than for the girl of shame. He tampered with her complexion and changed the color of her hair.

Feeling this keenly and realizing the contrast between what she once was and what she had now become, she grew unreasonably miserable.

"What a life it is, to be sure. I have, I know, led a blameless life, and it is an excellent thing to be blameless, yet I have not once tasted of love or passion. Ah, woe is me!" she sighed desperately. *—The Cynic.*



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A Bunch of Western Nettles

By Elwyn Hoffman.

VII.—HOW TO BECOME A GENIUS.

Let him that would a genius be
Mark well my simple recipe.
Obeying each injunction made
With faith devout and unafraid,
He soon will mount the heights of Fame
And hear men babbling his name.

All ancient laws we laugh to scorn;
Thus, bards today are made, not born.
And artists, and musicians too,
And all the heaven-assaulting crew
By huckster's tricks, and faker's fads,
And use of modern sign-board ads.,
Make of themselves what they would be.
Thou too? Then heed my recipe:

First, let thy hair grow unconfined,
Bush out each side and flow behind,—
Bush out like Keith's, that knows no comb
Save when the paint-smeared fingers roam;
Flow back, as Keeler's locks flow back,
All smooth, with affectation's smack;
Or as the locks of Miller flow,—
Wild sport for all the winds that blow!

Since Samson's secret has been learned
All men of genius have discerned
That hair uncombed and of good length
Is evidence of mental strength.
(This argument is not quite plain
Since Samson showed some lack of brain,
Yet grow long hair,—that must be done
If thou wouldst be a Mighty One.)

Next, let thy fancy have wide range
And clothe thyself in something strange.
The quiet garb of common sense
Will not befit thy consequence.
Thou must be marked above the crowd
By such as Fashion ne'er allowed—
A dress which shouts to us full clear:
"Behold! A genius walketh here!"

Thus don a suit of corduroy
As does Charles Lummis, and enjoy
The wonder that the dress inspires
Among conventional attires;
To hear folks say: "Yes, that is HIM!
How wide is his sombrero's brim!"
"Yes, truly; but"—and this with pride,—
"They say his fame is quite as wide!"

Or don, with Miller's solemn air,
The smelly skin of some dead bear;
In miner's boots thy trousers stuff
And wear a waistcoat loud enough
To scare a train; or proudly go
Like Dixon, with pants rolled to show
The high, slim heels, all well displayed,
Of cowboy boots, to order made!

Last, but not least, give freedom's reign
To speech and manners most insane.
Deem not politeness worth thy while;
Be rude, be rough, be full of bile;
Use phrases strangely full of sound
(And nothing else) and stalk around
Contemptuous in thy upper cloud
Of all the plebeian under crowd.

And be industrious as a bee
To advertise each vagary
As does wise Burgess, he whose brow
Was laureled by the "Purple Cow."
Let none forget or overlook
That thou hast writ a foolish book;
But do as Burgess did, and lay
Thy lettuce on thy head and say
(By action), "I came not to dine;
I'm BURGESS! See me feed my swine!"

* * * * * *

Now hast thou read my recipe;
Obey and immortality
Will weave a halo round thy brow,
And all the world will to thee bow.
No matter if thy gifts be small,
Fake well, and thou hast compassed all!
Although the gods deny thee sense,
Fake well, and thou hast eminence!

The modish woman's stationery is as much a part of her nowadays as her dainty wardrobe. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the newest modes in paper and envelopes, dies and seals.

A Cogent Reason

"My dear Reggie," she said, lightly, "of course it is final. We have always been the best possible friends, but this idea of yours of marrying me is quite preposterous."

"Then you love your husband," he remarked dejectedly.

"Horrors! no," she exclaimed.

"Then why do you decline my suit?"

"Because," she replied, "you have become familiar with all my methods of deceiving a husband, and if I married you I couldn't have a bit of fun."

—*The Josher.*

Women are unfortunate in more ways than one; they're not only as old as they look, but they acquire wrinkles that mark the flight of years, whereas man's wrinkles merely denote depth of thought and the profundity of his intellectual researches.

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Automobile Topics

A test of motor cycles, the second of importance held in this country, was finished a week ago in New York, and great progress in the manufacture of those machines was shown. Last year on the run from New York to Boston, of thirty-one machines which started thirteen finished, and of these seven only had perfect scores—the perfect score being based on arrival at the goal within the prescribed time after having faithfully observed all the rules in regard to care of the motor. This time the rules were made more severe. All operators were required to repair or readjust their machines while on the road, the time consumed counting against them if they failed to reach their destination on time. Formerly repairs and adjustments were permitted during the intervals of rest previously arranged for, without loss to the contestants. Thirty-two machines left New York and sixteen returned with perfect scores. This eclipses even the endurance record of the regular safety bicycle during the early stages of its development, and it surpasses by far the showing made by the automobiles on their run from New York to Rochester two years ago, when only about two-fifths of those that started finished with any credit at all. The motor cycle is the plutter-plutter of the highroad. It bears to the automobile the relation that the naphtha plutter-plutter bears to the steam yacht.

Walter Magee has sold his auto not because he didn't like it, but because he couldn't keep out of trouble while in it. He was always running over somebody.

It would be a good thing for the industry if all reckless people could be persuaded to sell their autos. Most of those that are always getting into trouble would be similarly involved if pursuing any other occupation that requires the exercise of ordinary discretion. But every time an accident happens to a reckless individual the papers lay all the blame on the automobile.

The National Automobile Company has received its six carloads of machines from the East and bids fair to be sending for another cargo in the near future. This company has been proselyting as far north as Eureka, Humboldt county, and several of its machines are now in operation up there.

After the disastrous Paris-Madrid race the Government did not proceed to enact severe regulations, but instead of doing so appointed a parliamentary committee to study automobile legislation. This committee will devise the best possible means for removing the objections which the general public not using automobiles make to these vehicles. —*The Automobilist.*

An Interrupted Dream

By Bessie L. Russell.

"I have thought it all out," said The Woman Who Had Determined. "I have come to the only rational way of looking at this matter. I will give him up! It will mean a struggle I know, but I can do it. It is wearing me out, living in this constant fear of detection. Why, he haunts my steps by day, my dreams by night. I am tired of it all. How I long for the old peace, the peace I had before I met him."

The woman stooped to pluck a rose from her favorite bush. Fastening it in the folds of her lace negligee, she went on dreamily:—

"I will sweep away all morbid thoughts, desires. I will brush him out of my life completely."

A footfall in the gravel behind her gave the woman a sudden start. She turned to face The Man Who Had Determined.

"A penny for your thoughts, Love," he said softly. "What was making you so serious just now?"

"Me?" the woman replied, falteringly, "I—was dreaming a very serious dream, don't you know, but—but—it was only a dream. This is reality. I'm awfully glad you've come."

And there was a victorious half smile on the lips of The Man Who Had Determined.

"I hear she's riding horseback bareheaded just to get her face tanned."

"I'm glad she's having something done to it. I notice that the fashionable craze for tan is confined to women with a complexion they're glad to get rid of by almost any means."

* * *

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"There are things of which I may not speak,
There are dreams that cannot die!"
The poet wrote thus when he thought of that week
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STAGE

Chambers's Curious Drama

Mr. Haddon Chambers has achieved a wonderful hodgepodge of bathos and pathos in "A Modern Magdalen." Nothing quite so inartistic in serious play-writing was ever before put upon the theatrical market. Mr. Chambers started out to write a very tragic drama with the kind assistance of numerous play-builders that had gone before, and while engaged in the development of the plot he found that he could not enter into the spirit of the hackneyed situations so he burlesqued them. The result is a curious blending of farce comedy and handkerchief drama. The play lacks verisimilitude, and there is a discordant note echoing through all its scenes. The character that affords you the most amusement is an exotic. You laugh at the witticisms of Hiram Jenkins and all the while you feel that he ought to be kicked off the stage. Fancy being amused by a dissolute father who approves his daughter's shame and lives off the wages of her sin! But Mr. Wilton Lackaye who plays this role is not to blame for the handiwork of Mr. Haddon Chambers. He plays Hiram Jenkins conscientiously and almost succeeds in investing the character with the air of plausibility. Indeed his performance is exceptionally artistic. In Katinka Jenkins, Miss Bingham has a role quite familiar to theatregoers, that of the wayward daughter who does the best she can which is quite well thank you, but who is continually suffering pangs of remorse. Miss Bingham wastes an awful lot of energy and nerve force on the role, for Katinka is a most improbable young woman.

Amelia Bingham's Next Play

Amelia Bingham's play for next season is already selected and the costumes and scenery are being made in New York. The play will cost about forty thousand dollars before the curtain is rung up the first night. The title is "The Canterbury Pilgrims" and the play is a dramatization of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. Miss Bingham will be the Wife of Bath and the female part has been somewhat lengthened and re-written for her, as the play was originally intended for a male star, E. H. Sothern, who accepted it and then decided that the woman's part was too strong, and changed his mind. The play is intensely dramatic and spectacular and calls for one hundred and twenty people, who are already being engaged for it. There will be several horses and mules in it, too, and the scenery will be immense. The last act shows the Cathedral of Canterbury while a high mass is going on. The play is by a son of Steele Mackaye. The Binghams say that the next will be their last season, but of course we know how much that means. Lackaye will not be with Miss Bingham next season as he is to star in a dramatization of the late Frank Norris's novel "The Pit." He deserves the opportunity, for after his marvelous performance as the father of "The Modern Magdalen" no one can doubt his ability. Nothing cleverer has been seen on local boards for a long time.

Miss Bingham deplores the cost of modern railway transportation. For one act of "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" she is having the scenery painted here as it was cheaper than to bring it across the continent. The scene is a boudoir and the entire scenery was of carved and raised wood, a most sumptuous effect being produced. But it was so heavy that it could not be moved at current rates.

A SUCCESSFUL SALE.

This is the end of the second week of Kelly and Liebes's great removal sale, and the crowd continues to come for next week's specials. All the fine tailor suits will be offered at a great bargain. The entire line of $25.00, $20,00 and $18.00 suits will sell at $10.00. Cloaks, skirts and waists will be at the same low prices at 120 Kearny street.

On the Burlesque Stage

There isn't much in a name so far as a burlesque entertainment is concerned, and "Under the Red Globe" with "The Three Musketeers" would afford just as much amusement by any other name. It is akin to all the other absurdities that have served to give the merry mummers at Fischer's opportunities to exploit their specialties. It goes with the same dash and spirit and rollicking abandon that have characterized its predecessors, and it is interspersed with a sufficient number of new features, musical and other kinds, to justify the name being changed. One of the new features which makes a most pronounced hit is the "Peroxide Sisters" stunt of Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson. They give a most amusing imitation of two amateur soubrettes. These two dancing girls have become such great favorites at the O'Farrell street playhouse that the management is compelled to give them greater prominence each week. Barney Bernard has improvised a role for himself in the new piece, and monopolizes a great deal of the laughter in the first act, and George Lask has achieved some new effects with the chorus. Lask and musical director James deserve a great deal of credit for the success of the performance. The orchestra and chorus work together with splendid precision, and it is marvelous that so much action and so many pretty pictures are produced on such a small stage. The vocal features are up to the standard of the little playhouse, and of these "Love's Reverie," a duet between Maud Amber and Winfield Blake, is the most effective. Kolb and Dill have their usual comical conversations and are given the same prominence that they have hitherto enjoyed. The piece will no doubt have the average run.

The Cast at the California

In "In the Palace of the King" to be presented next week as the opening play of the Neill-Morosco season, the leading character, Dolores, is taken by Lillian Kemble, a handsome brunette. Don John will be represented by George Soule Spencer. Inez, the blind girl, sister to Dolores, will be played by Elsie Esmond, another new face to San Francisco. Miss Esmond is a graceful girl with soulful eyes which she is said to control so steadily that the assumption of blindness is made almost painful in its intensity. Thomas Oberle as the Spanish monarch and Frederic Sumner as Perez, his secretary, are two very talented actors who are as yet strangers to San Francisco. Frank MacVicars, as the Cardinal, H. S. Duffield as the stern father of Dolores and Phosa McAllister as the Duchess are three old favorites who will be warmly welcomed. Another of the new ones is Adora Andrews who will play the part of the scheming Princess Eboli. The second production of the Neill-Morosco season will be Genevieve Haine's modern society drama, "Hearts Aflame."

Nance as Juliet

Nance O'Neil is not a traditional Juliet, neither is she an ideal one. The tragedy queen has neither the romantic temperament nor the passionately poetical nature for the interpretation

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of the role. However a new Juliet is always interesting, and Nance O'Neil acts well even when she doesn't feel her part. She plays the ill-fated heroine in all her phases with consummate skill. She omits some of the bits of business we have become accustomed to, but introduces others that are as effective. In the tomb scene the arrangement of scenery is not what one usually sees, but it gives a much more vivid impression. Ratcliff's Romeo is full of poetry and vigor and gives him an opportunity to display a fine pair of legs. Stockwell's Peter is a delicious bit of comedy. Fanny Young as the Nurse, Herbert Carr as Friar Lawrence, Edward Nannery as Tybalt and Millward as Mercutio are especially strong in the spirit of the drama. Armour's Apothecary is an effective bit. Nance O'Neil has filled out her week in repertory. She has had a remarkably successful season at the California, every night appearing to large houses. On the night "Hedda Gabler" was produced there was an overflowing auditorium. The uncanny Ibsen drama seems to appeal to more than the morbid intellect, judging by its vogue.

What Will Happen?

Not long ago word came to me from New York: "If Ratcliff attempts to show himself on Broadway he will be hissed off the stage." A man who has had the unsavory newspaper prominence of Ratcliff would naturally have many things to contend with on returning to his old haunts. Yet I have heard that the stories circulated against the erstwhile matinee favorite were largely inspired by his exceedingly indignant ex-wife and her people. I have also heard that Nance O'Neil intends to have Ratcliff in her Broadway company. He is a finished actor, as he has proved in the many parts played in San Francisco. At first, coming from society dramas, his work in Miss O'Neil's repertory of tragedies lacked conviction. But his Holofernes was a strong characterization, aside from his tendency to rant. His Scarpia was his best work. He labors under the disadvantages of having a comedy face, and not having his facial muscles under absolute control, but otherwise he is a most convincing actor.

Bertha Creighton's Princess Flavia is one of the best things that she has done with the Alcazar stock. It is a graceful interpretation characterized by simplicity and delicate charm. Butler as Sapt is excellent and of course Whittlesey in the dual role is all that the most romantic could wish. Juliet Crosby's work in the prologue wins much commendation.

Late in the week the Alcazar management, owing to the inability to satisfy the demand for seats for "The Prisoner of Zenda," decided to postpone "The Manxman's" opening night until July twenty-seventh. "The Prisoner of Zenda" will be continued all next week.

Bostonians Still Alive

The H. C. Barnabees are located at their home on Riverside Drive, and Mr. Barnabee is enjoying the rest after his arduous tour. He will shortly celebrate his seventieth birthday, but he has no intention of retiring from the stage yet awhile. The Bostonians open their New York season at the Academy of Music on August twenty-fourth, and later in the year they will tour. They will go West but are not sure yet whether the Pacific coast will be included in the tour. This is the twenty-fifth year of the Bostonians' existence.

The Miller-Anglin Season

Mr. Henry Miller and Miss Margaret Anglin are to appear at the Columbia this year under the management of Mr. Charles B. Dillingham who will be represented by Louis Nethersole, brother of the famous Olga. The Miller-Anglin season will open August seventeenth in Richard Harding Davis's new play, "The Taming of Helen," which will be followed by revivals of "The Lady of Lyons" and 'Camille." A large company is being engaged for the support of the joint stars.

Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall is again in San Francisco, after an absence of several months in the Hawaiian Islands and the South. The psychologist is booked for a series of Sunday evening lectures at Steinway hall on "Practical Psychology." The first lecture will be given tomorrow night, the subject being "Life Secrets." Dr. McIvor-Tyndall has scores of friends and admirers here, and is sure to attract large audiences. He possesses the rare faculty of expounding the principles and theories of psychic science in a graspable, convincing manner, at the same time that he pleases the eye and charms the ear. There is something so elusively fascinating about the personality of this highly-strung Englishman that one wants to see and hear him again and again. He reminds one of a high-bred, spirited race horse, with his well proportioned slimness and clearcut, sensitive face. On the following Sunday night, July twenty-sixth, Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will lecture on "The Thought That Kills."



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DR. ALEX J. McIVOR-TYNDALL
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In the June *Munsey*, comment was made on Margaret Anglin's Camille and the impression was given that the revision of the play was done entirely by Miss Anglin. On the contrary, it was Henry Miller's idea to have the supper scene brought up to date, and the death scene to take place in bed. And it was Louise Veiller, a San Francisco writer, who modernized the dialogue and brought it up to the new century standard.

S. H. Friedlander is the business representative of the Humphrey-Mordant company playing a stock season at the Macdonough theatre, Oakland. Edwards Davis, the ex-Oakland preacher, will make his debut as a stage star in his old clerical camping ground next Monday night. He will appear in "The Unmasking," a play dramatized from a novel he wrote of that name. Davis has a lot of press notices from Eastern papers of prominence that point to his becoming a Broadway star some day.

Mr. Raymond W. Peck has joined the forces of Fischer's theatre. He came from Chicago where he achieved something of a reputation as a writer of burlesques and musical skits. He is to do the writing for the local burlesque house.

Ezra Kendall in "The Vinegar Buyer" comes from New York to the Columbia following the engagement of Amelia Bingham. Kendall has proven a big winner and his first season as a star has been remarkably successful.

Eleanor Jenkins has been engaged for the Fay Templeton roles at Fischer's.

Features of Next Week's Bills

There will be but a week of Amelia Bingham and her company in Clyde Fitch's latest comedy success, "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," at the Columbia. The original superb scenic equipment in its entirety together with the gowns especially prepared by Paquin and Worth will be displayed here for the coming production. The cast will include besides Miss Bingham, Lackaye, Abington, Carew, Bijou Fernandez and Adelyn Wesley.

"Macbeth" tomorrow night will close Nance O'Neil's season at the California. On Monday night will open the summer stock season of the Neill-Morosco company. "In the Palace of the King," the opening bill, was presented some time since at the Columbia by Viola Allen but this will be its first stock presentation, at popular prices. There will be bargain matinees on Thursdays.

The Alcazar company will be the first stock to present Hall Caine's play "The Manxman," in which Wilson Barrett and James O'Neill successively and successfully starred. The play is founded on Caine's first novel of importance, and which still with many ranks as his best. White Whittlesey will have the title role. There will be a powerful cast and exquisite pictures including the orchard of the Manx Fairy Inn.

Tomorrow night at the Grand will go on the third of the

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NEW ATTRACTIONS!

Ethel Levey, Claude Gillingwater and Company, Orpheus Comedy Four The Three Polos. George W. Hunter. Bailey and Madison. Hodges and Launchmere. The Biograph and Last Week of DE KOLTA.
Matinees—Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

CALIFORNIA

Tonight and Tomorrow Night, Farewell of NANCE O'NEIL

Monday Evening, July 20th an auspicious event—Opening of the Summer Stock Season. First appearance here of the great

NEILL-MOROSCO COMPANY

presenting for the first time on any stage at prices less than two dollars, Marion Crawford's delightful romantic drama

"IN THE PALACE OF THE KING"

Next—Genevieve Haine's society play "Hearts Aflame"
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Commencing Monday Evening, July 20th Special Engagement of

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Monday, July 27th - - Last week of the Amelia Bingham Season

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In Hall Caine's marvelous play

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Rogers Brothers successes, "In Wall Street." The cast will include the entire company. Raymond and Caverly will have new parodies. In conjunction with Louise Moore and Camille Walling they will introduce another of the Reuben and Maid series, entitled "The Innocent Maid." They will also contribute with Kitty Kirwin Griffith a diverting trio called "Licorice Lize." Cheridah Simpson will sing "Star of My Heart," "Hiawatha" and other songs. Harold Crane will be heard in a new Coster song entitled "I 'aven't told 'im." Budd Ross will furnish a tramp specialty, Louise Moore will sing "Zamona" and "The Belle of Murray Hill," the Esmeralda Sisters and Arnold Grazer will introduce a novel dance. Herbert Sears will have a song called "The Promoter" and Anna Wilks and Budd Ross will add to their popularity by a new song and dance called "The Quidnunc Fly," the composition of George P. Towle, musical director of the theatre. A new march of beautiful girls is among the attractions, the latest invention of the stage manager, Charles H. Jones.

Camille d'Arville and Edwin Stevens, twin-starring in "The Highwayman," are a great big attraction for the Tivoli. Hartman, Webb and Annie Meyers will also be of the cast. The opera is timed toward the close of the Georgian period when life still belonged to the romantic school of fiction, so the scope for costuming and staging is practically unlimited. Soldiers, constables, milkmaids, foxhunters, gypsies, country squires and dames all combine to make a series of stage pictures as novel as they are attractive and no expense has been spared in exactly reproducing the original production.

"Under the Red Globe" and "The Three Musketeers" have scored a hit at Fischer's, and will go all next week. Preparations are going on for the next double bill, when the public will see for the first time "The Big Little Princess" and the funny burlesque on "Quo Vadis" called "Quo Vass Iss."

The beginning of the Central's third season will be especially brilliant, with the standard play "Faust" as the bill and Herschel Mayall making his debut as the new leading man of the theatre. The great Brocken scene will be given with new and startling effects. "Faust" may be counted on to break all records for packed houses at the Central and the management suggests that tickets should be ordered early.

At the Orpheum Ethel Levy, who off the stage is the wife of George M. Cohan, the well-known song and farce writer of the Four Cohans, will make her first appearance here. Claude Gillingwater, for four years with David Belasco's forces and who will be principal support to Mrs. Leslie Carter in her new play next season, will present "The Wrong Man," a one-act comedy. He brings a company of five including Nina Lyn, a beautiful English actress brought to this country by Belasco to play Madame Dufrain in the original production of "Zaza." The Orpheus Comedy Four will give a musical act. The three Poles, graceful and daring acrobats, promise an extraordinary act which they call "the human trapeze." They have never appeared in San Francisco. George W. Hunter, a London comedian and raconteur who has just arrived from Australia, is said to be a quaint funmaker. Bailey and Madison, Hodges and Launchmere and the biograph will complete the program.

At the Chutes will be Harry and Carrie La Kola in a unique Japanese juggling act; the three Melverns, sensational parlor acrobats; Kraft and Caley, singing and dancing duo, and Alvino, and acrobat who plays several musical instruments during his specialty. Van Possen and McCauley will change their songs and dances and George Hanlon and company will appear for the last times.

—*The Playgoer.*

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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

Madame Blauvelt in Opera

Madame Blauvelt seems to have satisfied the London press and public on the occasion of her operatic debut as Marguerite in "Faust," fully as well as she has in her concert work. Naturally the strangeness of her surroundings and the transition from the concert stage at first caused her to appear ill at ease and rather nervous, showing somewhat in her acting, although her vocal work was most brilliant and satisfying. This embarrassment, however, soon wore off and her second appearance at Covent Garden was an almost unqualified success. She appears this week as Juliette and last Saturday, when Madame Calve sang Carmen she was the Michaela. Later on she is cast for Suzanne in "The Marriage of Figaro."

Some splendid musical attractions will be here in October. Mr. Will Greenbaum announces that the Duss orchestra will give concerts here, with Madame Nordica and Katherine Fisk as soloists.

Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas

Many teachers forget that, for a due comprehension of the highest style of art, a sum of knowledge and experience, a certain degree of mental maturity, are required, without which all endeavors to force a taste for the most elevated objects will be vain, or possibly productive of disgust. The study of Beethoven's music should be earnestly entered upon after the mind has been cultivated by a course of education at once philosophic and elegant; without such a preparation, the study will infallibly be harassing and disagreeable even to those who possess more than common susceptibility for musical poetry. Music is the offspring of deep feeling, and by deep feeling alone can its genuine beauties be comprehended and enjoyed—*Schindler-Moscheles.*

Musical Suggestions

For the Fisherman—Castanet.
For the Lawyer—Lyre.
For the Politician—Organ.
For the Whist-player—Trumpet.
For the Horse-jockey—Hautboy.
For the Toper—Horn.
For the Laundress—Flute.
For the Pawnbroker—Jewsharp.

In truth, the greatness of the poet is best estimated by what he conceals in order to let the inexpressible itself silently speak to us; but what the poet thus conceals, the musician causes to sound forth clearly.—*Wagner.* —*The Music Critic.*

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There is probably no man in this part of the world who has such a genuine enthusiasm for baseball as Seymour R. Church of 307 Sansome street. When interest in the great American game languished for a time, Mr. Church tried to keep up public interest in baseball by every means in his power. When the game took its old place in popular estimation, there was not a more pleased man in San Francisco than Seymour R. Church. About three years ago he offered prizes for the best description of a baseball calendar that he got out, and which contained in miniature a comprehensive history of the game's progress. He has an immense collection of portraits of famous baseball players and these he intends soon to place on exhibition, free to the public. Mr. Church is one of San Francisco's prominent business men.

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Their Penetration at Fault

"What an exquisite old cup and saucer," raved Mrs. Dilettante, as she stirred a lump of sugar daintily in her tea, "it surely must have an interesting history."

"Yes, I can just fancy your grandmother placing it with loving touch on the shelf of the old dining-room cupboard," rhapsodized Miss Bricabrac.

"I don't think grandma ever saw it," returned their hostess with a smile. "You know what a bargain fiend I am. I bought that cup and saucer—"

"At that antique store down town?" interrupted Mrs. Dilettante, eagerly.

"It must have been priceless," said Miss Bricabrac with a sigh.

"Not at all," remarked their hostess. "I bought it at a tea store sale with eight trading stamps."

—*The Maid.*

"True men freely work,
Whoever fears God fears to sit at ease."



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LETTERS

Josephine Daskam's Latest

"Middle-Aged Love Stories" is an accurately descriptive tale. The book contains half a dozen love stories which do not concern the unripe beauties in their graduation year, but men and women of a more settled period of life. There is nothing about them to furnish food for giggles to the bread and butter misses who consider love the prerogative of their own green time, and those who have fallen into the habit of regarding Josephine Daskam as a recorder of the pranks of children will find that she can deal quite as agreeably with their elders. "The Valley of the Shadow," the first of these tales, tells of the agonies suffered by a household while the wife, mother and sister undergoes a dangerous operation. That is one love story, but there is still another hinted at. "A Philanthropist" was a benevolent spinster bent on reforming all creation, but her own reformation was successfully taken in hand when she least suspected it, and thereafter her time for presiding over Reformed Drunkards' Leagues and devising schemes whereby she could induce the peripatetic wanderers to earn a meal by piling kindling wood was effectively cut short. "A Hope Deferred" is a sad little story of a New England gentlewoman whose life's wish had been a trip to Europe. A cousin left her a legacy with which to carry out her desire, but at the last moment she resigned her plans in order that a homesick French exile should be enabled to return to his own land. "The Courting of Lady Jane" might have been a heart-tragedy, but it turned to comedy in time. Lady Jane was an old-young maid who engaged herself to a young-old man, but he discovered in time that it was her mother that he really wanted, while Lady Jane became aware at the same time that it was a youth of her own years who held the key of her heart. "Julia, the Apostate," should have settled down to bachelor-maidenhood as the chaperon of her two nieces, who were sailing on the coast of Bohemia, but in her heart she did not like to pilot their craft. A cousin opportunely turned up and took her ashore. "Mrs. Dud's Sister" was the opposite of Mrs. Dudley Hunter herself, a leader of the smart set, and as young and girly-girly as she could contrive to look and act. Her sister, somewhat younger, had no hankering after the life of excitement, but lived quietly, out of sight of the gay set, and while they romped and raced on the lawns in front, had her little romance quite out of sight and all unsuspected. In "A Reversion to Type" many a woman who has sacrificed youth to ambition will read her own story. It seems like such a wonderful thing for eighteen or twenty to "live her own life," and "do things," but after years spent in teaching successive classes of uninteresting and uninterested pupils, and looking both before and after, which does not wish that she had chosen otherwise? When one takes up a volume of short stories like this, it is always with a feeling of regret that so many of them have already made their appearance in the magazines, and so are the less apt to attract book-buyers. They are both good work and good workmanship, and the volume in which they are brought out is a neat and attractive one, from the house of Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Page Disappointment

Coming from the author of "Red Rock," "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady," "Gordon Keith" is a disappointing book, though if it were the work of a writer from whom we have not learned to expect anything above the average, it would pass without much criticism. It is too long, since so much of the bulk is made up of matter that would have been as well omitted. The story is one of contrasts—the old patriarchal South with the new, and both with New York. Gordon Keith, the hero, is a manly young fellow who makes his way against odds, after the war has impoverished his father, albeit he is something of a prig, but how a villain of the Ferdy Wickersham type escaped being cowhided, at least, if not shot, even in the most free-and-easy Gotham set, is beyond comprehension. The episode of Ferdy and Phrony is reminiscent of Steerforth and Em'ly, and Terpy, of the Gumbolt dance hall, strongly recalls some of Bret Harte's melodramatic females. The coupling of the names Yorke and Lancaster, and the use of Rimmon as a name for the recalcitrant minister, savor of cheapness, and as a schoolmaster Gordon recalls the celebrated Hoosier to whom Edward Eggleston introduced us, though Gordon was so far ahead of his age that he might well have been a graduate of the present year from one of the athletic colleges. In fact, there lingers with one a general impression of the anachronistic throughout the book. The characters, considered individually, are better than the assembled whole, and the scenes which are laid in the South ring truer than those in New York and England. General McDowell Keith of the Confederate Army is a fine type of the Southern gentleman of the old school, and Gordon ably represents the new South. Aaron Wickersham is a type of the new rich, and Ferdy the gilded youth. Alice Yorke is the compliant daughter of the managing mamma, and Louise Caldwell is the climber, while the Wentworths, mother and son, are of the old, blue-blooded Republican nobility, and Rhodes may stand for him who has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. There is plenty of action of all kinds, adventure, intrigue, love at cross purposes, stock manipulation, company promotion, success and failure. There are worse books that have sold by the hundred thousand, and the probabilities are that "Gordon Keith" will meet a fair share of popular approval. It compares favorably enough with the average novel of the day, and might be dismissed with the perfunctory praise which means nothing more than "good of its kind," but from Thomas Nelson Page we feel a prescriptive right to demand the best. It comes from the house of Charles Scribner's Sons, who have done their part in dressing it well. Illustrations are by George Wright. —*The Bookworm.*

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 86011.

ESTHER DONAIRE, Plaintiff
vs.
HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion. and upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this Second Day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

O. M. GOLDARACENA, Plaintiff's Attorney
Rooms 44-45, 628 Montgomery Street.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Heinry Boehm also known as Henry Boehm, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the estate of Heinry Boehm also known as Henry Boehm, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market Streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the estate of Heinry Boehm, also known as Henry Boehm, deceased.
Carlton W. Greene, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 73-76-79 Chronicle Building

Dated at San Francisco, June 27, 1903

Estate of J. J. Chauviteau, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the estate of J. J. Chauviteau deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said adm nistrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the estate of J. J. Chauviteau, deceased,
Carlton W. Greene, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 73-76-79 Chronicle Building.

Dated at San Francisco, June 27, 1903

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No.— No. 85297

MARGARET SCHIRMER, Plaintiff, vs. PHILIPP SCHIRMER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, Cityand County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to PHILIPP SCHIRMER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's adultery with one Mrs. Frank during and about the month of August A. D. 1902, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and this extreme cruelty towards plaintiff as in plaintiff's complaint alleged, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of April in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk.
By H. H. ST. LEGER, Deputy Clerk

JULIAN PINTO, Plaintiff's Attorney
Room 204, 2nd Floor, Emma Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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IN WITNESS WHEREOF we have hereunto set our hands and seals this 28th day of May A. D. 1903.

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STATE OF CALIFORNIA
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO } ss.

On this twenty-eighth day of May in the year one thousand nine hundred and three before me, JAMES M. ELLIS, a Notary Public, in and for the said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Charles M. Duffiey and H. F. Anderson known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, [SEAL] and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

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Other People's Ideas

From "The Confounding of Camelia," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick:

There would be less cant and more comfort in the world if we would merely avoid treading on our neighbors' corns.

Strength, after all, is largely a matter of situation, and to stand in the street vainly cajoling one's pet on the housetop gives one all the emotions of acknowledged inferiority.

Most men don't mind ethical shortcomings in their wives—lying and meanness and the exploiting of other people—they forgive very ugly faults in a pretty woman.—*Perior.*

From "By the Stage Door," by Ada Patterson and Victory Bateman:

The penalty of absorbing friendships is that they set their possessors apart from all others. They have something of the isolation of genius. Octopus like, they absorb thought and time. There are times when the sense of this is poignant.

Women need the logic of men. It will save them from the unhappiness of women.

"There is a quiet dignity in old bachelorhood, leisure from cares, noise, etc., the enthronization upon an armchair of a man of feeling. He may sit, walk, read unmolested, to none accountable."—*Charles Lamb.*

Striving to be good, is a very direct road toward Goodness; and if life be so tempered by high motive as to make actions always good, Faith is unconsciously won.—"*Dream Life,*" *Donald G. Mitchell.*

The way to get rid of doubts in religion, is to go to work with all our might and *practice* what we don't doubt, and that you can do whatever your calling or profession.—"*My Wife and I,*" *Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

Is anything more wonderful than another if you consider it maturely? I have seen no men rise from the dead; I have seen some thousands rise from nothing. I have not force to fly into the sun, but I have force to lift my hand, which is equally strange.—*Carlyle.*

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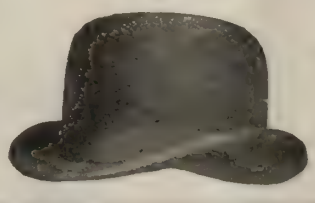
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Pope Leo XIII.

Pope Leo's reign is over. The great pontiff surrendered his triple crown on Monday last, and all the civilized world mourned the loss of a mighty churchman distinguished by his rare attainments, by the clearness and accuracy of his intellect, by rigid uprightness and unostentatious piety, by the serenity of his temper and by the benevolence of his heart. To Pope Leo is due much of the change of attitude of Protestantism toward the Roman Catholic Church which is one of the most remarkable religious developments of recent years. Twenty-five years ago this whole country was stirred by a political agitation against the Roman Catholic Church which seemed ominous of a religious war. That church, then comparatively feeble on this continent, has now grown into the strongest in the Republic yet, instead of the bitterness of hostility against it proclaimed by the old Know-Nothingism, there have come harmony and respect. Through the benign influence of Pope Leo the Catholic Church gained many a moral victory, and the respect and admiration which he inspired greatly enhanced the prestige of the Vatican. It has been said that Leo was a liberal Pope, but as a champion of the faith he never wavered from the Catholic position or the theology of Thomas Aquinas. His so-called liberalism was merely a lucid statement of the Church's attitude from time immemorial. Under his wise administration the church has had a more direct effect upon the world because he has been closer to the people than men in such exalted position were in former ages. The world and all its statesmen and thinkers recognized in him a man of wonderful intellect and of remarkably broad views, and one who was sincerely devoted to the progress of civilization. So high did he stand in the estimation of the world that in his last illness Protestants joined with Catholics in celebrating the spiritual exaltation of his character, and the services he had rendered to Christianity. Such tributes as have come from Protestant pulpits would have been impossible when Leo XIII ascended the Papal throne. Yet at no time during his long pontificate was he conciliatory toward those who sought to abridge the rights of the church or its communicants. He was tactful and diplomatic, but always serene and optimistic in the face of opposition, and in dealing with prejudice and intolerance. He never faltered in the confidence which all devout Catholics repose in the assurance Christ gave to Peter that the gates of hell would never prevail against His church, and ever serene in his faith, he maintained the dignity and supremacy of the church without the slightest effort at conciliation. Nowhere did he make concessions that affected dogma. He dealt with the same old problems that have arisen in various lands ever since the Papacy was established, with the same old firmness and in the same old way. The traditions of the church have been rigidly adhered to, and not even in the slightest degree has the claim to temporal power been abated. It was in consequence of this claim that Leo was excluded from the Peace Conference at The Hague which was a failure, and since that memorable hippodrome the monarchs of Europe have been more eager than ever to enlist the friendship of the Vatican. When Leo was called upon to suppress the socialistic tendencies of Catholicism propagated by the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, he did so with such infinite tact as to utterly rout the adherents of the popular priest. Dire consequences were predicted but the prophecies are unfulfilled, and Father McGlynn went to Rome and made his peace with the head of his church. Leo took summary action in the case of Father Zahn, compelling him to withdraw his writings on the doctrine of evolution, and Sir George Mivart was forced out of the church for his failure to renounce his new-fangled theories about the hereafter. Leo was a liberal Pope, but he was always loyal to the ancient philosophy of his church. And now the voice of this great churchman and benevolent statesman is silent. He will live in history as a man of great intellectual force, a sincere Christian and a superb exemplar of gentleness and kindness. Whoever may be his successor can scarcely hope to rival his brilliant achievements.

Why Lane Is Favored

The local Republican machine is running so smoothly these days that the editor of the *Call* feels that he need not concern himself about party affairs. Mr. Herrin having extended the olive branch to Messrs De Young and Spreckels, those two eminent dictators of party policy gladly assented to the restoration of harmony, and now all the erstwhile conflicting elements in local Republican politics are partaking of a genuine love feast. The belligerent editors have ceased calling names, and they are ready to "take program" and acquiesce in most any old plan to secure control of the municipal government. Whatever the Republican slate they will be interested in its success, and therefore they have nothing to oppose except the interests of the Democracy. Hence the anxiety of the *Call* over the efforts that are being made to reorganize the Democracy and to wrest control of the machine from Gavin McNab. The wily McNab has always been held in high esteem in the *Call* office, and it is quite natural that Mr. Spreckels's paper should favor the nomination of the McNab candidate, Mr. Lane, for Mayor. The *Call* informs us that Mr. Lane does not want to be an Interstate Commissioner; that he intends to run for Mayor and that Mr. McNab will win the coming primary election. The wish is father to the thought in the *Call* office. The facts are, however, that Mr. Lane does wish to be an Interstate Commissioner, and that President Roosevelt has already been

importuned in his behalf, but meanwhile he would not decline to run for Mayor if by entering the contest he could render assistance to his friend McNab. Moreover as there is no man in the Democratic party less objectionable to the corporations than Franklin K. Lane, the men engaged in manipulating Republican party politics would prefer to have their nominee beaten by him than by any other. Lane has always been *persona grata* to the allied quasi-public corporations of this city. Every provision of the charter that confers privileges upon those corporations was introduced at the suggestion of Mr. Lane, and during his long term as City Attorney he has never done anything to incur their disfavor. They did nothing to oppose him during his candidacy for Governor, and they would not seek to defeat him if he were nominated for Mayor. But the Republican bosses are desirous of maintaining Lane as a factor in Democratic politics especially for the purpose of perpetuating the reign of McNab. This Machiavellian individual, who has long posed as a reformer and who is always ready to accept a fee as an attorney when his influence is desired to invoke the friendly office of one of his creatures in the public service, be he judge, commissioner or Supervisor, is today losing his grip on the Democratic machine. The people by whom he has been employed in the past feel that they may need his services in the future, and they object to his being forced into retirement. But he has no following and will have to retire unless he can conjure with the name of Lane. Hence the importance of keeping Lane before the people, and hence the significance of the interest in Lane displayed by certain Republican leaders who have been accustomed to doing business with McNab. And the Fates have been very kind to McNab of late. Events appear to have been ordered propitiously for him. Just as preparations were being made by a powerful element in the party, which had the backing of the *Examiner,* to dump him into oblivion, it occurred to William R. Hearst that in pursuance of his policy to propitiate all factions in order to smooth the road to the Presidency, it would not be well to antagonize even the repudiated McNab. Thereupon the astonishing spectacle was presented of the newspaper proprietor stooping to a reconciliation with the man who had basely slandered him. And since then the anti-McNab movement has received little encouragement of the *Examiner.* However that movement is so strong that the probability is that even though Hearst were so treacherous as to attempt to stay its progress, he could not avert the downfall of McNab. But it is the hope of the repudiated boss that even though his organization be beaten at the primaries the victors will be forced to nominate Lane, who would of course be glad to restore him to power. Such is the situation today in local politics. Never before was it so complicated.

Roosevelt's Sudden Flop

Mr. Roosevelt is treading on dangerous ground. He had an interview with Mr. Hanna some days ago on the subject of the Postoffice scandals, and later on Postmaster-General Payne announced that he had been forbidden to give the press any further information concerning the discovery of postal frauds. It is evident that the President has bowed to the will of Senator Hanna. For a long time he affected indifference to the wishes of this purse-proud, practical and unprincipled politician, and his frequent manifestations of independence won for him the esteem of all people who despise servility in high office. But the President suddenly changed his attitude toward the representative in Washington of the plutocrats of Wall street. Mr. Hanna has frequently been referred to as the President-maker, and it appears that even Mr. Roosevelt has been converted to the notion that the services of the Senator from Ohio are indispensable in a national campaign. Postmaster Payne is the protege of Mr. Hanna, and two of his assistants are Hanna's pets. After the interview with the President, Hanna announced that Payne would not resign and Payne announced that he had been enjoined from giving out news of affairs in his office. Such prohibition must have been ordered by the President. Doesn't it look very much as though Mr. Roosevelt has made a very reprehensible deal with the Ohio Senator? Not many months ago the President asserted that publicity would prove an efficient deterrent of wrong-doing on the part of trusts and corporations. If so, publicity should not be objectionable in the case of corrupt Postoffice officials. Is not the President treading on dangerous ground? It may be well to remind him that secrecy is one of the expedients of which none but bad governments stand in need, and that it is the never-failing parent of dishonesty. But public opinion, which has reached Kings on their thrones and forced them to confine themselves to the limits of just authority, cannot be averted by interdicting all knowledge of a corrupt administration. The familiar slogan of the Tilden campaign, "Turn the rascals out," may once more be resorted to, and not in the far-distant future. Frauds in the War Department and frauds in the Postoffice Department have become so common as to be positively startling, and if President Roosevelt desires to escape responsibility he must insist on deep scrutiny and unlimited publicity.

The Microbe Scare

And now some brilliant savant has discovered that the eating of oysters conduces to foul language, high temper and insanity, thus adding one more to the list of terrible dangers of being alive. Whether there is any truth in these picturesque theories that strawberries cause suicide and oysters insanity, the very prosaic fact remains that the more publicity there is given to these discussions and assertions, the more the faker and the quack flourish, and the more the ignorant are victimized. Time was, and not so long ago, when people of considerable attainments were content to know that they had hearts, lungs, stomachs and livers, and to lump these organs with the rest and vaguely term them all "insides," whose vagaries were of interest to doctors and the respective owners of the particular organs that happened to be on the rampage. But some genius discovered the necessity for teaching school children physiology, with the result that a few years ago the pupils in the high schools could have passed as creditable an examination in that branch as the students of a medical college. Theory has been added to fact, and imagination has crowded theory, until today, between enlargements and microscopic analyses, newspaper exploitation of crude and undi-

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gested hypotheses, and daring speculation, not to add out-and-out fakes, the average individual, if he were to stop to think about the matter at all, would be literally scared to death. Ten years ago there was not one in a thousand who knew there was such a thing as an appendix, other than the one which appears at the end of books, but now not to have undergone an operation for appendicitis is to acknowledge oneself to be hopelessly plebeian, and not to be on speaking terms with half a dozen or more varieties of microbe is to be out of society altogether. The simplest and most commonplace actions, we are told, lead to the assimilation of alien bacteria, and whether we eat or drink, bathe or shave, change our clothing or brush our hair, we are running risks of contagion. To walk abroad in the streets or the woods subjects us to one form of deadly encounter, while to remain at home puts into direct contact with some equally dangerous parasite. In fact, the scientists, pseudo-scientists and exploiters of so-called science have educated the people to the point where, as Mark Twain put it, "They can hear the microbes gnaw." And all to what end? Are people any happier or any better as a result of all this foolishness? What is added to the sum of human happiness by sowing broadcast the statement that there are four million bacteria in a single spoonful of milk, or that there are seventy distinct varieties of microbes which infest the normal human being? If we must not breathe lest we inhale, nor eat lest we swallow, nor come into contact lest we annex a few odd millions of the little beasts, we may as well die at once and be done with it. Better be killed outright than scared to death. There used to be a law in Bulgaria to the effect that the makers of patent medicines who claimed for their compounds what they could not demonstrate to be the truth should serve a term in the penitentiary. Some such law with regard to the exploitation of absurd theories would add much to the comfort of plain, ordinary citizens, who cannot enjoy their Sunday dinner of potatoes and roast beef without being confronted by some disgusting statement regarding its far-reaching effects. The only "foul language, high temper and insanity" liable to result from indulgence in an oyster stew will be brought about by the quality of the viand and the amount of the bill.

The Modern Enoch

The perennial crop of Enoch Ardens grows apace, and the sentimental gushers continue to fill space by describing their home-comings. It is full time to treat these poetic gentlemen with stern common sense, and instead of brass bands, fatted calves and newspaper sentimentality, they should be met by the deputy sheriff in full official regalia. Enoch Arden was shipwrecked on a desert island, out of communication with the world, and there he had to remain, willy-nilly, till rescued by chance, but in these later days the world has contracted. There are no longer desert islands, and there is hardly a spot on the globe which is out of mail and telegraphic communication with civilization. The modern "Enoch Arden" is some miserable scamp who deliberately shirks his duties and deserts wife and children in cold blood. He has no other idea or intention than to escape his obligations, and he does not care what privation is suffered as long as he is free of the immediate responsibility. Desertion of a family ought to be made a penitentiary offense, and instead of fooling away any compassion on the man who returns at the end of ten or fifteen years, to find his children grown and his successor installed, he should be clapped into the nearest jail and made to give an account of himself, and if his family has been dependent on public relief he should be compelled to refund double the amount to the community. There are occasional cases where a man is found to be mentally deranged and confined to an insane asylum, but in the majority of instances these disappearing gentry just betake themselves to a neighboring State or county, where they pose as unattached, have a good time amongst the girls, and not infrequently marry again, without a hint of their previous obligations. Even in such disasters as those of Galveston or Johnstown, where the whole community is practically annihilated, there is not one chance in a hundred thousand that, where half an effort is made, people who survive need lose trace of each other. In sentimentalizing over these deliberate deserters it is well to bear in mind that the original Enoch Arden was detained against his will and efforts to return. When he came back and found Annie married and happy with Philip he did not burst in upon the quiet household and precipitate a scene. On the contrary, he left them in peace, and had his strength permitted he would have gone away again without being recognized. The modern Enoch is an egotistical brute and he needs stern discipline.

As to Literary Centres

A Harvard college professor recently remarked that the literary of the United States had moved from Boston to Philadelphia, whereupon one of our well-posted morning contemporaries editorially remarked that it was up to the professor to name a solitary literary light of the city of Penn. Just by way of a starter, there might be mentioned Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Owen Wister, Dr. Solis-Cohen and Mr. Harrison Morris. If Boston claims her sons wherever she finds them, Philadelphia can lay her hand on the shoulder of Richard Harding Davis, whose mother, Rebecca Harding Davis, was a writer of note before the callow editor conned his alphabet, and while we are about it there is another Davis, a brother of Richard, who also inherits a share of the family faculty. Their father was, and if he still survives probably is yet an editor of some note. The trouble with Philadelphia, as with this city, is in ignoring, if not disparaging the work of her own citizens. There is always more or less newspaper gush, which makes for nothing, but as Owen Wister has put it, "When a Bostonian is told that a fellow citizen has distinguished himself he replies, 'Quite natural,' but if a Philadelphian is told that another Philadelphian has done anything out of common his comment is, 'Quite impossible.'" In sober truth, there are no literary centres, in the sense that one locality is a better stimulus than another to literary work. There may be publishing centres, and in all large cities there are coteries of literary workers, just as there are trades unions, or athletic clubs, or social organizations. The newcomer may gain more or less reputation for himself by striking out on a new line of work, describing some feature of metropolitan life which is as old as the life itself, and unnoted by those who see it every day, but there is nothing in the air of Boston, New York, Philadelphia or any other locality which will supply or stimulate the literary microbe. The difficulty with the average journalist is not lack of inspiration or environment, but lack of industry and application—need of what Trollope used to say was the strongest incentive to literary labor, a good chunk of cobbler's wax in the seat of the writing chair. It is not so much the atmosphere of the "literary centre" which stimulates the wanderer from the Pacific coast when he strikes the pavements of New York and surprises his erstwhile cronies by his spurts of activity, but the very same quality which every teacher recognizes in the meek studiousness of the new pupil—before he has made the acquaintance of the rest of the boys.

On Leading One's Own Life

BY HARRY COWELL.

It is true to triteness that Life is a fine art—the supreme fine art; that other arts, love-making, music, literature, painting, and the like, are but subordinate parts of it—exist for its sake; that man's main business here is to live; that the end of life is to be largely, intensely, beautifully alive.

Equally true, if not equally trite, is the corollary, that in this art, also, originality is of all things most desirable and delightful. The difficulty of being original has always been overestimated: it is easy enough to be original, but it is hard to be original *and right*. However, in these days of unendurable imitation, to be original is to be right.

Like the monotonous succession of sheep getting through a gap, the spectacle of passing men induces sleep. Now the effect of a man upon his fellows ought to be far other than soporific; a man should keep one wonderfully awake, arousing one's curiosity, charming one by his variety, by his "peculiar difference" cultured and brought to perfection.

To lead another's life, no matter how good he may be; to think another's thoughts, no matter how clever he may be; to act according to convention, is to be a machine. To act according to conviction is to be a man.

He who leads his own life must think for himself; no man or majority may be brains for him—or conscience. And the value of thinking for oneself is not to be estimated by the correctness of the conclusions arrived at. To think is to be intellectually alive. Moreover, standards of conduct change: criteria come under the law of evolution; the flux carries them away and buries them forever in the ocean of things outgrown. And this much at least of truth is in the Socratic doctrine that sin is ignorance, mere want of knowledge: few men do wrong on principle. Systematic sinners are rare. Most men bungle upon evil.

Regarding the life of each man as his contribution to art, the critic finds, not a variety of masterpieces, as is meet, but failure after failure; the alleged poetry doggerel, the painting a daub. Life by life he examines ten thousand, and Impartiality declares them to be formless, without style; not even a good grotesque or farce among the lot.

In order to make of the scanty three score years and ten a work of 'art to match, let us say, an opus of Beethoven, one needs to be born with a genius for living. How few of us have even talent!

What little natural ability to lead a new life—a life of his own—an infant may have by birth, soon dies of disuse. Originality is accounted irregularity, irregularity sin; and sin must be suppressed. Conform! Herein, the child is assured, is the alpha and omega of virtue. To think his own thoughts, not those of his parents; to lead his own life, not theirs, is insolent rebellion and calls for the rod. And yet, a rebel (social or political) is but an unsuccessful revolutionist, and a revolutionist is but a successful rebel. And yet, the great and good men of the past whom the child is taught to imitate, were great and good chiefly because they refused to conform, to be imitators, but insisted on being at all times and under all circumstances themselves. The only way to be a true disciple of a great man is by not being a disciple of his or any man's.

I hold it evidence of the greatness of Agassiz's teaching that he made such good observers and thinkers of those who studied with him that they all came to believe in the theory of evolution which was to the end discredited of the master. A petty teacher would have foisted his own opinions upon his pupils.

To lead a second-hand existence; to be body for the brains of others, to be a pauper in personality; to let dead men direct your life, or rather, prolong a pitiful, pseudo-life of their own through you, cheating you out of your "one chance"; to allow a Majority god to remake you in its own mediocre likeness; in short, to be other than yourself for anybody—is not this to insult your soul?

"But," it will be objected, "it is easy enough to talk: 'Talk is cheap.'" Not all talk. Some is very dear indeed. It has cost countless days of incessant labor and many wakeful nights. A man may have paid for his speech the price of friendship and the blessings of those bound to him by ties of blood. He may have given for his words the good will of the world into which he was born, and have his name written on those delicate shells—the ears of polite society.

Montaigne quotes Epictetus as saying that a man has nothing that is properly his own but the use of his opinions. This sole piece of real property that is his by birth man too frequently sells for a mess of pottage.

There is a friend of mine who is accounted a very poor man, but there is one luxury which he ever allows himself—a luxury which many a rich man cannot afford—that of thinking aloud the thought that is true to him and of "honoring his truth by living it"—of leading his own life. Him I envy.

I well know that in all things we cannot live our own lives; for the true life is not to be lived alone, but needs a whole world with us, not against us. None the less, in the inner world of the spirit, we may at all times live according to our convictions, making meanwhile protests that are also prophecies in the outer world of the flesh.

Experiments cost dearly. To lead one's own life is a luxury. One must be prepared to pay Fate her price. But to have lived is worth everything.

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The Saunterer

Pillsbury on the Pay Roll

The adroit Mr. E. S. Pillsbury is once more laughing in his sleeve at his enemies, for he has been reappointed chief counsel for the Santa Fe Railroad Company. The reappointment came as a general surprise to a few people familiar with a certain compact under which, it is said, the crafty Mr. Pillsbury lost the job to which he has been restored. It is an interesting story, and one that two very prominent officials of the Santa Fe system would prefer to have suppressed. The compact was entered into at the time the company was engaged in pushing certain legislation authorizing the lease of China Basin to the corporation. Mr. Pillsbury had shortly before been appointed attorney for the railroad on the recommendation of a certain statesman who believed that the attorney enjoyed confidential relations which would enable him to do business with the Harbor Commission. But the legislation was being blocked and the Santa Fe officials were becoming very much alarmed. If the legislation did not go through they could not get the lease, and it was very important to them that the opposition be withdrawn.

The Solemn Compact

The situation became so critical that President Ripley came out from the East to exercise his emollient influence, and he managed to arrange a conference with the men who manipulated affairs in the Legislature. Both Mr. Ripley and his assistant, Mr. Payson attended the conference, and it took but a very short time to enlighten them on the subject of the opposition to their bill.

"What is the objection to the bill?" was the first question asked by the President of the Santa Fe.

"It is against the interests of the Republican party," was the reply.

"How does it affect the party?" asked Ripley.

"It's fathered by Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, and he's busily engaged in trying to disrupt the local organization."

Thereupon Mr. Ripley grew wise. It was explained to him that certain members of the Legislature were against everything that Attorney Pillsbury was for. The bill was not objectionable, but Mr. Pillsbury was. Mr. Ripley was very sorry, but he did not see how he could discharge Pillsbury at that critical stage. He needed Pillsbury to handle the Harbor Commission. But, and this is where the compact came in, Mr. Pillsbury would be discharged as soon as the lease was signed and delivered. So said Mr. Ripley, and Mr. Payson bowed approvingly.

The Politicians Indignant

Now the people who object to Pillsbury's pernicious activity in politics, and who regard him as one of the shiftiest and most artful members of the bar, assert that it was solemnly agreed by both Ripley and Payson not only that Pillsbury would be discharged, but that he would never again be employed by the Santa Fe Company. He was discharged, but upon the death of Chief Counsel Sterry of Los Angeles, a short time ago, he was reappointed, and much to the disgust and indignation of the men who say they took the word of both Payson and Ripley. The leading Republican politicians are very much incensed over the appointment of Pillsbury because they believe he is anxious to organize a political bureau, and they think that as the attorney for the Santa Fe his influence, which is now far from small, will be greatly augmented. He is now drawing retainers from more corporations than any other lawyer in the city, and his prestige as a manipulator is great. He belongs to that class of attorneys who are employed in big cases not on account of their great legal ability but for their talent for making the proper connections. In other words, he knows the ropes. No doubt Ripley and Payson think it important that they should have such a man on their staff, but perhaps when they have some lobbying to do in the future they will not find it so easy to conciliate the opposition.

Merely a Matter of Expediency

People who permit themselves to be tantalized by their curiosity are enduring exquisite mental agony these days because they cannot account for certain happenings of great political interest. For instance, they are at a loss to explain to their own satisfaction the *Chronicle's* sudden and unexpected assault on Mayor Schmitz, and they are exceedingly perplexed over the *Call's* repudiation of Ruef. It was popularly supposed that Mr. Schmitz won the everlasting esteem of Mr. De Young by constituting him It for the reception to Roosevelt, and it was believed that Mr. Ruef was in the habit of taking orders in the *Call* office. The fact is that neither Mr. De Young nor Mr. Spreckels ever considered himself under obligations to either Schmitz or Ruef. On the contrary, the obligations were all on the other side, but just what they were the public will never know. Suffice it that the *Chronicle* and *Call* have been exceedingly kind to the Mayor and his mentor. Both enjoyed immunity from criticism for a long time, and they should have been content with the reaping of one harvest. The proprietors of the *Call* and *Chronicle* have entered into a combination to secure control of the local Republican machine, and, incidentally, of the municipal government, and it seemed to them that Schmitz and Ruef were conspiring to upset their plans. Thereupon they resolved to force them into retirement by telling the truth about them.

"Blinker" Is Silenced

Al Murphy (Blinker) is no longer the political reporter of the *Examiner*. He has been sidetracked temporarily at the behest of Editor Hearst by way of concession

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to some of the politicians whom the presidential aspirant is anxious to conciliate. Mr. Murphy is one of the best-known and most able political writers on the Coast. During his long experience on the *Examiner* he has become acquainted with every politician of consequence in the State, as well as with many of the leading statesmen of national repute. Like all successful political reporters, he has made it his inflexible rule to maintain inviolate the confidences reposed in him, and the consequence has been that politicians have never feared to trust him. At the same time, he has always been loyal to his paper, and his discussions of political affairs have always been noted for their accuracy as well as their breeziness. At times he has scored the rogues and the hypocrites of both parties, and it was at the instigation of some of them, who, I am sorry to say, are at present enjoying immunity from *Examiner* criticism, that "Blinker" was temporarily silenced. There was a time when Mr. Hearst would scorn to heed the suggestions of a rank outsider regarding such a matter as the assignment of a reporter, but that was before he was obsessed with the notion that he was a presidential possibility. And, by the way, there is nothing that a newspaper man so bitterly resents as outside interference, and I have never known of a case of such interference that did not have its sequel.

Tevis Treated as a Tramp

Fancy one of our young millionaires suspected of being a tramp and threatened with being kicked off private premises! That is what happened to young Will Tevis on the shores of Lake Tahoe one balmy evening a week ago. The Tevis home is a short distance from the Tallac property, and that is where Will Tevis roughs it during the summer months. And he is a very picturesque spectacle in his outing costume. He wears an old slouch hat which he pulls down over his ears; a dust-stained sweater, khaki trousers with a rag-wrapping round his calves. In this garb he visited the Tallac House at dusk one evening, and was intercepted by a watchman, who roughly ordered him off the premises.

"I'm not doing any harm," said Tevis, who knew immediately that he was suspected of being a tramp, and who wanted to see how far the watchman would go.

"Well, you're not going to get a chance to do any harm," said the watchman.

"But——"

"Never mind, now; you just scoot. We've had enough of your kind of people around here, and if you don't git I'll kick you off the premises."

When Tevis revealed his identity the man started to apologize, but the young millionaire wouldn't listen to apologies. "I think you're a good watchman," he said; "come and have a drink!"

The Premature Mr. Harvey

Mr. George Harvey, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, is such an enterprising journalist that he insists upon discussing current topics just as soon as they become current, if not sooner. This avidity for pouncing on live topics of the day as soon as they emerge from the womb of Time was responsible last week for an amusing *faux pas*. Mr. Harvey grew weary of waiting for Pope Leo to die, and felt certain that if he did not die before the last page of copy was sent to the printer he would surely pass away while the paper was between the press and the people; and so he resolved to anticipate, and, as a consequence, he became absurdly premature. Under the caption, "The Next Pope" he discussed the conclave of cardinals as though it were already in session. "Seldom," he wrote, "in the history of the Papacy has the outcome of a conclave been awaited with more anxiety by zealous Catholics. * * * As the present number of the weekly will reach the eyes of many readers before the choice of a Pope is made," etc. He was undoubtedly right about that. It reached the eyes of his readers even before the conclave was held; indeed, even before the expediency of a conclave was apparent.

The Cardinal's Foresight

The Pope was never worried over the reports of his death. He often quoted the Italian proverb, "Reports of one's death add years to one's life." Some years ago, when he was operated upon, it was reported that he was dying, and Cardinal Oreglio di Stefano was summoned to the Vatican. Like Mr. Harvey, he, too, was premature, for he took with him his little mallet, with which, in his official capacity as Cardinal Chamberlain, he would be required, according to custom, to tap on the head of the dead Pope. When Leo recovered he heard the story and he thanked the Cardinal for his foresight. He also presented him with a little gold hammer "as a token of sincere admiration, and a souvenir of my recovery."

Flubdub From Rome

It appeared from the padded columns of the dailies during the illness of the Pope that the newspaper correspondents were taken into the confidence of the Sacred College, and regaled with information concerning the innermost thoughts, purposes and ambitions of the Cardinals. The correspondents told us that secrecy was observed on all sides, that the death-room was carefully guarded, and that at times no authentic information could be had as to the dying man's condition, but in the same breath they gave most minute description of all that was occurring and even quoted the Pope and members of his household on matters pertaining to church polity. It is evident that competition in the chase for news was quite brisk in the neighborhood

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of the Vatican, and that the correspondents had to do a lot of faking to sustain their reputation. Their correspondence bristled with palpable inaccuracies and curious contradictions. Of course the fact is that the news channels of the Vatican are not accessible to every scribbler in Rome, and as a consequence the newspaper men were constrained to give reign to their imagination, which in some instances had been stimulated by Marie Corelli, Hall Caine and other sensational novelists of the back-stairs. And by the way, it was surprising to find that Mr. Hearst should call into requisition the pen of Hall Caine for a eulogy on Pope Leo. Mr. Hearst is after votes these days and recently he captured the Jews by the great interest that he took in the Kishinef affair. Why should he seek to alienate the Catholics by hiring Hall Caine to write about the "secret canvassing of the Sacred College in favor of the succession of this simple Carmelite monk or that fashionable Roman prelate; the intrigue and the counterintrigue," etc.?

A Priest's Denunciation

Hall Caine's flubdub is of the same flavor as a great deal of the absurd rot with which the dailies have reeked since the fatal illness of Leo was first announced. It is all of a character highly disgusting to Catholics. Two weeks ago Father Grant, in the pulpit of St. Brigid's church in this city, took occasion to denounce the yellow journals for the falsehoods they have published, and he remarked that any Catholic with common sense knew that the Cardinals were not engaged in supplying information concerning the private affairs of the church to representatives of the sensational press. The newspapers have represented that from the first day of the Pope's illness the members of the Sacred College were engaged in discussing the question of succession. They were pictured as a band of cold-blooded, hungry politicians, unaffected by the dying struggle of the venerable pontiff, but intent only upon the honors and emoluments to be scrambled for after his death. According to the sensational and absurd press the whole world mourned the passing of that kind and gentle old man, and the only place in which selfishness was stimulated by his approaching death was the Vatican where he was surrounded by the companions of a lifetime, the men most familiar with his virtues, and all but one of whom were indebted to him for the exalted position they occupied. The world moves on, and times, manners and customs have changed since the days when even the Vatican was tainted by the impurities that flowed through Europe, but the enlightened press of the twentieth century has not yet made the discovery. The yellow journals believe that the Catholic Church is the only institution which has stood still; that because there have been wicked clergymen, all clergymen are still knaves. But there are people who know something about the Catholic Church and its clergymen who believe that there are many members of the Sacred College who have no desire to wear the tiara; humble monks who would prefer to occupy a cell in a monastery than the most sumptuous apartment in the Vatican.

Who Will Be Our Next Pope?

A very close student of the present situation at the Vatican tells me that really only three men are likely to be considered available for the high office of Pontiff: Cardinal Rampolla, who has so long been Secretary of State; Cardinal Serafino Vanutelli, formerly nuncio at Vienna, and Cardinal Gotti, formerly general of the Carmelites. Of these he thinks Cardinal Gotti has the best chance for, unlike the others, he represents no party in the church and no fixed and determined policy regarding outside nations. He is a monk whose austere life has been devoted to reorganizing and building up those religious orders which are one of the chief bulwarks of the Holy Church. Besides he was the favorite of Leo XIII. In church circles it is not believed that the Sacred College will be influenced to any extent by any of the Great Powers. Some fifteen years ago when Leo XIII fell seriously ill, and a conclave seemed imminent, Prince Bismarck opened diplomatic relations with foreign Powers with the object of controlling the election of a Pope. His plan failed. This privilege to veto was a prerogative imposed on the Church in the Middle Ages when, surrounded by nations at war with one another, it was compelled to seek aid of one monarch and then another in order to protect its temporalities. It was a concession not definitely granted and was never included in any treaty or concordat.

Leo XIII Blocks the Schemers

The world's political affairs have changed greatly since the Middle Ages. When the Holy See, some twenty years ago, appealed to the Catholic Powers to take action to induce the Italian crown to restore to the papacy its former possessions and met with a refusal, the Vatican decided that Paris, Vienna and Madrid had forfeited whatever rights they might have acquired by custom and tradition of exercising a veto at conclaves and that the veto power had ceased to exist when the Catholic Powers recognized the seizure of Rome and of the Papal States by the King of Italy. How firmly resolved the Papacy is to prevent any kind of interference either by the Italian government or by other foreign Powers may be gathered from the new rules promulgated by Leo XIII to insure the independence of the conclave. According to these the Cardinals present in Rome at the time of the demise of the Pontiff are directed to assemble at once in order to fix the place and date of the conclave. If there appears to them to be the least reason to apprehend interference on the part of outside Powers they are authorized to proceed then and there to elect a Pope, not even to wait for the arrival of foreign Cardinals from abroad or for the obsequies of the dead Pontiff.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann, with Mrs. B. Paulson and Mrs. F. Weiner of New York, were in San Jose for a few days recently. They are enjoying a tour of the State.

The stork is said to be hovering over the homes of the Jack Spreckels' and the Worthington Ames'.

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Poet Miller Sings of Legs

A Californian who was visiting New York entered a fashionable restaurant one day, and, scanning the bill of fare, espied a somewhat costly dish with the title "plat du jour." He ordered it to be brought, and on tasting it what was his amazement to find it nothing but plebeian tripe and onions disguised with a fine name and plenty of seasoning. Something akin was the sensation I experienced on reading Joaquin Miller's new poem, "As It Was in the Beginning." I fail to discern in it that note of sad sincerity which some of the critics have discovered. From its contumacious cover design to its so-called "prefatory postscript" it seems to me in the main a bold and blatant effort to take advantage of the present agitation over "race suicide." It is the poet's longest attempt in verse, and though it "sings in spots," to quote Joaquin himself, it shows marks of haste, carelessness and a desire to strike while the iron is hot; in other words, to get into print before public attention is called to some newer sensation. "As It Was in the Beginning" is the Odyssey of a native son and daughter. The girl is of the poster type, and is as unreal as most poster ladies. We learn that she had "puppy hair," "proud and ample lips" and "a wide sweet mouth." Furthermore, unlike the Queen of Spain, she had legs, and we are treated to a picture of them:

> What ankles, legs, what everything
> That makes great woman great and good—
> That makes for noblest womanhood!
> Such legs as mount the steeps of morn,
> Such legs as love, not lust, may share,
> Such legs as God has shaped to bear
> The weight of ages, worlds unborn;
> Such legs as Lesbian shrines revealed
> When comely, longing mothers kneeled;
> Such legs as Milo dared to hew
> And all the clean world longed to view;
> Such legs as Millais loved to draw
> When painting tall Greek girls at play;
> Such legs as blind old Homer saw,
> As Marlowe knew but yesterday.

It was Leighton, by the way, and not Millais, who painted Greek girls at play.

Off to the Klondike

The native son is an "outdoor Adam" who is several times described as "clean." I can not understand why, in writers who are so insistent upon this epithet, the opposite quality is the one usually suggested. When the story opens the young man is soliloquizing upon the origin of the world and the beauties and benefits of silence:

> For, storm or calm, or sun or shade,
> Fair Silence never truth betrayed;
> For, ocean-deep or dappled sky,
> Loved Silence never told a lie.

The hero has made up his mind to go to the Klondike, but the heroine is loth to let him:

> The while she choking, sobbing, said,
> "Then here for all our poppy days,
> Here, here the parting of the ways?"

The young lady is unwilling to emulate the spouse of Ulysses:

> Penelope! Penelope!
> Of all fool tales in historie,
> I think this thing the foolishest.

When the young man persists in his purpose she flounces into the house exclaiming, "I can not and I will not wait." That this is not idle threat subsequent events prove, for she follows him to the North and rescues him from death by her care and attention. Later we discover the pair enjoying a cruise in the South Seas, apparently without a chaperon, but all's well that ends well, for a wedding closes the last canto. The real poetry in the poem is to be found in the descriptions of the cold and silence of the Arctic. Miller writes from personal experience, and his descriptions, though turgid, ring true.

Just a Bit Risque

The episode in Canto X would hardly be suitable for Sunday school reading, and in fact has little or nothing to do with the flow of the story. It appears to be lugged in just to show how risque the poet dared to be in a good cause. The sub-story is related by the lover to his fiancee, remember. Most well-conducted girls would be offended, but then Miriam had already thrown her bonnet over the windmills, so perhaps she was not in a position to object. He tells her "The night grew warm and very warm, and warm her warm full-bosomed form!" Again, "He was so warm, so very warm." And again, "The warm land lay as in a swoon," and a few lines further on, "How warm the world was and how wise," and yet again, "How warm the garden was, how warm with life, with love in any form!" And when the crickets are described, "Their little world was warm

> Because each had a lover there,
> Because they loved and did not care.

And in the next stanza but one, "The very garden wall was warm." But enough. This will do for three pages. Decidedly we are in the tropics. The theme of "As It Was in the Beginning" is not new. Many a poet has sought it before now, beautifully, nobly and chastely. But Joaquin Miller does not sing it nobly or chastely. Perhaps he fancies that he does. Notwithstanding his bombast and trickery of diction, in spite of his banality of phrase and tawdriness of image, the Poet of the Sierras is able to impart to many of his lines a singing quality that causes them to sound better than they are. His verse is like a river that



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rages on in flood, carrying with it mud and rubbish, while here there flows into it some pure rill, fresh and crystal clear. The book is published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. The conception of the cover is execrable, but, on the whole, it agrees very well with the contents.

An Overcoat Episode

Elbert Hubbard, the Prince of Fakers, who recently visited this city and who was entertained by Miller, has, since his return East, written that the Poet of the Sierras was the author of the finest poem ever written by an American. But what Fra Elbertus doesn't know about poetry would fill a Roycroft library. Miller has written beautiful poetry but Hubbard couldn't point out its beauties. However he has caused talk and Miller is once more bathed in the limelight. I am reminded of a story of the poet's experience in Washington when he was short of money as he was of fame. He was asked to dinner by a literary chap to meet some literary people who would be of some use to him. He accepted the invitation but he was in a dilemma because he had no dress coat nor could he afford to buy one. That was before he adopted the top-boots and cow-hides, but even at that early day he had a "smelly" bearskin overcoat, and he decided to wear it, and on the plea that he suffered from the Eastern cold, keep it on during dinner. When he made the explanation to his host the latter said "Certainly" and ordered more coal in the furnace. Dinner was served and though the room was hot as a conservatory the poet still complained of cold and kept on his overcoat. Dinner progressed and, warmed with food and wine, to say nothing of the hairy coat, Miller thought he would die. His face became redder and redder, but he talked brilliantly. At last, when the poet looked as though he were about to explode, the host asked over the 'steenth bottle, "Now tell us, Miller—of course you have some reason—why did you insist on wearing that coat?" Miller, his tongue loosened with wine, told them the plain truth. How they cheered, those fellows cheered his courage for coming at all, and his frankness in telling them the truth! He was the toast and made the hit of the evening. It was great. From that day Miller thought it paid to don eccentric dress and he has never garbed himself like any one else since.

Speaking of Genius

Apropos of Mr. Hoffman's clever poem in last week's *Town Talk* on the affectations of genius, I am reminded of a luncheon given during Mr. Harriman's recent visit in San Francisco. William Keith, the artist, who is a good friend of Mr. Herrin, was invited by him to the luncheon. John Muir was invited too. Both Keith and Muir say that they thought it was to be a little informal thing for four, with Herrin and Harriman making up the quartet. When they arrived at the appointed place they found Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker, Mary Crocker Harrison, Mrs. Easton and a number of other beautifully gowned women. The luncheon was a function for twenty-five or more and Muir was in his tramping clothes while Keith wore an old gray suit, not guiltless of paint, and with a flowing tie that had seen better days. Both the geniuses pretended to feel dreadfully over it—though really it was very interesting—it showed where creative genius left off and financial genius began.

Boys Emulate Magee and Hobson

A few months ago when the dailies told the thrilling story of the perilous trip made by Lieutenant Hobson and Tom Magee to the summit of the precipitous Half Dome of the Yosemite, the denizens of the valley were sceptical. They had not seen the young men accomplish the feat and they would not believe they had done so. So though they were being lionized by their friends in town for having climbed the treacherous wall of the high cliff, the old-timers in the valley regarded the story as a hoax. Nobody had seen them go up and nobody had seen them come down, so the yarn was rejected as the fabrication of two glory-seekers eager to have their courage sung. But the sceptical denizens of the valley have been convinced, and the two heroes are indebted to two boys, neither of whom is over sixteen years of age, for corroboration of their sensational story. The boys are the sons of the late attorney Gibson who had a hand in the framing of the charter. They made the ascent of the Half Dome on Saturday two weeks ago and remained on the summit all night. They built a fire that was seen by scores of campers in the valley. The following day three other lads, friends of the Gibsons, also made the perilous journey up the perpendicular cliff, bringing food to the hungry youngsters, and the five returned together. They reported that they had found evidence of the visit of Magee and Hobson. The first person known to have scaled that cliff was an adventurous Scotch tourist who went up by means of pegs which he imbedded in the rock. He carried a rope which he fastened to a peg on the summit, and after that many people made the trip with the assistance of the rope, but in time it rotted and thereafter nobody essayed the perilous journey until Hobson and Magee pioneered it once more.

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Explained His Mishap

When W. H. Selback, who attacked the three nuns in Market street last week, arrived in the patrol wagon at the city prison, his face was somewhat battered and he had the appearance of a man who had met several rather heavy jolts somewhere. A curious man who happened to be standing by the sergeant's desk while Selback was being entered on the book asked the latter if anything had happened him on the trip. "Nope," he answered sheepily, "I guess I sort of fell when I got into the wagon." A reporter was standing by and he casually asked, "Who brought him in?" "Policeman Herlihy," said some one. The reporter grinned. "That accounts for the—the jolts," he said, "it was Herlihy; only Herlihy."

Prepared to Hold His Own

This same policeman Herlihy has had his adventures on the force. He is an active, athletic fellow, fond of a mix-up, with a reputation for being conscientiously strenuous in the discharge of his duty in cases like that of the wanton attack on the nuns. During the teamsters' strike he was given the detail of scouting in plain clothes among the strikers and looking after the safety of scabs or any other citizen in jeopardy. One afternoon he was followed and set upon as a suspected scab by several men supposed to be in sympathy with the strikers. At once there was a lovely fight. Lieutenant Price and a policeman heard the din and ran up to rescue the hapless scab. In a jiffy it was hard to tell which was policeman, which was scab and which was striker in the squirming, kicking, pounding, smashing heap of humanity. In the midst of it all up ran half a dozen policemen. They regarded the tumbled mix-up of men, anxious to find head or tail to it and pull the worst one out of the fray. In a minute or two they observed that one of the hardest fighters had a length of gas pipe and that every time he could smash a head down went the head. With one accord the six big policemen drew their clubs and threw themselves upon the fighter with the gas pipe. It took considerable thumping to quiet him and make him understand, above the excitement, the shouting and the uproar, that he had better be quiet for he was in the hands of the police. But at last they got away his gas pipe and dragged him out from under the strikers and the others. It was Herlihy; only Herlihy.

Our Ambitious Pedagogues

Those benighted teachers who are foolish enough to spend their vacation attending the summer school at Berkeley are meeting with the same sort of encouragement and assistance from Professor Herrick that their predecessors encountered last summer. One would suppose that people with sense enough to teach school would also have sense enough to spend their vacations as far from school and everything connected with it as they could go in the time at their disposal. Teaching school, of all the occupations ever followed by man or woman, is the most nerve-racking and exhausting. And yet, after spending ten months in close attendance on class rooms, teachers may be beguiled by theorists into believing that instead of spending their summer in complete relaxation, resting mentally and physically, they should keep up the weary mental friction. Teachers are altogether too prone to stick to the shop. As a rule they talk nothing but methods, percentages, averages and classes. Even at the summer resorts they hunt in packs, and whenever two of them encounter each other there is an impromptu institute. No doubt the attendants at Berkeley are looking forward to an opportunity for leaving the schoolroom, and evidently they are being beguiled by reports of best sellers and boom authors, and the fabulous sums to be made by "engaging in literature," but literature is like everything else; some succeed where others fail, and it is fairly safe, in reading of the enormous financial returns, to move the decimal a point or two in places to the left.

Fiction About Profits

In spite of all that is circulated concerning the phenomenal sales and the income derived from the most successful books, it is worth noting that when the inventory of an author's estate is made in the probate court, it invariably presents a small value. To mention a few of those recently deceased, Harold Fredericks and Stephen Crane left practically nothing; Paul Leicester Ford was reputed to be many times a millionaire, yet the bulk of his estate was what he had inherited from his father; Bret Harte left almost nothing; Sir Walter Besant, T. B. Blackmore and Emil Zola were in moderate circumstances only, and the principal assets left by Frank Norris are the problematic royalties from the future sale of his books. Three years ago a local author placed a novel with an Eastern firm. It was well received by critics and passed through two editions, and was reported to be selling well. When the final adjustment was made between author and publisher, there was a balance of one dollar and a half on the wrong side of the ledger, which, however, the firm kindly volunteered to carry on their books, trusting that future sales would wipe it out. So much for the probable profits of a literary venture. On the other hand, as to the infallibility of professors in the matter of determining what is literature, and what is literary style, Pierre Loti says that when he was attending the academy the one subject in which he was an unmitigated failure in the estimation of those who were supposed to know, was composition in any form, and there are others who could give similar testimony. There is only one board of arbitration in this matter, and that is composed of the editors of periodicals and the readers for publishing houses. To be sure, there is a final court of appeal in the reading public, but it depends on the editors and publishers whether the reading body ever has the opportunity to judge. One thing is certain, however, and that is that there will not be any sudden increase in the ranks of local authors from the attendants of summer schools. There are one or two subjects which cannot be mastered in a day, and the art of writing a successful book is amongst them.

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A Check for Mrs. Norris

Apropos the estate of Frank Norris, I am informed that his widow received a check the other day from the publishers of "The Pit" for something over fifty thousand dollars, the aggregate amount of the royalties earned by that work. This report savors of the usual book-booming yarn. When Frank Norris died there was a rumor to the effect that he had left his widow almost penniless, his profits on "The Octopus" not having been large. The sale of "The Pit" must have been phenomenally large if that check was really received. However, the report did not come from the publishing house. Charles Norris, Frank's younger brother by several years, recently graduated from Berkeley and has already accepted a readership under Doubleday, Page & Co., the publishers, who backed the dead novelist.

A Mother's Will

James Burnett and his wife, who was Miss Viola Piercy, have returned from their wedding trip in the Yellowstone, and they have reported to their friends that they had a glorious time. I hear, by the way, that the haste which marked the Piercy-Burnett nuptials was due to the fact that the bride wasn't quite sure that her grandmother, Mrs. Dunphy, would approve of the match. Mrs. Dunphy is an eccentric woman who has always been accustomed to having her own way in everything, and she has been especially dictatorial in matters affecting the heart interests of her children. It would probably have been better for them had she not been so whimsical and exercised so much authority, but at any rate there have been many dramatic and tragic episodes in the lives of her offspring. And incidentally it is remarkable what a lot of mystery has surrounded the house of the dead cattle king, and to what an extent speculation has been rife as to the cause of various complications in which certain members have been involved. Concerning the aged widow little has been known since the death of her husband. She keeps in seclusion and many of the intimate friends of the beautiful Miss Jennie Dunphy have never seen her mother. Her meals are sent to her room, but not because of ill health, for she sallies forth periodically to engage in some laborious housework.

Because She Objected

The marriage of Mrs. Flood, the elder Dunphy daughter, was a very unhappy one and ended in a divorce. The marriage of another daughter to Sam Piercy was vigorously opposed on all sides and the death of those young people was followed by a bitter contest over the child. Jim Dunphy had an unfortunate marital experience in his early life, and some years ago he became the fiance of Elida Wilbur. The marriage was delayed because of the opposition of Mrs. Dunphy, it was said, and that young woman died after lingering in a trance for many months. The engagement of Miss Jennie Dunphy to Bob Grayson was frequently rumored, but their marriage was objectionable because the young man was not a Catholic. He became a Catholic and then there was some other objection. Mr. Grayson died suddenly and alone. Jimmy Dunphy took unto himself a second wife recently, but his mother has never seen the bride. Miss Piercy very sensibly made her choice of a husband without consulting anybody.

Still Unattached

If Katherine Dillon fulfills her intention expressed in letters to her San Francisco friends, she will be back here in September. Her new house will doubtless be ready for occupancy in the early winter, and then Miss Dillon will entertain. She has bought all sorts of beautiful things during her travels and her new home will be full of objets d'art. It might be well for our heiress-hunting youths to bear in mind that Miss Dillon is still in the market. Fred Greenwood tried his luck with her many times, even pursuing the game to Honolulu, but fate was unkind to him. The "man in the navy" that has been mentioned so many times as being a favored suitor of the buxom heiress has up to date been as mysterious as the mythical Mrs. Harris of Sairey Gamp. If any noblemen got in their innings while Miss Dillon was in "furrin' parts," she has never breathed to even her mother whether such were the case. Miss Dillon is a big catch in more senses than one. Nature has molded her on a generous scale, she has a large, kind heart, and a plump bank-roll. She owns a block of real estate.

Why Lackaye Was Surprised

Wilton Lackaye, of the Amelia Bingham company, has a nimble wit which has won him distinction off the stage as great as that which he enjoys on the other side of the footlights. Unlike Clyde Fitch he is epigrammatic in a spontaneous way, and his *bon mots* are never forced. A few days ago he visited a friend in the *Examiner* editorial rooms, and sat down for a long chat, but they had not been talking very long when the editor remarked that he would have to break away.

"I have to attend the council," he said.

"What council?" asked Lackaye in a tone of surprise.

"The *Examiner* council," was the reply. The heads of departments meet every afternoon to discuss the news of the day and arrange everything for the coming issue."

"Well, I'm surprised," exclaimed Lackaye; "I never would suspect that the *Examiner* was published premeditatedly."

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The Professional Juror

The professional juror has become an important factor in the administration of justice in this city; also in the perpetration of injustice. In the civil courts he renders valuable assistance to the attorneys of some of the big corporations. It is extremely difficult for a poor widow to recover damages for the death of her husband in a railroad accident these days, because the attorney for the corporation has a list of all the men who serve as jurors from year to year, and he knows the sentiments of each of them before the impanelment of a jury is begun. As each talesman enters the box the attorney consults his little book and studies the "dope," just like the race track gambler who relies on the form sheet. It strikes you as improbable that such a system would be tolerated, but if you doubt that it exists ask any lawyer in San Francisco. He will not only tell you that it does, but he will also inform you that the courts are responsible for it. And it does not exist in the civil courts only. There are professional jurors in the criminal courts, men who are eager to serve at two dollars a day, and determine the fate of unfortunates charged with crime. And it is believed in criminal circles that these men cultivate the friendship of the District Attorney to insure themselves steady employment. To cultivate it properly they heed the appeals of the prosecuting officer. It is perhaps fortunate for society that these professional jurors are ever ready to punish the guilty, but the principles upon which our law is founded are not best subserved by men who are eager to earn two dollars a day by assisting the city's prosecuting officer in making a record.

Treadwell's Query

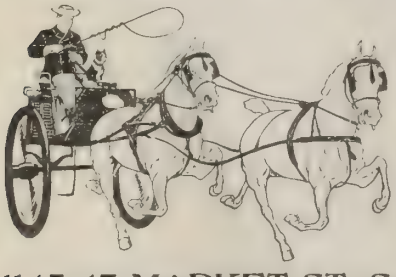
The foregoing is by way of preface to a story of an incident which occurred in Judge Dunne's court some days ago. A jury was being impaneled for the trial of a man on a charge of burglary. A. B. Treadwell, the ex-police judge, who has a lively sense of humor, was the attorney for the defence. Treadwell has spent many years in criminal court circles, and he is familiar with all the ways that are dark in the Hall of Justice. He observed in the jury box one of the men who is known to habitues of the courts as a professional juror and he resolved to get rid of him, so he proceeded to question him with a view of eliciting an admission that would disqualify him. But in vain. Finally in desperation the attorney put this question:

"Do you thoroughly appreciate the difference between the presumption of innocence and two dollars a day?"

The bailiff had to rap violently for order in the court room.

The stork has once more visited the Eugene Lents, and for a second time a baby girl was the memento he left behind.

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The Gray Vandals

The irrepressible Gray brothers, who have long been a source of great annoyance and anxiety to the goats and residents of Telegraph Hill, have I am informed purchased the castle on the summit and a goodly portion of the stately hill itself. So I presume they will be free to resume the destruction of that grand old eminence which adds so much to the picturesqueness of this city, and which affords delight to all lovers of the beautiful views to be had from its summit. There has lately been talk of the purchase of Telegraph Hill by capitalists, and making of it a handsome residence district. The whole of the North Beach district has lately been blossoming with mansions, and Telegraph Hill is certainly the choicest location at the northerly end of town, but its improvement would involve a considerable outlay. However its destruction should be averted even though it should be necessary for the city authorities to interpose and invoke the law of eminent domain. There surely should be some way of starting our cumbersome municipal machinery in motion to that end. Perhaps the ladies of the Sempervirens Club may think it worth their while to agitate such a project.

One of the Old Families

Elizabeth Leigh, who was married last week in Oakland, is a representative of one of California's oldest families. Her mother was one of the prettiest girls in this city when she married Wickham Leigh in 1861. She was Camille Bowie, daughter of Hamilton Bowie who, in his early life, was a duelist of note. Her uncle Dr. Augustus J. Bowie was one of the leading physicians of early days. Her mother, soon after becoming a widow, married William L. Higgins, a Southerner and a prominent politician.

She Called Them Hussies

Fashionable Fabiola Hospital of Oakland is in a state of eruption these days and all because the seven nurses in the senior class heard what Mrs. Remi Chabot said about them, or at any rate, what Mrs. Dunning said that Miss Chabot said about them. The trouble all arose when the main body of nurses rebelled against the rule of Miss Houghton, the head nurse. She was a little too strict and autocratic to please her subordinates, and they called on

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Mrs. John Yule, the president of the hospital, and told her their troubles. At the same time they threatened to resign in a body if Miss Houghton was not deposed. The situation was critical. Miss Yule held a conference with Mrs. Chabot and Mrs. Dunning and told them of the uprising of the nurses. Thereupon, so the story goes, Mrs. Chabot exclaimed, "The hussies!" and she added, "If I'd been there I should have used my club and Kate would have helped me, too!" The Kate to whom she is said to have referred is her daughter, Mrs. Dunn. Such was the story that came to the ears of the nurses, and thereupon the members of the senior class announced their intention to resign. These nurses are representatives of some of the very finest families in Oakland, and they have many sympathizers who declare that it was an outrage to stigmatize respectable young women as "hussies." All Oakland society is taking an interest in the affair, and the controversy is becoming exceedingly acrimonious. The aristocrats of Oakland lack that repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere. They fly into a passion on the slightest provocation.

The Peixottos are among the Californians who are doing admirable and remunerative work in magazine literature. Mary H. Peixotto had a story in the last *Cosmopolitan* illustrated by E. C. Peixotto. It was a good story, too.

Where the Paper Chasers Dwell

Recent happenings in San Rafael gave *Town Talk's* bard fresh inspiration, impelling him to add a few more jingles to his familiar lyric:

In the County of Marin, where all the paper chasers dwell
There's a region of excitement and it's known as San Rafael.
Though the streets are broad and shady and the ladies are demure
There is always fruit for scandal lurking somewhere, to be sure.
Be it murder, be it arson, or divorce or suicide,
Or the naughty automobile's more than statutory ride,
Or the gossip of a Baron living like a Teuton tribal
With a retinue of beauties—till he sued the press for libel.
All such breezy little items show significantly well
That there's always something doing in the town of San Rafael.

In the County of Marin, where all the paper chasers dwell
There's a newsy little village that is known as San Rafael.
Its inhabitants are country squires, conventional and quiet,
Who have moved from San Francisco to escape the noise and riot.
How can any San Rafaelite, then, recover from the shock
When he knows a fire or murder is occurring in his block,
When he knows the morning papers will in glaring headlines tell
How there's always something doing in the town of San Rafael?

Sharboro's Masterpiece

The leading representatives of the Italian colony are felicitating one another over having succeeded in banqueting Edmund des Planches, the Italian Embassador, to a finish. At the first banquet given in his honor he became ill shortly after the soup and was obliged to retire, much to the regret of the Latin spellbinders. The most disappointed of them was Andrea Sharboro, president of the Italian-American bank, and the Sam Shortridge of the Latin colony. Mr. Sharboro prides himself on his rounded periods and his florescent language, and he always has his speeches neatly typewritten for the press. He had what he was pleased to regard as a masterpiece prepared for that first banquet, and it was a great shock to him when the lion of the evening retired before the flow of oratory began. However he tried to prevail on the master of ceremonies to permit him to read a little of his flowery gem. But in vain. Fortunately the Embassador became convalescent, and a second banquet was pulled off. The speeches, warmed over for the occasion, were served just as though they were hot off the griddle and Des Planches remained to the end.

Mrs Gotrocks (*In ultra decollete gown and wearing a tiara and several strings of pearls, is presiding as hostess at a dinner table*)—Susette, I am cold.

Susette—Does madame wish her lace shawl?

Mrs. Gotrocks—No, fetch me another string of pearls.

Sam Leake's Resignation

The news that Sam Leake had resigned the managing editorship of the *Call* to embark in private business did not come as a surprise . Rumors of the impending resignation were afloat for several days, and according to report differences had arisen between Mr. Leake and Mr. Spreckels over the wardenship of San Quentin. It was said that the *Call's* proprietor favored the appointment of Jackson Martin, that most expert of job-chasers who is always within easy reach of the city treasury. Mr. Leake put Detective Tom Gibson into the fight, and hence the split, say the gossips. But Mr. Spreckels says that the resignation of his managing editor was voluntary, and that Leake will not sever his connection with the paper until October.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Morrison, H. A. Belasco, M. J. Brandenstein, W. S. and Miss Heger, Judge John Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Mendell Welcker, Hon. W. W. Foote and W. B. Sargent were recent arrivals at Byron Springs.

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TO OUR CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS:

Fire in our repository at Market and Tenth streets the morning of July 8th destroyed a portion of our stock of vehicles. The main part of our merchandise, however, is stored in our warehouse at Fifth and King streets and is uninjured. All orders will be filled with usual promptness and business will be conducted the same as heretofore. Our repair shops in the new building on Tenth street are not injured, and our manufacturing and repairing is being promptly attended to.

For the present we have opened a temporary office at 1325 Market street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, telephone Private Exchange 634.

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The Eccentric Whistler

James McNeil Whistler, the artist, whose recent death was chronicled in the despatches, was a man of singular fascination despite his egotism, his eccentricities and his capacity for making enemies. His strange traits of character puzzled many people, but his genius was never disputed. It was his absolute and unrelenting devotion to his art that made him the artist that he was, as well as eccentric. A friend of Whistler told me once that the artist never scrupled to insist upon a lady's coming all the way across London to stand for two minutes for a detail that needed fixing in the painting of the dress, for nature was his invariable master, and he insisted that she should be ever before him. On the other hand, though he delighted in an admiring crowd, yet no social engagement was ever strong enough to vie with the demands of the muse. Once when his friend was urging him to quit work and get off to a dinner party, where he was pledged, it did not move him to be told that the dinner was growing cold and that the guests were impatient for the lion. He uttered inarticulate grunts and painted on while his friend scolded. Finally he turned around and said:

"What a nuisance you are. The idea of leaving a beautiful thing like this to go eat with people."

His Eloquent Smash

Few men were so gifted as Whistler with an incisive descriptive faculty. Many stories have been told to illustrate this gift, but the one told me by my artist friend was probably never printed before. They were doing the rounds of a gallery together and Whistler was making his cynical comments on the works that he did not approve. They entered a room where hung some pictures by Bastien-Lepage, and, standing before a picture of this artist, Whistler, who found in himself his method and in nature his inspiration, made a deprecatory gesture and uttered the one word, "School." And, sure enough, there was the joint in the armor. Bastien-Lepage, a most devoted realist, could not banish the hall-mark of the academy.

His Vanity

No budget of stories about Whistler should omit those illustrative of his excessive vanity. How he replied that "Nature was creeping up" to his pictures, and his famous retort, "Why drag in Velasquez?" are well known, but allied with them is the less known, or, perhaps, unknown reply he made to a lady who met him at the Royal Academy, and expressed her surprise at seeing him in a place he was reported never to enter:

"Well," retorted Whistler, "one must do something to add interest to the show; so here I am."

His Generous Satire

Mathews and other San Francisco artists who studied in Paris and London are adding to the collection of anecdotes about Whistler, and not one but is worth the telling. One day the artist was visiting the studio of a fellow-painter and saw there one of his own works, sold long before. After eyeing it critically he seized a brush and palette and began to paint on it. His friend demurred and suggested that the owner of the picture might object.

"Good gracious!" returned Whistler, "you don't suppose a man owns a picture simply because he has bought it." At another time a Colorado millionaire called at Whistler's studio and after a hasty glance at the "color symphonies" on the walls, with the confidence of unlimited wealth, observed:

"How much for the lot?"

"Four millions," answered Whistler.

"What?"

"My posthumous price. Good morning."

Two artists who had been hostile to Whistler in their halcyon days found themselves reduced to drawing sidewalk pictures in the hope of catching stray pennies. Whistler, in telling a friend about it, remarked: "They were doing their sidewalk pictures—and doing them very well, too."

Ruskin Called Him "Coxcomb"

Whistler was not born in Lowell, Massachusetts, as the despatches stated, but in St. Petersburg, Russia, whither his father had gone to superintend some government engineering work. "Jimmy" was educated at West Point, as his father had been, but in the early fifties went to London. After studying art in Paris for some years he returned to London and made it his home. Public attention was first attracted to Whistler by his suit against John Ruskin, growing out of the latter's comments. Ruskin, as art critic for one of the London papers, carped at Whistler's eight paintings exhibited at the first Grosvenor Gallery exhibition in '77, and Whistler was given one farthing damages. In the pamphlet Whistler produced later he argued that "men of taste" and "amateurs" should not attend to art criticism, but that the critics should be professional painters. Ruskin called Whistler a "cockney" and a "coxcomb," and hinted at "puzzle pictures on advertising cards." Burne Jones, Frith and Albert Moore directed their criticisms at the eccentric's work, and it was in Paris that he met Du Maurier who caricatured him in "Trilby" and aroused his ire. His friends said of him, however, that he was one of the most charming, simple and witty of men. His hereditary white lock of hair was the rallying point of humor wherever he went.

When the Vendome Was Young

The presence of Mrs. W. T. Wallace among the Vendome's guests recalls memories of many years ago, when the hotel was new. At that time the Vendome was the favorite summer resort of Mrs. Wallace's daughter, Belle, then Mrs. Donahue, the young widow of Mervyn Donahue.

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She nearly always had some member of her family visiting her, generally one of her sisters, Marguerite or Romie. Jimmie Phelan was often seen in attendance on the attractive young widow, and the late Colonel Dick Hammond was at one time reported her fiance. But she did not marry either of them, and indeed it was a long time afterward that she became Mrs. Richard Sprague. Both her lovely young sisters passed away long ago. Their mother, who is at present at the hotel, is accompanied by Mrs. John McMullin.

The Sidney V. Smiths are at the Vendome, where are also the C. G. Hookers, Mrs. George Lent and Miss Jennie Hooker, Mrs. C. A. Buckbee and Miss Buckbee, Mr. and Joseph Spear Jr., Mrs. Henry Vrooman and Miss Vrooman of Oakland. Mrs. Josiah Belden will be there in August. A very stunning brunette from Detroit has made an impression by her beauty. She is Mrs. W. G. Campbell and is well chaperoned.

Gentlemen Whips to Chase Dollars

The sports at Del Monte this year are to be enlivened by daily coaching parties over the seventeen mile drive with "gentlemen whips" to handle the ribbons. Mr. Beylard showed what he could do in driving a coach for pay in the streets of San Francisco, and there are other Blingumites who will not disdain the nimble dollar to help pay the expenses of the week of sport. It is quite the correct thing in England, so why not here?

Miss Head's Broken Engagement

The story of Miss Anna Head's broken engagement, as it was retailed in San Francisco society years ago, is an interesting one and may or may not be true. Every one believed it at the time but, in the light of recent developments, I "hae me doots." However, this is what the innermost circles believed. It was said that Lieutenant Jephson, after the manner of so many impecunious Englishmen of good family, had demanded a money bonus with the girl and, failing to get it from the angry father, cabled to Miss Head that the engagement was broken. Society could have forgiven him for breaking the engagement, but not for *cabling* the news to her. They thought he might have broken it more gently and less expensively in a letter. After that the Heads became quite poor and were very much down on their luck for awhile, but recently some downtown property has increased largely in value and now they are on velvet again, though it isn't as large and soft a piece as that in which they used to sink their feet in the old days.

Crothers-Moore Engagement

The many friends of Miss Mabel Crothers are all greatly interested in her approaching marriage to Mr. Philip H. Moore of Hartford, Connecticut. Miss Crothers has been in the East and in Canada for several years, but while she was in California she made many warm and lasting friends. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Crothers of Niles, and the niece of Mr. R. A. Crothers and Mrs. Loring Pickering of San Francisco. Mr. Moore comes of an equally prominent family. He is the eldest son of the late H. Douglas Moore, and grandson of the Hon. Philip H. Moore of Moore's Station, Quebec, and also the grandson of the late Captain Arthur French who lost his life while on duty as chief officer of a steamer wrecked off the coast of Cape Mendocino, January fifth, 1860.

Gossip of the Service

Major John A. Hull, who for two years served here as Judge Advocate on General Hughes's staff at Department headquarters, has recently been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He has been stationed in Omaha since leaving San Francisco, and expects to go to the Philippines in the spring. With Mrs. Hull he will spend the coming winter in Washington. One of the officers who will receive promotion through the last batch of those who will be retired in a few days is Major George H. Ruhlen, who was in charge of the Chief Quartermaster's office of the Department of California during the war with Spain. Major Ruhlen has for the last year been attached to the Quartermaster General's office in Washington, D. C. Colonel Daniel D. Wheeler, who will be promoted Brigadier General and retired this month, was Chief Quartermaster of the Department of California last year, and one of the most popular officers who ever held that position. He purposes making California his future home.

Captain Ren Smedburg and Captain Harold P. Howard, who expected to sail for Manila by the transport on August first, will remain in the United States, the orders for their regiment, the Fourteenth Cavalry, to go to the



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Philippines having been countermanded. We are to lose two popular officers from the Presidio by their promotion and retirement this month—Colonel George B. Rodney, who recently took command there and Colonel Charles A. Coolidge of the Seventh Infantry.

The Hotel Man Knew

The late Mrs. Blaine was not popular in Washington, owing to her autocratic air which she had acquired in her early school-teaching days, and was never able to shake off. I remember hearing a story about her told by a visitor to Washington. The latter was a stranger in Washington and happened to be staying at the same hotel where Secretary of State Blaine resided. She had never seen Mrs. Blaine. One day the visiting lady stepped into the elevator and said to the boy:

"Down!"

"Up!" said a second woman, following the first one into the lift.

The stranger's face grew red, but she stood her ground, and repeated, "Down!"

"Up!" said the other, a severe-looking elderly woman, who overtopped the stranger by some inches.

"Down!"

"Up!"

The elevator boy was badly rattled, but catching sight of the clerk he called to him. The clerk, looking from the tall woman's pale face to the flushed one of the other, blandly inquired the matter.

"I stepped into the elevator and ordered the boy to go down," explained the visiting lady, "and this woman followed and ordered him to go up."

The clerk knew his business. He turned to the boy and remarked severely:

"Take Mrs. Blaine up at once, and hereafter never hesitate in obeying her order."

Against her will the stranger made a trip to the upper floor, and, coldly triumphant, Mrs. Blaine made her point.

Mrs. Blaine was never an inspiration or help to her brilliant husband, but her sister, Gail Hamilton, was. She admired her great brother-in-law and her regard was reciprocated. Gail Hamilton had a brain above the average and was often credited with being the author of the Plumed Knight's speeches. However it is more likely that her sympathetic mind helped to bring out Blaine's brightness, rather than being its source.

Mrs. Hattie Blaine Beale is said to possess a disposition very similar to that of her mother. She never shows her feelings. Mrs. Blaine was disappointed in the matches made by two of her children, and it was she, it was said at the time, whose bitter opposition to her son James's marriage with Marie Nevins caused its final severance.

Mrs. Ella Sterling Mighels will shortly leave for New York to join her husband, Philip Verrill Mighels. They expect to return here in about two years and build a home in the Piedmont hills.

The Reticent Greene

General Greene, who dropped into town the other day, and who refused to be interviewed about the asphalt trust, in which that wonderful financier, Will Crocker, was involved, presides over a "reform" administration of the Police Department of New York. At the time of his appointment several papers expressed great surprise, for at that time his business methods were not unknown. A demand is now being made for his suspension pending an investigation of the grave charges preferred against him by the receiver of the Asphalt Trust. A suit to recover unlawful profits reaped in the promotion of a trust implies the commission of a fraud, and if Greene is guilty of having bought properties at one price and having turned them over to the trust at a higher valuation after pocketing his share of the benefits, he is manifestly unfit to serve as a police commissioner.

"I don't think she has much of a reputation to speak of."
"Well, no, not above a whisper."

Edith McBean was always a fine-looking girl, but since her marriage with Dr. Kierstedt she has grown positively handsome. She looks particularly well in a pale biscuit shade tailor suit, which harmonizes artistically with her blonde tints.



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The Introduction of Lady Nicotine

Quite recently the debate arose among some mentors of the local smart set as to how and when the universally spreading custom of smoking was introduced into American society. Some blamed Germany, others Russia, and still others England, but it was pretty generally agreed that Washington was the port-hole through which the pretty vice first entered our Puritanical midst. Washington has, perhaps, the most cosmopolitan as well as the fastest society life in the country, and it was among the ambassadorial maids and matrons that the Yankee girl first saw the Turkish cigarette touched to feminine lips. Smoking "caught on" among Washington society women long before it spread abroad, even as far as New York, and it was hinted that before the new fad was regulated the fashionable physicians of Washington had on their hands over a score of mysterious cases which proved to be nothing more or less than tobacco heart. It is worthy of remark, by the way, that the American girl is just becoming experienced enough in the use of the weed to hold her cigarette properly—that is, in the left hand and between the first and second fingers. This is "man fashion," for to hold the cigarette in the right hand would sadly interfere with important work.

The Defamers of Bryan

Editor TOWN TALK:

When not engaged in singing the praises of Grover Cleveland, these same President-making newspapers to whom I referred in my last letter devote some of their purchased space to the equally congenial task of abusing William J. Bryan. The anti-Bryan band of braying asses is led by that magnificent burro of the East, Whitelaw Reid, son-in-law of our great philanthropist, D. O. Mills, whose cold-blooded treatment of W. C. Ralston drove the latter to suicide. Mr. Reid was one of President McKinley's commissioners to conclude the Spanish war, and largely upon his advice our Government was induced to pay Spain twenty million dollars of good American money for a so-called title to the Philippines, which the Spanish Government never possessed. In order that this dilettante statesman might have an opportunity of showing our English cousins how nearly we could copy their "flunkeyism," Mr. Reid was appointed special commissioner to represent this Government at the Coronation of Edward VII. And in order that the Mills millions might not be depleted, Congress was asked to appropriate fifty thousand dollars of the people's money to enable Mr. Reid to appear properly arrayed at a foreign court, which was then engaged in suppressing the efforts of the Dutch colonists of South Africa to maintain their free Republic. And this is the man who has ever since been engaged in bitter denunciation of William Jennings Bryan, whose shoestrings he is not worthy to unlatch.

Now a word or two about William Jennings Bryan, who is not a candidate but whose influence will be powerful in any large gathering of honest Jeffersonian Democrats. He has always taken an active interest in politics, and has always advocated true Democratic principles. Young, ardent, honest and eloquent, the Democrats of Kansas, where he engaged in the practice of law, soon availed themselves of his services on the stump, and he was nominated for Congress in a Republican district. He was placed upon the Committee of Ways and Means, a very signal honor for a young member serving his first term. Bryan's speeches in Congress upon the tariff question were not surpassed in logic, sound sense and eloquence by those of any other members, on either side of the House. So highly were they thought of by the National Democratic Committee that they were printed by its order in the political hand-book circulated by the committee for the guidance of the Democratic campaign orators of the various States. Mr. Bryan's epeech on Decoration Day at Arlington Cemetery was a masterpiece of patriotism and eloquence. In the Democratic National Convention of 1896 Bryan appeared as a member of a contested delegation from Nubraska, and after a stormy and protracted debate before the committee on credentials, the delegation of which he was a member was admitted, and Bryan became a mmber of the committee on platform and resolutions. When the report of that committee came before the convention as a whole it had been arranged that Senator Jones of Arkansas should close the debate for the majority report, but he magnanimously requested that Bryan should have that privilege, and the result was that Bryan's eloquent speech gave him the nomination for the Presidency. The nomination was received by the people at large with the wildest enthusiasm, and was opposed only by the Wall street Democrats. These deserters put Palmer and Buckner in the race for the purpose of compassing the defeat of Bryan, but most of them voted for McKinley. Notwithstanding the efforts of these deserters, Bryan received more popular votes than any other man who had ever before ran for President, excepting, of course, the number cast for his successful opponent. Having accomplished their wicked purpose, these Palmer and Buckner Democrats came out from under cover and not only boasted of their treachery but began to assume the role of the only true Democracy. The treachery and desertion of Cleveland and his friends defeated Bryan, not by patriotic assassination like that of Brutus and Cæsar, but by the low and cunning methods pursued by the Italian Vendetta. And now these traitors and deserters boldly proclaim themselves as the only true Democrats, and demand the right to control the organization, nominate its candidates and formulate its principles.

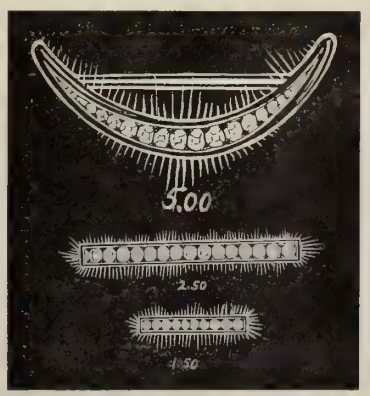
Gentlemen of the subsidized press, your unholy efforts to destroy the great Democratic party of Jefferson and Jackson will prove abortive. More than six million Democrats who follow the standard of Bryan refuse to be led by or dictated to by a coterie of traiters and deserters, who polled less than one per cent of the vote at the election of 1896. Benedict Arnold, demanding the command of the American armies after his desertion at West Point, is the only fitting parallel of Cleveland and his little bunch of deserters, demanding that they be permitted to lead the Democrats in the next campaign.

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A Woman's Constancy

A barren road lies parching in the sun;
Its drear monotony and tiresome length
Drags on, and threatens never to have done.

I toil along the rough, uneven way
With heart depressed, with face tear-stained and worn,
And dread the light of each succeeding day.

One morn, when all but sunk beneath my load,
My untaught lips essayed a prayer, and lo,
The light of Calvary shone o'er the road.

No hope but one, the cross. A dream I nursed—
But that is dead. O God, desert me now,
Then chaos is, and I'm indeed accursed.

My dream, a weakling's dream, no more will fret
My yearning heart. Within the mighty calm
Of yonder sacred cross, I will forget.

Come, subtle essence of a power divine,
Cloak all my senses in thy mystery,
And shield me from all mastery but thine.

* * * * * * * *

Mankind is weak, O God, the steady light
Of Thy Great Presence awes; so keep me firm
Lest I drift back to sin, and to the night.

My erring heart still grieves; it moans its loss
In silent anguish. Is there no relief
For those who kneel and cry beneath the cross?

Just God, forgive! In vain I've tried to slay
This love within my breast. Take Thou all else
But give me back my dream of yesterday.

* * * * * * * *

Two faces silhouetted in the dawn;
The woman sits and dreams in sweet content;
Her prayer is answered—but the cross is gone.

July, 1903. MABEL PORTER PITTS.

The Irony of It

"Shake up my pillows, please, dear."

It was as natural to Ronald to use the caressing epithet as for some men to omit the "please."

He never gave a thought to what the little "dear" might mean to the young girl in the neat gingham frock and apron who had been in attendance upon him since he first entered the hospital. His brown eyes always lighted up when she came near him. He liked her to smooth the sheets and do all the little offices that make a sick room seem less like a prison. Sometimes he caught her smooth, soft, yet firm hands in his, and pressed them gently. She was so kind, so tender of him.

It was her duty to do what she could to make his aching bones forget their pains. But somehow, when Ronald spoke to her Anne forgot she was only a trained nurse. He had such a loving way with him. Women had petted him since he was an infant. They all loved him. How could Anne escape his charm?

As for Ronald, to him she was only his nurse. Yet he could no more help making love to her than he could change the fact that he loved but one—and that one Marion.

Marion did not know he was ill. He would not let them send her word, for that would spoil her pleasure. She, beautiful, happy creature, was enjoying her first season in society. She wrote to Ronald, and he on his bed of pain listened to Anne as she read the gay accounts of teas, balls and dinners in which "I" figured largely, with hints of the conquests "I" was making by the score. Ronald was supposed by his fiancee to be surveying railroads in Arizona and looking, perhaps, for a stray mine that might bring the wedding day nearer the present.

To Anne it all seemed terribly selfish. She looked at Ronald, pale on his pillows, and wondered how any woman could go on and amuse herself far from him. "Why doesn't she know, and come?" she asked herself.

Then she hugged closer her joy in her task. She let her heart luxuriate in the crumbs that fell her way, tender words unconsciously dropped. delicious moments when Ronald's hand touched hers, or his brown eyes smiled into her gray ones. She wore herself into a shadow over her charge, denying herself sleep that he might miss no moment of her care.

And one day into the sick-room floated a radiant vision. It was not necessary to tell Anne who it was.

"Marion!" a weak voice called from the pillows. The brown head was raised and two thin arms were outstretched.

"Ronald, why didn't I know before?"

The great bunch of roses she carried fell upon the floor as the radiant vision leaned over the brown head.

Anne turned her face away. The end had come, she knew, for her.

"You'll get well, darling, now that *I* have come," cooed Marion.

"That I will, sweetheart," returned Ronald, his own face reflecting her radiance.

"It's all very well to say doctors can cure one," went on Marion, "but they can't, you know. A little love—a great big lot of love—is what does the business."

Ronald remembered something then.

"Marion, I want you to meet my little nurse," he said, "she's the best little nurse in all the world."

But when Marion turned to the window, there was no figure in a neat gingham frock and white apron there. Anne had gone.

—*The Interne.*

Cynicus: "I don't see why they have orchestras in restaurants."

Musicus: "I think they are a refining influence. Music with meals deserves public acclaim. It lifts our thoughts out of the commonplace. Among other things it tempers the welch rarebit to the blase theatre-goer."

Cynicus: "Music be blowed. Who wants Wagner when the orchestra includes two unfriendly violins, a too impetuous 'cello and a tardy flute. 'Parsifal' served up by such fellows impairs digestion."

SAN JOSE WARBLERS.

O, the little birds sang East, and the
  little birds sang West,
And they sang of many places where
  wise birds love to rest;
But of all resorts delightful that
  lure the folks from home,
They chirped in chorus tuneful of
  the wonders of Vendome!



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Automobile Topics

Fancy a Vanderbilt serving as an exemplar of caution and discretion for automobilists! The Vanderbilts have done so much reckless scorching and figured in so many accidents in consequence that it was popularly supposed that they had done much to arouse popular prejudice against the horseless carriage. But the other day Alfred G. Vanderbilt caused the arrest of one P. Ford in Middletown, R. I., for scorching. It was not, however, that he objected to the practice, but he had grown tired of having a bad reputation. It appears that the people of Newport and the surrounding country, whenever they saw a saucy red wagon rushing along the highway, would say: "There goes that young Vanderbilt." Of course this must have been very irritating to the law-abiding youth. Did he ever try to find out what his automobile was capable of? Did he ever run over dogs, chickens or even children? That was an exhilarating diversion he had never sampled. So he made up his mind to make a reputation. Though the local regulations allow a maximum speed of ten miles an hour in the towns of the island, he will confine himself to five. And besides he will not go out at night. Did anybody ever hear of such renunciation? It is almost heroic. If this had happened before the Bailey bill was introduced at Albany, perhaps that measure would never have reached the Governor. I commend the example of Mr. Vanderbilt to all automobilists. There are a few in San Francisco who would render a great service to all lovers of the auto if they could content themselves with less speed than they sometimes indulge even on city thoroughfares. If our automobilists become amateur policemen and help to capture and convict the law-breakers, the speed problem will become a mere trifle.

Miss Ethyl Hager's ardor was not dampened by the injury to her arm received a few weeks ago while repairing her auto. She is one of the greatest enthusiasts on the coast.

It was an Irishman who, when asked the other day if his interest in his auto had increased, replied that it reached the "automobilin'" point.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Campbell of Detroit, Mich., are on their honeymoon, touring this State in an automobile.

George A. Knight has forsworn allegiance temporarily to his gasoline launch. He has always been an ardent sailor and also a lover of horseflesh, but since his return from Paris he has been very much interested in his automobile.

Notwithstanding the excellent manner in which the recent International Automobile Cup race was conducted, popular sentiment in England, as revealed by the British press, is opposed to automobile racing hereafter on the public roads. It is argued that the auto that has a speed of ninety miles an hour is only a costly toy. The racing auto is a dangerous nuisance and is only impeding the development of touring and freight cars which may become useful servants of commerce and locomotion in the future. All that can be learned by races has been learned, and learned in some instances at frightful cost. —*The Chauffeur.*

LADIES WERE NOT DISAPPOINTED.

When Kelly and Liebes, 120 Kearny street, announced their great removal sale and that prices would be so low that all the ladies would talk about the sale, they did not disappoint the public. Cloaks, suits, skirts and waists are sold at such low prices that the store is continually crowded with buyers. Special new bargains are placed on the counters daily. The fine tailor suits at $30.00 are selling fast at $12.50.



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Happy Is the Man Who Shoots a Deer

There is nothing that affords so much pleasure to the busy denizen of the city as the killing of a deer. How joyfully and buoyantly he will carry to his camp or summer boarding-house a load that in the city he would consider fit only for a horse. With what pride he will show it to his friends and dilate on the details of his successful hunt. And if ladies be present, he soon begins to feel himself a hero.

For how many months does this "tale of his shoot" interest himself, if not his friends. His recital may vary, but no matter how many deer he may tell of having seen after shooting this one, and how easily he could have brought them down (but not how many he may have shot at) he will invariably wind up by stating that he a "gentleman sport" and would not kill more than the one, that being sufficient for the time for himself and friends.

To kill a deer is an ambition we all possess. We are never too old or too young for this sport. If we could only jump up and "get there" quick! In this respect the residents of the bay counties have the advantage over the residents of any other part of the United States. Mendocino and Sonoma counties are practically a deer park and only a few hours' ride from San Francisco. Leaving San Francisco in the morning, the hunter reaches Willits, in the heart of Mendocino county, in time for dinner, and Geyserville, Cloverdale, Hopland, Ukiah and other intermediate rail points considerably earlier. If you do not plug a deer that evening you are in good shape for an early morning start. The deer throughout this section, along the California Northwestern Railway, are more plentiful this season than for years. The game has been well protected. So many of the farmers take boarders that they have learned the value of deer as an attraction, and have joined hands with the law in protecting them.

The open season for deer in Sonoma county is from July 15 to August 31, inclusive, and in Mendocino county until September 30, inclusive.

"Vacation 1903," issued by this company, tells where the hunters can stop, terms, etc.

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Advice to Young Grandfathers

There is a period in the life of every healthy and well-raised grandfather when, feeling the pulse of youth throbbing in his veins, he is apt, if not admonished by one of wiser years, to fall into one of the thousand temptations and pitfalls which surround him and prey upon his exuberance and unrestrained enthusiasm. It is with a view to saving him from these that we have framed a few suggestions which, in his encounter with the world and its wiles, may stand him in good stead:

If the young lady repeats her fondness for you, don't hesitate about paying for the supper and extras before her admiration grows cold. Your charms may not be so great as they used to be, but your money's just as good.

If you are thinking of marrying, untie your pursestrings first and your heartstrings afterward.

Even in the flush of gallantry do not write any letters or sign any strange documents—they may be used in the future as contract marriages.

Do your spending away from relatives and heirs, who have an unpleasant habit of confusing generosity with insanity even in the most youthful grandfathers.

If you are impecunious or frugal you had better adopt a domestic pose, for the vulgar appreciate levity in the old only when accompanied by reckless spending.

An old rollicker is usually as young as he feels and often, we regret to say, as foolish as he looks.

Never get jealous of young men. It's beneath your dignity—besides, it won't do any good.

You'd best not take an orchestra chair at the show. People will class you with the elderly gentlemen who sit on either side of you, even though you wear a toupee.

If any one accuses you of being a masher tell them that it is merely your old school gallantry.

If you get a pretty young wife do everything in your power to keep her, for you must remember that a fool and his "honey" are soon parted.

Boast of your dissipations, your conquests and your battles, if you wish. You will be believed by nobody but yourself, but nobody will dare dispute you so long as you pay your bills.

Do not make a will. It is as good as a signed acknowledgment that you are not so young as your grandchildren.

Old people usually gain frivolity at the expense of dignity—which is not important so long as they are enjoying themselves.

Even though you are frequently disappointed in love, do not be discouraged. There are plenty of charming young women just pining to be old men's darlings, and subsequently to pass into a dashing widowhood.

Follow these few humble suggestions, aspiring grandfathers, and you will be surprised to find yourselves becoming younger every day—so rapidly, in fact, that some morning you may awake to discover yourselves babbling in a second childhood.

The Octogenarian.

STAGE

D'Arville at the Tivoli

It's like old times at the Tivoli these days, or rather nights, for the stock company at the venerable opera house is once more in tune and the heavenly maid is again lusty and on the key. The Tivoli needed just such a woman as Camille D'Arville to infuse the real comic opera spirit into the company. It had an abundance of talent before but there was something lacking. In the veteran comic opera prima donna it has a woman who has all the dash and verve essential to the frothy style of entertainment for which the house is famous. It is pleasant to see Camille D'Arville in tights again. She has grown somewhat stouter since her Maid Marian days, but plumpness has only accentuated her beautiful curves. Her limbs, no longer lithe, taper as of yore, and the magnetism of her personality is as pronounced as ever. And by the way there are few more magnetic women on the stage. So subtle and potent is her magnetism that it compels admiration for her vocal art, though that is the least of her charms. Her voice is rich of quality but not remarkable for the control exhibited or for its possibilities. Its mellow tones, however, always evoke great enthusiasm. It was a large house and an exuberant one that greeted the singer on her first night at the Tivoli. It had been announced that Mrs. Crellin had wearied of social life and had decided to become Camille D'Arville again, and she was welcomed just as though she really had been in retirement. The fact is that the dashing singer was never divorced from her art. She married and indulged in the conventional treacle-moon diversion but that was all. She has been earning a salary on the stage intermittently ever since. Marriage never cured her of the stage habit. "The Highwayman" in which she is now appearing is one of Smith and De Koven's operas, and it has all the familiar characteristics of their work. It abounds in pretty music, though there are not many catchy tunes, and it has several good parts. One of them is the role of Dick Fitzgerald, played by Arthur Cunningham, who does a very clever bit of work. Indeed it is the best performance he ever gave at the Tivoli. Edwin Stevens is quaint and comical as Foxy Quiller, the hawkshaw. Ferris Hartman has a subordinate part which he handles conscientiously. He deserves special credit for the staging of the production. The piece brings out the full strength of the company and the ensemble work is very effective. The central figures at all times are Stevens and Camille D'Arville, and the latter presents a most picturesque appearance in the disguise of a dashing gallant. It is refreshing occasionally to see on the Tivoli stage a costume that doesn't bear the trade-mark of Goldstein & Cohen whose tawdry fineries are sufficiently antique to deck the cases of a museum.

Crawford Drama in Stock

When Viola Allen produced "In the Palace of the King" at the Columbia, I was disappointed in the play. It was not a drama in which to exploit a star, for it affords no special opportunities in any single role. It is far more suitable for a stock company. The large cast necessary gives every member of a stock organization a chance, and no role aside from those of the few principals outshines another. The Neill-Morosco company that opened at the California Monday night was not over-praised by its advance agent. Lillian Kemble, who has Viola Allen's role of Dolores, is a beautiful woman, and Elsie Esmond as Inez invests the part with much pathetic interest. Adora Andrews plays the scheming Princess with skill, bringing out all the fine shades in the character. Of the men Frank MacVicars as the Cardinal is a superb and heroic figure and he impersonates the fascinating churchman with grace and vigor. The other parts are all acceptably filled with the exception of the court fool, "Adonis," which loses all its strength in the hands of Joseph Dailey and becomes a whining, mouthing puppet.

A San Francisco girl has joined the Neill-Morosco company, and plays a small part in this week's play. Her stage name is Elizabeth Hartstone; she recently made her debut at Fischer's at a matinee given by Paul Gerson's pupils, and she will probably overcome the handicap which a person with histrionic aspiration assumes by entering a dramatic school.

At the Grand

The third of the Rogers Brothers' musical eccentricities is even livelier than its predecessors. Herbert Sears in a feminine stunt is capital. "The Belle of Murray Hill," sung by Louise Moore and chorus, made an instant hit Sunday night. The Arizona newspaperwoman played by Anna Wilks is very amusing and her song, "Mollie Shannon," pleased the gallery at once. Arnold Grazer's toe dancing won a round of applause for its grace and beauty. The Esmeralda sisters also have a pretty dance. The new Amazon march is as good as anything ever seen here in that line, even in the old spectacular leg-show days.

The New Mephisto and the Old

For years we had come too look upon "Faust" as the exclusive possession of Lewis Morrison. Theodore Roberts and others have played Mephistopheles, but somehow Lewis Morrison seemed the only one to whom the role really belonged. However, Mr.

Morrison has retired from active stage life, and he is willing to let Mephisto's laurels be worn by a younger man. The aged actor was of the audience at the Central on Monday night, and no applause was warmer than his when Herschel Mayall scored a point in his old part. When Mayall was called upon for a speech he paid a pretty compliment to Mr. Morrison who had coached him in his part. Mayall at once played his way into the favor of the audience, and promises to be the most popular leading man the Central has yet had. Not far behind his hit as Mephisto was Edwin Emery's successful Faust. Eugenie Thais Lawton was a most effective Marguerite and George P. Webster a strong Valentine. The scenic features, especially the great Brocken scene, received a round of applause attesting the scenic artist's talent.

Shakespeare Out of Doors

Nance O'Neil will be tendered a monster testimonial at Sutro Heights, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, August first and second, when four open-air performances of Shakespeare's delightful comedy, "As You Like It," will be given. For the first time in her histrionic career the young star will don male attire. "Rosalind" should suit her to a nicety. She will be accorded excellent support, E. J. Ratcliffe being the Orlando, Charles A. Millward the Jacques and Herbert Carr, Oliver. A better selection for the part of Touchstone would be hard to find than L. R. Stockwell, and Blanche Stoddard should make a delightful Celia. James J. Corbett, the actor-pugilist, has been selected for Charles the Wrestler, a part that he has played with great success on several occasions with notable casts in the East. The charming incidental music will be sung by the Knickerbocker double quartet and over sixty people will take part in the production. An army of carpenters will transform the prettiest portion of Sutro Heights into an open-air auditorium, and boxes and seats that will comfortably accommodate four thousand people will be constructed. The sale of seats will begin at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s music house Monday morning, July twenty-seventh, at nine o'clock, and, from all indications, there will be an immense demand for choice locations.

The Bingham Season

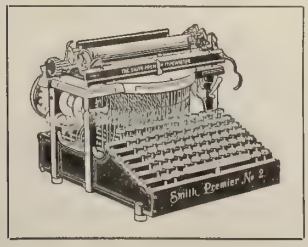
Perhaps Mrs. Bingham knows her business thoroughly and perhaps Mr. Bingham is a very wise manager, but after seeing "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" I am of the opinion that they blundered egregiously in starting their repertoire in this city with a Clyde Fitch play and winding up with one from the French that Mr. Fitch had only tampered with. "The Climbers" is a fairly good play. It is above the average of the Fitch output but it is a dramatic potboiler in comparison with "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." This adaptation from the French is decidedly Frenchy and in spots a trifle coarse, but it has substance and *motif* and it affords an occasional thrill, not to speak of numerous laughs. The complications have the true Gallic flavor and they are unfolded with considerable deftness, though not with that delicacy which is suitable to the Anglo-Saxon taste. It is staged more sumptuously than were the previous Bingham productions and Miss Bingham gives a very good performance in the role of Mrs. Johnson. In Jim Morley Lackaye has a role suited to his temperament, though it is not of the style of parts in which he has most distinguished himself. Miss Bingham has not had such a successful season here as she had hoped for but she is not dissatisfied. She opened in an inauspicious season and under the circumstances has drawn fairly well. On Monday night she was given a very warm reception and took occasion to pay San Francisco the familiar graceful compliments. Lackaye also spoke and was more frank than the star. He suggested that the people who liked the play should write to their friends at the summer resorts to come home and occupy the empty seats. Next week the company will play repertoire.

The Wednesday matinee next week at the Columbia will be devoted to "The Climbers"; the Saturday matinee to "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." Ezra Kendall will open his second tour in "The Vinegar Buyer" at the Columbia week after next. Kendall's tour is under the management of Liebler & Co.

Morality plays have enjoyed vogue in London and the Eastern cities for some time past, and now we are to see one. "Every man," the fifteenth century morality play will be produced at Will Greenbaum's new Lyric hall early in September. The first presentation in California will be at the Berkeley university upon the invitation of President Wheeler. The play was given in four different seasons in London, and played seasons in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, receiving the approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury, S. Watts R. A., Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia ,Sarah Bernhardt, President Eliot and Edward Everett Hale.

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The Miller-Anglin Season

The Miller-Anglin season will open at the Columbia on August seventeenth. The opening play has not yet been decided upon, but during the engagement will be presented George Bernard Shaw's brilliant comedy "The Devil's Disciple," Richard Harding Davis's "The Taming of Helen," a new play from the French, "The Lady of Lyons" and "Camille." In the company will be Martha Waldron, Kate Patterson Selten, Mary Wright, Herbert Titheredge, Morton Selten, R. Lewis and Frank Hitchcock. These names are not such a bright array as those of last season, but they may stand for very efficient actors nevertheless. With Henry Miller at the helm, the productions are sure to be faultless in stage management. Margaret Anglin is said to have several trunks full of *chic* Parisian frocks. Louis Nethersole, the press agent of the company, is getting in some exceedingly clever work in advance of his attraction. It is a pity Mr. Nethersole's charming wife, Sadie Martinot, could not have been added to the company.

At the Orpheum

Ethel Leavy's dancing is a feature of the Orpheum program this week. The clever Californienne has an entertaining stunt and wins a lot of applause for her turn. "The Wrong Man" is a bright sketch and Claude Gillingwater and his company bring a lot out of it. The Orpheum Comedy Four are great favorites.

Miss Eleanor Haber, of David Belasco's company, who is out here from New York on her vacation, will give a monologue recital before she returns in September.

Features of Next Week's Bills

The Columbia will revive "The Climbers" for the last week of Amelia Bingham's engagement, and will alternate it with "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

"The Manxman," the dramatization of Hall Caine's first success and generally conceded his best novel, will be the Alcazar's bill. It is the first time the play has ever been given in this city.

The second week of the Neill-Morosco company at the California will be produced for the first time here Genevieve Haine's society drama, "Hearts Aflame." The story revolves around the theme of a society man who becomes ruined through unfortunate speculation and accepts financial assistance from a wealthy and politely dissipated bachelor who is in love with his wife. All the company will be well cast. The following Sunday night will be presented "Janice Meredith." On and after that date the opening plays and attractions at the California will take place on Sunday night instead of Monday.

"In Wall Street" is drawing immense houses to the Grand and the piece will go all next week.

Eleanor Jenkins, one of Anna Held's beauties, has joined Fischer's company and will be in the next production. Following "Under the Red Globe" will come "The Big Little Princess" and "Quo Vass Iss."

"The Highwayman" will easily crowd the Tivoli for some time to come.

"A Lion's Heart" will be a strong attraction in which to exploit Herschel Mayall and the Central's strong stock. The play has a plot in which figure a bride and groom, a robbery, a murdered detective and various other excitements. The comedy element is strong, especially in the bridal tour when the "honeymoon smile" becomes a byword.

Mme. Konorah, known as "the modern witch and mistress of mysteries," will make her first appearance in this city at the Orpheum. She solves instantly the most intricate arithmetical problems, without seeing or hearing the figures. She adds a row of numerals that totals trillions with the ease of a schoolboy multiplying two by two. James J. Morton, the fun-maker, is an old favorite. Macart's dogs and monkeys will renew acquaintance. Claudius and Corbin, renowned banjoists, late of Primrose and Dockstader's minstrels, will be new here. Ethel Levey will sing the latest song success of her husband, George M. Cohan, "If I Were Only Mr. Morgan."

At the Chutes will be the three Kunns, novelty musicians, one of whom plays a "'cello-guitar," Maude Still, a dainty soubrette; Zano, "the great," will present feats of modern magic; and Mexias and Mexias, "the clown and his dog," A Mirror Maze will shortly be added to the attractions.

To banish the blues nothing is so efficacious as a drink of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye.

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Beginning Monday, July 27
Fifth and Last Week of

AMELIA BINGHAM and Her Company.

Monday, Thursday and Friday Nights and Wednesday Matinee

"THE CLIMBERS"

Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday Nights and Saturday Matinee

"THE FRISKY MRS. JOHNSON"

August 3d—Ezra Kendall in "THE VINEGAR BUYER"

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SATURDAY MATINEE

All Next Week. Special Engagement of

CAMILLE D'ARVILLE

To appear in Smith and DeKoven's comic opera

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Popular Prices—25c, 50c, 75c. . . . . Telephone Bush 9

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CALIFORNIA

Tonight and Tomorrow Night, Last of "In the Palace of the King"

As presented by the famous

NEILL-MOROSCO COMPANY

Monday Evening, July 27—First time here of Genevieve Haine's modern society play

"HEARTS AFLAME"

This scored a big success in New York last season and is one of the gems of the Neill-Morosco repertoire.

Next—Commencing Sunday Night, August 2nd, Paul Leicester Ford's thrilling and delightful story of the Revolution "Janice Meredith"
In Preparation . "A Royal Family"

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As given in England by Wilson Barrett. Its first time in San Francisco
Prices: Evening, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 15c to 50c
Aug. 3, "A Marriage of Convenience"
In preparation—"The Dairy Farm."

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Matinees—Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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"UNDER THE RED GLOBE" with "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

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The show that hit them hard. Same Popular Prices.
Nights, 25c, 50c and 75c; Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c and 50c.

Children at Matinees, 10c and 25c.

Applause Was Ironic

Too much advance press notice frequently defeats its object. Particularly is this the case when a new aspirant for histrionic honors is brought forward. In the case of Edwards Davis, the ex-parson-turned-actor was the cause of his own undoing. The play, "The Unmasking," in which Mr. Davis made his Oakland debut, was his own work. Whatever else it unmasked in the plot it certainly succeeded in laying bare a paucity of playwright talent. "The worst ever" was the audience's chorus as it filed out of the Macdonough on Monday night. The actor-author did not lack for applause as the play dragged on its way, but he very wisely refused to respond to the calls for a speech. The play was heavy melodrama, but its situations provoked the risibles rather than the tear-ducts.

Tears En Regle

The business manager of a high class Eastern attraction, in a conversation with a well known railroad man the other day very significantly remarked: "It has become a serious proposition to bring expensive companies to this coast to play at two dollars when the Alcazar is giving such remarkable productions for less than half the money. I don't see how Belasco can afford to keep up the pace he has set." But judging from the crowded houses, the Alcazar management has no cause for complaint. It certainly spends money without stint, but the presumption is that the weekly balance sheet is satisfactory. The acquisition of "The Manxman," a play by Hall Caine which has provoked as much discussion as his "Eternal City" or "The Christian," is an enterprising stroke, for not only has it never been given by a stock company but it has never been seen in San Francisco. As Marc Antony remarked at the funeral services of his particular friend Cæsar, "You who have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now." The story of the self-sacrificing Manxman is emotional to a degree, and the matinee girls who go to see White Whittlesey in the role made famous by Wilson Barrett and James O'Neill will find it advisable to tuck a spare pocket handkerchief into the little handbag.

Price Astonishes New York

During his recent visit to New York Mr. E. D. Price was interviewed by the morning *Telegraph*, and that paper devoted half a page to a discussion of the Belasco-Mayer enterprises, which were said to be to the Pacific coast what those of Charles Frohman are to the Atlantic. Price astonished the interviewer by telling him that the Alcazar stock has a record of three hundred and sixty-seven consecutive weeks. We have never thought anything of this achievement but it is unprecedented in the history of theatricals in this country. Price also stated that for its size San Francisco is the greatest theatrical town in the country.

Tyndall's Popular Sunday Night Lectures

Dr. McIvor-Tyndall believes that we are on the verge of discovering the great secrets of life, the origin of life and the cause of decay and death. This will be done through the efforts of psychic science. "Faith in immortality," he said at his lecture last Sunday night, "is no longer possible without actual proof of the truth of the belief. This will undoubtedly be so thoroughly demonstrated within the present century that the world will wonder how we could have so long remained in ignorance of it. There is a natural law governing all psychic manifestations. The fact that we have not found, and reduced it to the same working order as electricity, proves nothing against it, as the discovery of electricity is a recent one, although the force has always existed." Tomorrow night Tyndall will lecture on "The Thought that Kills," showing that there are actual chemical changes produced in the human organism by a certain train of thought. The lecture will be followed by telepathic experiments. On August second the lecture will be on "Is Telepathy a Lost Faculty or a Development?"

George Trader, who has been promoted to starship lately and will appear next season in "A Fool and His Money," is a San Francisco boy. He used to be a prime favorite in the Alcazar company, when he was a young thing new to the stage. He appeared at the Alcazar when L. R. Stockwell was the manager, in the company which made a specialty of the Daly comedies, "The Magistrate," et al. Trader is a good-looking youth with a smile and dimples that are most fascinating to feminine auditors.

Gladys Unger, daughter of Frank Unger, who attracted some attention in London's literary circles by a dramatic version of Brinsley Sheridan's life, has written a play, the American rights of which have been secured by Frohman. —*The Playgoer.*

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MUSIC

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Return of the Marquardts

The Marquardts are back in town. John Marquardt and his wife Alexandra, the distinguished harpist, left this city for a tour of the world in June, 1901. They started by way of the Orient, and they gave concerts in all the principal cities of China, Japan and India. They toured New Zealand and Australia and in June, 1902, they reached Germany and while there were engaged for the Philadelphia Orchestra for the season of 1902-3. This is the famous symphony orchestra of which our old friend Fritz Scheel is leader. Marquardt was engaged as concert master and his wife as harpist. According to Marquardt, this orchestra achieved a great artistic triumph, but it lost seventy thousand dollars in the season. It is sustained by wealthy people who defray all the expenses, and it is evident from the extent of its loss that Philadelphia upholds its reputation for musical culture at considerable cost to the little coterie of plutocrats who appreciate the genius of Fritz Scheel. The Marquardts are great favorites in local musical and Bohemian circles, and they have contributed a great deal toward the musical culture of this city. That they added to their laurels abroad is evident from the newspaper criticisms in the cities visited by them. In India Mr. Marquardt was pronounced the finest violinist that had been heard there since the visit of Remenyi. Acording to the Bombay *Gazette*, "The Marquardts are artists of the very first rank." I hear that Mr. Marquardt contemplates reorganizing his orchestra and that he will resume his teaching.

Marquardt Talks of His Trip

Speaking about the native music in Japan, Mr. Marquardt says that they have a very odd collection of melodies, dating from the age of the Shoguns. This music, of which he heard a good many representative performances, is most unsatisfactory to a Western musician, as it lacks the principle of our tonic system, their scale being similar to the old Grecian Doric. The combination of instruments is very interesting and the effect most weird, and antiquity sounds from every tune. Tokyo has a Royal College of Music, where can be heard the finest chorus singing. Piano and violin playing is taught by European teachers. "At a select concert in Tokyo," said Mr. Marquardt, "we were assisted by a Japanese singer, who very creditably sang Wagner's Song to the Evening Star. Talking about Eastern royalty, we must say something about Siam, the land of the sacred white elephant. The King of Siam is a very jovial gentleman who speaks English fluently, likes music, and at a royal concert in the Siamese theatre the princes and princesses, of which there are many, showed great curiosity, especially when the harp came forward. The Sultan of Delhi (Sumatra), who true to his title has fifty wives, heard us in a private recital, when his adored were listening behind screens. This gentleman is quite a musician, plays violin, and his ladies get instruction in piano playing from a German professor." Speaking of his experience in India Mr. Marquardt said that their concerts in that country were largely attended by English people. The Viceroy attended one concert in Calcutta. One of their most profitable ventures was a concert to the Boer prisoners, who blessed them for their treat. In Manila, by the way, they were entertained by Mrs. Taft in her beautiful castle, Malacanem.

Professor E. S. Bonelli and Mrs. Bonelli have been summering at Los Gatos. They were in a runaway accident on Wednesday last week, but fortunately escaped without injury. They were out driving, with a lady friend as guest, and their horse shied and bolted. But the only damage done was to the nerves of the carriage's occupants. Mrs. Bonelli handled the reins and proved herself a heroine.

Musical people are coming back to town and by the first of August there will probably be some concerts on the tapis.

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Another Addition to Our Music Cult

Walter Handel Thorley, who recently came here from England, is a very notable addition to the noted musicians who have settled in San Francisco. He is a pianist of rare talent, having studied under his distinguished cousin, James Thorley, Reinecke, Wenzel, Jadassohn and Richter. His father was a contrabassist in the famous Sir Charles Halle orchestra in Manchester, and all his life Mr. Thorley has known what it was to have music around him. He has composed some fine classic works, a "Macbeth" symphonic poem having received high praise from London critics. He was a profesor in the Royal Academy, London, for some time. Mr. Thorley played at Stanford University shortly after his arrival here and his gifts were very generally acknowledged.

The latest English comic opera is "My Lady Molly," which is now playing in London. It is not a musical comedy or a musical farce, but a straight comic opera. The music is by Sidney Jones, the composer of "The Geisha," "San Toy," and "The Medal and the Maid." I hear that it is to be produced in this country during the coming season.

Madame Jennie Norelli, the Swedish corature soprano engaged to appear with Henry W. Savage's English grand opera company next season, is expected to arrive from abroad shortly. During the past season Madame Norelli has been singing at the Philharmonic concerts in London.

Marcus Mayer, who will manage Patti's farewell tour, recently returned from England where he heard the diva sing. He reports that her voice was never more exquisite, and that she did not seem a day over thirty-five. She will arrive in this country October twenty-eighth.

Miss Amy Gregory of Centerville, who is to marry Oliver Blanchard of San Jose next month, is an amateur whistler of natural talent. She also sings, having studied for some time under Mrs. Hillman-Smith of San Jose. Mr. Blanchard is also a singer, and studied under Mrs. Marriner-Campbell.

It is proposed to establish a permanent symphony orchestra in this city. Such a proposition has often been made, and at times has seemed on the verge of realization. It would be a very good thing for the city were it to be accomplished.

Jessie Bartlett Davis has been engaged to fill an important position in the company that is to aid Francis Wilson in imparting new life to "Erminie" and "The Little Corporal" next September.

Sir Henry Heyman has been spending a part of the season at the Arlington in Santa Barbara. He will be back in town by August third. —*The Music Critic.*

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LETTERS

"The Lions of the Lord"

Those whose recollections of reading carry them back to the middle years of the nineteenth century will be apt to find little fiction in "The Lions of the Lord." The book concerns itself with the early days of Mormonism, and covers a period dating from soon after the "martyrdom" of Joseph Smith to about 1870, and so well has the author grasped the Mormon point of view that for the first half of the story he might be supposed to be holding a brief for Brigham Young and his followers. Had Mr. Wilson elected to follow the fortunes of the Mormons through the trial of the Mountain Meadows murderers, and the curious provision which Young made in his will for the comfort of his mortal part after death, instead of branching off into a love story, this would have been a book to set beside Frank Norris's "Octopus"—and there are very few modern novels that deserve a place on the same shelf. It is not that there is any objection to be urged against the love story in itself, but there are so many of them. The term "novel" is regarded as only a synonym for love story, and love stories are all so much alike. Joel Rae is the central figure—the hero, if there is a hero—of the story, and fanatical mystic that he was, he was not without his heroisms. We are introduced to him in the first years of his manhood, as he returns from a missionary expedition, to find the city of Nauvoo deserted and his fellow-religionists driven into exile. Joel is the child of a fanatical father, one peculiarly susceptible to new religious teachings, who "in 1828 had hailed Dylkes, 'the Leatherwood God,' as the real Messiah. Then he had been successively a Free-will Baptist, a Winebrennerian, a Universalist, a Disciple, and finally an eloquent and moving preacher in the Church of Christ of the Latter Day Saints." As a child Joel had taken part in all the marches from place to place as the Mormons had been harried. He had seen the destruction of their villages and their property, and had even seen his own, only sister made the victim of mob violence. Little wonder then, that with his inheritance and his training, he became a shining light of the sect called by the Church Poet "The Lute of the Holy Ghost," an ardent believer in the doctrines promulgated by the leaders, given to fasting and vigils, and ready and anxious to sacrifice everything to the cause of the religion which he believed was the cause of God. However much and more justly the Mormons may be blamed for their crimes, there is no denying the heroism of those long marches across the continent, where their path was marked by a double line of graves. Nothing short of religious fervor could have sustained those hand-cart parties in their desperate fight against disease, cold and starvation, and it reflects little credit on the Christian churches that people who were so earnest in their seeking should have been left to fall into the hands of charlatans. The migration of the Nauvoo settlers, their temporary abiding place in Iowa, the long march across the continent, the first winter, the hand-cart party, the resistance of the United States troops, the Danites and the massacre at Mountain Meadows are a few of the larger subjects graphically dealt with. The institution of plural marriages, the baptisms for the dead, the endowments, and the shrewd and canny dealings of the second president, with the tragedies and comedies of individual lives, round out the story. Whether or not Joel Rae had an exact prototype, there must have been many such amongst the early Saints, or they could never have carried their projects through. How and why "The Lute of the Holy Ghost" became "The Little Man of Sorrows" must be left for the reader to discover. It will be sufficient to say that the author has adhered substantially to facts in his denouement, and that the participation of the Mormons, disguised as Indians, in the Mountain Meadows massacre was finally discovered, long years afterwards, by the recital of childish recollections of two of the survivors, children who were supposed to be too young to notice or remember. No matter what works of fiction make their appearance during the next six months, "The Lions of the Lord" is certain to hold its place as one of the important books of the year. It ranks as high above "The Spenders," Harry Leon Wilson's first novel, as "The Spenders" towered

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above its contemporaries. It is a book that readers cannot afford to neglect, whether they are seeking information or recreation. [D. Lothrop of Boston is the publisher.]

Wilfrid Meynell is to write the biography of Lord Beaconsfield, and in English literary circles there is general satisfaction expressed that the work should be placed in the hands of one so competent for it. It was taken for granted for awhile that John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) would be selected, but the decision in favor of Mr. Meynell is generally believed to be a better one. Wilfrid Meynell is the husband of Mrs. Alice Meynell, whose visit to San Francisco is still a recent event. He is not, however, dependent on his relationship to that lady for distinction, but is one of the best known and best liked journalists of England.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding has written a novel of San Francisco life, and it is reported that during her absence in Europe it will be put into the hands of an English publisher. Mrs. Gerberding's short stories, contributed to magazines, are too well known to need comment. The only work of any length which she has heretofore put forth is her boys' story, "The Golden Chimney." That was an exceptionally good piece of work from a literary standpoint, and an unusually good boys' story, in these days of sensation, slipshodness and slang. Judging by that, there ought to be a treat in store for readers when her novel is brought out. *The Bookworm.*

REFLECTIONS.

Some women think they are virtuous because they guard against all bad impulses that are not agreeable to them.

It is a pardonable hypocrisy which prompts a woman to conceal from those she loves the ill they do her.

Once one learns not to expect, to have is a small matter.

You always find prosy, commonplace people going in for the happy medium in everything. As a consequence they are ineffably dull and tiresome and a bore to everybody, including themselves. *—The Cynic.*

NOT PERFECT IN DETAIL.

"What a beautiful picture Miss Swelle is in her tulle gown," remarked Mr. Impressionist, at the Smartem dinner.

"No, she is at best but a rough sketch," returned Mr. Meissonierjulien. *—The Butler.*

A HINT FROM A HAMMOCK.

"In the silly season there is something hypnotic in a hammock," said the sweet young thing, as she swung herself gently and raised one foot in a graceful way that exhibited to the bashful fellow on the grass just a ravishing glimpse of pousse cafe hose.

"I'm glad you like it," he said.

"Yes," she continued, "one speedily feels soothed in a hammock; the warm, fragrant air, sweet with the perfume of roses, mignonette and jessamine, breathes on one like a benediction. The world forgetting, by the world forgot, as though life were gently slipping away, lovingly enwrapped in the tender, eternal peace of a blissful Euthanasia, one feels that in such moments one should sigh for the strength and power of a remembered passion."

"Did I hear you sigh?" he anxiously questioned.

"Alas, no!" was the mournful reply, "the grand passion of my life is yet to come."

Thereupon the young man felt that he needed no further encouragement. *—The Lover.*

CAPITOLA'S BIG CATCH.

Anglers find Capitola a little paradise; on July fourteenth fishermen and hotel guests landed one hundred and fifty-three salmon. Last week some boats brought in as many as thirty-five fish, weighing over one thousand pounds in the aggregate.

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Depart Sunday—7, †8, †*9, †*10, 11, †11:30 a. m.; †12:30, †*1:30, 2:35, *3 50, 5, 6, 7:30, 9, 11:45 p. m.

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Other People's Ideas

From "The Legatee," by Alice Prescott Smith:

It's a strange thought that the pictures that have been painted and the bridges that have been built, stand for the men and women who have found that they have blundered that life wasn't giving them what they had a right to expect—and who have been too proud to complain.

It is sometimes good to have been lonely when the loneliness is over.

"It is a mistake to assert that a woman cannot keep a secret. The secrets that are entrusted to her she guards sacredly; it is only the ones she has to ferret out for herself that she publishes abroad." —*Ina Brevoort Roberts in July Lippincott's.*

From "Other Things Being Equal,"

A man need only offer an occasional bumper of a remark to keep the conversation from lagging, when his companion is a woman.

Sleep puts the strongest at the mercy of the watcher; there is a loneliness about it, a silent, expressive plea for protection, that appeals unconsciously.

A second glance always presupposes an interested first.

Only the severe, the great things of life, move slowly.

Dress has a subtle influence upon our actions; one gown can make a romp, another a princess, another a boor, another a sparkling coquette, out of the same woman. The female mood is susceptibly sympathetic to the fitness or unfitness of dress.

A bit of subterfuge that hurts no one is often not only excusable but commendable.

Nothing is more thoroughly expressive than the shaking of hands between men. It is a free masonry that women lack and are the losers thereby. The kiss is a sign of emotion; the hand clasp bespeaks strong esteem or otherwise.

We do not live wholly through ourselves. What is called fate is but the outcome of the spinning of other individuals twisted into the woof of our own making; so no life should be judged as a unit.

Parting is a figure of death in this respect—that only those who are left need mourn; the others have something new beyond.

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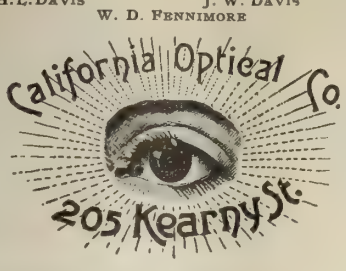
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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 86011.

ESTHER DONAIRE, Plaintiff
vs.
HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion, and upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this Second Day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

O. M. GOLDARACENA, Plaintiff's Attorney
Rooms 44-45, 628 Montgomery Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Heinry Boehm also known as Henry Boehm, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the estate of Heinry Boehm also known as Henry Boehm, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market Streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the estate of Heinry Boehm, also known as Henry Boehm, deceased.
Carlton W. Greene, Attorney for Administrator
Rooms 73-76-79 Chronicle Building

Dated at San Francisco, June 27, 1903

Estate of J. J. Chauviteau, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the estate of J. J. Chauviteau deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at Room 79, Chronicle Building, junction of Kearny, Geary and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the estate of J. J. Chauviteau, deceased,
Carlton W. Greene, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 73-76-79 Chronicle Building.

Dated at San Francisco, June 27, 1903

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No.— No. 85297.

MARGARET SCHIRMER, Plaintiff, vs. PHILIPP SCHIRMER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, Cityand County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send Greeting to PHILIPP SCHIRMER, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's adultery with one Mrs. Frank during and about the month of August A. D. 1902, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and this extreme cruelty towards plaintiff as in plaintiff's complaint alleged, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 29th day of April in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

(Seal) ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By H. H. ST. LEGER, Deputy Clerk

JULIAN PINTO, Plaintiff's Attorney
Room 204, 2nd Floor, Emma Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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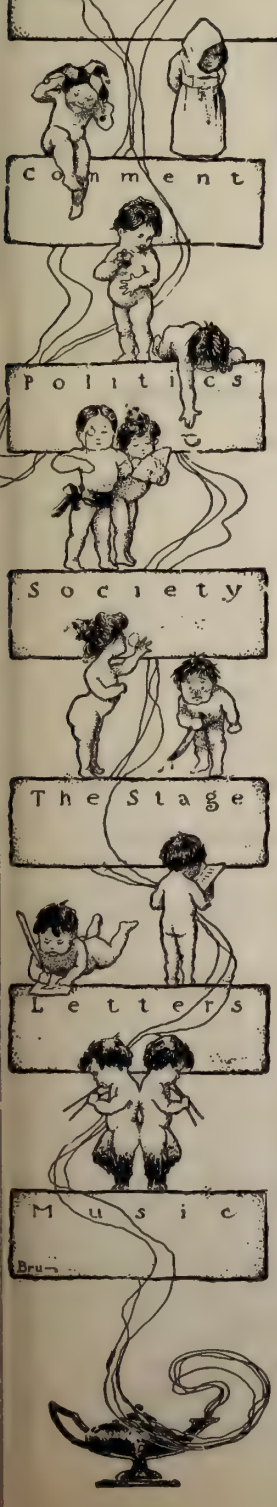
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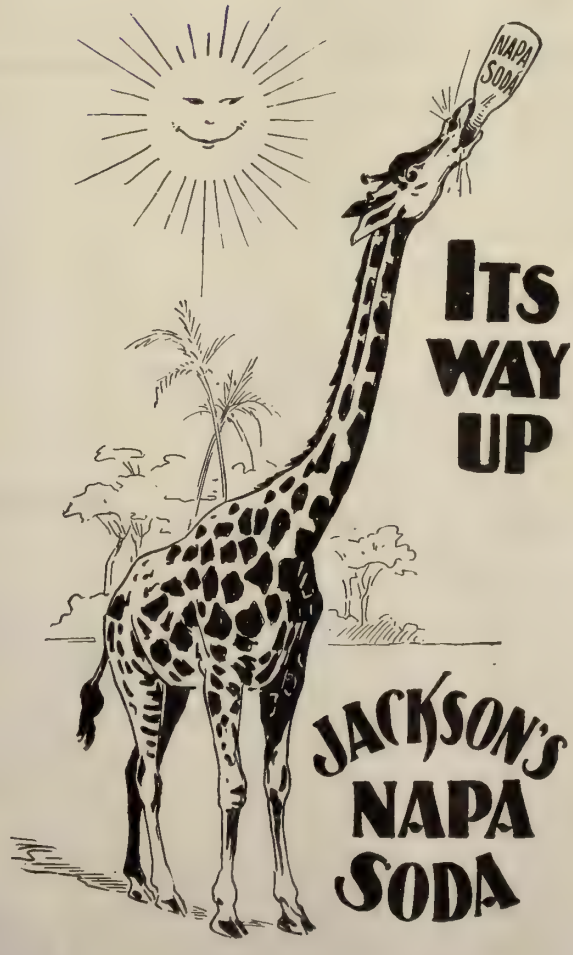
Vol. II No. 570

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 1, 1903

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, August 1, 1903

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING CO.
THEODORE F. BONNET - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager
1019 Market Street Third Floor Telephone South 1190

SUBSCRIPTION.—One Year, in advance, $3.00; six months, $1.75; three months, $1.00; one month, 40 cents; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions, (countries in postal union) $4.00 per year. Sample Copies and Advertising Rates sent on application. For Sale by all Newsdealers.

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New York Representative, FREDERIC M. KRUGLER, Room 918, 150 Nassau Street.

The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 342 Geary street; east of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Company, N. Y.

TOWN TALK is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; 200 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, and Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded. We cannot undertake to preserve or return manuscripts.

The Popularity of Lane

This is one of many letters of similar import that have been received at the *Town Talk* office within the past few weeks:

Editor Town Talk:—Why are you so persistent in your abuse of Franklin K. Lane? If you were wise you would quit, for if you continue your severe criticisms people will begin to think that you have some personal grievance. Mr. Lane may not be the biggest man in the Democratic party, but he is the most available man for the Mayoralty just now. Mr. Hearst made him a big man and an available man by opposing him for Governor. He made a martyr of him and you are doing the same thing. As a sincere and loyal Democrat I want to see the party win out in the coming municipal election. Patronage is the backbone of the party, and if we nominate Lane we can capture the patronage. You are a Democrat, and as such you should not throw stones at one of the party's available men. Lane may not be the best man in town, but he is the strongest Democrat at this moment, so quit roasting. A DEMOCRAT.

The writer of the foregoing is no doubt a job-chaser whose interest in politics is purely of a sordid character. He would be willing to boom a yellow dog for office providing the success of the canine meant a place at the public trough for himself. The popularity of Lane today is due to the fact that most of the shouting is done by Democrats intent upon becoming tax-eaters and who never concern themselves about the character of men selected for positions of public trust. The man of the hour is the man for them, and it doesn't matter by what tricks or arts or by what species of chicanery he achieved popular esteem. *Town Talk* has never wavered in its efforts to enlighten the public concerning the emptiness of Mr. Lane's claims to public gratitude, and it will continue to deal with him just as it has consistently and perseveringly dealt with all men and measures that threatened to impose on public credulity for the compassing of selfish ends. The attention given to Mr. Lane's political aspirations is prompted by the same spirit that dictated the expose of the unfaithfulness of Mayor Schmitz long before any other newspaper in San Francisco deemed it expedient to shatter the idol of the labor unions. It is the same spirit that prompts the application of the lash to all social pretenders, political fakers or trespassing charlatans who seek to thrive at the expense of public morals and civic virtue. It is generally conceded that Mr. Lane is a most accomplished practical politician. He has kept himself in a job for six years by nursing the friendship of all the corporations that covet special privileges, and by his suavity and uniform courtesy and his masterly control of the seductive glad-hand he has succeeded in steering his little craft along over the surface of the political sea without bumping a single obstruction. True, he was defeated in the gubernatorial race, but he was holding a job all the time, and though he lost he found himself more popular than ever after the struggle was over. The patronage pirates immediately began to boom him for Mayor on the strength of his majority in this city over the man who had threatened to attack workingmen with a pickhandle for asserting their rights. Though he did not receive the support of the *Examiner* in the gubernatorial campaign, he is assured of its backing in the event of his nomination for Mayor. He is now on friendly terms with Mr. Hearst, who wishes to mollify all disgruntled Democrats, for he is chasing a job himself. At the same time he enjoys the esteem of President Roosevelt who is the only man he eulogized, except himself, while leading the Democratic hosts in the State campaign. He had nothing to say about his associates on the ticket, but he did some capital campaigning for the Republican chief who has since been importuned to appoint him to a high Federal position. So Mr. Lane is a thrifty as well as an accomplished and practical politician, but we do not believe that he is the strongest available man for Mayor, nor do we regard him as a man eminently qualified for the position.

The Worm Has Turned

Apropos the report that the Duchess of Westminster has decided to lead a crusade against the American climbers in London society, one of the snobs of the press, bristling with sycophantic indignation, warns the Englishwoman against carrying out her purpose lest she upset the plans of her country's statesmen for the establishment of a more substantial friendship between the Republic and the Empire. How silly! And yet how significant of the seriousness with which the American snob takes himself! Because it is amusing and entertaining to follow the fortunes of the plutocratic American girl who has purchased a British title with Yankee gold, and to note the purchasing power of the yellow metal among the effete aristocracy of Europe, it does not follow that we are deeply concerned if the envious erect barriers to her progress. We applaud Yankee push and Yankee enterprise wherever they are most strikingly exhibited, and it is flattering unction to our sordid souls when we observe that even social prestige is to be had for the price, which is regulated just the same as in the case of other articles of commerce, but what care we if the expatriated representatives of the American plutocracy are subjected to a royal snubbing for butting in with the persistency that breeds aversion? The good feeling now existing between the Republic and the Empire, and which was accentuated recently by the cordiality with which Admiral Cotton and his men were received in England, will be further emphasized when the Prince of Wales becomes the guest of the nation. Public sentiment is not influenced by the cares and disappointments of our plutocracy. We may sympathize with the Duchess of Marlborough and the other American peeresses who have become *personae non grata* to the set dominated by the power-

ful Duchess of Westminster, but we know that they are not to be tabooed merely because they are Americans. It is probably a case of the worm turning. The new rich from America have been flaunting their wealth too ostentatiously in the faces of the old families, and they have also been regilding in London escutcheons that were tarnished by social scandals in Newport, much to the disgust of respectable people who are intolerant of adultery and lightning matrimonial changes. Perhaps it is in reality a moral crusade that the Duchess of Westminster is leading against the exemplars of American degeneracy who have been demonstrating how easy it was to regain lost social honors by a few triumphs among the British nobility.

The Uses of Radium

Scientists are very much interested these days in radium and the practical uses to which it may be put. Some of its most important and hopeful uses are in the field of medicine. It has been most successfully employed in cases of cancer. A case is reported from Vienna of a cancer of the nose that had been unsuccessfully treated by the X-rays and that was completely cured after four exposures of radium. The fact that radium inclosed in a lead box an inch thick and brought near a person in a dark room causes the same sensation as a flash of light on the retina, even when the eyelids are tightly closed, and that it is also experienced by the blind, is attracting the serious attention of medical men, and the successful treatment of many other diseases than cancer may be confidently expected in the near future. There are many conceivable applications of radium that cannot be successfully exploited unless the supply of the radio-active element becomes more abundant. Its application for illuminating purposes would be perfectly practicable if it were more abundant. The light available from a grain would probably be equal to several candlepower, but one ounce of radium is, at the present rate of supply, worth seventy-five thousand dollars. The possibility of being able in the future to control and store the energy of radium and to liberate it for use as required at any desired rate is the most interesting feature of radio-activity at the present time. All efforts to increase its activity or make it supply its energy at a faster rate have signally failed.

Stiles, the Deliverer

Dr. Stiles, discoverer of the parasite *Uncinaria Americana,* generally known as the hook worm or germ of laziness, has not been idle since last December when he made known to the world the effects of the ravages of the hook worm on social, industrial and economic conditions in the South. He has been prosecuting his researches in the parasite world as assiduously as ever, and he has made another discovery which is considered by Government savants as of the greatest importance. This is the discovery of the *Agamomermis Culicis,* otherwise known as the mosquito destroyer. This parasite kills millions of mosquitoes each year, and it is believed that under artificial propagation it will prove far superior to any means now known of ridding infested communities of these pests. There is no doubt that Dr. Stiles has discovered a mosquito-destroying parasite. The discovery was made after many experiments ordered by the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, and if he will now discover a rapid and inexpensive method of propagating the parasites in sufficient number for general use in marshes and ponds he will be hailed as a public benefactor from San Rafael to Jersey City. The campaign recently inaugurated against this most unpopular of all the singing birds has miscarried absolutely. The use of kerosene in pools has killed some cows, but the mosquito is louder, more penetrating and even more strenuous than ever before. There is balm for the victims in the knowledge that Dr. Stiles has discovered a parasite which has its habitat in the abdominal cavity of the deadly songster, and which invariably puts the blood-sucker out of business. Dr. Stiles taxes credulity, however, when he states that this parasite kills millions of mosquitoes each year. It has always been popularly believed that the death rate among mosquitoes is exceedingly small; that when they disappear it is merely because they are hibernating.

The Foreign Language Fad

The question of foreign languages in the schools is again agitating New York, and foreign languages, of course, mean French and German. It is a subject which is forever cropping up, like the stones in a mountain pasture. No matter how many times it is settled, there is a certainty that we shall hear from it again, and as such agitations are as contagious as the measles the probabilities are that our local Board of Education will be moved to resurrect the matter. It is popularly supposed that a knowledge of French and German is such an advantage in commercial life that "the poor man's son" is entitled to an opportunity to become familiar with them at the expense of the tax-payer, and the custom has grown up, in any city of consequence, of providing special teachers, at high salaries, to impart the instruction. At one period every school in San Francisco was provided with a corps of high-priced assistants, and as much time was devoted to the acquiring of foreign tongues as was given to any of the standard branches of education, yet, after children had passed through the eight years of the grammar school and the three of the high school, there was not one who could carry on a conversation, write a simple letter, or read an elementary book in either language, unless the school instruction had been supplemented by private teaching and the home language had been French or German. In most instances it was simply so many hours wasted. It is perhaps natural that German and French parents should desire their children instructed in their own language, but they have no other or better right than Italians, Huns, or Irish to demand that a portion of the public funds shall be diverted to their use, and if they are really desirous of having their children grow up bi-lingual they are much more likely to attain the result by employing private instructors. If the cost comes directly from their own pockets they will see to it that something is accomplished from the outlay. The public school is no more under obligation to teach foreign languages than it is to endow pupils with beauty. No doubt it would be a great advantage to graduates to understand not only French and German, but music, painting and sculpture as well; and a trip to Europe, a well-equipped

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manufacturing business, a fully stocked store or an endowment of a million dollars would also be acceptable, but while the complaint is universal, north, east, south and west, that after the pupils have attended school for twelve years or more, and been fed on all the fads and fashions, they leave the high schools unable to write a grammatical letter, to spell common words, read a page of print acceptably, or conduct themselves in a civilized manner in public places, it would be more to the point and purpose to drop the discussion of accomplishments and do some hard digging on the essentials.

The Reading Habit

It seems to be a source of never-ending grief to some of our editors, literary and otherwise, that there are still left amongst us an appreciable minority who don't, or won't read. It is true enough that if people really wanted to read they would make time for it, but why should they want? What special virtue is there in forever staring at print? If some people prefer to whittle or whistle, what harm is it doing the body politic? There is just as much reason and common sense in the whittlers and whistlers organizing a crusade against the readers as there is in the readers keeping up a continual din because every one is not to their way of thinking. Reading for some definite object, carrying on a course of study or investigation, is the proper thing for those who see some benefit or profit in it, but reading to fill time is no more of a virtue than chewing gum or crocheting tidies. The non-readers are far more apt to be the independent and original thinkers. "To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain." "Mr. Dooley" has made countless apt characterizations and nut-shell descriptions, but he never hit a nail so squarely on the head as when he described a certain kind of reading as "near-think." "Reading maketh a full man," but the quality of the filling needs to be taken into consideration. Is any one benefited by giving up a day in the open air, or an evening of amusement, in order to pour over the latest "best-seller"? Who profits by reading under compulsion, merely because "everybody" is pretending to be absorbed in some book, and no one has courage to say it is not worth wasting time on? Why should any rational man or woman be ashamed to own to having not read "David Harum" or "The Englishwoman's Love Letters"? Instead of urging every one to read, there is dire need of some process of selection and elimination which shall cut off certain excellent people from a knowledge of the alphabet. People who cannot think cannot determine whether or not others can think for them, and much as has been preached about the filling of insane asylums with the victims of drink, there are just as many victims of the reading habit, either confined or on the verge of it. There is a large percentage of fairly schooled people in every walk of life who are not educated because they are not capable of absorbing education. They parrot their way through schools and even colleges, but they can neither think nor discern thought when they encounter it. They take up pamphlets and papers and books and are enraptured with the words poured out in an endless flood, and they fall ready victims to the fakers. Better that they should have been hewers of wood and drawers of water all their lives than that they should have been given the husks of an education without the natural capacity to make use of it.

The Universal "Don't"

Some industrious compiler in England has set about getting up a Woman's Library of "How It Is Done," in which women who have attained to some degree of skill in arts, sciences and trades have been impressed to tell how they have succeeded, "for the encouragement of others." As is naturally to be expected, the majority of the successful couch their advice to ambitious imitators in the single word made famous by *Punch*—"Don't." Mrs. Kendal contributes the paper on stage success, and she, like Clara Morris, Mary Anderson and all the other successful actresses, puts her advice in the largest of capitals: "KEEP OFF THE STAGE." According to Mrs. Kendal, there is absolutely no chance for beginners. There are three thousand experienced actresses in London out of work half the time, and it is hopeless for beginners to expect engagements when they must come in at the tail of this procession. Whatever one may think of the stage as an outlet for talent, the cry of Mrs. Kendal is precisely the same as that which greets the applicant for an opening in every walk of life. It matters not whether the desire is to become an artist or artisan, whether it be intellectual employment or the most prosaic and commonplace of hand work, it is always the same—no chance—avenues crowded—try something else. It is the iterated and reiterated cry of the trades unions—keep away; too many idle men here now. The milliner, the dressmaker and the laundress all have the same complaint of being crowded out. There is one doctor to every six hundred inhabitants of the United States today, and still the medical schools continue to graduate more. The overflow of lawyers is felt on the street railroads, and as to teachers, if all were employed every child in the country would have a private governess or tutor. Heaven alone knows how the army of scribblers manages to pay for paper and lead pencils, and the stenographers and typewriters who eke out a living by helping in housework are legion. If the youth of the world are to be discouraged by the wisdom of their elders, they may as well resign themselves to starvation by the wayside, for there is no occupation in which the supply does not exceed the demand. There is little use in leaving one profession for another simply to avoid the crowd, and looking for the easy place is as hard work as anything else. The consolation of the situation is that most of the workers are only nominally competent. They call themselves artists, carpenters, cooks or what not, but they are not thoroughly capable. There is always room on top, but as the Self-made Merchant reminded his promising son, there is no elevator by which to get there. Of the three thousand unemployed actresses of London who are marshaled by Mrs. Kendal as an army to turn back the aspiring recruit, probably not three hundred are any better fitted for the footlights than they are for the factory, and of the three hundred not a tenth has made sufficient impression on the the tre-going public for them to care whether or not the managers ever give them another chance to tread the boards. Luckily, youth is optimistic and independent. Otherwise there is not one of the arts of civilization which would not be lost in a single generation. It is in spite of opposition, rather than because of encouragement, that the children of today march ahead of the fathers of yesterday.

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The Tribulations of Botryllus

Being the Observations of a Scientific Gent on Imperialism and Expansion, the Labor and Trust Problems, Illustrated by the Extraordinary Behavior of the Sea Squirt.

BY AUTOLYCUS.

I am moved, my son, to direct your attention to the biography of Botryllus, the Ascidian, by Professor Francis W. Bancroft of the University of California, an ingenious tractate, published by the California Academy of Sciences.

The life history of Botryllus was observed and chronicled, as Mr. Bancroft tells us, at Wood Hole, Mass., under the guidance and tutorship of the learned Bumpus who there pursues the vagrant radiolarian, the blameless ascidian and other marine beasts of prey at the expense of Uncle Sam.

What is this Botryllus? The unlearned call him a sea squirt. Is he glad to be alive? As to that it is hard to say, for his emotions are crude and indeed Mr. Bancroft has neglected the psychological aspects of his subject. Has Botryllus a mouth? Yes, indeed, so much mouth that Mr. Bancroft speaks of it with high respect as a siphon. He is gifted with a siphon that a man on the cocktail route might envy. Has Botryllus a stomach? Hush; in the more delicate language of science we speak of this organ as the ampulla. It is large and well formed; in fact Botryllus is potbellied, doubtless owing to the inappeasable thirst of his yawning siphon. Where does he live? Stuck to a rock. What is he for? Food for crabs.

Modern science tells us that every animal of whatever grade is endowed with intelligence in greater or less degree. Now it is a distinct blot on Mr. Bancroft's otherwise admirable history that he does not tell us what Botryllus thinks about crabs. Does he, for example, endure agony while being devoured by the crab, or is he filled with delight in the consciousness of duty well performed?

Botryllus, as Mr. Bancroft tells us, has no enemies except the crab, but whether this hostility is merely a matter of appetite or, in fine, rises to the dignity of a personal matter between the squirt and the shellback, Mr. Bancroft, with persistent neglect of the emotional features of his inquiry, does not explain. One might infer, however, that the relations between Botryllus and the crab are strained, because, although Mr. Bancroft says he has no other enemy, yet he is constantly in danger of being smothered by his neighbors, perhaps in the way of kindness. Doubtless all this is only a phase of expansion. The superior race that, in the process of expanding territory, smothers the inferior, is not inspired by enmity. It is all done in accordance with a natural law of growth and nobody is to blame.

Mr. Bancroft watches these smothering processes with a scientific air of detachment, and he finds them "quite dramatic," even as the languid reader of the newspapers is mildly interested in the slaughter of a couple of hundred Moros who may have had the misfortune to be in the way. Thus Mr. Bancroft writes: "There is nothing more fascinating than to watch the waxing and waning of these other species. The rapidity and suddenness with which some forms appear and disappear, sometimes without having been crowded out by competition, is absolutely dramatic. Every man finds his own excitement." The deeps of Mr. Bancroft's emotion are stirred by the hurly-burly of competing sea weeds. "The only salvation," he says, "of the Botryllus colonies seemed to consist in growing rapidly and constantly conquering new territory." That is just the way our modern Imperialists find salvation and it is proper to remember that in all these dramatic processes the best of good feeling prevails. Botryllus and the Imperialist are not inspired by evil passions and are only obeying the law of their growth.

There is another law—the law of combination—which finds hitherto unsuspected illustration in the life history of Botryllus. Thus Mr. Bancroft: "In the case of trusts and labor unions among men intelligent co-operation has produced the same result, abolishing, to a certain extent, competition between the most similar competing units, and producing units of a higher order. Among the fusing colonies of Botryllus we have a similar formation of a higher competing unit, accomplished by the simplest of all means—organic union: and, from the analogy of the other cases mentioned, it is especially interesting that this combination is only possible between the most similar units. There is a nice derangement of epitaphs that leads to an embarrassing confusion of the moral sense." If the Amalgamated Order of Sea Squirts is a labor union we may understand that it is an admirable and beneficial form of combination, but if we are brought face to face with the gigantic National Sea Squirt Company, incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, then it is time for the Attorney General to be doing something. It may be that the object of either combination is the same—the restraint of competition—but it all depends on how the thing is done, and Mr. Bancroft's loose, unscientific way of talking leaves the moral sense in a condition of embarrassed perplexity.

It will be seen that we have to thank Mr. Bancroft for some very unexpected entertainment—unexpected, perhaps, even by himself. The purpose of this form of learning has not hitherto been clear. The ponderous literature of biological research has suffered in the cold shade of neglect because none have suspected its entertaining character. The illustrious Haeckel has published a treatise in four volumes weighing thirty-seven pounds on the Radiolarians, near relatives of the interesting Botryllus, and every ounce of it is more absorbing than a historical novel. The celebrated Professor Jacques Loeb, imported from Chicago at great expense, appears to be the only one of the biologists who has been exploited by the newspapers as a means of entertainment. His well-known paper on "Why does a Caterpillar Climb



a Tree?" was given as much space as one of Mr. Dooley's political dialogues and was quite as funny.

It has been hinted, not obscurely, that much of this research literature has been devoted to the purpose of advertising. Dr. Jordan of Stanford University, in a recently published paper has this to say:

Too often, indeed, research itself, the noblest of all university functions, is made an advertising fad. The demands of the university press have swollen the literature of science, but they have proved a doubtful aid to its quality. Get something ready. Send it out. Show that we are doing something. All this never advanced science.

We have seen that Mr. Bancroft and Professor Loeb at least serve a nobler and a higher purpose. If they blow a trumpet the music is good. The California Academy of Sciences is doing a grand, good work. It provides a hall where a paper of this sort may be read aloud without fear of personal violence and where the opinion of the audience is not expressed in chunks of old red sandstone.

When
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen
He smiled a sort of sickly smile and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

The Saunterer

McDougald May Be the Man

The primaries are close at hand but the allied bosses of the Republican League have not yet agreed upon a candidate for Mayor. Arthur Fisk could have the nomination if he would consent to run, but he prefers to rest for awhile and enter the race for Congress in the Fifth District. The Republican leaders appear to think that Franklin K. Lane will be the Democratic nominee, and they are calculating with a view of selecting a man who would be likely to make it interesting for the city attorney. And there is a sentiment crystallizing in favor of city treasurer McDougald, who possesses strength that it would be hard to overcome. It would be difficult to find a man better equipped for a contest with Mr. Lane, for McDougald is one man in the Republican party who would be sure of support from the workingmen of the city. McDougald is branded with the union label but he does not belong to the demagogic class in which Lane is a shining light. He is one of the toilers, and his first experience in politics was obtained in the position which he now occupies. The Labor Party was anxious to nominate him for Treasurer, but being a staunch Republican he declined to run on the Labor ticket. However he polled an immense vote in the districts in which the workingmen's vote predominated. McDougald is also "a good joiner," and he is especially popular in the order of Native Sons of which he was one of the founders. If the Republican candidate is first in the field, and McDougald should happen to be the man, the probability is that Mr. Lane will change his mind again and conclude to wait for the Federal job to which he expects to be appointed by President Roosevelt.

The Morgue Club Series

There was consternation among the followers of McNab last week when the *Post* began publishing reports of the meetings of the Morgue Club. Some time ago McNab thought that he could break up the Democratic League which was organized to oust him from control of the machine, by supplying material to the *Bulletin* for a series of articles ridiculing the men engaged in marshaling the opposition forces. McNab is skilled in the art of mud-slinging, and the *Bulletin* gave him *carte blanche* to apply vulgar nicknames to everybody he wished to drive out of the opposition camp. Consequently he managed to make it very unpleasant for people who had no previous experience with such cowardly and contemptible methods. Finally it was decided by the opposition to retaliate, and the "Morgue Club" series in the *Post* is the result. And the boomerang has struck home. McNab now knows how it feels to have an apt nickname. He has one that will probably stick to him through life. He is called "Morgue" McNab because his friends in the coroner's office have kept him in touch with the cases of dead men whose estates were worth administering upon. In other words some of his perquisites as a boss have come from the morgue. Some of the followers of McNab who were introduced to the public through the Morgue Club series have taken to the woods. They have no appetite for that sort of warfare, and they are disgusted with McNab for having resorted to mud-slinging tactics.

Speaking About Grafters

"I guess it is worth while being a Republican," said a prominent citizen the other day, "because if you are you can be all kinds of a crook without impairing your availability; whereas, if you are a Democrat and become involved in a political scandal, be it ever so small, you are tabu ever after." The observation grew out of a conversation over the contest for control of the Firty-first district, in which Henry C. Dibble is taking a prominent part. This is the same Dibble who figured in the waste paper basket scandal in the Legislature and who has quite a spotted record. Some one else remarked, apropos of the suggestion that Republicans have short memories, that the case of Governor Pardee could be cited by way of illustration, for he figured in a somewhat unsavory mix-up in Oakland, and then somebody wanted to know whether Prison Commis-

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sioner Felton wasn't identified once upon a time with a certain Robbers' Roost at Sacramento. Incidentally some one remarked that it would be a long time before a man of Abe Ruef's signal achievements could break into a respectable coterie of Democratic leaders, whereupon a modest individual in the background gave utterance to the familiar "Oh, I don't know—how about Max Popper? He seems to be doing quite well and I distinctly remember when he refused to testify before a grand jury on the ground that he might incriminate himself."

Pardee's Assurance

As Governor of the State, Dr. Pardee is proving himself quite as shifty as he was in the halcyon days of his political prominence across the bay. Some time ago he solemnly assured a friend that he intended "to keep hands off" in the matter of the wardenship of San Quentin. Upon the strength of that assurance the friend consulted several commissioners, and subsequently reported to Warden Aguirre that there was no occasion for him to worry. Much to the gentleman's surprise the Commissioners met and deposed Aguirre, and then it was reported that the change was made at the instigation of the Governor. I understand that Pardee is to be called upon for an explanation, but I have no doubt that he will have one handy.

Such a Gay Time

The social push at the Hotel Rafael is having a most exciting time this summer. Not since the frisky Baron quit promoting gayety at that resort have the guests had so many diversions to engage their attention. One day Mrs. Fred Green gives a luncheon and invites Mrs. Sonntag and a few others. The next day Mrs. Sonntag gives a luncheon and invites Mrs. Green and a few others, and then one of the few others gives a luncheon and invites Mrs. Green and Mrs. Sonntag, and in this way are the festivities kept up from the beginning of the week to the end. Dull Monotony is never permitted to poke his nose into the house, and the only anxiety felt by the guests is over the probability of nervous prostration resulting from the incessant dissipations in which they have been plunged since the opening of the season. Manager Halton, the one-hundred-dollar-a-month representative of the Baron, is the only person at the hotel who does not appear to be enjoying himself. Unlike the Baron he doesn't drink, and he is never seen at the club-house. He is the most harmless hotel manager in the State.

Her Gentle Satire

It is refreshing to find that indefatigable tout, Madame La Bavarde, dealing in purely imaginative satire warmed through and through with the genial leaven of humor. I had always supposed that satire was entirely foreign to her nature, and that she was content to be regarded as the panegyrist of the snoboeracy, but the other day she penned a bit of sarcasm at the expense of her old friend Mrs. Henry T. Scott, who is engaged in rubbing off the stains of provincialism in foreign parts. According to Madame La Bavarde Mrs. Scott was enjoying the hospitality "of famous hostesses in London." The delicacy of the jolt is positively charming. By her vague reference to famous hostesses Madame La Bavarde deftly calls attention to the fact that Mrs. Scott, who is an Englishwoman, is not in the swim of London. If she had been entertained by any famous hostesses their names would have been published. Mrs. Scott would have supplied the social gushers of the local press with the news of her social triumphs if she had scored any. The fact is that her social prestige is confined to Burlingame. Having been born in England of humble parents it would be more difficult for her to achieve social prominence in London than if she were a stranger from America.

The Splurging of Peter

Local society is somewhat skeptical of the news from Newport about the splurging of Peter Martin at that fashionable resort. Among other things it is reported that he is about to spend two hundred thousand dollars in enlarging his Newport home. The acquaintances of Mrs. Eleanor Martin discredit the story. They believe that she paid the premium of a big insurance policy taken out by her son Peter in favor of his wife just before the marriage, but they seriously doubt that even the arrival of a grandchild could induce her to loosen her purse-strings to the extent indicated by the news from Newport. And yet Peter must have come into the possession of a much larger sum of money than he was ever accustomed to handling in this city, for he has surely been a high-flyer since his marriage. He has indeed been giving a very good imitation of a New York plunger, but then the atmosphere of Newport is conducive to prodigality. How unfortunate that it cannot be bottled and sent to this city to tone up the system of some of our young millionaires. Joe Grant could take a cask of it without jeopardizing his fortune, and even Jimmy Phelan would find it a capital stimulant. Jimmy does loosen up occasionally and spend about one-twentieth of his monthly income, and that is about all the splurging necessary to sustain a reputation for liberality in this city.

Some Lightning Changes

The practice of being on with the new love before being off with the old continues to find favor in New York's smart set. News was received the other day of the marriage in London of Mrs. Maud Jaffray Hunnewell and John

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Stansbury Tooker, and now it is understood that Mrs. Belle Neilson Kemp and Hollis H. Hunnewell Jr. are soon to be married. The lady who became Mrs. Tooker in London was divorced only a few months ago from the man who is soon to wed Mrs. Kemp, and Mrs. Kemp was divorced in last May from Arthur T. Kemp. Mr. Tooker, who married Mrs. Hunnewell in London, was for many years the friend of both Mr. and Mrs. Hunnewell, and was frequently a guest at their house. Thus are two separate and distinct romances supplied in a nutshell. The people that figure therein are representatives of the very *creme de la creme* of American aristocracy. They belong to that very exclusive smart set against whose rottenness Colonel Henry Watterson launched a jeremiad not many months ago. The lady who was formerly Mrs. Hunnewell and who is now Mrs. Tooker is the granddaughter of the late Edward S. Jaffray, a wealthy wholesale dry goods merchant. Mrs. Kemp who is soon to become Mrs. Hunnewell is the daughter of Mrs. Frederick Neilson, a sister of Mrs. Reginald Claypole Vanderbilt and a niece of Frederick Gebhard. Mrs. Tooker has long been known as the best athlete among women in society.

"So you are going to marry for the fourth time," said the Old Maid to the Dashing Widow. "I should think you had had enough."

"No," said the Dashing Widow, "the taste for husbands is an acquired taste which becomes a passion."

Discovered Appendicitis

Dr. Groebling, who did so much to make the visit of Dr. Lorenz, the great Vienna specialist, out here a pleasant one, has just received a letter from London announcing the retirement from active practice of Sir Frederick Treves, the surgeon who discovered and made known to the world that aristocratic malady known as appendicitis. His monograph on the subject was the first to call attention to the newcomer and appendicitis has been prevalent and thriving ever since. Treves is only fifty years old, an early age to seek retirement for one of his profession. Whether he is retiring on the fortune he has made out of his discovery—for he has received fabulous fees for operating on the King and large numbers of the nobility—or on his reputation and the consciousness of having discovered a great thing for his profession, gossip as yet says not.

King Edward in a Crisis

Dr. Groebling was in London for the coronation and from a close friend of Treves he heard all the details of the operation performed on the King—an operation that caused consternation throughout the kingdom at the time, and for a few days held the royal life in the air. On the eve of the coronation the King was taken suddenly and seriously ill. His favorite physicians all gathered about him in Buckingham Palace perplexed and undecided. Outside all was in readiness for the ceremony of the coronation, the envoys and representatives of all nations were gathered. Inside everybody knew that it was as much as the King's life was worth to attempt the slightest movement. He was told respectfully and resolutely that an operation for appendicitis was absolutely necessary. He ordered the surgeons from the room. Then throwing himself in a chair he burst into tears. He afterward confessed that it was not the dread of the operation that affected him so but the thought of the national disappointment when it should be announced that the coronation had to be postponed. When the King raised his head he saw that Dr. Treves was still in the room. "I told you all to retire," said His Majesty, reprovingly. "I thought it best for me to remain," was the quiet reply, "to tell Your Majesty that the operation must be performed in order to save your life." In a little while he had obtained the King's consent and appendicitis had risen to the dignity of being a royal disease—it had postponed a coronation.

Carried Out the Suggestion

A group of well known men were discussing the influences of mental suggestion on certain temperaments the other day when Dr. D'Ancona offered the following anecdote to illustrate the text: On a visit to the city, one day, Tom Ricketts, a Nevada mine owner, thought he would drop in and see what Mrs. Whitney, the clairvoyant, could tell him about his surroundings and his prospects in the mine. In reeling off the seance she told him that in the near future he would be cutting his corn with a razor when the instrument would slip and he would have trouble over the wound and lose his leg. Ricketts did pamper the habit of trifling with a pet corn with any instrument in sight. Several months after the seance he seized a razor to pare his torment. He nicked his toe and some days later blood poisoning followed and the man lost his foot. Dr. D'Ancona was present during the operation. The coincidence was pronounced a singular one by a number of those who listened to the anecdote but the Doctor declared it was simple enough: Ricketts was made nervous regarding the cutting of his corn by the warning he had received from the medium. He lost his confidence, dreaded a mishap and in this physical and mental condition he really invited the accident when he attempted the act with a sharp razor. It was simply the accomplishment of a mental suggestion on a highly receptive nervous organization.

The Victim of Persecution

Miss Mary Patton, who was for several years head nurse at the County Hospital, has started on a trip to Europe where she purposes studying the methods of the principal hospitals. She has the backing of several prominent people who intend to establish a hospital for her on her return. Miss Patton is a cultured woman, and she has had experience as a nurse in some of the leading hospitals of this country. She is a member of the California Club, and during her trouble with the Board of Health some months ago her friends rallied to her support in large numbers. She had many sympathizers in the Red Cross Society who were familiar with her work at the hospital, and who believed that she was being persecuted by several political

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doctors. She incurred their enmity by objecting to the reduction of the course of training for nurses, it being the desire of the doctors to graduate certain nurses one year ahead of time. Miss Patton brought the training school at the County Hospital up to a high standard, and it is unfortunate that politics should have interfered with her work.

Her Early Betrothal

Miss Sarah Poett, who passed away at Santa Barbara last week, was at one time engaged to William Lane Booker, then the British Consul at this port, but for some reason the engagement was broken and Miss Poett never married. She was a great beauty in her girlhood, and the youngest of the three daughters of Dr. Poett, who came here in pioneer days. Old-timers well remember the doctor, who was a citizen of the world, never remaining long in one place though he made California his home for a number of years. The eldest of his daughters, Agnes, married W. D. M. Howard, the pioneer merchant after whom Howard street was named. Upon his death several years later she married her deceased husband's brother George, her third matrimonial venture being Henry P. Bowie, who survives her and resides on the old Howard tract at San Mateo. Doctor Poett's second daughter, Julia, became the second wife of the well known pioneer drug man, John H. Redington, and it was with her at Santa Barbara that her sister Sarah passed the later years of her life.

One of the "Martyr" Pioneers

The dailies devoted scarcely a dozen lines to the death of John Breen, which occurred in San Juan last week. Yet "Honest John" Breen, as he was known in Hollister and thereabouts, was one of the few survivors of the ill-fated Donner party, whose history is a part of the pioneer records of our State. Out of the eighty-three persons who were snowed in at Donner lake in 1846 forty-two perished, and of the original party under James F. Reid and George and Jacob Donner that started from Springfield, Ohio, but eighteen lived to reach California. Of these John Breen, son of Patrick Breen, was one. He lived to be seventy-one years of age, but never could blot from his mind those terrible experiences of fifty-seven years ago. The party traveled in the emigrant fashion of that time, with covered teams drawn by oxen, and there were saddle-horses and cows in the outfit. The Donners, Reeds, Breens, Murphys —not the Santa Clara Murphys but another family—C. T. Stanton, John Denton, William McCutcheon, W. C. Graves, William Eddy, Louis Keseburg, Rev. J. A. Cornwall and Col. W. H. Russell were among the emigrants. A very interesting collection of relics of the Donner party constitutes the star attraction of the little town of Truckee. The relics were collected by a pioneer newspaper editor of Truckee and they are on exhibition in his private museum, on a little knoll situated a few hundred yards from the railroad station. Some of the relics were found on the shores of Donner Lake and others were secured through correspondence with survivors of the ill-fated party.

Buds to Debut

Two of the most interesting of the buds to be launched next winter are Newell Drown and Helen Bailey. The Drowns have quite a following in society, and Hibernia, who has been out more than one season, is a prime favorite. Miss Bailey will be especially well received by the army and navy sets, to which she belongs by virtue of her mother's successive marriages into those branches of the service. Maria Woods was the youngest of the beautiful Woods sisters, who were belles of early days. One married John F. Swift and one Charles Torbert. Maria was the last to marry, her first husband being Lieutenant Bailey of the army, who left her a young widow. Later she married a naval officer, who also died after a very short honeymoon. Though Miss Bailey will not be the best dotted among the buds this winter, she will be popular, for she is very charming, and her connections will insure her the entree everywhere, not only in California but in New York and Washington, D. C. One of her cousins, Sheda Torbert, married Valentine Snyder of the government civil service and her cousin Mollie Torbert is Mrs. Kirkpatrick of New York.

The Second Sutton Girl's Conquest

The second of the Sutton girls is now reveling in a romance of her own. A year ago, at the close of the San Rafael tennis tournament, Miss Ethel Sutton surprised her friends by her unexpected marriage with Bert Orlando Bruce. The smitten Orlando had been laying siege at the pretty tennis player's heart for months, but without seeming to make an impression. He had wooed her in the orange groves of the Southland but she said him nay with a persistency that would have discouraged a less ardent swain. He followed her to the fragrant fields of Marin, and renewed his suit in the tennis court, and his devotion was finally rewarded. Miss Sutton's parents were notified after the marriage. And now comes the news that Violet, the other one of the famous Sutton sisters, has yielded her affections to Harold Doeg, the son of A. Hope Doeg, the wealthy Santa Barbara street-car magnate. He first met her in a tournament at Pasadena on July fourth. He sought an introduction and promptly fell in love, and now the engagement is announced. Young Doeg is twenty-five



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and a handsome fellow physically and temperamentally. He recently returned from a trip around the world. The elder Doeg is possessed of great wealth and is descended from an old and aristocratic English family.

At the Vatican

The will of Pope Leo XIII has been read, and the people who were wondering what disposition he had made of his wealth have had their curiosity appeased. He bequeathed his fortune to the church. Apart from the private funds of the Pope the Vatican treasures are almost limitless. With its seven thousand rooms the palace is a storehouse of the priceless in art and literature. It also contains much gold. Tons of gold poured into the Vatican during the jubilee year of Leo's priesthood in 1888, and it was estimated that the total value of the jubilee gifts was fourteen millions. One of the most notable was a diamond from President Kruger. Another was a topaz on which the Neapolitan artist Ardica Carletto had spent twelve years in engraving a representation of The Last Supper. This gem alone is valued at eighty thousand dollars. During the week the prophets of the press have been trying to tell us who will be the next Pope. Not one of them knows anything about the matter. Their speculations are about as trustworthy as the recurring assertion that Cardinal Gibbons is a candidate for the pontificate. Nothing will be known of the identity of Leo's successor until the Cardinals have thoroughly canvassed the condition of affairs in church circles throughout the world. The cardinals are more interested in the church and the Papacy than they are in the personality of the next Pope. The prophets of the press are sublimely ignorant of the considerations that move a conclave of cardinals in the selection of a Pope.

The Boscoreale Paintings

According to a despatch from New York, a few days ago, the famous Roman frescos from the villa at Boscoreale have been purchased for the Metropolitan museum. James Fitlock, an English archaeologist who recently visited this city, gave me some interesting information about those paintings when they were offered for sale some weeks ago at auction in Paris. The auctioneer first offered the collection for one million six hundred thousand francs, but no bidder appeared, so they were probably bought piecemeal for the New York museum. They were discovered in 1894 when excavations were made at Boscoreale on the slope of Vesuvius, a short distance from Pompeii. They were found in a luxurious patrician villa which commanded a magnificent view of the bay. It was decorated in the most artistic taste, the walls being covered with beautiful paintings. The supposition is that at the time of the eruption the house was being repaired, and all the furniture had been taken out. The frescos were cut from the wall and sent to Paris by special train. The most valuable paintings were found in a room which was in the hands of the masons when the eruption came. The centre panel represented Venus with Cupid on her knee, the pose being that of the Venus of Milo. Behind her was a painting of two temples on the seashore with statues of gods on one side and Psyche with fishing cupids on the other. The left hand panel represented the loves of Bacchus and Ariadne and the right hand one represented the three Graces. In these pictures the Metropolitan museum has obtained an invaluable aid to the study of painting, both ancient and modern. Mr. Fitlock says that they outclass the Pompeii frescos at Naples.

Stockton's Gay Lothario

The news of Harry Hewlett's escapade in this city caused quite a sensation in Stockton, and the tongue-wagging over the scandal has been strenuous. Hewlett is one of Stockton's fastest young men, and he has long been known to fair femininity in the little town on the banks of the slough as a very passionate lothario. Nevertheless the daughters of Stockton's elite have never underrated his eligibility, and several of them have lavished smiles of encouragement on him even at the risk of exciting unpleasant gossip. One young woman who became a bride not long ago was the object of Hewlett's ardent attentions for a time but it is said that her father interposed in such an emphatic manner as to end the friendship. However, the Stockton gossips do not credit the story from San Francisco in all its details. They say that Hewlett has been very friendly with the girl for over two years. Hewlett is the nephew and not the son, as was stated, of the late Stockton banker. And incidentally it should be stated that he did not inherit a red cent of the old gentleman's money. H. H. Hewlett's fortune was divided between his young widow and his daughter by his first wife. He inherited a little money from his grandmother but he has never been known as a plunger.

Dr. Maurice O'Connell has returned from his trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and will resume his duties as organist at St. Ignatius church tomorrow. It being the feast day of the Jesuit order, special services will be held.



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When Markham Was Photographed

It is reported that Edwin Markham, the poet, contemplates returning to this city. The author of "The Man with the Hoe" was lionized as a celebrity when he first went East, but as he has failed to do anything in New York which appeared to warrant the enconiums bestowed on him before he arrived, he is no longer taken seriously. The fact is that Markham is a poseur. He was regarded as such in this city long before he wrote the poem that brought him fame. One day he entered a local photograph gallery and said to the photographer, "I don't want to be dictated to as my expression and pose. A man of my personality can best reflect himself through his own spiritual attributes." On having thus lucidly expressed himself he went forth prepared for a sitting. When the time came for the ordeal he appeared with his wife and a volume of his poems, and after striking what he considered a becoming pose he commanded his wife to read while he turned his gaze inward upon himself. The conventional number of negatives were taken, and as the poet gathered up his things to go he said, "Have these made up for me and sent to my address. I will not charge you anything for the privilege of selling my pictures, and I shall only ask for half of the profits on the sales." So saying he took his departure while the photographer gaped in speechless wonder.

The Poet's Nerve

When Markham went to New York he was taken up by the management of *McClure's,* who wanted to exploit his work and find out how much there was in his genius. So one of the editors, after the manner of the Spanish grandee who says cordially but figuratively, "The house is yours, senor, do as you please with it," remarked, "I hope while you are in New York, Mr. Markham, that you will be sure and make *McClure's* your headquarters." The editor little knew how literally he would be taken or he would never have spoken so rashly. The day after Markham's arrival he was availing himself of the opportunity and occupying a chair in the McClure establishment. He seriously blocked the world's output of fiction by telling endless stories to the readers, and before many days had passed every boy in McClure's had an ax out for the Man with the Hoe. One day an assistant found the great gray poet writing letters at a desk and he said in a tone of sarcasm, "There's a stenographer in the other room, Mr. Markham, and I'm sure we would be pleased to have you dictate all your letters to her and have them sent away on our stationery." The next day he was found at the elbow of the stenographer, busily dictating voluminous letters to his friends, acquaintances and admirers. Not long ago an aspiring undergraduate of one of our universities sent a bundle of original verse to Markham for criticism. Markham kept the rhymes for awhile and then sent them back with a letter full of ponderous praise. He did not advise the young poet to grow a beard, but he lined out for him about all the other stunts that he, Markham, had done before entering the House of Fame. He said a lot about the Muse, but unfortunately failed to offer any real, practical criticism on the California stripling's faults of style or choice of subject. But he closed the letter by remarking that the work was almost as good as he, Markham, had done at the young poet's age and that he hoped a lifetime of serious contemplation of the true, beautiful and grand would make the young man a credit to his State and his country.

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That Funny Feeling

At a recent dinner in Chinatown the Chinese Consul discoursed on love, and he told how a certain mandarin once determined to bring up his son in perfect innocence, in ignorance of women. Accordingly he dwelt with the boy on a mountain top, and taught him to love the gods and to fear those evil spirits and devils that molest mankind. The boy grew to manhood without being aware that women existed. He reverenced all the gods and he hated all the devils. One day his father permitted him to accompany him down the mountain, and by ill chance they met three maidens. The youth regarded them with profound interest.

"What are they, father?" he asked.

"They are devils, my son; hate them."

From that moment the boy became melancholy. He could not eat and he was continually sighing.

"My son," his father asked him one day, "what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, father," the young man exclaimed in a tone of sadness, "that tallest devil! that tallest devil!"

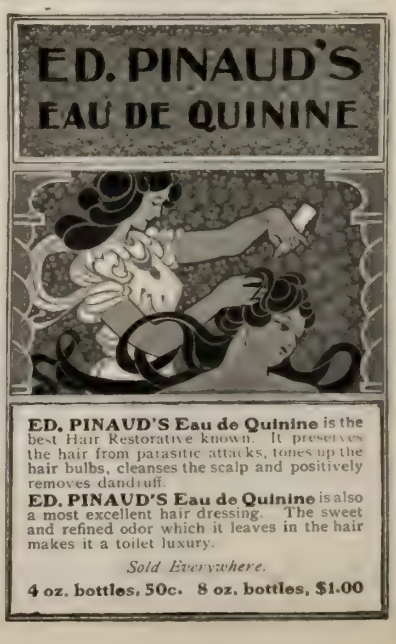
"What a nice quiet baby," said the Genial Bachelor to his friend's wife. He was anxious to make himself agreeable.

"Yes," said the proud mother, "the little fellow seldom cries."

"Rapidly getting over the distemper, I suppose," said the Genial Bachelor.

The Cheney Double Shuffle

Now it is asserted that Mrs. John Vance Cheney is about to marry again. I was much amused on reading in the report of the marriage of John Vance Cheney, that Miss Hope Cheney, the "sister of the groom," sent a lovely present. Miss Hope Cheney happens to be the groom's daughter. His only other daughter died a few years ago and from her death dates the estrangement of the Cheneys. Mrs. Cheney will of course marry a wealthy man and take the place socially which she is so admirably fitted to adorn. I am always glad to see a glad right and left—not that I love divorces, but if people must become dissatisfied and call for a new deal, I like to see the partner who is left seek consolation as well as the more progressive one who moved on.



The Midsummer Jinks

There was a rehearsal last week in the red room of the Bohemian Club of the high jinks program for the midsummer jinks. The libretto by Louis Robertson is the finest verse ever yet spoken at a club jinks, and this Aztec affair is expected to eclipse even Fred Somers's beautiful Buddha jinks in the grove below Tamalpais. Louis Robertson, sire of the high jinks, has issued the following invitation to the members:

BOHEMIANS:

When Cynthia, garbed in all her silvern splendor, climbs through the cloudless August night over our classic grove.

Beneath the Titan trees we hope to show
How mighty Montezuma faced the fate
That left him throneless, thralled and desolate
In Cortez' clutch four hundred years ago.

Upon a victim's breast shall glow—
A War God's favor to propitiate;
And you shall hear the priests and prophets prate
The princely Aztec's doom and overthrow.

There Aitken's able genius shall unfold
A gorgeous spectacle and ghastly rite;
While Stewart's matchless minstrelsy is rolled
To where the star-bedizined Dome of Night
Sends back an echoing chorus; while your sire
Lends to the scene and song an answering lyre.

Dr. Shiels, who was first chosen to sire the low jinks, is to take prominent part in the Aztec music-drama. Porter Garnett, therefore, was prevailed upon to sire the low jinks and in his invitation he has parodied Mr. Robertson's verse thus:

P. S.—BOHEMIANS:

When Comus, gorged upon the Sylvan Supper, reels through that sleepless August Night in our Expensive Grove.

Before the Tight on Sprees pass out, WE'll show,
How mightiest Mazuma faced the Fate,
That left him speechless, stalled, disconsolate,
To dine upon "the Figurative Crow."

Within a Victim's Tum a Pang shall grow,—
The Dining-Room Committee he'll berate,
And you shall hear us knock and kick and prate,
And Sense, at last, acknowledge overthrow.

In making our ingenious Tale unfold,
With gorgeous Spectacle and ghastly Sight,
McCoy's mad Melodies, by Tourists trolled,
Will biff the Bot-bedizined Bar at Night,
Whence back an echoing Chorus tells your Sire
That he who wrote the Scenes and Songs's a Liar.

A Genuine Belle Won

On May ninth there appeared in these columns a paragraph predicting that the engagement of Clement Tobin and Miss Russell, the blonde step-daughter of Eugene De Sabla, would soon be announced. So another one of my predictions has come true, for the engagement was announced on Tuesday last. I saw the betrothed pair enjoying a tete-a-tete in the Palace Grill last Sunday afternoon. They gave a very interesting exhibition of soft eyes looking love to eyes that spoke again. Miss Russell is the daughter of Mrs. De Sabla by her first husband, who is engaged in the shipping business. Mr. De Sabla, who by the way made quite a fortune out of the Bay Power Company, married Mrs. Russell in Guatemala. Miss Russell is one of the most attractive young women in society. She is not only a cultured girl but she possesses real physical charms. She is not one of the "beauties" written about by the gushers of the daily press who discern pulchritude in every representative of the elite even when it is not revealed. She is so much prettier than the picture of her published by the *Examiner* that she has cause of action against that journal. Like Mrs. "Joe" Tobin she is divinely tall, and she is also divinely fair, and she looks like a girl who has had lots of outdoor exercise. Clem Tobin is one of the Hibernia Bank Tobins. He is an attorney of ability and possesses qualities that have won him many friends. Both the young people are deserving of felicitation on having made a very fine match

Waggish Witticisms

The North Shore railroad has had its name changed as a result of the string of accidents that followed one another in quick succession. A wag over in Sausalito referred to it one day as the Not Sure road and the commuters have been calling it that ever since. In this connection I am reminded of the designation given by a wag to the big railroad building at Fourth and Townsend streets. It was at the time that General Manager Krutschnitt of the Southern Pacific gave voice to the theory that railroad accidents come in cycles, and that they are as far beyond human control as the heavenly bodies. One day a stranger, pointing to the big structure at Fourth and Townsend asked, "What building is that?"

"That," said the wag, "is Krutschnitt's cyclery."

Oakland Bored Her

The friends of Camille D'Arville's husband, Mr. Crellin, say that he is very discontented over his wife's inability to reconcile herself to a domestic life in Oakland. He was in her dressing-room the night she opened at the Tivoli, and he could not be induced to sit in the house and watch her performance. When they married it was understood that she would leave the stage as soon as she filled certain contracts, and she did make an ineffectual attempt to con-

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tent herself in Oakland, where her husband's relatives tried to entertain her. But Oakland society from Arbor Villa to the Mole is a dreadful bore. The discontented prima donna yawned in her hotel day after day and she finally went East and entered a vaudeville house. After a brief season she returned to Oakland and braved the monotony once more. But it was too much for her. She thirsted for the plaudits of her admirers and once more she was thinking of going East, when the Tivoli engagement was offered and accepted as a compromise.

Cunningham's Big Hit

Camille D'Arville's defection from vaudeville to return once more to comic opera has served to draw attention to the fact that the Tivoli has been harboring an actor who is eminently qualified for the exploitation of Irish characters. Camille D'Arville is the bright, particular star of "The Highwayman," but Arthur Cunningham scores the hit of the performance and more than divides the honors. He plays the Irish soldier of fortune in a rollicking manner and with a Celtic brogue as good as Neely O'Sullivan's. If ever Cunningham should cease to devote himself to heroic Irish roles, he would surely find them profitable. And, by the way, if the Tivoli management should care to revive "Shamus O'Brien" it would not have to import an actor or singer for the title role.

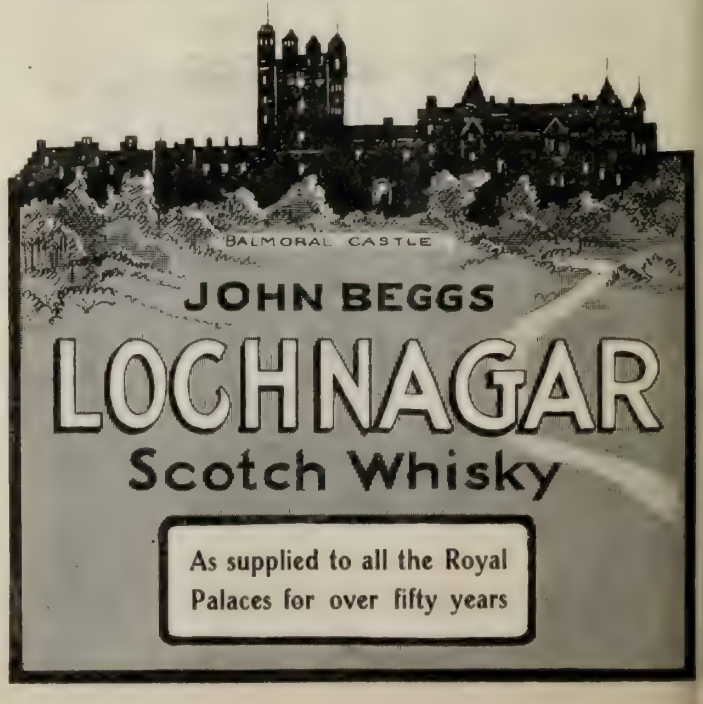
Man Hunting in the Sierras

The wholesale prison delivery at Folsom has its amusing side, for it is only a week or two ago that the New York *Tribune* devoted a double page to the exploitation of this model institution where prisoners were treated with such humanity, permitted to talk freely, smoke, indulge in athletic exercises, and enjoy all the freedom of a college. It was praised as a shining example of modern humanitarian methods, and Eastern "reformers" were loud in their laudation. Now, behold! these model prisoners of the model prison have comported themselves just like ordinary criminals under the same circumstances. When the credulous warden, guards and other officials had been converted to the belief that they were safe from outbreaks because under their gentle influence the leopard had changed his spots, things turned out precisely as any one but a reformer would have predicted. And it would not be surprising if we were to have another period of outlawry such as followed the Evans-Sontag episode and the Tracy affair. At this writing the fugitive convicts are reported to have eluded their pursuers, and yet at one time they were supposed to be surrounded by a company of militia, numerous sheriffs, scores of mountaineers, several prison guards and a few heavily-armed heterogeneous posses. The chase has had its amusing features. The man-hunters have pursued one another and they have fired at one another. There are so many of them that they have diverted themselves from the trail of the fugitives. The employment of the militia in the chase has imparted to it a burlesque aspect. In a few instances when the convicts were sighted the sheriffs sent for the militia and by the time the soldiers arrived the fugitives had disappeared. One day the soldiers wandered far from their base of supplies, and they were obliged to halt until a wagon-load of refreshments overtook them. Meanwhile the convicts were lost in the mountain fastnesses, and the Superior Judge of Sacramento, who sentenced one of them some years ago, was so scared by the report that the fugitive was coming after him for revenge that he barricaded himself in his home and sent for the police. Surely there is material enough in all this for a very lively comic opera.

Cowardice Aided the Convicts

It is to be hoped that when the Prison Commissioners collect their thoughts and finish reviewing the situation they will discharge the horde of incompetents at Folsom, and employ a warden and a few assistants who can offer something beside political activity as evidence of their qualification for the performance of the duties involved. There was nothing novel in the method employed by the convicts to make their escape, and it would have been just as easy for them to have accomplished the feat under the circumstances, even though the prison were enclosed by a wall. They made their escape by reason of the timidity of their jailers. A similar attempt was made some years ago at San Quentin and it was frustrated by the prompt and courageous resistance of the guards. The convicts in Nevada's penitentiary also tried the same trick once and were beaten. The warden and his guards at Folsom quit fighting as soon as they saw that resistance involved a little danger. Men employed in such positions are supposed to be possessed of a backbone. If they are without it they should seek a more congenial atmosphere.


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A Clerical Wit

Over at San Quentin the spiritual welfare of the prisoners is entrusted to a clergyman who is not without a sense of humor. Recently W. F. Venter, one of of the managers of the Chautauqua held at Pacific Grove, sent out a letter to all of the ministers of the State asking their co-operation in making the event a success, and that they urge their church members to attend. He did not know that the San Quentin minister was the prison chaplain until he received the following letter:

"*Sirs*: Accept my sincere thanks for your kind favor of the twenty-third inst. with reference to Chautauqua Assembly at the Grove. I would be pleased to attend if possible. As to my numerous constituency represented here, it is but fair to say that while doubtless willing—nay, even eager—to lend the inspiration of their presence to the occasion, circumstances over which they have no control compel me in their name to decline the same. I will of course announce it to the congregation; but really fear it will do no good as they labor just at this time under great impediment, if not actual restraint. Kindly excuse them, or if persistent, address His Excellency, the Governor, who alone exercises discretionary power in this instance. I fear, moreover, they would be of but little 'help,' as you indicate, for while laboring under deep 'conviction' and not infrequently to 'prey,' I fear the manner and quality of the same would not always be acceptable. In short, would be more appreciated in the breach than in the observance. It would be absolutely useless for me to 'suggest the name of a suitable person to act as agent for the sale of tickets' here; this is the only place in the State where commissions have no charm. Believe me, my dear brother, very truly yours, *A. Drahms.*

"Chaplain, State Prison, San Quentin."

Feminine Visitor—Have you all the modern conveniences?

Hotel Clerk—Oh, yes, we have a resident physician and a resident clergyman, and today the proprietor hired a divorce lawyer for whose services there will be no extra charge.

Society Agitated in Oakland

Some of Oakland's veteran society patronesses are in a flutter over the report that there is to be a merger of the Maple and Friday Night cotillion clubs. The social pilots are of the opinion that the swaddling clothes and teething ring set should not mingle with their elders in the realm of Terpsichore. They appear to be afraid that if Oakland's swagger clusters were invited, the malted milk youngsters of the Maple Club would be lured to the punch bowl's brim in Reed hall, for be it known they do dispense exhilarating liquid at the social functions of the Friday Fortnightly Club. Then there is also the danger of some of the eligible beaux that impart zest to the Friday Fortnightly affairs being captured by the chic belles of the Maple Club.

An Awakening

The Silurians of Oakland have had an awakening, and there is talk across the bay of spending a lot of money in public improvements. A few esthetes have started agitation in favor of beautifying the little town, and they have decided to prohibit the dumping of garbage at the Sixteenth street entrance. A few of the inhabitants believe that it is possible to metamorphose the sleepy village into a genuine Athens, and they point with pride to the new boulevard that skirts the Merritt frog-pond as evidence of the fact that a beginning has been made. It is such a broad highway that a society leader demonstrated the other day that he could execute a figure eight on its surface in his auto-touring car without necessitating a call for a Whitelaw wrecking crew. There are rumors that the Lakeside set are threatening to loosen up, the Adams family having given evidence of good faith by investing in a hothouse stuffed with palms.

Mrs. Willis G. Dodd returned from her Eastern trip two weeks ago. She has spent most of the time since her return at the Sabin country home in Mountain View.

Gossip of the Rialto

People of the stage can never carry on even the mildest of flirtations without being subjected to the public's rubbering and comment. The thespians have to do all their love-making, perforce, before the argus-eyed world which is always unduly interested in anything in which actors and actresses figure. And this is how it has gone along the Rialto that Blanche Stoddard and E. J. Ratcliffe have a "crush" on each other. They dine together every day in a little French restaurant down town where the guests can watch their tete-a-tete, and the inference is that both are deeply *epris*. The affair began during the engagement of Nance O'Neil at the Grand Opera House, some months ago, when Blanche Stoddard was in the stock supporting the star. Ratcliffe came out from New York to play leads, and he fell in love with the slender, spirituelle Miss Stoddard. The flirtation was cut short when Ratcliffe went on the road with Nance O'Neil's company, but was taken up again when the organization returned to town. Miss Stoddard is a beauty with liquid brown eyes and a tender voice. Those dulcet tones, so goes the Rialto gossip, have also bewitched Charles Millward, the big English actor.

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Jordan's Unfortunate Reticence

Two weeks ago I called attention to the fact that, in her address to the trustees of Stanford University, Mrs. Stanford had placed Dr. Jordan in a somewhat embarrassing position by disclaiming all responsibility in the case of Professor Ross. It was not until last Sunday that the dailies discovered the importance and purpose of that address, and it was then, for the first time, that they called attention to what had been expatiated upon in *Town Talk* a week before. The tardy appearance of the correspondence simultaneously in all the dailies is proof of the fact that somebody was interested in having it published, and that the matter was brought to the attention of the editors. It now appears that Dr. Jordan blundered egregiously in not publicly assuming all the responsibility in the Ross case and airing his views as to the impropriety of the professor's conduct. According to Jordan's views expressed in his private correspondence, Ross was not a fit man for the position he held. Yet people have had the impression all along that he was influenced in his action by Mrs. Stanford, and as a consequence the university was regarded with disfavor.

Was Ross Unfit?

Was it expedient for Mrs. Stanford, in the absence of President Jordan, to reopen the Ross controversy? The nine days' noise of it had long since died away, leaving no more than here and there a faint echo or two. No doubt, the odium of alleged tyranny is hard to bear, even for that heart to which the interests of Stanford University are naturally nearest and dearest. But why all this smoke? Does it not hint of hidden fire and arouse public curiosity as to the precise nature of that fire? There is, so far as I am aware, no college professors' union, before which it is necessary for the employer of intellectual labor to justify himself when he "fires" inefficient or otherwise undesirable employes. To make a public apology for dismissing is to raise doubts of one's right to dismiss. To think it necessary to use euphemistic terms, to style the dismissal of university help "enforced resignation" is, to say the least, un-American. If Professor Ross was unfit to fill a chair at Stanford, ought he to be teaching sociology at Nebraska or giving special courses at Harvard? The distinction between Dr. Ross, professor at Stanford University and Edward E. Ross, private citizen with the right of free political speech, is in the main metaphysical. The priesthood of Father Yorke does not prevent him from being a force in local politics. President Jordan himself made public speeches against the policy of the Government in the Philippines. Did not his position as president give undue weight to his words?

Some Half-Empty Chairs

"At bottom just a dime novel villain"; "a boy without a conscience"—are these the carefully selected words of a conscientious man, written in the pure spirit of science? The public awaits with considerable interest proof of the ten cent villainy. The "boy without a conscience" was certainly not a boy without brains. His "Social Control" has given him a place among the foremost of American sociologists, and no mean standing in France and Germany. This able work is in the true scientific spirit. Read the preface, even. That was never written by a partisan, "a dime novel villain," "a boy without a conscience." The courses of this man at Stanford attracted students with red corpuscles and gray matter. The anæmic nincompoop, on the look-out for "soft snaps," had no use for work with Ross. So marked was this that to dislike Ross as a professor came to be tantamount to a confession that one was cut out for a "flunk." The chairs at Stanford filled by Ross and by Howard are to this day half-empty. The "freedom of teaching" and the "freedom of learning" are not as free today as they were during the days of '95, nor do the "winds of freedom" go whistling as of old through the many-arched quadrangle. This may be due to the natural tendency of institutions to grow conservative. Mrs. Stanford's exposition does not expose. What is written between the lines leads the reader to believe that the real reasons for Dr. Ross's dismissal have not yet been made public. In the meantime the "boy without a conscience" is getting to be "a man among men."

Training for a Foreign Mission

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler's qualifications for becoming a diplomat in the patriotic service of his country in case it is found "convenient" for him to give up his position as president of the State University is receiving that careful consideration among his friends which the momentous question deserves. They all agree that he is willing to serve if he can get a job which will enable him to sufficiently exploit his brilliant talents; at the same time they believe he must find an angel as benign and kindly disposed as Mrs. Hearst to defray his expenses. It is conceded by his staunchest partisans that Mrs. Wheeler would adorn a diplomatic position abroad more fittingly than would her ambitious spouse. What could have been more charming than the way in which she entertained the visiting members of the President's cabinet at the time her keen husband was leading the wily politicians in the chase over the State hurdles to keep up in the wake of the lively Roosevelt. That ever memorable event in Berkeley passed off with a mixture of elan and gravity that thoroughly impressed all the gaping town-folks who were fortunate enough to get a peep through the carefully barred doors. I hear that the hostess afterwards remarked that "it was like entertaining royalty." How much more of savoir faire does this betoken than the pithy remark of President Wheeler as he stamped out of the Yosemite snowdrift at the heels of the strenuous First Executive. It cannot be published on the same page, for diplomatic as well as academic reasons.

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She Wasn't Piqued

The split in the Southern colony has been growing wider ever since those dear old ladies, yclept Daughters of the Confederacy, agreed to disagree. It has been frequently hinted that Mrs. Van Wyck occasioned the diversion by withdrawing from the original chapter in a fit of pique, and promptly rallying her friends and starting another chapter which she was sure of dominating. This version of the split has been reiterated many times, and Mrs. Van Wyck is no longer complacent. She doesn't like people to believe that she was actuated by pique in starting the new chapter, and so she asked her friend Mrs. Salisbury to set her right before the public. Mrs. Salisbury is most resourceful when plausible explanations are wanted, and she has supplied a very plausible version of the row. She says that it dates from the visit of the wife of the Bishop of Florida. Some of the Daughters of the Confederacy wanted to give her a reception, but Mrs. Van Wyck demurred. Mrs. Van Wyck was overruled and the reception took place at the home of Mrs. Voorhies. Thereupon Mrs. Van Wyck, who was president of the chapter, resigned. Of course she wasn't piqued; not at all. She hadn't the faintest notion of starting a rival chapter; not for a minute. But the national president of the order called on Mrs. Van Wyck and begged her to organize another chapter. Indeed she pledged her to do it. Mrs. Van Wyck was reluctant, but she could not resist the pleadings of the Grand President. Isn't that a very plausible explanation? And doesn't it prove that Mrs. Van Wyck wasn't piqued?

Fearless "Cash" Clay

The dark and bloody battle-ground lost its most picturesque and salient personality the other day when the stormy career of that eccentric old hero, Cassius Marcellus Clay, came to an end. "Cash" Clay was a swashbuckler of the old school, a fighter who figured in many a bloody encounter, a hero who was always ready to shed his blood in defence of his principles, a slashing, shooting aristocrat who was never known to quail before an enemy no matter what the odds were against him. The present generation is familiar with the family troubles that disturbed his declining years, with the sentimental complications that led to the interference of his relatives who sought to have him declared insane, but few there are who can recount the stirring episodes of his early career, episodes as thrilling as any that D'Artagnan figured in, and which served to establish for him a record for bravery that few men in the world's history have achieved. "Cash" Clay was a whimsical chap, but he possessed a noble courage and his virtues far outnumbered his faults. Though of patrician Virginian stock and raised in Kentucky he was a convert to abolitionism, and he was at all times ready to fight in support of his opinions.

Two of His Fights

One of his most notable combats was with a man named Sprigg, a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and a bad man. They exchanged warm words one day and it was expected that Spriggs would challenge Clay. It happened that in a burst of confidence one day Sprigg had told Clay that it was his habit when a fight could not be avoided to approach his man in a conciliatory manner, and then without a declaration of war, swat him. Meeting Clay after the angry discussion, and oblivious of his fatal confidences, he stepped up in a conciliatory manner. Clay knocked him down and kept on knocking him down until Sprigg was dragged away. One of his duels was with Samuel Brown, a big bully who hit him with an umbrella. Clay drew his bowie knife and before he could strike he was seized from behind by a force of men who held him about fifteen feet from his adversary until the latter could draw his Colt's revolver. When released Clay started for Brown, who held his fire until his man was within an arm's reach, and then shot at his heart. Clay came down upon his head with a tremendous blow, splitting it open and stunning him. Brown's friends came to the rescue, but Clay scattered them and they threw the wounded man over a stone fence and fled. Raising his bloody knife, Clay said, "I repeat that the statement made by the speaker before Brown's assault is a falsehood, and I stand ready to defend the truth." Clay started an anti-slavery organ at Lexington once and armed the office with two brass four-pounder cannon to be prepared for mob violence. He also had a keg of powder in his office which he was prepared to explode in the event of an invasion being too hot. There never was a gamer man than Cassius Marcellus Clay.

Gossip of the Service

Another button wedding is on the tapis for the Presidio and is likely to be an early event at the post. The



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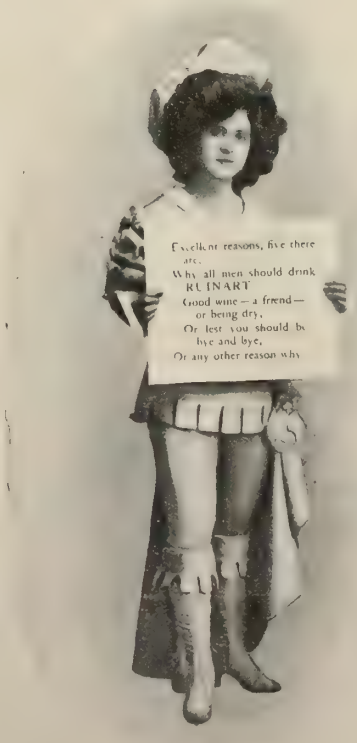
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bride-to-be is Miss Helen Bubb, daughter of Captain Bubb, and the bridegroom-elect Mr. Gerald Street of Chicago.

Major F. H. Hardin, Fourteenth Cavalry, who has been on duty here at the Mint, will leave in a few days for his former station at Fort Wingate, New Mexico. During the absence of Colonel George Andrews in Yosemite Valley Major J. P. Williams of the Artillery Corps has been acting as Adjutant General at department headquarters. Colonel George F. Chase, Twelfth Cavalry, sailed on the transport *Sheridan* for the Philippines in command of the third squadron of that regiment.

It Was Their Fate

All sorts of things, nice and the other kind, are being said about Colonel T. C. Lobo of the Fourteenth Cavalry, who was the cause of the early break-up of homes at Fort Grant, New Mexico, and the coming of the officers of that regiment and their families to San Francisco, anticipating their departure for the Philippines by the transport which sailed yesterday. By a little delay, it is said, the countermanding orders would have been received in time to prevent the hardship of the move. Among those who are here are Captain Ren Smedburg and Captain Harold P. Howard with their families.

The Phelan Sack

Jimmy Phelan and Gavin McNab were observed engaged in earnest conversation a few days ago, at the corner of Jackson and Polk streets, which is not far from the residence of Mr. Frank Sullivan, the brother-in-law of the ex-Mayor. During all Mr. Phelan's campaigns Sullivan was the man with the dough, or at least he acted as the financial agent of his brother-in-law, and thereby protected the latter from the charge of spending more money for his election than the law allows. When Phelan and McNab were seen together in the vicinity of the Sullivan residence it was immediately surmised that the Phelan sack had been opened. And it evidently had for that night McNab proceeded to dole out coin to his hungry constituents. When asked if he had tapped the Phelan barrel he beamed on his questioner.

Keene's Pyrotechnic Career

When Jim Keene lost one million five hundred thousand dollars in New York last week, through the failure of his son-in-law, he remarked that it was "only a flea-bite." The loss of a fortune is no new experience to James R. Keene. In April, 1884, he suspended payment after losing a fortune estimated at from four to seven millions in six months. Only six years before he had reached New York from this city, where he had met with big success in his speculations, a success that encouraged him to try his luck in Wall street. In this city he had risen from nothing to an estate of a million or so, had lost that in a flash, and then by a succession of bold ventures of the pyramiding type had brought himself to an eminence which carried a rating of five millions when he moved to New York. His first combination was with Jay Gould with whom he engaged in fighting Western Union with Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph. Though they profited in this campaign, he broke with Gould shortly after, alleging that Gould had gone back on his friends and sold them out in the middle of a deal, the very same charge that had been made against himself on this coast.

His Varying Fortune

On the other hand, Gould declared that Keene had played him a shabby trick. It was at this time that Keene expressed the opinion that Gould was the wickedest man in the world. Keene had heaped up his profits in cash and was known to have as much as nine millions in currency when he undertook to corner the wheat market. An attempt to bull Jersey Central stocks conducted at the same time was unprofitable, for the stock went down forty points in one day. Whether he might have succeeded in his wheat corner or not will never positively be known, for the attempt miscarried when a forged telegram was sent from New York to his Chicago brokers ordering them to sell two million bushels of wheat. They threw it on the market, it became known that Keene was selling, and before all the evils were reckoned with, Keene was six millions loser on wheat. However he came back buoyantly a little later when stocks took an upward trend, and fortune's favor returned more lavishly than ever. His wealth on paper rose to twenty millions and his followers hailed him as King of the Street. With his triumphs on the market came his best success on the turf and in 1881 Foxhall carried the white with blue polka dots home in the Grand Prix. With his accumulated millions he went into every game and gradually his fortune forsook him until Guiteau's shot paralyzed the country, when Keene was believed to be in desperate straits. He took to dealing in privileges and he sold them so recklessly that when the market turned he involved himself hopelessly, and that was in 1884, when he gave notice of his suspension. But he got back into the market again and paid all his old debts.



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His Love of the Turf

His bear campaigns, to which his natural tastes seemed to force him, were the losing ventures of his recent years. He was assailed bitterly by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit management in 1899 and was charged with being the source of rumors affecting that stock. Again he was credited with inspiring the attacks on the State Trust Company in 1900. Then came his attack on the Metropolitan interests and lately his row with Harriman. Though his specialty is stock manipulation he has always been fond of the turf. Foxhall was the most celebrated horse he ever owned, but Domino won more money than any other horse that ever carried the Keene colors. His stock farm, the Castleton Stud near Lexington, Kentucky, is one of the finest stock farms in the country. There he bred Commando, and Conroy and Cap and Bells. After Cap and Bells won the English Oaks two years ago Mr. Keene divided the purse equally between certain English and American hospitals

During the visit of the Edward Robinsons and S. G. Robinson to the Vendome last week they were the focus for countless lorgnettes. The Robinsons are from Belfast, Ireland, and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Hogg. With them was Miss Florence Callaghan. Among the Vendome's visitors are Mrs. L. E. Van Winkle and Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle, Mrs. N. Van Bergen and Mrs. J. Regensberger, Mrs. Charles H. Abbott, Mrs. C. T. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Dana and F. C. Hotaling.

Bryan and His Defamers

Editor TOWN TALK:

Grant me space for a few more words concerning the defamers of William Jennings Bryan, who is very much in the public eye just now though he is not a candidate for office. Bryan was twice the nominee of the Democratic party for President of the United States, and upon both occasions was defeated by the treachery of so-called Democrats, and the prodigal use of Republican gold. Of course it is an easy thing to say that a leader who has been twice defeated should not aspire to further command. Granted. But Bryan has distinctly stated that he is not a candidate; but he still claims the right to fight for true Democratic principles, even though it be as an humble private in the ranks; but even this privilege will not be accorded him by Democratic traitors and Republican vote-buyers. There are still several million Democrats who are Democrats from principle, who cannot be bought, frightened or cajoled, who are not the abject slaves of Wall street, who are still convinced that freedom's battles are never fought at bankers' banquets, who do not own newspapers, and are not owned by them, and who will thwart this miserable conspiracy to destroy forever the great old Democratic party.

The Springfield *Republican*, once the mouthpiece of that great editor, Samuel Bowles, referring to Mr. Bryan's present attitude, wants to know what Mr. Bryan is "up to." Bryan has to say in reply: "It is only fair that the readers of *The Commoner* should know what I am 'up to,' and if they will pardon me for being a little bit personal I will tell them. I have twice received at the hands of my party the highest honor it can bestow, and twice has my nomination been endorsed by our allies, the populists and silver republicans. The first nomination came from the delegates in attendance upon the three conventions. The second nomination came directly from the voters of the three parties. These honors were bestowed not because of personal merit, or as a personal compliment, but because of my advocacy of democratic principles. I still believe in those principles, and expect to advocate them during the remainder of my life. New issues will arise from time to time but the principles set forth in the Chicago platform and the Kansas City platform are fundamental, and can be applied to all questions. I am not planning for another presidential nomination—if I were I would not be editing a paper; if I ever become a candidate again it will be because it seems necessary for the advancement of the principles to which I adhere, and that does not now seem probable. I shall, however, take an interest in politics for several years yet, if I live, and can be relied upon to support those who as candidates advocate democratic principles, and who can be trusted to enforce them if elected. I have no enemies to punish. No matter what a man may have said or done against the ticket in 1896 or 1900, that man becomes my friend the moment he accepts democratic principles. Neither have I any disposition to reward political friends at the expense of our cause. No matter what a man may have said or done for the ticket in 1896 or in 1900, that man becomes an opponent the moment he runs against democratic principles. Political battles are fought not in the past or in the future, but in the present. The heretofore cannot be recalled, and the hereafter cannot be anticipated, but the NOW is all important. I shall say whatever I think ought to be said, and shall write whatever I think ought to be written. This course may not be popular, but I trust that it will aid in the restoration of Jeffersonian principles. I shall ask no reward, because I am not working for others entirely. As a citizen I am interested in having a good government under which I live; as a father I am interested in leaving a good government to my children. If a good government can be secured it will be reward enough for all that I or any one else can do."

Those are plain words uttered by a man who always says what he means. Nobody has ever sought to impeach the honesty of William Jennings Bryan. Why then should his word be doubted? Bryan is respected by Democrats all over this country, and no candidate who would dare abuse him could carry the electoral vote of a single State. Moreover no McKinley-Palmer-Buckner Democrat could be elected. —*A Jeffersonian Democrat*

WHY?

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While Society was thronging to
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A PUBLIC APOLOGY TO THE LADIES.

Messrs Kelly & Liebes, 120 Kearny street, extend an apology for not being able to deliver some of the garments on time during their removal sale, which is proving a great success. They desire to state that they have engaged thirty extra assistants, yet it was impossible to get all the garments out on time. Ten more tailors have been engaged this week, so that there will in consequence be no more disappointments.

One June Day

BY HELEN STRANGE.

"Have a posey, dear?' Ah, the rare, Southern California June day! Max had just come out from the East. I have been luxuriating for weeks in the warm, friendly caresses of this glorious, inimitable, Southern California sun, and am now driving with my dear boy along the enchanting old Temple Road that runs from the busy town to the charming little suburb perched in the hills, some eight miles away.

The road stretches yellow and smooth before us, winding off up through Cahwenga Pass—our destination. Shaggy, shabby, dilapidated eucalyptus trees line one side of our way, and on the other side—see the marvel in Max's face—a boundless sea of madly blooming carnations!

"Have a posey, dear?" and Max reins in his horse. The patient gardener, who seems to have undertaken the gigantic task of harvesting the spicy crop, looks from his monotonous "snip, snip" and smiles at us the good, Californian welcome. "Come down and help yourselves; take all you can carry," is his hearty response to Max's query if we may have a few. But we prefer to sit happily and lazily in our comfortable little buggy and coax the very good natured gardener to gather us a few of the fragrant red, white and pink blossoms.

We blissfully resume our journey, through lacy arches of pepper trees, past picturesque old mission homes, set far back in gardens blooming with a riot of many-colored flowers. "How they do love color, down here!" we agree.

We laugh happily at the notion which has gotten into my head that those quaint old Australian palms, guarding the lares and penates of each old, beautiful home, rearing up straight and lank, with a feather-duster burst of plumage at the tip-top, remind one of nothing so much as a naked youngster with a shock of hair.

I am the guide. I have gone over the way many times in my long, blissful stay in this land of flowers and sunshine, while Max has been spending the winter of his discontent back in the dreary, dirty city of monster pork-packing industries, held in limbo by that mysterious nuisance, business. But now—oh, joy! he has slipped off to bewitching California, to share my marvel and delight in all things the wonder-country has to offer her votives—doubly marvelous and doubly delightful now to me, shared with him.

Off to the west, nestling cozily between two soft green and brown velvet hills, in a grove of ragged old eucalyptus, the happy hoboes of the California race of trees, we shall find an inn, a warm welcome and a chicken dinner, cooked for us by an old, black mammy "from Washington, D. C.," as she proudly announces, hands on hips and head thrown back for the ready laugh awaiting the eager applicant for a bite to eat.

But there are more than two hills confronting us; there is a whole group of them, but only one inn and only one mammy. Which appears to be the right direction? I look anxiously about for some familiar landmark, but all roads look equally inviting and all roads wind off to the mountains. "These roads all look alike," I announce, rather sulkily. "They are all yellow; they all wind; they are all bordered with regiments of hobo eucalyptus, but I think perhaps this is the way," and I point doubtfully toward a piece of road that surely ought to take us to the very spot we are seeking. Our horse, who, no doubt, has taken many other happy lovers over the same sunny way, appears to be satisfied with the direction in which we turn him and we feel quite sure he knows just where we wish to go.

We are on Los Felis street, we are informed by the sign at the crossroads. That doesn't sound just right, and the way grows less and less familiar. The hoboes have disappeared, and in their places respectable fields of oats and barley, and—where are we now? In the midst of a Chinese vegetable garden! I have lost my way, as usual. I am chagrined; Max laughs gently but with distinct amusement: "Your locality bump, Helen, hasn't it grown any, out in this California of yours, where all things flourish?"

Max calls gaily to the "Chink," busily cultivating his cabbages—for they do grow cabbages, as well as carnations, in this fairest earthly garden. "Hi there, John, is this the way to the Pass?" "No, not the way to the Pass," John gently informs us, and sets us right on our journey, back through the cabbages and the oats and barley fields, to the same eucalyptus-lined path we have just so ambitiously left. Ah, now it looks right once more! There is the same group of ancient, native sycamores on the right, and the same clump of scraggy live oaks on the left—we are in the Pass; it is a reality, the inn is a reality, the old, black mammy is a reality, I triumphantly prove to my dear boy, who has been teasingly suggesting for the past few anxious moments that we may not dine this evening. And our chicken dinner will soon be a reality, mammy assures us. "Git right down out o' your kirrige and let Joe take keer your hoss. You-all jess got time to climb that ole hill yander and see the sun set, while I git you' dinner," and she points toward a particularly modest-looking green eminence that seems to bubble up from the ground behind the old inn, the youngest of a large and promising family, in various stages of development, all mothered by a matronly old soul of comfortable proportions, who, even now, is coaxing the sun, her foster child, to sink to his rest on her broad, green bosom. When Max inquires, "Do you think you can, dear?" I eagerly assent, and we start off blithely for our climb. Ah, how young and strong and glad we feel! We bound up the sheep trail, scrambling over stones and beating our way through the thick growth of brush that obstructs the path.

The ascent appears to have suddenly grown steeper, the summit farther off, and the baby hill to have become a promising young mountain.

I grasp a convenient shrub that seems to have grown in just that very place for the express purpose of helping me climb up, but quickly withdraw my lacerated hand—prickers! "Why," I burst out petulantly, "does disagreeable, old Mother Nature choose such an inopportune time to indulge in a poor joke! Why aren't these bushes and shrubs made friendly and smooth to the grasp of the weary traveler, instead of bristling and unapproachable! Suppose we were prospecting instead of merely climbing this great, high peak to see the sun set?" Max only laughs and says, "Another 'Why.'"

I am not so blithe now, and I don't feel quite so strong as I did, but allow willing Max, who is still provokingly fresh, to give

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the aid so proudly rejected at the beginning of this arduous climb.

We gain the top at last and I sit down on a smooth stone to quiet my fiercely beating heart, while Max looks around for His Majesty, the Sun. If we wish to see him set, we shall have to climb to the tip-top of all the brother and sister hills, who are towering above us on all sides! As we promised Mammy we would return for dinner in three-quarters of an hour, we decide to rest a few moments and then descend. Of course Max takes out his cigarette case and I claim my usual right to hold it while he smokes. It is a rarely exquisite affair of silver, severely plain, with just my dog, "Medoc," in one corner, done in enamel, in rapturous browns and greys, and blacks and whites, and there, on the inner side of his dear white leg, is a suggestion of soft pink!—Medoc, whom Max allowed somebody to steal out of his buggy, some months ago, back home, and whom the best and most experienced dog catcher in the whole town has not yet succeeded in returning to me, albeit my plaintive "Lost" ad. is still running in the *Daily Sentinel.*

Max looks at me with those kindest, brightest brown eyes, in a way that is rather disconcerting, for I feel hot and towseled and my hand is continually up to my face, seeking for stray locks that may have broken from their moorings. But his glance is wholly admiring, and when he says, "You ought to see yourself now, Helen, your eyes are so bright and your cheeks are so rosy," I am quite content, for Max, who is eight years my senior, had fallen violently in love with a very beautiful actress, while I was away at the Misses Seeley's school, trying to grow up and become an accomplished young woman. Fortunately for poor Max, the metamorphosis from the jolly tom-boy who had roamed the northern woods and sailed the northern lakes with him, to the stunning young woman of whom he seemed to stand a little in awe the first few days of my return, must have been complete enough and satisfactory enough to make him straightway forget his foolish fancy for the beautiful actress and bring him to my triumphant feet, where he is now lounging with all the apparent content in the world. I sometimes wonder if she jilted him. He has never said.

The view from the top of our mountain is entrancing, even without a sunset, and although we are very much in love (at least Max declares he is with me), we are young and happy and healthy, so we proceed, like the king of France, on his famous hill, to march down again. Max thinks he has discovered another trail, one less stony and much shorter. It is less stony, we find, and perhaps it is shorter, but torrents of loosened earth pursue our downward flight, filling my low shoes and disturbing my temper.

Half way down, we gaze longingly at the sight of Mammy, frantically waving her apron at us and shouting: "Come 'long quick; yo' dinner done ready this minit." I try to come quick, with the result that I slip and slide and come tumbling headlong on to Max, who is below, holding out his hand to help me down a particularly steep piece of the trail. We roll into the dry bed of a mountain brook, which at some seasons of the year tumbles joyfully down the side of our mountain. But the bed of the tiny stream is now quite guiltless of water, and we "dryly" scramble to our feet.

We find that our precipitous haste has brought us to fairly level ground, within a few steps of the kitchen garden, which contain peas and beans and other garden truck, and a real lemon tree with real lemons ripening on it.

I limp along after Max, my shoes full of gravel and dirt. What evil prompting causes him to bid me sit on a fallen log while he takes off my shoes to shake the dirt out of them? I do as he suggests with apparent gayety, but in reality in an agony of apprehension. Oh, the slow torture of that moment when the first shoe comes off! Ah, the sweet relief! Not the slightest, tiniest suggestion of a break in the toe of my thinnest silk stocking. "Oh, good, kind Fortune, stand by me in this ordeal, to the end!" And she does, like a brick (a hold-over from my tom-boy days), and both shoes go back on again, my reputation for neatness having sustained not the slightest injury.

I wonder if Max had not heard of the cavalier who went a-wooing and chose the painfully neat maiden who always washed her pan after every bread-baking, and who, consequently, had no scrapings of dough to make a poultice for the leg of his disabled horse.

"Max," I say gravely, and I stop still in the middle of the kitchen garden, while half a dozen fox terrier puppies, who are part of the crop, yelp and leap madly on me, "Max, would you love me just the same if my stockings had needed mending?"

He is laughing at me again and saying: "Helen, I thought you did not look radiantly happy a moment ago, at my solicitude for your comfort." I do believe the wretch was disappointed!

But Mammy is again at the door, urging that our dinner will be "done col'," so we take our seats at a little round table in a cozy dining room, done in old mission style, and proceed to enjoy our well earned dinner, good, thoughtful Max first ascertaining that our horse is equally well provided for.

When our rarely delicious chicken is finished, Max lights another cigarette and I sit in happy content, holding "Medoc" lovingly to my cheek.

The shadows grow longer, and we reluctantly think of the dirty town, with its "best electric car system in the United States." The crickets are chirping outside our window and the frogs are croaking and the owls are hooting in the sycamores.

Mexican Joe brings around our horse and we start homeward in the mystic California twilight, which ere long deepens into an impenetrable blackness. The hobo regiments form a weird escort, as our impatient steed flies along. He is choosing a route for himself, quite new to us, for between us and the lights of the town our straining eyes discern the spooky outlines of a troop of oil derricks. We are among them now, and our unaccustomed ears are assailed with the uncanny groaning and screeching of the pumps.

The night is so black, the hoboes follow us so persistently, the spooky oil derricks with their sobbing, screaming pumps are so disturbing, that I realize at once the glorious possibilities of the situation and give way to helpless terror—sweet, delicious terror, which impels me to nestle close to my dear boy and find absolute release from fear in his strong, protecting arms, till my friends, the hoboes and, no less, my friends the spooks, are left far behind.

I realize, with a sigh, that we are in town, and that it is now time for my terror to subside. Besides, Max must watch carefully lest we are bumped by the ubiquitous street car.

"Tired, dear?" and Max's voice has in it a strain so tender, so possessive, that I am glad, glad! "So tired, but so happy," I murmur, in the rapture of his slow release, as he lifts me to the pavement.

Ah, the dear June day, so happily spent, so reluctantly surrendered! We gaze long in each other's eyes and read each other's thoughts: "How good God is to us!"

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Automobile Topics

F. C. Hotaling, who has a fine auto, is at the Vendome with his chauffeur.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Talbot made the run to San Jose last Sunday in their automobile.

Two men have successfully made the trip across the continent in an automobile from this city to New York. News of their arrival in New York was received several days ago.

An automobile has at last been devised that meets all the purposes of the farmer. It is an agricultural motor car driven by a strong single cylinder engine of about twelve horse power. It will haul a double furrow plow twice as fast as four horses, and unlike the horses does not give out from fatigue at the end of five or six hours. It can be used for hauling heavy loads along the highway, or to drive a threshing machine, and is in fact a very complete combination of portable and traction engine.

The spectacle of our Fire Chief riding to fires in an automobile will soon be presented in the streets of this city. Though Chief Sullivan is an enthusiastic lover of horseflesh, he long ago declared that the auto was the coming vehicle for the officers of a fire department, and he finally prevailed on the Supervisors to order an electric buggy for him. It is now being built by the Electric Vehicle Company of Hartford, Connecticut.

Great interest is being taken in the run to be made to Del Monte by the Automobile Club on Thursday next. About one hundred and twenty-five automobiles will make the trip. They will spend Thursday night at the Vendome in San Jose. They will spend some time in Salinas Friday and reach Del Monte that evening. Saturday they will take the famous seventeen mile drive. On Monday morning the hill climbing contests will take place and in the afternoon the races will be pulled off. There will be representatives from Fresno, Stockton and San Jose. It will be the largest gathering of machines ever held west of Chicago. The beautiful prizes to be competed for were presented by C. S. Middleton, E. Courtney Ford, L. P. Low, Fred A. Jacobs, F. A. Hyde, the Del Monte hotel and the National, White and Pioneer Automobile companies.

The people of Los Angeles have been educated up to a proper recognition of the importance of the automobile and the rights of owners. The Supervisors recently adopted sensible and practicable rules for regulating the driving of automobiles on country roads. The idea of establishing a fixed maximum rate of speed was abandoned. Instead of making an arbitrary standard they merely declared that the speed shall at no time be greater than is reasonable and proper, with due regard to highway traffic and the safety of persons and property. It is practically impossible for an observer to determine the rate of speed at which an automobile is traveling, and the safety of the driver demands that he shall regulate his speed with reason. The rules provide that the driver of an automobile shall stop and remain stationary on signal by a person riding or driving, until the latter has passed.

Laws governing speed are now in force in almost every State in the Union. When the motor car was a new thing the amateur who drove his own car made the highest rate of speed possible. The motor vehicle was looked upon as a plaything and as such was abused to the limit. Now that the general utility of the vehicle has been demonstrated, the racing machine has been turned over to the professional racing men, and the pleasure and all-purpose machine has fallen into its proper place. That the motor vehicle is entitled to consideration on account of its general utility and growing popularity is an acknowledged fact in many States, and wherever people are enlightened on the subject concessions have been made to those engaged in promoting the industry. —*The Chauffeur.*

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No Time Like the Present

The schools close in the beginning of June and open again in the latter part of July. As so many families go to the country merely for the benefit of their children, the result is that around the 4th of July holidays the resorts and summer boarding houses are taxed to their full limit to take care of the guests. During the week following many return, which continues till near the month's end. This relieves the holiday congestion and the many who could not be accommodated at that time can easily be taken care of from now on.

No time is better for an outing in Marin, Sonoma, Mendocino and Lake counties than July, August and September. The evenings are invariably pleasant. There the San Franciscan can sit out in the open air till late, a pleasure he never enjoys at home. The water in the rivers, streams and lakes is warm for bathing, and it is a time when the fish bite most readily. Besides, till the end of August is the open season for deer in Sonoma county and until the end of September in Mendocino county.

Those who could not be accommodated over the holidays, and those who can now get away from business, can easily find a location for their outing by consulting "Vacation 1903" issued by the California Northwestern Railway. Hotels, resorts, homes for summer boarders, and camping spots are all given in this book, together with the surroundings, terms, etc. To be procured at the company's offices or in answer to a mail request.


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STAGE

The Manxman

The dramatized version of Hall Caine's story, "The Manx man," is a play well suited to the temperament of people who like to be thrilled by the heartaches of a weak woman. "The Manxman" is a painful play abounding in commonplace sentiment and commonplace people. Hall Caine has fashioned for us a familiar group of people and he has involved them in complications that are as old as the human family, but that always command the interest of those that like to behold the havoc played by Dan Cupid. The play is full of heart interest, and it invokes deep sympathy for the faithful Peter who worshiped the woman whose affections had been won by another, and who believed that she reciprocated his passion. The fidelity of Peter Quillian is akin to that of Sim's 'Ostler Joe. He never blames the woman who had wronged him, and he never permits aught to be said against her. He is the uncultured nobleman one meets so often on the stage but seldom in real life. Yet he is not a creature of the imagination. The Alcazar company presents the play with that level of excellence which is found in all their work. Indeed it is surprising how effectively this stock company enters upon a change of atmosphere, and imparts plausibility to everything it undertakes. Mr. White Whittlesey plays Peter Quillian without a trace of artificiality. In the earlier scenes he catches the humor of the role and skilfully prepares his audience for the tragic climax to his happy domesticity. The lights and shadows are splendidly contrasted. Bertha Creighton plays the part of Kate in a most convincing way. She never exaggerates, and she is never guilty of undue emphasis. Charles Wyngate is a trifle woodeny in the role of Philip. He never enters into the spirit of the role. The other members of the company are satisfactory.

The Villain in the Play

Henry Shumer is making a great record for himself as a stage villain. He has been doing all kinds of villain stunts since he joined the Central stock, and they shifted him over to the Alcazar when "Heartsease" was put on, to appear as a swagger villain in silk tights and with a sword. He's getting so used now to being groaned at by the gallery when the curtain call brings him out with the hero and heroine that he doesn't mind a bit. (In parenthesis let me say, Shumer is a real good chap off the stage.) In this week's Central play, he is the secondary villain, Dobre, who does all kinds of wicked things, spurred on by Nichols, a French officer, from wooing a man's wife away from him, stealing a necklace out of spite and fastening the crime on a poor, unoffending woman, to helping his accomplice in a murder or so. In the end he repents and it turns out that he was only a sort of cat's paw, so the gallery's groans turn to rousing cheers. Seriously speaking, the character work of Shuman as Gaspard Dobre is admirable, and his make-up in the last acts is very clever. "A Lion's Heart" is a melodrama of the old-fashioned kind, and it contains some bright dialogue and handsome scenery. Mayall wears the tights of a youthful lion-tamer in the prologue, but after that appears as a middle-aged man with gray hair and in regulation attire, which does not, however, conceal the "lion's heart." On Monday night he received two huge floral pieces and curtain calls without number. Miss Lawton doubled up as the erring wife and later her grown-up daughter, and managed to bring tears from the eyes of many in the audience. Miss Vane and Mr. Bacon have considerable comedy work to which they do full justice.

Abounding in Warmth

"Hearts Aflame," the second offering of the Neill-Morosco season at the California, is a splendid play for a cold winter night. It reminds one of Joaquin Miller's latest poem—it is warm, very warm. You think of the old game of hide-the-handkerchief as it progresses: plot, warm; dialogue, warmer; situations, very warm indeed. But then hearts aflame would naturally not be of arctic temperature. The company braces up well to the ordeal of this ardent drama. Miss Kemble as the neglected wife wins the audience's sympathies and Mr. Oberle gives a lifelike picture of the husband, a despicable cad. One of the best bits of character drawing is Miss Esmond's Alison Deyo. It is a part widely different from the blind girl in last week's play. Alison is a mannish, horsey girl, very outspoken but good-natured, and Miss Esmond makes the audience warm to the character at once. Phosa McAllister's Mrs. Leigh is worthy of mention, as is Frank MacVicars's Bryce. Scott Seaton does well with the butler's role. The part of Mrs. Dunbar (the late Mrs. Watts), which satirizes New York's on-with-the-new before the first matrimonial shackles are shed, is entrusted to last week's debutante, Miss Hartstone. Though rather young for the role, there are no signs of the amateur in her work, which is spirited and intelligent.

Bred in the Bone

Very few know how Adelaide Manola, who is to take the part of Heline in Harrigan's company this season, became an actress. She is the daughter of Marion Manola, whose own sad experience determined her that Adelaide should never become an actress. About six years ago Marion and "Jack" Mason were about to appear in a Chicago house in a vaudeville sketch they had prepared. Unfortunately, on the day of the performance Marion took suddenly ill. Within an hour afterwards, Adelaide "blew in" at the hotel where her mother was staying, fresh from convent, and heartily tired of convent life. Mason's eagle eye caught the marked resemblance to the mother, saw the lines of worry on her brow and gleam of ambition in her eye, and an idea struck him. At that evening's initial presentation of the vaudeville sketch, Adelaide played the mother's role, and played it so admirably that both star and sketch made a pronounced hit. That evening's emergency experiment settled convent life and the choice of a profession for Adelaide. She secured an engagement and has never quit since, only just long enough to get married and enjoy a brief honeymoon.

"As You Like It" will be given this and tomorrow afternoons and evenings at Sutro Heights as Shakespeare's comedy has never been presented before in San Francisco. Nance O'Neil, who leaves for New York shortly to make her Broadway debut, has been tendered a testimonial and will make her debut as Rosalind. Miss O'Neil will be accorded strong support and James J. Corbett will appear as Charles the wrestler. The grounds will be brilliantly illuminated at night and comfortable seats have been arranged for thousands. Reservations may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co's.



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Blanche Bates's Ambition

Blanche Bates has returned to New York, full of California ozone and fortified for her winter's work. She would not have returned when she did but went in response to a telegram from Mr. Belasco. Rehearsals are about to begin for next season, which means a hot August in New York for her. Blanche Bates has few of the airs of a star, still she thinks rather well of herself and with good reason. She has done well and recent arrivals from New York say that her "Darling of the Gods" was the most artistic presentation of last season, though by no means the biggest hit—that distinction belonging to Du Barry. In the role of the Japanese wife Miss Bates makes up until there is absolutely nothing left of her own face or figure and she has worn kimonos so much without corsets that her waist is hopelessly lost and she has been trying to find it again in California. She is frantic to go to London but she does not wish to go in a Japanese play as she does not think the English would understand or appreciate it as the Americans do, and she also wants to go to London in "white face," as she expresses it—that is, as Blanche Bates and not in a character as utterly foreign as the present one. She is dying to do a "Wild West" play with unbroken horses to ride and a Wild West heroine breaking into London drawing-rooms to play. Before her departure she entertained an ultra-bohemian gathering at the residence of Mrs. Forbes, where she had been stopping. Among the assemblage was Mrs. Varney Gaskill, whom Miss Bates met in Paris during the Exposition. The two are quite cronies.

Is Virginia Jealous?

Can it be that the green-eyed monster has touched Virginia Harned, in private life Mrs. E. H. Sothern? Or is the clever press agent of Sothern again in the field? Word comes from New York that Miss Harned may appear next season in a play written by her husband, the same play he had designed for Julia Marlowe. This sounds very much as if the fair Virginia, the original Trilby, may have objected to her husband's fashioning a play for another star and leaving her out in the cold, as it were. One can imagine her as having put her shapely foot—the beautiful Trilby foot—down and saying: "My dear hubby, if you are writing plays for anybody, I don't see why another woman should play the star role. I am not on the superannuated list myself, yet."

Elsie de Wolf has made a hit in London, if one may believe the despatches. Miss de Wolfe is the favorite society actress in New York, her social position never having suffered by her election of the stage as a career. She is invited to all the best houses. She lives in a charming little home in Irving Place, once the residence of Washington Irving, and her friend Elizabeth Marbury, the play-broker, lives with her.

Margaret and Charlotte are Not at Odds

Margaret Anglin and Charlotte Thompson are still friends, and those stories that wafted westward of their falling out turn out to be groundless. It is true that Miss Anglin accepted a play by Miss Thompson, but did not produce it, but that was not her fault. Miss Anglin is not an independent star, but is under contract to a manager who prefers to choose his own plays. But she is a great admirer of the young Californian woman's talent, and they kept house together when Miss Thompson first went to New York. Late despatches say that Miss Anglin while in London read and approved a play manuscript by "a young American woman," which she will produce during her San Francisco season. Friends of Miss Thompson believe she is the young American woman referred to.

Kendall Is Witty

Ezra Kendall has made a rule not to be interviewed, especially in a one-night stand, unless the interviewer has a written letter from the encouraging editor. He does not propose to lose his eyesight, he says, looking for interviews after talking to a reporter for three hours. When Kendall was a struggling star some years ago, he had a treasurer with his company who had the faculty of being short in his accounts. The comedian overlooked it for several weeks, as the accounts were small. They finally grew to such proportions that his services were dispensed with. On reaching Birmingham, Alabama, the local manager asked what had become of his former treasurer.

"I had to let him go. He was color blind," said Kendall.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he couldn't tell my money from his."

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VIGOROUS VAUDEVILLE!
THE KAUFMANN TROUPE. Dooley and Tenbrooke. Roberts, Hayes and Roberts. George Austin. James J. Morton. Macarts' Dogs and Monkeys. Claudius and Corbin. The Biograph and Last Week of MME. KONORAH
Matinees—Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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O'er our "All Star" cast's work—Kolb and Dill and Bernard
There's a rattling good song by Maude Amber and Blake,
Hermsen also appears and with Whelan take the cake.
Last Week of the Great Double Bill
"UNDER THE RED GLOBE" with "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"
And the Same Popular Prices.
Look out for the next Production. — Will prove another sensation.
Nights, 25c, 50c and 75c; Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c and 50c.
Children at Matinees, 10c and 25c.

The Author of "Honey, My Sweet"

Few people know that the man who wrote that pretty love song, "Honey, my Sweet," has been in town the last five weeks. His name is George Spink and he is in the company of Amelia Bingham. In "The Climbers" he played a small part, but he was John Strong, the reformer, in "The Modern Magdalen," and played a most disagreeable and improbable part as well as it could be played. Mr. Spink was much entertained by Bohemian Club men and sang his song for a select few. He is exceedingly modest and dislikes to have his connection with the catchy song so much as mentioned. Miss Helen Lackaye, Wilton Lackaye's pretty sister, who had a very small part in "The Climbers" and in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," is writing a book, and as Miss Bingham writes well and forcibly herself on many topics, dictating to her secretary, it was quite a literary company. Another member of Miss Bingham's company, Mrs. Wesley-Smith, her leading character woman, who plays the mother in "The Climbers" and does such a strong bit of work as Mrs. Jenkins in the "Magdalen," is the wife of a prominent New York physician and has the distinction of being the youngest member of Sorosis of New York—undoubtedly the most prominent woman's club in the country. She was entertained by Mrs. Dunbar, the president of San Francisco's Sorosis, and by several Sorosis women, though she happened here during the vacation of the clubs.

Has McIvor-Tyndall Made a Discovery?

A gentleman who has spent many years in the study of material science attended Dr. McIvor-Tyndall's lecture last Sunday evening. He listened most attentively to the psychic's theories and afterward remarked: "I believe that Dr. McIvor-Tyndall has made a wonderful discovery." The subject of the lecture was "The Thought That Kills," and somewhat startling as it may sound to the layman the psychologist proceeded to treat the subject from a literal point of view. There was a large audience, whether attracted by the lecture or by the experiments in subconscious phenomena, it is impossible to say. Certainly it was a superior audience, in point of education and social prominence. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall assumes that each human organism is a complete electrical instrument, and that Thought is in itself merely force, capable of direction according to the will or desire. Thus the character of the thoughts sent out determines the chemical affinity of the magnet aura each person surrounds himself with. By creating only destructive thoughts we make ourselves a magnet to attract destructive thoughts, which in time disintegrate the physical atoms. The next lecture in the series will be on "Telepathy: Is It a Lost Faculty or a Development?" On Sunday evening, August ninth, Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will take for his subject: "The Power of Persuasion." Each lecture will be followed by demonstrations of the power of thought as a force.

Features of Next Week's Bills

The Kaufman troupe of acrobats who created such a sensation on their first appearance here two years ago will return to the Orpheum after a tour of the world. They give a display of combination trick riding, with a climax in which the six performers pyramid themselves on a single wheel. Larry Dooley and James Tenbrooke, singing and talking comedians, will contribute fifteen minutes of fun and song. Roberts, Hayes and Roberts, singing and dancing sketch trio, direct from New York, will appear here for the first time in a sketch entitled "The Infant." Madame Konorah, the "mystic calculator," will appear for her last week, as will also James J. Morton, the monologuist.

"The Vinegar Buyer," in which Ezra Kendall opens his Columbia engagement, is by Herbert Hall Winslow and the comedy is woven about such a character as James Whitcomb Riley's rural friend, Joe Miller. There will be Saturday matinees during the Kendall season. Lottie Alter, the favorite soubrette, is with Kendall.

"Janice Meredith" was given by Mary Mannering at the Columbia but the Neill-Morosco company will produce it for the first time at popular prices at the California. The story of the play is a sprightly one and Miss Kemble will have a chance to let us see what she can do in a new line of work as the heroine. "A Royal Family" comes next.

That pretty play "The Butterflies" by Henry Guy Carleton, will follow "The Manxman" at the Alcazar. White Whittlesey will be at the theatre but two more weeks. His final week he will appear in "The Three Musketeers."

"The Highwayman" is a distinct success and will be continued at the Tivoli.

Big crowds still attend Fischer's and there will be another fortnight of "Under the Red Globe" and "The Three Musketeers."

"In Wall Street" will have a third and last week at the Grand. On August ninth "In Harvard" will be put on, the latest Rogers Brothers success. The company will be increased by five new principals.

Edwin Arden's great Russian drama, "Zorah," will be the Central's bill. It has a strong plot and Mayall will have the principal role of the Rabbi Frances. The scenery will be a feature.

At the Chutes will be Lester and Curtin, the "man-o'warsmen," in a comedy acrobatic act; Hathaway and Walton, refined singing and dancing duo; Little Blossom, whom Ashton Stevens interviewed in last Sunday's *Examiner*; and Hank Whitcomb, who imitates birds and animals. The three Kuhns and Zano will vary their turns.

Eleanor Jenkins, the new comedienne at Fischer's, will make her first appearance in the double bill of "The Big Little Princess" and "Quo Vass Is." The former is after Mrs. Burton Harrison's last excellent play, "The Little Princess." There is a lion coming all the way from New York to act in "Quo Vass Iss" that is said by the management to have cost one thousand dollars. "Arizona" will be the burlesque to follow. —*The Playgoer.*

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Woman's Way

NEW YORK, JULY 27.—A daily paper is soon to be established in this city by several women. It will be conducted by women in all its departments.—*Press Despatch.*

Scene, City desk of the *Woman's Daily Morning Orb.* Miss Clever, the City Editor, flanked by several reporters, special writers and a stenographer. All talk at once.

Miss Clever (rapping on desk): I can't understand a word you say. For heaven's sake, do speak one at a time. Mrs. Brilliant, what is your kick?

Mrs. B. (throwing paper on desk): I think it's a mean shame. Miss Penandink, the night copy reader, cut me down to a quarter of a column on my description of the Smartems' tea. I wrote two solid columns about it, and Mrs. Smartem was delighted when I read her the description. Now she'll cut me dead when she meets me.

Miss C.: Oh, we can't give the paper up to that old climber. What's *your* trouble, Miss Epigram?

Miss E. (weeping bitterly): Three words were spelled wrong in my critique, and they spoke of the star having "nerve" when I wrote "verve."

Miss C. (laughing): Oh, that's a common happening. I'll wager everybody's joshing the star about his colossal nerve today. Don't worry, dear. We'll invite him to a little dinner at Sherry's and open a few bots. in his honor. Miss Leader, why that frown?

Miss L. (waving several sheets of copy): I shall resign if that saucy little brat of a Poetaster gets her stuff ahead of mine again. Here is my brilliant editorial on Race Suicide crowded out again. I went in the composing rooms and took it away myself. It was getting all soiled and nasty-looking.

Miss C.: Oh, now, you know I have nothing to do with the editorial pages. Go and carry your kick to the Managing Editor, Mrs. Grasse.

Miss L.: But she is at the dressmaker's and she is going out to dinner and left word for you to run her job today.

Miss C. (her glasses dropping off nervously): She did, did she? I wonder whom she's dining with?

Miss Gossip (the society reporter): I know. It's Millions, who's backing our paper.

Miss C. (rising and putting on her jacket): Excuse me, girls, I can't stop now. Here, Gossip, you can run the shop awhile. I'll 'phone if I don't come back inside of two hours. Be careful and don't let any libels creep in the paper. (Hurries away.)

Mrs. Brilliant: That's a nice little story. Why, Clever told me yesterday she and Millions were only waiting for his wife to get her divorce to announce their own engagement.

Miss Gossip: Wish I were there to see the climax.

Miss Epigram: Oh, I back Clever to win out. She's got the best lingo and the best staying powers.

Miss Leader: But Mrs. Grasse leads on clothes and shape.

(*Copy boy appears and looks around for City Editor.*)

Miss Gossip: Get to your work, girls. Don't you see the boy's waiting for copy? Miss Epigram, would you mind going down town and matching me a bit of broadcloth? Take Miss Leader with you, and charge the cab to the paper. —*The Stenographer.*

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[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

A Boom in Symphony Concerts

There's to be competition, it seems, in the symphony field this winter. The Woman's Council announces a series of symphony concerts with Giuseppe Campanari as leader, and the San Francisco Symphony Society will give concerts with Fritz Scheel as leader. In the fall will come Pietro Mascagni to lead some concerts at Stanford University and in this city, and there is a possibility of Mr. Friedlander's repeating his experiment of the spring at Fischer's, with W. Zech, Jr. as leader of a symphony orchestra. With all this in view, it is quite certain that we are to have a symphony season. And with rival leaders, we are sure to have some novelties. In past seasons, the orchestras were not permitted to try out many new compositions. The symphonies rendered were as a rule those with which audiences were familiar, and the suites such as we had heard many times. With Scheel handling the baton we are sure to have Beethoven and Wagner finely interpreted. No one can excel Scheel in the reading of Beethoven, though there are many who will match Mascagni against the Vienna man when it comes to getting the soul out of Wagner.

A Famous Band

The Marine Band of Washington, D. C., celebrated its one hundred and fifth anniversary recently. The band was organized under an act passed by Congress and signed by President John Adams. The bandsmen then were enlisted soldiers armed with drums and fifes. One of the compositions made famous by the band was "The Mocking Bird" arranged and dedicated to Harriet Lane, then mistress of the White House. John L. Glubb was the first real leader of the band and after him came Eutine Triquet, Francis Schenig, Joseph Curveiller, Antonio Pons and Francis Scala. The last came from Italy with a requisition of thirteen musicians, recruits for the organization. It was Scala who instituted the open-air concerts that became so popular. After him came Henry Fries, then Louis Schneider, and then the only John Philip Sousa. Franchiulli succeeded Sousa and the present leader is William E. Santelmann.

I remember the little Joran sisters very well. They used to appear at lodge entertainments and at the Western Addition Club. They were pretty little girls, and wore their hair in long Marguerite braids. After they went abroad two of them made names almost at once for themselves in the music world. It was Pauline's husband who was killed the other day by falling from a train on his way to Scotland with his family. He was the Baron d'Bush.

Success at Last

It must be about ten years since Emil Bruguiere started out as a composer. His first work was the "Lucille" waltzes, if I recollect aright, written when he was a mere boy. Some time after he wrote his opera, "Count Fiddlesticks," with the late Dan O'Connell as librettist, but failed to place the work with a manager. Not discouraged, young Bruguiere kept on composing. He wrote the music for Francis Powers's second play, but the play was a failure and its incidental music shared in the consequent oblivion. Then a little success crowned the ambitious Californian boy's efforts—Katherine Fisk, the contralto, put some of his songs on her program and as they were charming songs they became popular among singers in many cities. Now the biggest success yet gained has come to young Bruguiere. The Bostonians will produce his opera "Kasiki." It will be tried out in the East but we may possibly see it next spring. The Bostonians look kindly upon Californian writers. They had one of Clay Greene's operas, "The Maid of Plymouth," and it was in San Francisco that they tried and accepted Giacomo Minkowski's "Smugglers of Badayez."

In England it is a custom in the large cities to have organ recitals in the middle of the day, of about an hour's duration and with a nominal rate of admission. English people of the laboring classes are much more partial to organ music than are Americans.

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Mrs. Marriner-Campbell and Mr. Walter C. Campbell are spending the latter part of their vacation at the Geysers. They have taken frequent outings this summer and Mrs. Campbell will be ready to resume her vocal classes by August third.

"The Soldier's Love," a march composed by Lucy Long and dedicated to the G. A. R., should become popular during the coming visit of the veterans. It has a march swing which will start people whistling.

Emil Steinegger, who returned from Vienna a few weeks ago, will today resume his professional duties. He has established his new studio at 546 Sutter street, room 59. Mr. Steinegger will take pupils in piano and theory.

Chester Rosekrans, tenor soloist at St. Paul's church, and a pupil of Cantor E. J. Stark, will leave for New York the middle of August to continue his studies under Reginald De Koven.

Novels in which music plays prominent part are increasing. One of the latest is "The Musician's Love Story," by Victor Murdock, the Kansas Congressman, running as a serial in a magazine.

Miss Julia Sullivan, the contralto of the Cathedral choir, has returned from Los Angeles where she has been enjoying her annual vacation.

Ellery's Royal Italian band is touring the West and is now in Kansas City. —*The Music Critic.*

LETTERS

The Index Expurgatorius

The announcement that Gabriel d'Annunzio's "Laus Vitæ" has been placed on the *index expurgatorius* reminds us that a few years ago, when some officious folk solicited the Pope to ban the works of this author, His Holiness refused on the ground that d'Annunzio was the only modern author who could write Italian. The *index expurgatorius* has none of the terrors now that it had in earlier centuries. For that matter, there are revisions from time to time, and books once condemned are removed, either because they are no longer considered dangerous, or because of a more liberal spirit in the later times. Judging by the storms evoked every now and then over the institution, one might be led to believe that the devout Catholic is left little if anything on which to feed his mental needs. On the contrary, the index is very much the same as the ordinary precautions taken by careful people in regard to the books admitted to their households. We all have our private index, books that we find unwholesome or unprofitable for ourselves, but which others may enjoy, and like the church index, we revise from time to time, and add or subtract from the contents. But the Papal endorsement of d'Annunzio's Italian cannot be stretched to cover the English translations.

Fawcett's Vulgarians

"The Vulgarians" whom Edgar Fawcett writes about belong to the same class as the Bines, whom Harry Leon Wilson introduced us to in "The Spenders." The Troops were rich. They had more money than they knew what to do with, and when the favorable termination of a lawsuit brought them not only prosperous mines but the accumulations of the years of litigation, they were simply appalled. The family consisted of the mother and three grown children, a son and two daughters, none of whom had had, up to that time, any sense of their importance. They differed from their neighbors in the little Western town only in living in the biggest house and having more money to spend. They were uncultured, but sincere and unworldly. The children immediately decided to go East and enjoy themselves, but the mother decided to remain behind. Thereafter the story deals with the younger generation. They were altogether unsophisticated, and when they reached Chicago, where they stopped over, they treated the mob of interviewers and yellow journalists, the philanthropic beggars and the rest of the horde of nuisances precisely as they would their fellow townsmen, and their simplicity and sincerity were taken advantage of in a way that any but such unsophisticated

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innocents would have expected. It was there that they gained their first idea of the importance of money, and here that Leander manifested his first symptoms of "big head." In New York they had the good fortune to fall into the hands of a young widow, Marian Warrender, who was on the verge of a break with her stepbrother and only relative, because she was not willing to marry a titled English fortune-hunter. Mrs. Warrender made arrangements with the Troops whereby she secured a comfortable living for herself and at the same time undertook the social education of the family, saved them from the thousand and one mistakes which they would have otherwise perpetrated daily and kept the heiresses out of the hands of the fortune-hunters, and played the good fairy generally, with the result that the parvenus suffered less than most of their class under like conditions. One cannot help thinking that Mr. Fawcett has rather overdone it in some respects, as when he tells us that the girls are uncertain in the use of knives and forks. Though they are unquestionably raw our sympathies are with them, rather than with the highly-polished artificialities with whom they come into contrast. Morally, at least, they were wholesome, and when Lola is bestowed upon Gregory Renshawe, we cannot repress the feeling that he has decidedly the best of the bargain. This story appeared as the principal tale in the *Smart Set* early last year, and is now brought out in book form by the Ess Ess publishing company.

In "Exits and Entrances" Charles Warren Stoddard tells this story of the way in which Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner collaborated in the production of their novel, "The Gilded Age": "Mark and Charles Dudley Warner were walking to church one Sunday in Hartford. Said Warner: 'Let's write a novel!' Mark wondered what in the world there was to write about, but promised to think the matter over, and proceeded to do so. On the way home it was decided that Mark should begin and write till he got tired, and then there should be a gathering of the wives and Joe Twitchell—the clerical chum—for the reading of the same. He wrote a dozen chapters and read them to the domestic critics. 'Do you catch the idea?' said Mark to Warner. The latter thought he did, and took up the thread where Mark dropped it, and spun on until he felt fagged. The story was passed from hand to hand like a shuttle, and came at last to a conclusion. Whenever it flagged under one roof it was carried over to another, where it took a fresh start. The changes were frequent, a chapter or two bringing the writer to a halt; or in consequence of the business of the book falling naturally to one hand or to the other—the love-making to Warner and the melodrama to Mark. As to the plot of the story, it was never meant to have any; on the contrary, the story told itself. The quotations at the head of the chapters were furnished by a marvel of linguistic lore, a resident of Hartford; and each quotation is genuine and applicable, and no two are in the same tongue."

—*The Bookworm.*

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Mr. Jones (of the frat. W. H. O. O. P. I. T. U. P.): "Why, paint it red, of course."

—*The Student.*"

"The toilette," soliquized the Society Beauty who has had sonnets written about her shape, "is daily becoming more of an art."

She paused to look in the mirror to see whether her hips matched, and then she resumed, "It consists in setting off the advantages that nature has bestowed and creating those which have been withheld."

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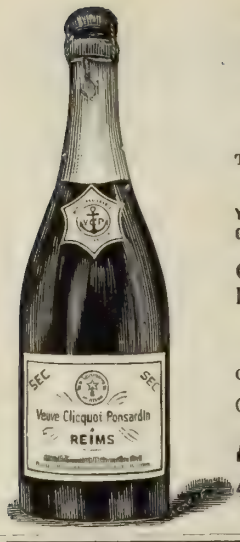
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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 86011.

ESTHER DONAIRE, Plaintiff
vs.
HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion, and upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

{SEAL} GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this Second Day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

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Some Whistler Anecdotes

Once when employing a new model Whistler asked:

"Have you sat for any one lately?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "Mr. Leighton, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Rossetti—"

"Heaven, what a lot!" broke in Whistler, leaving it ambiguous whether he meant quantity or quality.

"Do you see that bit there?" he asked one day of a visitor to his studio, indicating with an admiring gesture a spot on the canvas he had just been painting. "That, sir—that—by Jove, the man who could do that could do anything." It recalls the anecdote of Thackeray who, when he had written the sentence in "Vanity Fair," "She admired her husband standing there, strong, brave, victorious," struck his fist upon the table and exclaimed, "By God, that's a stroke of genius!"

An arrangement for some sight-seeing excursion had been made between Whistler and some of his friends one day, with the studio as a point of departure. When the party had foregathered, Whistler remarked that is was a fine day for the expedition, and immediately set to work to paint the portrait of one of the party—a lady. An hour or two went by, and nothing more was said of the outing, until finally one of the gentlemen expressed his dissatisfaction at the change of program, whereupon Whistler apologized for his forgetfulness, but added a drop of honey by remarking: "Indeed, it is not every man in England that I would paint a picture before."

On one occasion a fulsome young lady, seated next to him at a dinner, remarked:

"Isn't it nice that such a universal artist as Mr. Leighton should be the new president? He is something of an architect, you know, and his sculpture is something wonderful, isn't it?".

"Yes," returned Whistler, "and he paints, too."

A commissioner representing the American section of one of the Paris expositions, wishing to be brief and business-like, wrote to a number of American artists resident in Paris, making appointments for them to call on him at his hotel, at certain definite hours. Among them was Whistler, with the time set for "4:30, precisely." The note he received in reply was characteristic of the author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies":

"Dear Sir: I have received your letter announcing that you will arrive in Paris on the ——th. I congratulate you. I have never been able, and I never shall be able to be anywhere at '4:30, precisely.' Yours most faithfully, J. McN. Whistler." —*The Artist.*



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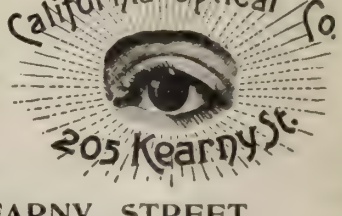
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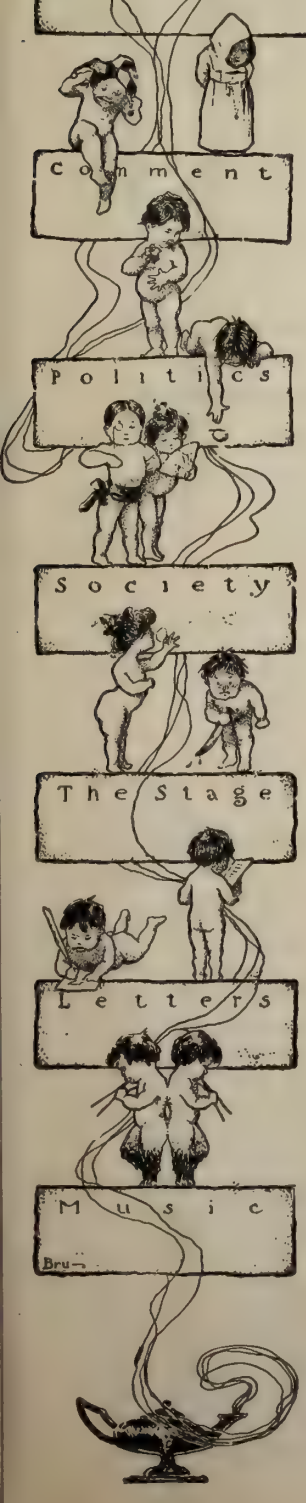
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, August 8, 1903

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The Primary Election

The long expected contest for control of the Democratic machine will take place next Tuesday. It will doubtless be a spirited affair for there is keen rivalry and some factional bitterness. In recent years the local Democratic organization has been an air-tight institution, remarkable for its exclusiveness, and the rank and file of the party were deprived of the glorious privilege of battling for supremacy. Such was the masterly domination of Mr. James D. Phelan and his satellite McNab, that no person who was unwilling to take orders from them in all matters pertaining to the government of the organization would be permitted to raise his voice in the councils of the party. They were intolerant of the spirit of independence, and those who were inclined to demur were denounced as rogues and knaves and driven out of the party. And such was the prestige of Phelan in those days, and so implicit was the confidence reposed by many decent but misguided people in the purity of McNab's motives, that when either of the bosses uttered a decree of excommunication the victim found it useless to seek vindication. From that time he became a political outcast. Once or twice the independents threatened to rebel and capture the organization, but with masterly adroitness the bosses nipped the opposition plans in the bud. The first time they autocratically denied the people the right to elect a municipal convention. They boldly resolved the county committee into a convention and proceeded to formulate a ticket. That was the most impudent exhibition of arbitrary practical politics ever given in this city, but the immaculate Phelan and the chaste McNab were the little tin gods before whom the people bowed in those days, and the high-handed proceeding met with the acquiescence of the public. Two years later the bosses of the air-tight organization sought to cajole the disaffected element in the party by vouchsafing them the privilege of voting at a primary, but when they saw that there was organized opposition they made a hippodrome out of the election, permitting nobody to vote of whose fealty they were not assured. But times have changed; there has been a reaction in public sentiment, and a law has been enacted which precludes a hippodrome primary. On Tuesday next every citizen who desires to exercise the elective franchise will be permitted to do so.

The McNab-Phelan Combine

Phelan and McNab have joined forces for Tuesday's contest, and they are singing the same old "good government" slogan, but they are likely to find that it is not so easy to impose on public credulity again. Mr. James D. Phelan is not sincere when he proclaims himself an exponent of civic integrity. His interest in politics is purely selfish. He is not actuated by high ideals, he is not moved by patriotic impulses, and he is not a stickler for the great primordial principles of government to which he affects devotion. His high ambition is a worthy one, and at one time the people, believing him to be devoted to their interests, were ready to assist him in its achievement, but no sooner was their confidence won than he betrayed them. Rich beyond the lures of Mammon, he established a record for honesty, and then this incorruptible reformer proceeded to fortify himself politically by making discreditable deals, and repudiating the Charter which he had fathered ostensibly in the interest of pure government. Some months ago, when *Town Talk* charged Mr. Phelan with having violated the civil service provisions of the charter, he hastened to make denial and requested retraction. He was invited to correct, over his own signature, whatever incorrect statements had been made, and though his agent declared he would do so Mr. Phelan was never again heard from on the subject. We do not believe we did Mr. Phelan an injustice, and we are quite certain that the hollowness of his pretensions is pretty well understood in this community. It is also quite certain that there is widespread dissatisfaction with the boss rule of the thrifty McNab, who has grown rich off fees which he received as an attorney but which were paid to invoke his political pull with public officials rather than for his legal ability. Opposed to the Phelan-McNab faction is the Democratic League, which was organized to wrest control of the party machinery from the Phelans, the McNabs, the Poppers, the Braunharts and the rest of the hypocritical reformers who have so long held sway. This organization started off with the support of the *Examiner,* but the backing of that paper was withdrawn when it was suggested to Mr. Hearst that as he was a candidate for President and hoped for a united delegation from California to the next National convention, he should keep aloof from factional strife. Moreover it was argued that he should seek to conciliate those whom he had estranged by the opposition of his paper in the campaigns of the past. This he decided to do, and since then the *Examiner* has refrained from "taking sides." Meanwhile the Democratic League has been perfecting organization in all the districts of the city, and so strong is the sentiment against Phelan-McNab rule that the opposition has been growing more powerful every day. The ambitious millionaire and his thrifty tout have been seeking to cloud the issue by advertising their servile tools as the only genuine blown-in-the-bottle, good government delegates, and warning voters against turning the city over to a band of political looters, but they are not likely to win by the circulation of the old familiar misrepresentations. The leaders of the reorganization movement are reputable citizens, and sincere Democrats who are interested in the welfare of the party and of the city. There is not a McNab, a Phelan or a Braunhart among them.

The whiskey of the particular—Chapin & Gore.

Labor Union Strife

The signs of the times portend the early dissolution of the Labor trust in this city. The labor leaders are snarling at one another with unprecedented ferocity, public sympathy is gradually being alienated by reason of the persistency with which industrial troubles are promoted and the injustice of the demands of certain unions, and political turmoil threatens to hasten the disintegration of the giant labor combination that has long exercised a powerful influence in local commercial circles. A general and fatal discord is spreading through the unions as a consequence of the political aims of certain leaders. The unions were warned against plunging into politics but they were lured in by men in whom they reposed confidence, and now they find that they are involved in serious strife. The Union Labor party is split wide open, with Mayor Schmitz leading one faction and Michael Casey the other. The erratic Livernash is in the forefront of the battle, having allied himself with Casey, and he is being denounced on all sides as a traitor to the union cause. Pin Head McCarthy, the Michael Feeney of trades-unionism, has had a row with Andrew Furuseth, the leader of the Water Front Federation, and on all sides there is crimination and recrimination. Meanwhile the linemen and the telephone company are getting farther apart than ever, and there has been talk of a sympathetic strike which, if ordered, would cause distress and suffering all over the city. It is evident that the unions have lost considerable prestige, and that the time is fast approaching when no candidate for office will care to appeal for votes on the ground that he has been devoted to the interests of the organized workingmen. The demagogue may soon find himself as unpopular as he was in the days that followed the popular uprising against the old sand-lot gang.

That Sloss Decision

Because Judge Sloss granted an injunction, some months ago, restraining the members of the Board of Health appointed by Mayor Schmitz from taking possession of the office, the impression is general that the Mayor has no authority under the charter to remove an appointed municipal officer. As no appeal was taken from the decision of Judge Sloss the law regulating the matter is somewhat uncertain, but many able lawyers are of the opinion that if Mr. Schmitz had the backbone to assert his authority he could exact better public service from the commission that is now engaged in wasting public funds. The decision of Judge Sloss in the Board of Health case is in the nature of a legal paradox, and it should be brought to the attention of the higher tribunal. It was contended by the attorney for the Mayor that the court had no right to determine the title to an office except upon a writ of *quo warranto,* and Judge Sloss agreed with him, but he granted the writ of injunction. The effect of this decision was to keep the men appointed by Mayor Schmitz out of the office. So the court, while admitting that he could not determine the title to the office in injunction proceeding, determined it nevertheless. And yet Judge Sloss does not pose as a humorist. He is a serious jurist and is regarded as a sound lawyer. But he must have enjoyed his little joke at the expense of Mayor Schmitz.

When Miles Goes Out

Lieutenant General Miles will be retired on August fifteenth, and thereafter there will be no commanding general of the army. The position of Chief of Staff will be substituted for the one so long occupied by General Miles and it will be filled by Major-General Samuel B. M. Young. This change will be brought about by a law passed in the last session of Congress. It was the result of a determined fight on the part of Secretary Root to bring the army organization to the efficiency that experience in the recent Spanish war showed was necessary. The title of commanding general of the army has been a misnomer in times of peace and unless the officer holding that position made himself a chief of staff of the army under the Secretary of War and the President he was a useless appendage. Lieutenant General Miles has hardly ever enjoyed the confidence of the Administration, for he was regarded as a political schemer, and hence he never wielded any influence. He was never permitted to conduct the operations of the army and under President McKinley he was merely tolerated. The Chief of Staff is to act in an advisory capacity to the President and Secretary of War, representing them and executing their commands. The general staff is required by the new law to prepare plans for the national defense and for the mobilization of the military forces in time of war, and to investigate and report on all questions affecting the efficiency of the army and its state of preparation for military operations. When General Young becomes chief of staff he will be vested with greater authority than any preceding commanding general of the army ever exercised in time of peace.

Roosevelt's Fortunate Pet

When Major-General Young succeeds Lieutenant-General Miles, Brigadier General Leonard Wood, familiarly known as the President's pet, will be appointed a major-general. The phenomenal rise of this young man has occasioned much bickering throughout the army, and a great deal of unpleasant comment all over the country, because of the injustice which his promotion causes many officers to suffer. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war Wood was an assistant surgeon in the regular army with the rank of captain. Although he served in that brief conflict as colonel, brigadier-general and major-general of volunteers, he remained a captain and assistant surgeon in the regular army until February, 1901, when he was appointed a brigadier-general in the line. And now, in little more than two years and six months from the date he ceased to be an assistant-surgeon, he is to attain the second highest rank possible to a man in the military service of the United States. Every man above him now is his senior in years and experience. Every man of general rank below him, with one exception, is older. He has more than twenty-one years to serve before reaching the retiring age. Of those who are his seniors, the youngest, Major-General Arthur MacArthur, will be retired in seven years. When Major-General Chaffee becomes lieutenant-general next January, MacArthur will be the senior major-general, and it is regarded as probable that he will succeed Chaffee as lieutenant-general. In that event Wood will become the senior major-general in less than three years, and should the pre-

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cedent heretofore followed be adhered to he will attain the highest rank possible four months before his forty-ninth birthday. To become a brigadier-general Wood was jumped over four hundred and ninety-four of his seniors. With one exception every colonel, nearly every lieutenant-colonel, many of the majors and some of the captains over whom Wood was advanced saw actual service in the Civil War. General Wood entered the army in 1886 and about all that he ever did to distinguish himself was when he was an assistant medical officer on General Lawton's staff in the campaign against Geronimo. He won a medal of honor for distinguished service. At the outbreak of the Spanish war he was on duty in Washington as attending physician to the President and Mrs. McKinley. President Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy. was his most intimate friend. They walked, ran, rode and fenced together. General Alger offered the colonelcy of the three volunteer regiments of cavalry subsequently known as the Rough Rider regiments to Roosevelt, who having had no military experience declined the place and secured the appointment for his friend, Dr. Wood, and himself took the subordinate billet of lieutenant-colonelcy. This was the beginning of the rise of Leonard Wood from the vocation of medical man to the position of commander of armies. General Wood saw but one real battle in all his life, yet of the nearly five hundred men over whom he was advanced, two hundred and fifty-four were serving their country before he was five years of age, all had their baptism of fire, and the exploits of many of them would fill volumes. If Wood had graduated from West Point he would in the ordinary course of promotion now be a major. Only three officers in the entire army who are younger than Wood are of higher rank than major. The case of General Wood warrants the assumption that young men waste their time when they go to West Point. Instead of acquiring a knowledge of the soldier's duties at that institution the ambitious young military man should study medicine and the ways of the politician.

Emily's Conquest

The most notable conquest of the infidel that has been made for a long time was achieved by Emily Brown of Appleton, Wis. She is the daughter of a missionary who has been soul-saving in Korea. She is not related to the well known Nancy Brown who knew a thing or two, but she is just as quick as that clever damsel to detect a "good thing" when it comes her way. Nancy Brown of Appleton is now Empress of Korea. She is as high up in the social scale as the Chicago girl who married the Viceroy of India, but she didn't use her father's money to assist her in climbing. She is a self-made Empress. She used to sing in the mission church near Emperor Yi Honze's palace and he heard her sweet voice and felt a thrill. He sought her out and invited her to join his harem, but she, modest girl from Wisconsin that she was, and becomingly virtuous as the daughter of a missionary should be, resented the insult. But, "about two years later," so the story goes—and no doubt the story was carefully edited by the missionary society—"she concluded to accept the Emperor's protection and went to live in the palace after securing from the Emperor a solemn promise of marriage when the affairs of state would permit." And "affairs of state" did permit, but during the two years Emily was "the favorite and confidante of the Emperor." And now this enterprising missionary lady will no doubt proceed to spread the light of true faith throughout the imperial dominions. Perhaps, by accepting a nook in an Emperor's harem, this pious girl from Wisconsin, with the sweet voice, will undertake the conversion of the whole empire. Her marriage will no doubt be regarded by the missionary society as a master stroke of Christian diplomacy, especially if the gospel follows the matrimonial flag.

Ella's Latest Lament

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is at it again. This time her lament is because children are not taught to breathe according to Wilcoxian rules, and she says that when any attempt to influence the school methods is essayed one might as well shoot away at a stone wall with an airgun. Now, if Ella were familiar with the management of public schools she would know that they are the breeding stations for the bacilli of every possible fad and fancy. It only needs a plausible talker with a little political pull or backing, and the thing is done. One fad after another finds place until the essentials are jettisoned. Some "Pro Bono Publico," "Constant Reader," "Old Subscriber" or "Vox Populi" has only to discover that one mother on his block is neglecting to have her brood black their shoes or brush their teeth, and straightway the matter is removed from the home to the school and from parental to pedagogical supervision. It makes no difference that it may be an isolated case of indifference or ignorance. Seize the pen and write to the papers, and straightway there is a cult formed to force the introduction of boot-blacking or tooth-brushing into the public school curriculum. No matter how slight or insignificant the matter may be in itself, let one faddist discover that mothers do not or cannot or will not attend to it, and then teachers must. What parents do not do in the home for their own two or three, teachers are obliged to attend to at school for fifty or more. The natural result is that parents, finding their work taken out of their hands, are quite satisfied to escape the responsibility for it. One of the latest fads is to provide the projected new school houses with bathing facilities, and of course the natural sequence will be that the teachers will superintend the bathing of their pupils. In New York there is a corps of trained nurses hired by the municipality to go around and tie up cut fingers and apply dabs of vaseline to skinned knees and elbows. Some one discovered that the mothers in the tenement districts did not see immediate death lurking behind every pin-scratch, and "something had to be done about it." Another of Ella's vagaries is the necessity for a little chat about the pathos of dumb animals, who cannot tell when they are hungry or in pain, and of their craving for affection and their appreciation of kindness, and of our responsibility toward them. And there again she shows her ignorance of what she is preaching about, for life has been made positively burdensome to unlucky pedagogues, by the "nature study" fad. People like Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Charlotte Perkins Stetson, who have nothing in the wide world to do but attend to other people's business and hunt up odd jobs for over-worked teachers and mothers, are much to be envied, but a single day in charge of half a dozen lively youngsters at home, or of a class in one of the primary schools, would open their eyes a bit to what is going on and being done in the world without their fostering care and guiding hands. It is lucky for the Wilcoxes and Stetsons that they are paid for putting their impracticable theories on paper and not for carrying them out.

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The Desire for Distinction

BY HARRY COWELL

Man has ever delighted to regard himself as the darling of Nature, the pet of a Special Providence, the *raison d'etre* of the immeasurable universe. His vanity extends beyond the solar system. Not yet has any power given him the gift of seeing himself as Science sees him. In these Darwinian days even, the co-discoverer of Evolution, undergoing reversion in his old age, attempts to revive the self-love-born belief that this little earth, alone inhabited of all the stars that besprinkle infinite space, is the centre of things created, and exists for the sake of little man, who exists for his own soul's sake. To make all things—whether designed for that purpose or not—subserve the ends of the soul, is no mean ideal.

It was *amour propre,* not reason, that so bitterly opposed the theories of the modest author of "The Descent of Man"; that so long prevented the great new-rich animal from owning his poor relations.

To be told that flowers are fair for their own sweet sake; that the songs of the birds and their painted plumage have an end far other than the delighting of him, is still displeasing to the featherless biped in comparison with whom the peacock is modesty itself.

Few things please a man more than to have an exception made in his favor. The interested flattery of a parasite finds a more willing ear than the disinterested frankness of a friend. Agree readily with a man in his own modest estimate of himself, and note the result.

The fewer "the few" are, the keener the competition to become one of them. Four hundred is a fashionable number. Titles, decorations, distinctions of all kinds, are desired in proportion to their rarity. Where courts are common, a nobleman is nobody. Much of the love for precious stones, rare books, and the like, is due to the fact that by owning something unique or uncommon one becomes to a certain extent distinguished.

The end of "Fashion" is not beauty, neither is it the charm of variety; it is distinctiveness in dress, etc. No matter how exquisite a thing may be, if it be within the reach of everybody, he who considers himself "somebody" will have none of it. Hence, in some measure, the "unappreciated sky."

I have known critics admire a poem, a painting, a sonata, or what not, for no other reason, as I have every reason to believe, than the desire to be alone in an appreciation. One finds fastidious lovers of literature reading the unread author and dropping him if haply he become popular.

Many characteristic minor faults of the fine, the tasteful, may be traced to a fear of being classified with cheap people.

The vulgar do undesirable things in order to attract attention; the refined refrain from doing desirable things that may possibly attract attention.

Not infrequently a man of marked individuality will affect to be as other men, lest, being natural, he be accused of affectation.

At bottom, it is the desire for distinction that is here operative.

By being possessed of a little virtue one might very readily nowadays attain real distinction; but the way is so obvious, so easy, that no one dreams of trying it.

In fact the desire is to appear, rather than to be, distinguished.

When a classical education was one of the marks of a "gentleman," no end of unphilosophical young fellows were wont to study Plato in order to know Greek, or rather to have it known that they knew Greek. It never entered their heads to study Greek in order to know Plato; to question life in company with Socrates.

One such I well remember, an exemplary youth with a talented tongue, on speaking terms with no less than twelve languages—accounted a genius. Now, the fellow was a fool. He had at his tongue's end merely a dozen different varieties of talking nonsense. In reality, he would have been very much more distinguished had he been able to speak a word of sense in the vernacular; had he been possessed of sufficient ideas to furnish one for each month of the year.

Every reader can no doubt call to mind prosperous mediocres who "do" Europe at enormous expense, and return home, having passed through the refining influence of Beauty as Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego passed through the fiery furnace, without leaving so much as a whiff of it upon their garments. For being the principals of so great a miracle, they deserve to be as *distingues* as they desire.

There is a very numerous class of humans, with almost nothing to differentiate them from the rest of animals, who, impervious to ideas, resent most the alleged insult, bewail most the alleged loss of dignity, when a Huxley, for instance, looking the facts in the face, assigns to man a place in nature in unflattering juxtaposition to the anthropoid apes. To hear them abuse the scientist, one would think that he was responsible for the facts.

Now, in spite of physical homologues, spiritually, an ape and a man may be very far apart. Apes are not characterized by any great moral, intellectual, or æsthetic development.

The way of escape from the "insult" is quite clear. The farther along the road of the good, the true, and the beautiful a man goes, the greater the gap between him and his nearest living poor relation. Those who emphasize the marks of a man, his differentia, are distinguished.

The modish woman's stationery is as much a part of her nowadays as her dainty wardrobe. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the new st modes in paper and envelopes, dies and seals.



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The Saunterer

Oakland's Pet Aversion

It would be an exceedingly dull week in Oakland were William J. Dingee to escape execration for seven consecutive days. The average Oaklander regards Mr. Dingee as the incarnation of capitalistic greed, and he never takes a drink of water without uttering anathema against the man who fixes the price of that beverage. And as Oakland is quite a temperate town thirst-quenching is responsible for much picturesque language within its somnolent precincts. The name of Dingee has so often figured in angry debate in Oakland that it is gradually being colloquialized into a word of ominous significance; small boys use it when applying harsh terms to one another, while mothers whisper it to their recalcitrant offspring for the purpose of intimidation. Politicians accuse their opponents of being "Dingee men" in the hope of defeating them, and whenever a councilman espouses an unpopular measure he is suspected of intrigue with Dingee. So it may be inferred that William J. Dingee is a man of considerable importance in Oakland. He undoubtedly is. And incidentally it should be stated, in justice to both sides, that Oakland's aversion for Dingee is not more cordial than Dingee's contempt for Oakland. His dislike for the town is so great that he never visits it except when he has no alternative.

The Rise of Dingee

Notwithstanding the strained relations existing between Oakland and Mr. Dingee, the latter condescends to reap a harvest of dividends every little while from the other side. Moreover it was in Oakland that he laid the foundation of his fortune which, by the way, is considerable. Mr. Dingee is one of California's most conspicuous Captains of Industry, and he acquired his wealth by the exercise of his own talents, and all within the last fifteen years. The story of his rise from an humble clerkship in a real estate office to the affluence which he now enjoys is of rare interest, especially at this time, since he is once again in the public eye because of recent happenings in Oakland's city council. He belongs to that class of men of which Morgan, Schwab, Keene and Whitney are striking examples, men who are endowed with a knack for seizing opportunities, and for turning golden currents into their coffers by strategic manipulation that savors of psychological intuition. About twenty years ago Dingee came to this city from Pennsylvania where his father is engaged in the seed-raising industry. He obtained a clerkship in the office of Easton & Eldridge and soon familiarized himself with the real estate market. When the boom struck Oakland about fifteen years ago Dingee went over the bay, bought a small tract of land and divided it up into town lots which he sold, making a handsome profit. Then he went into the business of dividing outside tracts on a large scale, and thus he laid the foundation of his fortune.

Evolution of a Water Magnate

One of his large investments was in the Piedmont hills, but he found it difficult to sell because he could not obtain a water supply from Oakland. However he decided to develop a water supply of his own and he did so. He obtained water by a catchment system in the hills, and so abundant was the supply that he proceeded to sell some of it. He gradually extended the system until the Contra Costa company, of which Henry Pierce was the head, began to object to competition. Dingee was threatened with reprisal and he became indignant and declared that if steps were taken to injure him he would lay a pipe down Broadway. The company, conscious of its strength, sought to wipe out competition by supplying some of Dingee's patrons with free water, and about that time he formed an alliance with Alvinza Hayward through his brother-in-law, A. W. Rose, who was married to the millionaire's daughter. With the assistance of Hayward he brought water from the artesian belt at Alvarado, laid a main down Broadway, and proceeded to give the Contra Costa Company battle. It was a very bitter rate war that followed, and it was kept up for years, during which the people of Oakland were supplied with water for almost nothing. The average household paid less than twenty-five cents a month for water. Finally the company grew weary, and one day a deal was made by which Dingee absorbed the corporation and became a millionaire. That was six or seven years ago, and in those days Dingee was the most popular man in Oakland. So popular was he that a municipal ticket known as the Dingee ticket was elected by a large majority. After the consolidation water rates were raised to defray the expenses of the war and the people of Oakland have been howling ever since.

His Latest Ventures

But Dingee is interested in other things besides water. He is one of the shrewdest and most enterprising men in this State, and he is always willing to take a chance. He is ever on the alert for a good thing and he is quick to take hold of a scheme that promises rich returns. And like all men of his class he is aggressive in furthering his own interests. A few years ago he became interested in a slate quarry in El Dorado county, and he soon built a large plant and made it pay. One day he discovered limestone deposits near the slate quarry, and he immediately began studying the cement industry. After considerable research he concluded that there was big money in cement. He went East and secured the services of the best cement expert in the United States. The man was connected with the Lehigh Valley road, and did not want to leave, but Dingee offered him twenty-five thousand a year and secured his services. The expert did not favor the limestone deposit near the slate mine, but Dingee had resolved to go into the cement business and he soon located another deposit at Napa Junction. Then he capitalized a company and spent six hundred thousand dollars in building a plant. Now the company is paying five per cent on ten millions.

Made His Friends Rich

Despite his absorbing passion for the accumulation of money, Dingee is a most genial companion and very unsel-

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fish when his friends are concerned. He proved his unselfishness in his cement enterprise by allowing several of his friends to share in his fortune. Through that venture he enabled Will Henshaw to make half a million dollars, and the latter's brother, Justice Fred Henshaw, gathered in about a quarter of a million, all within the last year. Senator Frank Moffitt of Oakland was also taken in, and I believe he profited to the extent of one hundred thousand. Tom Dargie, the postmaster of Oakland, Emil Nusbaumer and Alex Vogelsang were each vouchsafed a slice and each is richer by ten thousand. So there is a side to the character of Dingee which you cannot learn about over in Oakland, though in the old days whenever popular subscriptions were being solicited across the bay his check was always double that of any other person. That was before he began charging all the traffic would bear for water. It's a pretty stiff rate but it's good water, and that is more than can be said for our giant monopoly's commodity on this side of the bay. Dingee is now a resident of this city. He bought the old Baker residence at the corner of Franklin and Washington streets, and there his wife, who by the way was the widow of General Dodge, has spent a quarter of a million dollars on interior decorations. She is a cultured woman who has traveled extensively, and she takes great pride in her home, which is the most artistic in this city. She has no social aspirations, but to her friends she is the most genial of hostesses.

"I did not care to go to a summer resort this year," said Mrs. Pacific Heights, "you see, I am suffering from neurosis and could not stand a flirtation even of a mild nature."

When Confederate Daughters Disagree

The members of Albert Sidney Johnston chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy over which Mrs. Voorhies has presided ever since the resignation of Mrs. Van Wyck are very indignant over the latter's version of the origin of the rival chapter. According to Madame La Bavarde, who acted as the mouthpiece of Mrs. Van Wyck, the division of Albert Sidney Johnston chapter was urged by Mrs. Edwin G. Weed, the wife of the Bishop of Florida and Grand President of the order, upon her visit to this city. She was represented as having begged Mrs. Van Wyck to found the second chapter. The members of Albert Sidney Johnston chapter are quite positive that Mrs. Weed never had a hand in the matter. Moreover they think it does that lady a grievous injustice to charge her with the exceedingly bad taste of sowing dissension in Sidney Johnston chapter at a time when she was being entertained by its members. They say that she remarked to several of the members that the field here was not large enough for two chapters, and that if there was any member not in accord with the others it would be far better for her to join a Los Angeles chapter rather than to attempt to start another one here. Either Mrs. Weed was guilty of what is known as the "double-cross," or else somebody grossly deceived Madame La Bavarde. At any rate the testimony relative to the organization of the second chapter is of a contradictory character. Among ladies, especially Southern ladies and daughters of Southern gentlemen, such things should not happen.

Let Us Have the Facts

Now comes Madame La Bavarde, by way of retort to the contradiction of the Daughters, stating that she received her information concerning the inspiration of the second chapter "from a source not to be discredited." But it has been discredited, and by the ladies who know and who entertained Mrs. Weed, and who do not believe that she would give them the "double cross." She also asserts that she made the statement in response to the charge that the trouble originated between two ladies, "both anxious for social prominence." The two ladies are of course Mrs. Voorhies and Mrs. Van Wyck. "At any rate," she continues, "I know it was a mistake, and I thought it wise to give what I considered the correct version of the affair." But the ladies of Sidney Johnston chapter take issue with Madame La Bavarde, or rather with Mrs. Salisbury, for I believe the society leader is still writing the *Bulletin's* social gush under the familiar *nom de plume*. So instead of retracting the lady reiterates, for she says she knows, and that the source of her information is not to be discredited. And in conclusion she suggests that the Daughters refer the matter to Mrs. Weed herself, providing they consider it "worth while." I am almost tempted to doubt for the nonce that Madame La Bavarde is Mrs. Salisbury, for the latter is a Confederate daughter herself; the blood of the South flows in her veins, and surely she would consider it *worth while* to sift the matter to the bottom, considering that there is a question of honor involved. It was kind of her to seek to vindicate her friend Mrs. Van Wyck when the latter was charged with having divided the chapter to gratify her social ambition, but in doing so she cast unpleasant reflections on Mrs. Weed, the wife of a Bishop and Grand President of the order. No doubt she would like to have the matter dropped, but it has assumed too grave a phase to be lightly dismissed.

Her Sympathy With the South

I do not know whether Mrs. Salisbury is a member of either of the Confederate chapters but I should be surprised if she were not, for she comes from a very ardent "chiv" family. The Southern cause never had a warmer sympathizer than her father, Tod Robinson. He was one of the most conspicuous representatives of the Southern element which controlled Californian politics in the '50's. The "chivs" were judicious enough to allow "honest" John Big-

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ler, a Pennsylvanian, to be twice elected Governor, but they got all the governors during that early period. In the sixties they were quite numerous in Sacramento, where the Robinsons resided, and where Miss Kate Robinson began her career as a social arbitre. When the news of the assassination of Lincoln was received the ire of the Union element in Sacramento was aroused, and the younger men and boys visited the homes of several of the prominent Southern people and compelled them to raise the American flag as a token of loyalty. Among the homes visited was that of Tod Robinson, and a call was made for Miss Kate, who appeared on the balcony, gallantly saluted the flag and sang one stanza of "The Star Spangled Banner." Another home visited was that of the McDonalds, and Miss Mattie, the beautiful sister of the late Doctor McDonald, and of Captain Jim, Mark and Jasper, was summoned. But she was treated with great courtesy for the leader of the party was Frank Swift, who was in love with her and who subsequently married her.

A Sad, Sad Blow

The infinite importance of this paragraph must have deeply impressed all readers of Madame La Bavarde's gush last Monday night:

The McClungs have no thought of going to Monterey this month.

No doubt this brief announcement caused many people to speculate as to whether the determination of the McClungs to remain at home would abruptly terminate the program of festivities at Del Monte. Perhaps some people who had looked forward to a month of gaiety at Monterey concluded, upon reading the sensational news, that the management of Del Monte would immediately close the doors of the big hotel. Upon inquiry, I was informed that the hotel was doing business as of yore, and that notwithstanding the absence of the McClungs the festivities were in full blast. Amazed at the receipt of this information, I asked the clerk if the management did not intend to signify in some way its great distress over the absence of the McClungs, and this is what came back over the 'phone, "Who in hell are the McClungs?" This astounding blasphemy from one of the *profanum vulgus* was an awful shock.

It Lacked Eclat

On the heels of Madame La Bavarde's sensational announcement came the report of the marriage of Miss Alma McClung and Lieutenant Horne of the *Alert*. I presume the bride is one of *the* McClungs, though, if so, it is surprising that the marriage was given such brief notice—only about fifteen lines—in the *Bulletin*. But then Miss Alma was very negligent in failing to notify the Bavarde that she was engaged. Madame La Bavarde does not approve of such heterodox secrecy in affairs of the heart, and besides she dearly loves a splurge marriage. The McClung-Horne marriage was a very quiet and refined affair—not a bit of ostentatious vulgarity about it, the only witnesses being Major and Mrs. McClung and Miss Gladys. Another objectionable feature, from the standpoint of the spectacle-loving society push, was the heart interest involved. The bride and groom were true lovers, and there is no wealth on either side. Consequently the match did not meet with general approval. But the young people are well satisfied. The bride is a sensible young woman and pretty. Lieutenant Horne is a very popular and manly young officer. It was not a brilliant, but an excellent match.

The Crystal Baths

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths on Bay between Powell and Mason Streets, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

The News From Rome

Those brilliant correspondents at the Vatican who were engaged for weeks in writing all they didn't know about the affairs of the Catholic Church and its Cardinals must have felt somewhat chagrined over the election of the Patriarch of Venice to the Papal throne. He was about the only member of the Sacred College who was not mentioned as an available man. According to those brilliant correspondents the Cardinals were engaged in "doing politics" even before Pope Leo died, and there were several prominent candidates over whose claims to the high distinction there would be a firece contest. Rampolla, Vannutelli and Oreglia were the arch politicians who were doing all the manipulation, with the "fine Italian hand" of which we read so much, but when the result was declared it was learned that one of the humblest of the Cardinals had been chosen, and that he was not the protege of any of the alleged bosses of the conclave. The only person who predicted that Cardinal Sarto would figure in the election was Maud Howe, the brilliant daughter of Julia Ward Howe, and she merely stated that he would be the choice of the Italian party which she surmised, no doubt, because it was generally known that he enjoyed the friendship of the royal family.

The Quirinal and the Vatican

Even that famous Irish saint who is said to have predicted the election of numerous Popes appears to have been all wrong, so far as Leo's successor was concerned. He predicted that Leo would be succeeded by a Cardinal who had an *Ignis Ardens* in his coat of arms. There are three Cardinals who could have fulfilled the prophecy—Oreglia, Svampa and Gotti—but they were among the also rans. When the banner bearing Sarto's coat of arms was flung to the breeze after his election, nobody in the immense throng in front of St. Peter's could tell to whom it belonged, a circumstance significant of his obscurity. Pope Pius X is no doubt *persona grata* to the Italian government, but that fact did not influence the conclave. The question of the relations between the Holy See and Italy has been modified by the lapse of years. Between Pius IX and Victor Immanuel II the question could not be settled. The former had been deprived of actual sovereignty and the latter, a devout Catholic, who had had the temporal power before his eyes all his life, was not inclined to press the Papacy hard. With Leo XIII and Humbert it was different. The King was more ready to assert the rights of the state, but he was held in check by the devoutness of Queen Margherita. Now the Catholic traditions of the royal house are weaker than ever, and the new Pope ascends a throne that has been deprived of temporal power for a whole generation. In that time the power of the church throughout

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Christendom has increased marvelously, and in part on account of the loss of sovereignty. Yet it was well understood among Catholic ecclesiastics that any candidate openly advocated by the Italian government would have had no chance of success. The Government needs the friendship of the Church far more than does the Church that of the Government.

Cardinal Rampolla

If the Associated Press correspondents knew anything of the affairs of the Catholic Church they would never have discussed the probable leaning of a new Pope toward some particular nation. The new era in the Church and Papacy impose and demand but one policy, that of the fundamental interests of the church. The correspondents have made many ridiculous statements concerning Cardinal Rampolla, picturing him as a past-master of intrigue. If there ever was a man free from personal interests it is Cardinal Rampolla. He was the man in whom Leo XIII reposed implicit confidence and Leo chose his Cardinals in his last consistories who were friends of Rampolla in order that they might be electors of a Pope who should continue his policy. His whole life has been devoted to the interests of the church and his mind is far above the dusty battleground of political intrigue. His motto is: "We must serve only the Holy See, and the Church." He fulfills the duties of the office of Secretary of State, as he sings high mass—in a spirit of beauty. He is a mystic, discreet, impenetrable and inaccessible to intrigue. His aim is to develop the powers of Catholicism and to win back the independence of the Holy See. He could have made the Pope if he wished it, and the probability is that he did. He has long been a sort of Vice-Pope whom the Church has been accustomed to see at the head of its government.

An Accomplished Diplomat

Those who have met this powerful Secretary of State have been charmed by his grand air, which is tempered by an amiability and gentleness that bespeak a sweet nature and poetic mind. His modesty is such that when, according to custom, people stoop to kiss his hand he stretches out his arms instinctively, offering to the visitor only the palms of his open hands, as though he were about to affectionately embrace. And this intellectual giant leads a life of asceticism and prayer. The Ambassadors of the Powers with whom he has frequent relations consider him an accomplished diplomat who inspires you with his opinions while seeming to ask for yours. For sixteen years he has held in his hands all the threads of worldly politics, and he is familiar with the political, social and moral interests of the whole world. And now it is said that he is to be removed, and that he will cease to be the guiding influence behind the throne of Peter. Should a substitute be named it will more than likely be for the reason that Rampolla feels that Pope Pius X is not in need of his services, and that he prefers to resign the cares of office.

Mrs. Robert Dewey Bristol is in town from New York for a brief visit. Her sisters-in-law, the Misses Helen and Maude Bristol, are giving a tea this afternoon in her honor.

THE BOHEMIAN JINKS.

Not least among the charms of the Bohemian grove at jinks time is the big swimming pool of the Russian river. But there's a current there that's dangerous. The best and safest, and one of the largest swimming pools in California is at Hotel Vendome, San Jose. That's just the place to learn how to swim.

The Hero of Folsom

History repeats the dying words of many great men. Cambronne, commander of the Old Guard, the personal attendant of the great Napoleon, after the overthrow of the Corsican at Waterloo, when the magnificent army was fleeing from the field, replied to the British officer who demanded his surrender, "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders." Lord Nelson, bleeding to death on the deck of his battleship, the *Victory*, when informed that the French fleet had been utterly destroyed, said, "I die content." Another hero whose name has slipped my memory and who laid down his life in defence of his country, exclaimed with his dying breath, "It is sweet to die for one's country." Arnold Winkelreid, in attempting to make a breach in the ranks of the foe is credited with having exclaimed with his last breath, "Make way for liberty." And coming down to the present generation I recall the case of a Captain of the Guard at the Carson penitentiary, an uncle of Garret McEnerney of this city, who when seized by escaping convicts and held before them for protection commanded the guards in these words: "Do your duty—Fire!" The command was obeyed, the convicts were captured and the captain lived to be presented with a watch by the Legislature of Nevada. All these heroes have been eclipsed by the gallant Warden Wilkinson of Folsom, who when captured by the convicts exclaimed, in firm but pleading tones, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!"

A warden of a penitentiary is supposed to meet bravely all the chances incident to his position. It was his duty to sacrifice his own life rather than permit a band of cutthroats to escape and terrorize a whole community. Cochrane, the prison guard who fought valiantly, says that if Wilkinson and Murphy had done likewise the escape would have been prevented. As a result of Wilkinson's cowardice five brave men have sacrified their lives. Wilkinson should not be permitted to resign. He should be dismissed. This Folsom outbreak teaches the necessity of appointing capable men to positions of trust in our penitentiaries.



Fads of Oakland's Aristocrats

The notion prevails among the provincial aristocracy of Oakland that before one can be properly branded with the hallmark of the elite it is necessary to affect the British conceit of a home with a romantic title. Hence the fad of attaching to one's abode an appellation with an appendix such as "villa," "dale," "crest," "croft," "vale," etc. So the readers of the social columns of the Oakland dailies are frequently being informed that the F. M. Smiths are all well at "Arbor Villa"; that the Havens's gave a lavish spread at "Thorndale"; that the Gowings have given up "Ivy Cottage," or that the Valentines have returned to "Cedar Croft." Fads that bespeak a love of ostentation have a great fascination for the socially ambitious of mushroom growth in the burg across the bay. The Japanese waiting maid is the latest evidence of sudden prosperity out in the Lakeside district, and she may be seen trailing through the streets after her mistress when the latter is shopping. Even down Broadway go mistress and Oriental bachelor girl on Saturday afternoons. Whether the exotic damsel is for protection, or is merely performing the functions of a dray for the toting of remnants gathered at a Saturday afternoon bargain sale, is a problem that the habitues of the suburban highway yearn to solve.

The "Borax King" and His Yacht

News comes from the East that the F. M. Smiths of Oakland are cutting quite a swath in the waters near Shelter Island, on board a magnificent cruising yacht. It is a much larger and more sumptuously appointed yacht than the one in which the Smiths dazzled the Easterners last year, and it bears the same name—the *Hanoli*. Mrs. F. M. Smith, Miss Marion Smith, Miss May Burge, Miss Florence Nightingale and Miss Evelyn Ellis are among those who have entertained aboard the new craft. The Smiths have a beautiful summer residence at Sag Harbor and near them are the Havens family of Piedmont, who are also burrowing into the social realm of Greater New York.

A New Punch-Bowl for Berkeley

Last week a jolly crowd of college professors gathered beneath the roof-tree of Berekeley's Faculty Club on the campus to while away an evening's hour in song and story at the punch-bowl's brim. The affair was in the nature of a smoker given by Summer School professors to the members of the Faculty Club, an organization for the blowing of rings of thought-inspiring smoke into the cultured atmosphere. The hosts were Professor Robert Herrick of the University of Chicago, Professors George Carpenter and Munroe of Columbia, Professor C. P. Bourland of Western Reserve University. Professor Herrick, in behalf of the visiting pedagogues, presented the Faculty Club with an elegant cut-glass punch-bowl. Professor Stringam, president of the Club, made a felicitous speech in expressing the gratitude of his colleagues, and then the merry academicians sampled a punch made in the new bowl.

Separation of a Newly Wedded Couple

Oakland society is agog over the separation of a newly wedded couple who have been married less than three months. The wedding took place in the East, whither the groom went with his usual accompaniment of best man, ushers, and so forth. The newly married pair were presented with a new house and all was merry as the traditional marriage bell. Then, suddenly, a string broke somewhere. The groom left his bride, whose pictures were still appearing in the newspapers, and the couple have not lived together since. The groom will not tell his nearest relatives the reason of the rupture but asserts that it is final and that he never intends going back. It is all dreadfully sad as both parties are very young. Why can there not be mutual toleration and patience in marriage? Nothing else but these and much love make it possible.

Mrs. California Newton has been entertaining many friends during the summer at her beautiful country home, the Moscow cottage, on the Russian river.

And Weill Fainted

Just before his departure for France Raphael Weill had an amusing experience at Marchand's. He was accompanied by an Easterner who posed as a bon vivant, and Weill undertook to give him a few gastronomic surprises. A very old and rare claret had been warmed to just the proper temperature and was served. The host raised his glass, tested it, and then lapsed into ecstacy from which he was rudely awakened by his guest, who was saying softly to the waiter, "Here, sir, bring me some ice! this claret isn't cold." As the ice clinked in the glass the waiter's eyes twinkled, but the host had to be revived from a dead faint.

Mrs. Jessie Dean Moore is entertaining at her home Mrs. E. A. Brooks of Binghampton, N. Y. Mrs. Brooks is a sister of Professor Willis S. Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau at Washington, D. C.

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The Snubbing of Transients

There is blood in the owl's eye up at the Bohemian Club, and all because of certain amendments to the constitution adopted at a recent meeting, and for which President James D. Phelan is said to be responsible. One of the most important applies to transient members. The members of the faculty and academic staff of any university, and officers of the army or navy of the United States on the active list, have always been admitted to the club as transient members, on a monthly payment of one-half the regular dues. They were excluded merely from the right of voting or holding office, but under the amendment they are also excluded from the right of making proposals for membership or issuing visitors' cards. This is regarded as an awful slap in the fact of every army and navy officer and every university representative now enjoying the privileges of the club as a transient member. It has caused a great flutter in club circles. Incidentally it should be stated that it will probably cause the withdrawal of many transient members. "Why was such an insulting amendment adopted?" is the question one hears on all sides. Nobody appears to know, but President Jimmy Phelan is said to be the responsible party. "I guess Prince Poniatowski knew what he was talking about when he made a few pertinent remarks about Jimmy on a certain memorable occasion," said a club man during a discussion of the amendment at the Pacific-Union Club.

Price of Packages to be Raised

At the same meeting of the club at which transient members were told that they could not be trusted with the privilege of differentiating gentlemen from cads, an amendment was adopted raising the entrance fee for admission from one hundred to two hundred dollars, and the monthly dues from five to six dollars. The parentage of this amendment is also attributed to millionaire Jimmy, who is said to be anxious to make the club more exclusive and less bohemian than it has heretofore been. Mr. Phelan is a very energetic executive, and his friends say that he has a lot of reform measures up his sleeve which he proposes springing in installments. He is said to be in favor of raising the price of drinks to twenty-five cents, but he doesn't think it wise to propose the raise until there are fewer struggling artists and literary chaps in the club. He is probably dreaming of the day when there will be no possibility of an indigent sculptor raising his voice from a bed in the County Hospital to remind the plutocrats of the Post street club that they once associated with him. However the spirit of bohemianism is not yet dead in the Bohemian Club and protests against the Phelan policy may yet be raised.

The Bohemian Club camp is now in readiness for the midsummer jinks. Joe Redding and other members who live in the East came on last week and went into camp. Last Sunday there were only about twenty-five members in camp for Paul the Indian and the other helpers to minister unto, but a large party went up this week to join them, and the rest will go this afternoon. The camp is much more comfortable this year than in former seasons, many improvements having been made in the sleeping accommodations. The tents are placed in a different location. Many are pitched by the side of the hills, and have steps leading up to them. Boarded floors are another improvement. While many of the Bohemians will return after the jinks tomorrow, others will stay over a few days and recuperate from the exhaustion induced by the strenuous cremation of Care.

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At the Low Jinks

One of the hits of the low jinks which takes place tonight will be Richard Hotaling's imitation of Jack Wilson. Mr. Wilson will be Montezuma in the High Jinks and Hotaling will be Mazuma in the low. Hotaling is scheduled, among many other things, to do a killing burlesque of Wilson's adventures in the Yosemite Valley while preparing the wonderful reception for President Roosevelt. The monologue runs something like this:

"Are the redlights here? Where's the biggest owl? Where's the Governor—send George down. Is there wine enough, Mr. Johnson?"

Mr. Johnson meekly replies that there is plenty of wine and the prompt retort is, "Well then send down some."

Jack Wilson is dreading the jinks. The Presidential fiasco is the one thing he is sensitive about and he is pretty sure they are going to strike at his most vulnerable spot.

Sacrificing a Moustache for Art's Sake

Charles K. Field, Bohemia's principal poet, is going about these days minus a hirsute adornment that was quite the size of an eyebrow. He was obliged to sacrifice the ornament because of the part he was to play in the Low Jinks. He posed for the works of Aitken in various degrees of slender nudeness and his "Art Lured by Bohemia," with its abandon, which distinguishes the Jinks Room of the Bohemian Club, is a most realistic reproduction. Jack Wilson, the Montezuma in the High Jinks and the much burlesqued and satirized Mazuma of the Low, almost spoiled the Indian Jinks of last year by not knowing his lines. Though the author of them reclined at the chief's feet and tried to prompt him, Mr. Wilson floundered so



that even the scribe forgot the lines he had written. This year Wilson is letter-perfect—he could say his lines backward and forward, up and down like Chinese writing—any way.

The Potent Tip

The crush in the Yosemite valley this year was greater than ever before, and I am told that the tipping system has so corrupted the hotel servants that people of moderate means who cannot afford to be as generous as some of the prodigal tourists suffer very much from the "overlook." The school teachers who are always quite numerous in the valley complain bitterly of the cupidity of the hotel waitress and her arrogant indifference to those who do not tip generously and often. It was remarked that nobody was so promptly served as the Princess Poniatowski and it was learned that at her first meal she handed out a double eagle to stimulate a lively sense of favors to come. Simple gowns were the rule this season with all save the members of the De Young party who arrayed themselves in the evening in Paris frocks. They excited a great deal of admiration.

Mrs. Jones: "I hear they celebrated a birthday at the Brides' home yesterday."

Mrs. Smith: "I wasn't invited. Who were the guests?"

Mrs. Jones: "Just the doctor and nurse. It was a boy."

An Infant Revelation

The friends of a prominent society woman are enjoying what they regard as a big joke on a distinguished citizen. This woman has a little girl aged four and one day she had the child with her, unaccompanied by her nurse, and stopped at the Orpheum to purchase some tickets. As they passed the French restaurant which is situated just below the theatre, the child, who is old-fashioned and precocious, looked up at the doorway and said, reflectively, "I had lunch there yesterday with Tom and Therese." It should be said in explanation that Tom was a friend and frequent guest of the family and that Therese was the child's nurse. The next day Therese was persuaded by the mistress of the house that nursing was not her real vocation and since then she has realized her possibilities and has won renown as an artist's model.

How Amelia Bingham Was Floored

At a tea given the other day by a lady fond of entertaining celebrities, Miss Amelia Bingham and Joaquin Miller were the guests of honor. When the pretty blonde actress was presented to the wild and woolly poet, she murmured a few of those polite nothings suitable to the occasion.

"Really, I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Milier," she said. "I have read much of you, and your poems have given me much pleasure."

"Look out," said the poet, growling to match his beard, "liars are fried in hell."

Miss Bingham was completely nonplussed. She said afterward that she thought, "What have I met?" and concluded that she would go home after a few minutes. Joaquin realized that some one had blundered, and, taking the lady's dainty white gloved hand, kissed it fervently in the little uncovered place on the palm and apologized prettily. Thereafter they became great friends, Joaquin attending the theatre as the star's guest and the lady received an autographed copy of his latest work, "As It Was in the Beginning." This is the volume printed *a la Japonica,* and on the title page is a picture of a stork with a little Theodore Roosevelt in its bill. Theodore is rather undressed and looks like the baby photography so popular twenty years ago. Joaquin with a pen had drawn a sketch of the bouncing boy, and in the inside pinned over five or six pages appropriately with large sized safety pins. On the fly leaf the author wrote, "These pages are pinned up. When you are grown up you may read them," which is a very pretty compliment to the lady's age.

Rivals for Miss Helen's Hand

The tabbies are discussing the very lively race between young Ed Tobin and "Addy" Mizner for the favor of Mrs. De Young's eldest daughter. Helen De Young has more attractions than the average society girl, for she is not only pretty and rich, with the experience gained by travel and association with the best continental society, but she has a lively wit of her own and a most gracious manner that she inherits from her mother. Long before she made her debut in San Francisco she had seen society in other cities, beside enjoying that of the clever people it is her mother's pleasure to entertain at her home. And the upbringing of the De Young sisters has been after an excellent model, vastly different from that of the average girl. Mrs. De Young does not believe in mere elaborate functions that gather all sorts of dull people together. When she entertains it is with a view of giving her guests a real pleasure, in which brains as well as fun figure. Since Helen's debut she has been invited everywhere, and has been sought by many suitors. But as yet, it is said, she has shown no intention of engaging herself to anybody. However, the continued and open admiration of the youngest Tobin and that of the plump and jolly young Mizner has led the gossips to assert that one of them stands a good chance of winning Miss De Young.

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The Welsh-Costello Wedding

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in Holy Cross church on Wednesday morning, when Miss Mary G. Welsh, daughter of Thomas J. Welsh the architect, was united to Richard W. Costello. The bride was attended by her sisters and Miss Costello. The ceremony was performed by Reverend Father McGinty, and a beautiful feature of the service was the music rendered by the organ, an orchestra, Harry Barnhart, basso, and the soprano soloists, Mrs. Lenore Greven and Miss Marie Welsh. Miss Welsh, by the way, is the bride's cousin. She is one of the best coloratura singers San Francisco has ever produced and her Michaela in "Carmen" at the Tivoli ranks with that of Suzanne Adams.

Russell-Webster

The prettiest weddings are nearly all of them celebrated at St. Luke's church, which lends itself gracefully to decoration. That of Miss Ada May Russell and George Albert Webster on Wednesday evening was charming in every detail. After the ceremony there was a reception at the apartments of the bride's mother in St. Dunstan's. The bride is a very attractive young woman who has traveled considerably abroad and in this country. Her two elder sisters, Jean and Pauline, were married a good many years ago, one to Edgar Painter and the other to Dr. Edward Younger. The two little daughters of the former were flower girls at the wedding Wednesday night.

To Be Married in the Old Mission

Miss Vesta Shortridge and Emil Bruguiere are to be married in the old San Carlos mission church some time next month or in October. The date depends on whether young Bruguiere can tear himself away from the Bostonians, who will produce his opera in "the provinces" before showing it to New York. Miss Shortridge is preparing a stunning trousseau. The dainty lingerie was a gift from her father, who sent to New York for it. After the marriage the young couple will live in Monterey, but they will take a wedding trip first that will include Newport and Europe.

Mr. Edward Xavier Rolker has returned from Manitou, Colorado Springs, and will resume teaching next Monday.

Corbett's Generosity

There is always space in these columns for the recording of a generous act. Last Sunday, just before the opening performance of "As You Like It" on Sutro Heights, a feeling of grave disappointment settled upon the mummers who were to take part. The attendance was not large, and the financial aspect was as gloomy as the day for those who had expected to swell the depleted bank account of Nance O'Neil. That talented actress has met with many reverses of late, and they have been especially hard to bear for they threaten to put the quietus on her hope of storming Broadway and achieving the conquest of the metropolis. Managers Rankin and Stockwell had hoped to draw large crowds to Sutro Heights, but the cold weather dampened the ardor of Nance O'Neil's admirers. James J. Corbett had been engaged to appear as Charles the Wrestler and he was to have received six hundred dollars for the four performances, but when he saw the slender attendance he went to Mr. Stockwell and asked, "Are you or Rankin going to get any money out of this?"

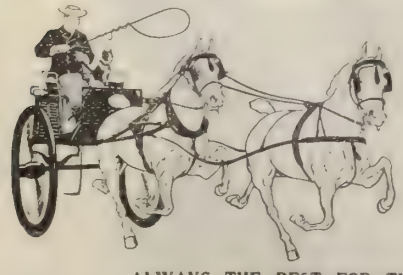
"No, we are not," was the reply.

"Then I don't want any, either," said the pugilist, "Nance O'Neil may have my share, too."

This generosity was in striking contrast, I am told, to the conduct of one of the leading actors of the company, who wanted his money before going on. It has been frequently stated of late that Nance O'Neil had made arrangements to appear in New York but there have been several hitches. Billy Brady, Frank Perley and Frank McKee have each considered a proposition to manage her in New York, but they failed to come to terms with Rankin.

Amelia's Advice

Every one is wondering whether Edwards Davis has been engaged by Amelia Bingham or not. He says that he has—she says that he has not—and she ought to know. The Oakland papers have had it that Davis was to be Miss Bingham's leading juvenile and she says that she has never seen him act. Those who have say that he is atrocious. However, he recently lunched with Miss Bingham on which occasion she gave him some good advice, telling him to cease advertising himself as an ex-preacher and get down to work if he ever wanted to advance in his profession. They say that the acting and the writing in "The Unmasking" were quite the worst things ever seen or heard in Oakland, which is saying a good deal.



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A Romantic Second Courtship

In the despatches a few days ago was a story from New York which was no doubt read with great interest by many society people. It was the story of the trial of a suit against the estate of the late Kinsley Magoun, the wealthy New York banker. His handsome young widow was on the stand and she was asked many embarrassing questions about Henry Alexander, the brother of Charley Alexander, husband of Hattie Crocker. Among other questions she was asked if she was not known in some parts of Europe as Mrs. Henry Alexander and whether she had not registered as the wife of Henry Alexander. She declined to answer. The natural inference is that Henry Alexander has again been leading a gay life in Europe. About eight years ago the wife of Henry Alexander, who was formerly Miss Grace Green, a New York heiress, came to this city to obtain a divorce from her husband on account of his infidelities. She was a very charming woman and made many friends while here. After obtaining the divorce she went back to New York, and a few years later her friends were surprised to learn that she had married Alexander a second time. To one of her friends in this city she wrote an interesting account of the second courtship. She related that her former husband, who had become a resident of Paris, returned to New York to seek reconciliation but she repulsed him. However, he was very persistent and pleaded with her up to the hour of the departure of the steamer on which he had reserved accommodations for his trip back to Europe. She remained firm and he went away looking like a broken-hearted man. That night at a late hour she was aroused from her slumbers by a caller, and much to her surprise Alexander again presented himself. He explained that the storm off Sandy Hook was so fierce that the captain had put back to port. Believing that Providence had ordained his return he resolved to try again. This time he was successful. He was forgiven and they were hastily married and departed on the belated steamer.

Lane's Feet Growing Cold

The *Chronicle* having exposed Franklin K. Lane's remarkable apathy in the suit brought to compel the Southern Pacific Company to remove its Mission tracks, that gentleman has about decided that he will not accept the Democratic nomination for Mayor. Mr. Lane is no fool. The records show that as City Attorney he permitted a motion for a new trial in a case decided against the Southern Pacific Company to be dropped from the calendar, and that though two years have passed he never caused it to be restored. Under the circumstances it would not be wise for him to accept the nomination for Mayor. The *Chronicle's* expose has merely served to corroborate what I have frequently asserted concerning the friendship existing between the bright young city attorney and the quasi-public corporations. Renewed efforts are now being made to induce Charles J. Heggerty, the well known and popular young partner of George Knight, to consent to run. Heggerty is one of the most eminent members of the legal profession, a man noted for his integrity as well as for his legal attainments, and he would undoubtedly be a strong candidate. It is important that a man of legal ability should be elected Mayor if we are to make another effort to create a bonded debt for the purpose of raising money for public improvement. We voted to create such a debt a few years ago, and then it was learned, when too late, that Franklin K. Lane in his capacity as City Attorney had fatally blundered, vitiating everything that had been done.

Why Vivian Is Grateful

Mrs. Burton Harrison did not accompany her son, Burton Harrison and her daughter-in-law, Mary Crocker Harrison, on their trip to the coast. She preferred to remain in the East with her close friend, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett Townsend. Anent Mrs. Burnett a funny story is brought to mind. When Vivian Burnett, Mrs. Burnett's younger son, was here some two years ago, he was much feted. While here Burnett pointed out a passer-by on the street and said:

"See that man?" The friend could see him.

"Well," Burnett continued, "I owe that man a debt of undying gratitude." His hearer was interested.

"You see," Burnett went on, "that man was a friend of my mother and when I was born she was going to call me Cecil. That man talked her out of the notion and they compromised on Vivian."

The hearer smiled—he was debating as to which he should dislike more to be called—Cecil or Vivian.

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Judge Murphy's Banner Story

Apropos of the escape from Folsom and the statement that convict Gordon is making for Sacramento where he intends to kill Judge Hart who sentenced him to forty-five years, even if he hangs for it, the lawyers who lunch at the Bar Association are repeating Judge Murphy's banner story —and not a bad one, either—of a hair-raising experience which befell the good-natured judge during a visit to Folsom. Judge Murphy was rather hard on criminals. He had a way of piling on the years just as Judge Lawlor does, and he was not popular in the penitentiaries. One day he sent a man up for forty years for robbery and he heard afterward that the fellow said that he'd kill Murphy if he had to hire somebody on the outside to do the job. It was five years after that, and Judge Murphy had forgotten all about the experience when he went to Folsom one day to visit Warden Aull. He had such a pleasant time that he stayed overnight in order to be present at a dinner which Mrs. Aull, who was a handsome and attractive woman, was giving the next night. Judge Murphy had taken his evening clothes with him but he had not counted on remaining so long and he had omitted to pack his razors.

"That's nothing," said the warden, "we have an excellent barber shop in the prison. I never shave myself. Come in and get a shave."

The Thrilling Shave

Judge Murphy followed his host, was ushered into a delightfully clean place and sat down in the chair while he chatted with the warden. The apron was tied about his neck, his face was lathered by a light-handed young chap and then the barber came in and commenced to strop his razor. Judge Murphy was in the midst of a sentence when he looked into the barber's face—the man about to shave him was the man he had sent up forty years and who had vowed to have the judge's life blood. Judge Murphy's blood froze in his veins. He looked into the barber's eye—it glittered.

"Well, my life isn't worth twenty cents," he thought to himself. "He'll do me, sure. He looks it."

The barber's mouth tightened and he drew the razor lovingly across the judge's throat. "Never," says the judge, "was a man so deliberate in shaving. He shaved me one way; he shaved me another; and there I sat perfectly helpless." At last, after the barber had prolonged the torture as long as possible, the judge was released. His tormenter's eyes actually sparkled and the judge was chalky white from suspense. As the judge was leaving the barber shop he told the warden the story.

"I'd have reduced that fellow's sentence to twenty years at that moment if I'd had the power," the judge always says in finishing the story, "for I'd served twenty years myself in those few awful moments." The Murphys, by the way, have been in Europe for the past year. Traveling is Mrs. Murphy's sole delight and they have been having a charming time. They had an audience with the Pope while he was still in good health.

The Walter Hobarts' expected baby is going to be English born if nothing occurs to prevent. Mrs. Hobart writes to her people here that she intends staying in England for the event.

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Ward-Dufficy

A newly announced engagement that is interesting friends of the principals here and in San Rafael is that of Miss Irene Ward, daughter of M. J. Ward, and Charles M. Dufficy, son of Judge and Mrs. M. C. Dufficy of Marin. Miss Ward is a charming young woman, convent reared, having received her education at Sacred Heart convent. Mr. Dufficy is a cousin of the beautiful Murphy sisters of whom the eldest married Sir Charles Wolseley. The wedding is to be at St. Dominic's and will be an elaborate affair. Miss Mindred Ward will be maid of honor, and the Misses Alicia and Elizabeth Dufficy the attendant bridesmaids. Rafael G. Dufficy will be the best man. After the wedding there will be a three months' honeymoon trip to Japan.

David Wilder—one of the Hawaiian Wilders—who has been studying art in Paris for several years, is on his homeward way to Honolulu. Mr. Wilder married Miss Harndon of Alameda.

Mrs. Dutton Returned

Mrs. Samuel E. Dutton is again at home, after an absence of five years in New York. Her youngest daughter, who has been pursuing her studies in the East, will probably be among the debutantes this winter. She is a very pretty girl and resembles her mother. Lottie, the eldest of the Dutton sisters, married a New York man many years ago, shortly after her debut, and "Lulie," the second sister, married an army chaplain who left her a young widow. They are granddaughters of James King of William, founder of the *Bulletin*, and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson is their aunt.

Ella Morgan Married

News of the marriage of Ella Morgan in London came to my ears in the early part of the week. She is a daughter of the founder of the Morgan Oyster Company. She was conspicuous at some of the Presidio hops last winter, and at that time there were rumors of her engagement to a young mining promoter. Indeed I heard that her mother planned the trip abroad in the hope of breaking off the attachment, and since the news of the marriage was received the young man's friends have stated that he was jilted; also, that he had implicit confidence in Miss Morgan's constancy and was greatly distressed when he heard the news of the marriage. Alphonse Pellins, of Antwerp, who is said to be connected with a South African diamond company, is the lucky man who won Miss Morgan's hand.

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The ceremony took place in St. Mark's on July fifteenth. As it was only in February last that Miss Morgan started for Europe it is evident that Mr. Pellins lost no time in pressing his suit.

The Impending Crisis

The thermometer has risen in Newport, for the Willie K. Vanderbilts, Sr., are about to return. Fashionable society has halted in the course of its dog-dinners and parrot and monkey diversions to contemplate the great social crisis. Everybody is on the tiptoe of expectancy, and the elite of the country is holding its breath in feverish anticipation, for it is generally understood that something will happen when Mrs. Vanderbilt that was and Mrs. Vanderbilt that is become rival hostesses in Newport. Mrs. Vanderbilt that was is now Mrs. "Ollie" Belmont, and she is one of the most active leaders of the ton. The present Mrs. Vanderbilt, it is believed, will undertake to round up a clique, and make things hum socially, right in the heart of the fashionable colony which her predecessor has long ruled. Hence the feverish anxiety of the elite. Hostilities will soon begin, and a battle-royal will be waged which will divert the attention of the country from all other happenings. The next session of Congress may be a lively one. Russia may seize Manchuria and another massacre may take place in Kishineff, but until the great social crisis in Newport is over the little burg on the Atlantic seaboard will be the centre of all that is interesting to the people of the nation. Watch the sunday supps and you will be kept informed about the various thrilling developments.

"Happy Jack" Is Free

Word comes to me from New York of the divorce of John A. Van Rensselaer, son of Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, the novelist. The latter enjoyed quite a little newspaper notoriety not long since owing to a controversy with her aged aunt, Mrs. Hoyt, with whom she had been living in Newport. An advertisement appeared in a Newport paper that Mrs. Van Rensselaer had left and would not be permitted to return to Mrs. Hoyt's house, but the novelist said the ad. was spite work of a negro maid who had hypnotized her aunt. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's son, generally known as "Happy Jack" Van Rensselaer, did not marry in his mother's exclusive set, his bride being Helen Galindo, a Brooklyn girl who had beauty but lacked blue corpuscles. Their marriage occurred seven years ago and "Happy Jack" sank into social obscurity in Brooklyn, an obscurity from which he only emerged the other day when his divorce suit was instituted. The case was a "closed door" affair, and all that is known of it is that the wife was forbidden to remarry, though that privilege was not denied to "Happy Jack."

"Bob" Bien in America Again

A correspondent writes from Chicago that Mrs. Robert Bien and her husband passed through the windy city the other day on their way to visit the Pecks at their summer home at Oconomowoc. The Biens have, since their marriage, lived in Paris where they studied the vocal art under a famous master. Mrs. Bien, who as Arline Peck was regarded by the Chicago elite as haughty and unapproachable to the extreme, has become quite genial and bohemian in manner. There is little trace of the reserved, distant heiress of the Peck millions in the smiling, gay and vivacious Mrs. Bien. Paris is credited with this pleasing change in demeanor, but I think the young husband should have some of the medals. Bob Bien was ever a sanguine, bohemian nature, living in a haze of rose-colored dreams. He had a penchant for heiresses, and when he wedded the Chicago girl was said to be about half engaged if not wholly affianced to an Oakland heiress. In Chicago and Paris it is the popular delusion that Bien is a millionaire himself and that singing is merely a fad with him. He has serious ideas of a stage career and has imbued his young wife with the same ambition, so they may make their operatic debut together.

A Britisher's Impressions

It is always interesting to see ourselves as others see us. In London *Modern Society* there recently appeared a letter from an English woman sojourning in this city, and this is an excerpt:

The California girls are exquisite and have the real rose-leaf complexion, so beautiful while it lasts; but, unfortunately, it fades quite early, and when the bud has developed into the rose one can soon begin to watch for the petals to fade and droop; for, as a rule, young people lose their good looks at a very early age compared with our English lasses. It is quite flattering to notice the reverence they pay to the English, and in telling a girl here that she resembles an English girl she will "dimple" and blush with delight, and you will be her friend for ever; but this is the same all over the States. * * * In all my experience I have seen nothing to equal the extravagance of the average Californian; they seem to count the cost of nothing, and their lives are



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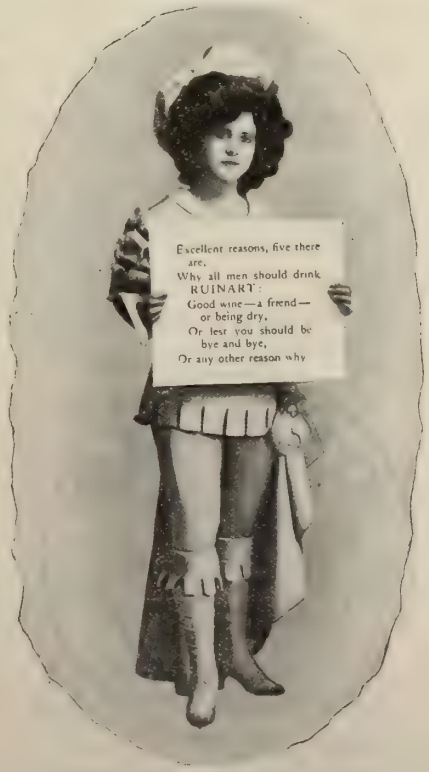
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entirely ideal, not in the least material, apparently. They live for today, like the beautiful butterflies whom they resemble so closely. The shops here are very fair, but quite expensive, and the fashions are necessarily somewhat behind the times.

A Church Without a Rector

Trinity Episcopal church, which shelters one of the most fashionable congregations in San Jose, is without a rector and from present indications it will be some time before a man is secured to fill the pulpit. Trinity parish has been the seat of contention for more than a year. The parishioners are divided into two warring factions, and the dissensions have nearly resulted in disrupting the church. Three years ago Rev. Burr M. Weedon was rector and every one was pleased, but he resigned and accepted a call to St. Luke's Episcopal church, San Francisco, recommending Dr. C. H. Mockbridge of Toronto, Canada, as a man fully able to take his place. The congregation acted according to the Rev. Mr. Weedon's recommendations and Dr. Mockbridge became his successor. Not long after the latter's arrival he objected to a certain member of the vested choir and refused him communion on the grounds that he had been divorced. Clarence T. Urmy, organist, poet, social idol and leader of the choir, objected to Dr. Mockbridge's attitude toward the choir member and refused to permit the dismissal of the singer. Thereupon there was trouble and the congregation took sides. The more liberal ones agreed with Urmy and the more orthodox sympathized with the rector. Finally Urmy resigned, and then came the annual election of vestrymen, and both factions put tickets in the field. It was a contest to decide whether Dr. Mockbridge was to remain or whether he was to resign. The rector was defeated by about six votes. He immediately handed in his resignation and accepted a call to Buffalo. Since that time, six months ago, the church has been without a rector. The opposing factions are still very bitter and it is hard for the vestry to secure a man who is acceptable to all. Recently Rev. Ward Denys of Baltimore filled the pulpit on two Sundays and he was so universally liked that a call was extended to him. After weeks of waiting for an answer he refused. The vestry will now have to continue its search for another man.

Mrs. Mary W. George, one of the most popular educators of the San Jose State Normal School and Miss Calthea C. Vivian, the artist, who is connected with the same institution, have been granted a leave of absence for a year, during which time they will tour the world. Mrs. George sailed Saturday for the Hawaiian Islands where she will remain three weeks. Thence she will journey to Japan where she will join a large party of Californians who will tour Japan, China, India and Egypt. She will then go to Europe where she will meet Miss Vivian, who will start from San Jose in October. They will spend some time in study and travel throughout Europe. Mrs. George carries letters from Governor Pardee, Superintendent Kirk and other high officials, accrediting her to the educational institutions of the countries whose systems she wishes to investigate.

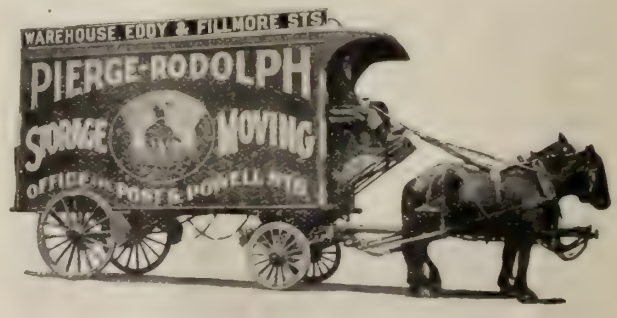
Why Ryland Resigned

There was consternation among San Jose politicians the other day when it was learned that Joseph R. Ryland had handed in his resignation as city school trustee without assigning any reason for the step. There were all sorts of conjectures as to the cause of the action. Ryland will not talk but it is well known that there has been much friction between him and Judge Lewis, the chairman of the Board, who is one of the spokesmen of the present administration. Ryland is one of Mayor Worswick's appointees and he took his seat as trustee after the old board were ousted a year ago. All went well until certain members of the new board proposed some very drastic measures to which Ryland seriously objected. Because of his liberal policy he had many tiffs with Judge Lewis. Matters came to a crisis during the annual classification of teachers. Certain members of the board proposed shifting many of the teachers. Ryland did not approve of this action, for he has always been the champion of the teachers. He tried to prevent the wholesale shift but he was in the minority, and finding that he could not remain on the board and work in harmony with Judge Lewis he retired. And now it is reported in San Jose that he is in training for the Mayoralty. He is a pretty big man in the Garden City. He has social and financial backing, and he has many friends in both the political factions of his party, and some say that he severed his connection with the Worswick administration so that he would be free to oppose Mayor Worswick in the next convention.

The beautiful Tevis home at Monterey has another prospective purchaser in the person of Herman Oelrichs, who, it is said, has been negotiating with its owner.



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Her Thrilling Stunt

One of Stockton's popular society women, the wife of a physician, did an impromptu stunt of the flying ballet order the other day, and it proved highly diverting to the few privileged spectators to whom it came as a delightful surprise. She had stepped from her husband's office through a low window over a dry goods store, in pursuit of a kitten that had gone out on a balcony, and she returned through another window that opened on a floor which was being repaired. A crashing sound was heard and simultaneously business was suspended in the dry goods store while the pop-eyed clerks were lost in admiration of the dainty lingerie so bewitchingly exhibited from above. It was the most daringly original spectacle ever presented in the highly moral city of Stockton. For a time the enraptured clerks, spellbound by the dangling limbs encased in black lace hose, failed to realize that it was an involuntary exhibition, but the screams of the physician's wife soon aroused them to the danger of her position and then she was promptly rescued. An unsympathetic female clerk was so moved by the humor of the situation that she went into hysterics. The physician's wife was slightly bruised, but it has been suggested that there should be some consolation in the consciousness of the fact that she at least made a a good showing.

Engagement of a Stockton Belle

When the engagement of Miss Clara Rosenbaum of Stockton and Mr. Karl Triest of Los Angeles was announced last week, the tabbies of the gateway city uttered a fervent "At last." Miss Rosenbaum is the oldest daughter of D. E. Rosenbaum, a prominent banker and merchant of Stockton, and she has been out several seasons, but the tabbies needn't have given themselves any concern on that account. The three Rosenbaum girls are pretty, accomplished, womanly and modest to an unusual degree, and they have not been eager to fall into the arms of the first man that came a-wooing. One of Stockton's very popular and prosperous young business men is so attentive to another of the Rosenbaum girls that the gossips are wondering whether another engagement will soon be announced. It is thought probable, however, that race and religious differences will prove an insurmountable obstacle, notwithstanding the fact that the fathers of the young people are partners.

Mrs. Ashton Potter will stay with her people here until after the stork's visit, when she will join her husband in Manila.

Service Gossip

There is to be a new Chief Quartermaster of the Department of California. Colonel S. W. Patten, who has been on duty in the Quartermaster General's office in Washington, D. C., will succeed Lieutenant Colonel John McE. Hyde, who has been ordered to St. Paul's and is expected to arrive here next month. The Tenth Infantry is expected here shortly to take station at the Presidio and will probably be here for a long term of service.

Captain White is the new quartermaster at the Presidio, relieving Captain Stanley who has held the post since the departure of Captain Kimball for the Philippines. Among the army officers who have been in San Francisco this week is Captain Pershing, Fifteenth Cavalry, who arrived by the steamer *Siberia* last week, on leave of absence. Captain Pershing performed some heroic deeds in Mindanao and has been selected as one of the officers of the general staff. General Burton, who is now Inspector General, was here this week. Major Devol is on duty at headquarters in charge of the office of the chief quartermaster of this Department, having relieved Colonel Hyde.

There was a pleasant little dance given by the enlisted men at Fort Baker last Tuesday night, the first ever given at that post, the guests going over by the army tug *McDowell,* returning to town at midnight. The reception given by the officers at the Presidio on Wednesday night in honor of General George B. Rodney on his retirement from the service was a brilliant affair. All the posts around the city were represented and many guests from town were also present.

A Good Subject Lost

Paragraphers, shed a tear—
Lay immortelles on the bier
Of those jokes, now stale and dead;
No more jests on Harry Lehr
With his gay, bewitching gear.
From New York the word has sped—
Such a sad thing to get out—
Harry Lehr is getting stout!

—*The Masseur.*

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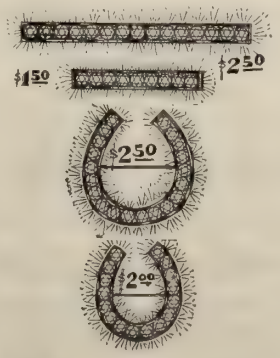
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Alexandra JEWELER

752 MARKET ST. San Francisco . . . Cal. . . .

When Dumb Things Speak

HIS COLLECTION.

First Photo (showing a voluptuous brunette in full fleshings): I wonder why we were all hustled so unceremoniously from his bureau?

Second Photo (of a blonde, delicate and spirituelle looking, in a shirt waist and golf skirt): Easy enough to answer. He's going to be married, and *she's* coming to call today with her mother and cousins and have tea.

First Photo: How do you know?

Second Photo: Because I've been hustled down before. You see, this isn't my first experience. I have been given to several men before—and been returned when the engagement was off.

First Photo: Nobody ever returned *me*.

Second Photo: Didn't consider it worth while, perhaps. You are, judging from your—ah, costume, a public character.

First Photo: A star. I was the twenty-thousand dollar prize beauty. I remember when she gave me to him. He was a boy at college and he adored her—mercy me! how he adored her. She had me taken specially for him, when she was playing in "The Silver Slipper." She was the Prince. It cost his father a pretty penny to cut the Prince loose from the college boy. But he still keeps me. He was looking at me the other night and I heard him say, "Who the deuce are *you?*"

Third Photo (of a girl with fluffy hair, in short skirts and heelless slippers): He said that same thing to me. Yet I remember when she gave me to him—he loved her. At least he spent heaps and heaps of money on her.

Second Photo: I don't believe he remembers me exactly. It strikes me he stared at me a long time when he took me down the other day. But then I am only the picture of a summer girl.

Fourth Photo (of a statuesque beauty, Gibson pose): *I* am the picture of the only girl he ever loved. Many times he told her that—and she believed him. A pity she could not be here to see how her portrait is treated.

The Others: Is she dead?

Fourth Photo: Not a bit of it. Married a pork packer and has five children.

The Others: Did she jilt him?

Fourth Photo: I don't know exactly. But the father proved to her that he was carrying on with her chum at the same time he was engaged to her, and somehow the affair was broken off.

Fifth Photo (of a stout blonde in mannish clothes): I'm the chum. He loved me all the time. For the girl who sat for me was really the only girl he ever loved.

Six Photographs—of a slim, large-eyed girl in a sweater and carrying a racquet, a short girl with a beautiful neck revealed in a decollete evening frock, a pretty woman in sealskin sack and picture hat, a woman of thirty (or over) in the costume of Ophelia, a petite, chic French woman in the act of doing a pas seul, and a college girl in a mortar-board and gown, all speak at once: Nonsense! *I* am the portrait of the only girl he ever really loved.

First Photo: What's that frame doing on the mantel?

Second Photo: Oh, I presume that's she—the one who's coming with mamma. And that one on the bureau is his sister, taken with their father and mother.

[Enter the owner of room, with a tall girl in a shirt-waist suit, followed by another girl and an elderly matron.]

First Girl: Oh, what a sweet place! But what are all those pictures on the table? (examining photos).

The Man (carelessly): Oh, those belong to my late roommate. My man's going to pack 'em this afternoon and send them to him.

She: I'm so glad you have nothing but *my* picture on your mantel.

He (softly): But that's right, dear. Aren't you the only girl I ever loved?

[Rustling as of laughter or anger among photos on table.]

HER COLLECTION.

First Photo (showing a boy with freckles and hair that was probably red): I'm sure I felt a tear drop on me, as she consigned me to the bottom of this old trunk. "Dear old Fred," she said, "didn't we have nice times when we went to the academy?" I'm sure she kissed me.

Second Photo (of a slim, distinguished-looking foreigner): I've no doubt she did. She kissed me. I was her drawing-master's picture. She is full of sentiment. She used to write notes to him at school, and put pressed flowers in them. He gave her this portrait—also gave all the other drawing-pupils one. They were all soft on him. He was married, and brought his wife out after he had taught a few months.

Third Photo: She was engaged to my original for two weeks. It was when she went to college. They quarreled at a dance, but she never sent me back with the ring. She was looking at me last night and said, "What a little fool I was at eighteen."

Fourth Photo (of a man of forty-five, solid and businesslike in appearance): She made lots of jokes about me to her cousin as she packed me in the trunk. I was given her by the man her parents picked out for her—an old family friend. But she teased him to death and wouldn't consider the match.

First Photo: Did he die of a broken heart?

Fourth Photo: No—married her aunt, a well-preserved widow of his own age, with three children.

Fifth Photo (of a handsome actor in the costume of Romeo): She had an awful crush on my original. She bought me at a gallery and then sent me to the actor to get his autograph. She used to send flowers, too, and notes.

A score of photos, all of handsome actors, speak simultaneously: Me, too. She must have spent all her pin-money on my original.

Sixth Photo (of prize fighter in light costume): Ah, but when she fell in love with *him* all the actors' photos were banished from her bureau. She never sent him flowers but she bought his picture, and made a scrap-book of clippings all about him. She took physical culture lessons of him for a whole month.

Seventh Photo (of a jockey in blouse and cap): Until she took a fancy to my original. She never missed a day at the races for a week, and always bet on his mount.

Eighth Photo (of a clubman): She liked my original pretty well, but he displeased her by forcing his suit and so he had to go.

Ninth Photo (of a German army officer in uniform): He loved her, but she fancied it was her money he was after. They ex-

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California sunlight, strong winds and alkali dust cause eye trouble. Little troubles grow, don't neglect them. Murine is a favorite toilet requisite, restores a faded eye to natural brilliancy, promotes growth of eyelashes, cures granulation and redness of lids, doesn't smart, soothes eye pain.

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changed photos at the end, and promised to be friends forever.

First Photo: How she sits and gazes at that portrait on her bureau—that broad-shouldered chap without much beauty but with a pleasant face. Who is he?

The Others: He is the only man she ever loved.

[Some time after their marriage she is unpacking one of her trunks, and throws out the bunch of photographs.]

He: Who are all those fellows, dear?

She (blushing and laughing): Oh, you know I used to fall in love with every actor I saw. I never met any of them, you know. What a silly girl I was. (Takes up first photo.) Oh, this one is of a dear boy I liked so much (drops a tear). He died in his first battle. I never cared for any of the others. I am so glad, dear, that I never did. You are really and truly the only man I ever loved. (Kisses him.) And, tell me, darling, I am really and truly the only girl you ever loved?

He: Yes, darling, really and truly, honor bright, the only woman I ever loved. —*The Sentimentalist.*

How Principles Are Abandoned

Editor Town Talk:

Having discussed Bryan's personality, permit me now to outline what has been the attitude of both great political parties of this State upon the money question, not by way of advocacy of either side but just to relate a little interesting political history that many people appear to have forgotten.

Our State Legislature by a practically unanimous vote instructed its Senators and requested its Representatives in Congress to vote for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Following closely upon the passage of this resolution the Republican State Convention met and named its delegates to the St. Louis Convention, which subsequently nominated McKinley. These delegates were instructed to vote for a free silver platform, and a free silver candidate. The delegation started in a special Pullman train decorated with free silver banners; they tipped the porter with silver dollars, smoked silver branded cigars, and many of them were so infatuated with their job that they showed their fealty by refusing to drink anything save silver gin fizzes. The departure of this band of Republican patriots was a sight to behold, and one long to be remembered. The delegation, the flower of the Republican party, started out to convert their Eastern brethren to the silver idea, and vowed that they would die rather than dishonor their constituents or violate their instructions. The delegation consisted of the leaders of the Republican party of this State; its orators, its editors, its practical politicians and its place-hunters. The train sped on its way Eastward, through the various towns and cities, to the inspiring strains of silver bands directed by silver-clothed drum majors. Never before in the history of this State did a more distinguished delegation leave it to make the politicians of the East feel the effect of a unanimous Western sentiment on the silver question. But when the delegation reached the Eastern slope of the Rockies a change come o'er the spirit of their dreams. They heard a still small voice. It was the voice of Marcus Aurelius Hanna, the man who obtained a seat in the Senate by the most open and notorious corruption. The metallic touch of his hand had a soothing effect on the delegation from this State, and the result was that these statesmen sacrificed their manhood and violated their instructions, and yet returned home to receive the plaudits of the Republican party of California. Does it not go to prove that the Republican party is willing to adopt any policy, advocate any principle, to continue in power? Mr. John P. Young, the able editor of the *Chronicle*, is the author of one of the ablest free silver arguments ever written by a Californian and the paper whose editorial columns he controls is at present engaged in an effort to destroy the effect of what were, supposedly, his free and unfettered opinions.

Hon. M. M. Estee, twice the nominee of his party for Governor of this State, several years ago delivered a most masterly address favoring the free and unlimited coinage of silver. It was pronounced at the time a masterpiece of argument, but subsequently denounced as the very essence of demagoguery. Estee made one speech in that campaign, and to his credit be it said he adhered to the doctrines he had formerly preached, and for the offense of consistency he was not again permitted to address his Republican fellow citizens.

The Democratic convention of 1896 was a free silver convention by more than a two-thirds vote. The money powers of the East failed to control it, and the New York delegation returned home and knifed the ticket. And yet those people and others like them are now claiming to be the representatives of true democracy. Their efforts are deceiving nobody, for the great body of the democracy are true and honest; they stand by honest leaders, and are faithful to true democratic principles.

A Jeffersonian Democrat.

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER
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Cuckoo

A fool there was and he loved his booze
And his lemans fair and frail.
But he drew the line if he had to choose
'Twixt them and the altar rail.
'Twixt them and the altar rail, Cuckoo!
And the ring and the wedding bell;
So he loved and he laughed as his cup he quaffed
On the slippery road to hell.

All unbeguiled he serenely smiled,
Or laughed at the siren's snare;
While the "unco guid" and the undefiled
Were blind to the deadfall there.
Were blind to the deadfall there, Cuckoo!!
As for home, sweet home, they yearned
On some snowy breast that the fool had pressed,
Then away from it lightly turned.

This fool had learnt to draw the line,
I've already said above;
For the wife and the wanton should ne'er combine,
So he clung to the lighter love.
So he clung to the lighter love, Cuckoo!!!
And the broad and the rosy road;
Though his feet were thorned, he was never "horned,"
For he kept to his careless code.

August, 1903. Louis A. Robertson.

A Summer Night Silhouette

Dark, shadowy leaves against a starlit sky,
A breeze that loiters, then goes floating by,
A terraced lawn, a low, white-columned porch,
Sweet Venus burning like a heavenly torch,
A spray of jessamine trembling in the light,
Two dark eyes lifted to the summer night.

A swift, firm step, the glow of a cigar,
Come up the path to where the dark eyes are,
Two white hands nestle in strong hands of brown,
Two eyes flash up and two look deeply down,
A whispered word, "Sweetheart," in love's dear tone—
Let's say, "Good-night," and leave them there alone.
—They won't care!

L. Clare Davis.

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Automobile Topics

The members of the Automobile Club started on their trip to Monterey last Thursday afternoon. Friday morning they were joined by members of the San Jose and Alameda clubs and made the run from the Vendome to Salinas where they had lunch, after which they resumed their journey to Del Monte. Today the auto enthusiasts are witnessing the polo games and tomorrow they will take the Seventeen Mile drive. Never before was there such a large gathering of automobiles on this coast.

The benighted officials of Marin county are still intent upon discouraging the use of the motor car in their little villages. Marin county has the distinction of being the only place in the United States where people do not recognize that restrictions should not be placed recklessly on a great sport and a great industry. In all parts of this county laws designed to harass the motor car have been enacted, and the highest officials in some of the most densely populated States are eager for the establishment of sound working principles upon which may be based regulations for making the roads safe for pedestrians and drivers without unnecessarily restricting the rights of the chauffeur. From all the subjects of legislation to which motor vehicles contribute none is of more importance than that of speed. The public will not be content to observe specified rates of speed under specified conditions, but as automobile advance and motor all conditions be it is found to control the vehicle to such a degree as to secure the safety of the road for any other person who may be traveling upon it. Those who hold this radical proposition, which does away with a speed limit, recommend that the law of the moving case as does engine was quickly passing away, and that the ordinary rate of speed could be established without a hard and fast rule. It is about time the prejudice against the automobile is living are overcome and that common sense is getting the better of the public prejudice.

Mr. A. W. Spaulding, Miss Spaulding and Mrs. Robert Oxnard took a run to San Jose last week and registered at the Vendome, which appears to be the headquarters for all automobilists.

The first heat of the international cup race in 1900 comes as the result of an affair on the part of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin to protect the owners in the yacht if the Prussian authorities should refuse to allow it.

R. B. Sprague of Menlo Park has a handsome automobile. With Mrs. Sprague he is often seen touring the county road between Menlo and San Jose.

The American Motor League, which is composed by all the members of the League of American Wheelmen, is continuing its work in the sphere of influence by the adoption of many of the methods which made the latter league such a power in the land. The first national book used is to be issued by the touring department and will contain 200 pages and will be illustrated with maps and blue prints. The work is being compiled with a view to the greatest possible accuracy, and will be issued in two parts, the first containing the routes in the Eastern and Middle States, and the second those in the Western and Southern States. Each number will consist of over fifty pages, and will be issued in loose-leaf form, so that the subscriber may have the privilege of adding to the number of routes as he may desire. The publication will be issued in the early spring, and will be sold at a price which will be within the reach of all. Those who are interested in touring should send their names and addresses to the secretary of the League of American Wheelmen, Boston, Mass., and they will be supplied with a circular containing full information regarding the publication.

The Automobile Club of California has issued a call for a meeting to be held at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening, May 15th, at which time the question of the proposed automobile contest to Yosemite will be discussed. It is probable that the contest will be held some time in June, and it is expected that a large number of machines will participate. The Automobile Club of California has been active in the matter of securing a good road to the Yosemite, and it is probable that the contest will be held over the route which has been selected by the club.

"Ha!" exclaimed the villain, "at last you are in my power. There is no escape."

But the sad-eyed victim gave not the slightest indication of reproachful.

The fact is the play was so rotten he couldn't enter into the spirit of it. Besides, he was a bad actor and couldn't be emotional if he tried.

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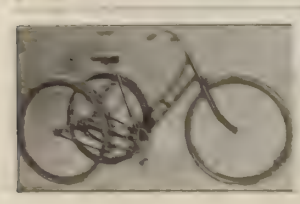


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STAGE

Kendall in Rural Drama

Ezra Kendall is too good an artist to waste his time in such an insipid play as "The Vinegar Buyer." Kendall was known for many years as one of the most amusing and intelligent of the monologue artists of the vaudeville stage. He possesses a quaint individuality that is distinctly reminiscent of Sol Smith Russell, and that should be worth exploiting in plays similar to those in which that very successful actor starred. Liebler & Co., the managers of "The Vinegar Buyer Company," probably had some such notion when they engaged Kendall to star for them, but they placed too much reliance on the magnetism of the erstwhile vaudeville artist. They had a play written for him, but it is a very feeble effort in the rural drama line. It has some atmosphere, a great deal of Kendall and very little else. Twenty minutes of Kendall in vaudeville is very different from two and a half hours of Kendall in an unsubstantial rural drama. His Yankee twang and his whimsicalities of speech and manner are intensely amusing, but they grow monotonous when there is so little pretext for them as Herbert Hall Winslow's play affords. The humor of the play is of the infantile order, and is highly suggestive of the comic page of a Sunday supp.

Helen— or as she used to be known, Lena—Salinger is not a stranger to San Francisco. She used to sing at the Tivoli in the days when her sister Tillie was prima donna—plump Tillie, who married Phil Branson, the "all round" member of the company. Lena was slimmer than her sister and not less fascinating than the prima donna but she is stouter now. Young Dr. Charlie Griswold became her shadow, and at one time their engagement was reported. But Lena went East instead and then Northwest, whence rumors of her marriage with a wealthy man were wafted to California. Another member of Ezra Kendall's company who is no stranger to us is Lucille La Verne, who was leading lady at the Grand for two seasons, at the time Coulter Brincker was leading man. Miss La Verne is a Southern girl.

"Zorah" has many features in common with "Resurrection" though it is in no sense an imitation of the Tolstoi drama in plot or situation. But there is a Russian background, and the mines of Siberia figure in the scenes. Herschel Mayall is the Rabbi Israel Francos, the persecuted hero, and Henry Shumer revels in the role of the cruel Governor of Moscow. Miss Lawton, Edwin Emery, John T. Hines, Millar Bacon and Grace Stoddard have the other principal parts. The play is beautifully staged. The Central in its present stock season is giving some noteworthy productions. Special preparations are under way for the presentation of "Cumberland 61" for G. A. R. week.

The character of Janice Meredith fitted Mary Mannering well, for Janice of the novel from which the play was built is a frivolous little schoolgirl, just as Miss Mannering portrayed her. But Lillian Kemble at the California gives a Janice who is much more lovable than the one we saw at the Columbia. Under all the lightness and frivolity one sees the depths of patriotism and affection that lie beneath. In the famous toast scene, Miss Kemble arouses her audience to intense enthusiasm.

Preparations for the production of the impressive allegorical play, "Everyman," in this city have been completed, and I predict that it will create as great a sensation as it did in New York two years ago. This fifteenth century play was revived by the Elizabethan Stage Society of England, which has been responsible for many notable revivals, and for the presentation of many plays of high literary merit that would otherwise never have been produced. The society is composed of many of the most distinguished literary and art-loving people of England. The company that presented "Everyman" in New York was one that had toured the

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Price of Seats:—Season Orchestra, $1.25; Dress Circle first four rows, $1.25, last four rows, $1.00; Family Circle, 75c. 25c off each season ticket to members of the S. F. Symphony Society. Applications for membership should be made to the manager, Room 91, Crocker Building, before 5 P. M., Aug. 8th.

The Punishment

Ben Omi stood, with drooping head,
To hear the final judgment read
By him who kept the record;
The accusations 'neath his name
Recounted deeds for serious blame—
A thumb-marked page and checkered.

"Your sins are great," the angel cried,
"I know of none who ever died
So quite unfit for glory;
No punishment that e'er was writ
Could shrive your soul and make it fit
For even purgatory.

"And yet—methinks I'll improvise
And make a penalty, unwise,
But most intensely human;
'Tis this: Go back to earth and men,
Resume the flesh, be born again,
And be, this time, a woman!"

August, 1903. MABEL PORTER PITTS.

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provinces of England, but the people who are now en route to this city come direct from London where they played under the auspices of the society. The management never publishes the names of the mummers, not even on the program, but they are professional people and those that appeared in New York created such a sensation that the audiences insisted upon learning the identity of the anonymous players, and in time the newspapers published them. The play is produced without scenery and the action takes one hour and forty minutes and is continuous. It is a most impressive play, exploiting as it does the reluctance of man to meet his Creator. It opens in heaven where God, looking down upon the sinful earth, perceives how *Everyman* "Lyveth after his own pleasure," as if ignoring the uncertainty of human life. He calls upon Death to summon him to undertake a pilgrimage, and bring with him a sure reckoning. When summoned *Everyman* in terror tries to persuade his friends, *Fellowship, Kindred, Wealth, Beauty, Strength and Discretion* to accompany him but all refuse.

In the canyon near Alum Rock park, San Jose, there is a little camp which is rather unique, not because of its natural surroundings, but because of the people who occupy it. It is called Camp Blunkal, after Erwin Blunkal, the actor. Blunkal's companions in the camp are his wife, Lillian Atwood, Edna Elsmere, Emory Blunkal and Charles Verner, the Irish comedian. Others have come and gone, including Norval McGregor, and Richard Scott and wife. Here, far away from everything which in any way brings back memories of the tiresome life on the stage, they have enjoyed themselves for two months away from the rustle and bustle of the world.

Madame Konorah still leads in interesting the Orpheum audiences. Her mathematical stunt is truly marvelous, and her mind-reading power is shown in the way she calls off figures written by members of the audience. Roberts, Hayes and Roberts have an amusing sketch in "The Infant"—the infant being a giant of seven feet or thereabouts and the fun rather running to horse-play. Morton's monologue contains some novelties and appeals to those who enjoy the jesting of "The Infant" troupe. The biograph is still in business and reels off several new pictures.

Good Fortune Coming Her Way

In Carroll McComas all the hopes of an ambitious mother promise to be realized. Of the four McComas girls whom their mother labored to place in prominent places in the world, Carroll is the only one whose star has continually kept in the ascendancy. Mrs. Alice Beach McComas, after her husband, Judge McComas, was fixed in a good position in Los Angeles in the practice of his profession some years ago, turned her ambitions toward her daughters. She earned a deal of money herself in different business ventures and in literature, and this she spent chiefly in making her four girls the possessors of accomplishments that would help them toward independent careers. But one of the girls fell a victim to burns that caused her death. Alice, the third daughter and a charming girl, studied piano under William Piutti and showed considerable talent as a pianist, but was hampered by lameness and delicacy of constitution, which prevented her from winning distinction. Then Claire, the beauty of the family, eloped with a man named Binford, and followed this with another elopement with magnetic healer Harris. She claimed to have been hypnotized by the healer and when her parents finally rescued her in Arizona she was a wreck from nervous prostration. Mrs. McComas was undaunted by all these setbacks of unkind fate, and centered her ambitions on her youngest daughter, little Carroll. The girl was a fine whistler and after appearing at small affairs and exploiting her talent as a siffleuse she obtained an engagement on the Orpheum circuit. Of attractive appearance and winning way she was successful all along the line. And now, having developed remarkable dramatic talent, an Eastern manager has engaged her to support Jerome Sykes in his new comedy next season. Carroll McComas is only seventeen years old, and her career looks very promising.

The New Tivoli

Rush work has been done on the old panorama building at Eddy and Mason streets, to fit it for the home of opera under the title of the new Tivoli Opera House. It is expected to be ready on September fifteenth or thereabouts, and the old Tivoli will be converted into an office building. The old panorama building is admirably adapted for an opera house. With its circular form and two galleries it has quite a continental air. One of the features of the improvements will be an open cafe on the top floor. The building will be heated throughout with hot water and ventilated after the newest force-draft system. Grand opera will be the initial attraction of the new Tivoli. In the meantime preparations are being made at the old Tivoli for a new comic opera production. Anna Lichter has been engaged for the principal soprano part and will come on from New York shortly to begin rehearsals in "The Fortune Teller."

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Rosalind in the Fog

"As You Like It" in the open air is delightful—sometimes—but not within sound of the barking seals where the ocean breezes blow, and the humid fog-banks softly nestle. Nance O'Neil is a pleasing Rosalind and Mr. Ratcliff's Orlando is well balanced but they cannot make you forget the temperature on Sutro Heights on a cold night. Nance O'Neil's Rosalind is coquettish and subtle, and the touch of humor is delicious, but it is not poetic. There is a freshness of conception in the role but it does not warm the atmosphere on the chilly Cliff. It is full of grace but it doesn't harmonize with the fog. It is captivating and intelligent, but it does not stay the shivers when the air is laden with moisture. Even though it were the very Rosalind of the rhymes that decorate the trees, I should not care to pay Miss O'Neil the homage of another visit to Sutro Heights on a cold, foggy day to sit through a performance and invite an attack of pneumonia. Much as I admire her as an actress, she cannot lure me again to the frigid zone near the haunts of the musical seals.

"Teddy" was Poet Henley's Brother

"Personal power mixed with crass violence," are the terms used in the current *Collier's* in telling a story about the late E. J. Henley, in connection with the recent death of his brother, the biographer of Robert Louis Stevenson. The brothers are said, in this article, to have had the traits of personal magnetism, talent and ruffianism in common. An American actress related how Henley the actor once forgot his lines and placed her in an awkward predicament. He entered late and ran off a string of meaningless sentences instead of the lines necessary to bring out the story in the scene. When they reached the wings the actress angrily exclaimed:

"How dare you come here drunk, forget your lines and disgrace yourself, the audience and me?"

Henley laughed carelessly:

"Oh, listen to them," he answered.

The audience was applauding uproariously, having been enchained by the actor's magnetism though understanding none of the import of his lines.

His First Play

Mrs. "Dave" Belasco is visiting her relatives in this city, and her husband is expected to join the family shortly. David Belasco is one of the most successful San Franciscans that ever left home to carve a career. His brothers, too, have had more than a short measure of success and the Belasco star shines brightly on both sides of the continent. Dave Belasco's first play was "The Curse of Cain," written in collaboration with Peter Robertson, and was produced at the Baldwin of which the former was then stage manager. A farmyard in the first act was stocked with real sheep, ducks, pigs and geese and the audience lost sight of the play in watching the amusing migrations of the live stock. Thus even at that time Belasco showed his genius in diverting the attention of an audience from an attenuated plot. Realism cleverly disguised in sentiment has been a feature of his stage hits ever since.

One Night to Mourn

The man in the box-office has some droll experiences. To the treasurer of the Alcazar, Edward Belasco, there appealed the other evening a violently agitated woman of middle age, in hastily improvised mourning attire, whose eyes were swollen with weeping.

"I have two seats for tonight," she explained, in a voice choked with emotion, "but there's been a sudden death in our family and I want to change them for tomorrow night."

The treasurer wiped away a sympathetic tear, sighed heavily and obliged the lady.

Theo. T. Rook, Tony West, Helen Hartley and other people engaged by Belasco and Mayer for "The Dairy Farm," in which they played distinctive characters more than one thousand times in the East, arrived from New York this week.

The Alcazar is making unusual preparations for "The Dairy Farm," a rural play that had enormous success in the East, where it played one hundred and fifty-four consecutive weeks without closing. After the Alcazar presentation, August seventeenth, it will be sent out for an extensive tour by Belasco and Mayer, with an important cast, including several players identified with the Eastern success. Oza Waldrop, the delightful little Alcazar

Orpheum O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Aug. 9th

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Elfie Fay. Lew Hawkins. Sidney Wilmer & Company. Mrs. Wynne-Winslow. Dooley and Tenbrooke. Roberts, Hayes and Roberts. George Austin. Macart's Dogs and Monkeys and the GREAT KAUFMANN TROUPE

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"THE VINEGAR BUYER"

A License for Laughter — Last Time Sunday, August 16th

Mon. Aug. 17—Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in "The Devil's Disciple"

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Tonight, Sunday Night and All Next Week
Fourth and Last Week of the Special Engagement of
CAMILLE D'ARVILLE In DeKoven's tuneful comic opera

"THE HIGHWAYMAN"

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With Anna Lichter in the leading soprano part
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In a Magnificent Production of

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

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Prices: Evening, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 15c to 50c

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Commencing Monday, August 10th — Great, Magnificent Double Bill

"Quo Vass Iss" (Quo Vadis) and "The Big Little Princess"

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Our "ALL STAR" Cast including Kolb and Dill, Barney Bernard, Winfield Blake, Harry Hermsen, Maude Amber, Eleanor Jenkins, Etc., Etc.

Reserved Seats
Nights, 25c, 50c and 75c; Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 25c and 50c.
Children at Matinees, 10c and 25c.

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Week Beginning Monday, Aug. 10, 1903 — Matinees Saturday & Sunday

The brilliant actor MR. HERSCHEL MAYALL

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In the Sensational Melodrama

"MAN'S ENEMY"

Prices: Evening 10c to 50c. — Matinee 10c, 15c, 25c.

Week of August 17th—"Cumberland 61"

ingenue, becomes restive about every so often and sighs for New York conquests. She had quite made up her mind to invade Broadway next month, but the soubrette part of Minty in "The Dairy Farm" is so enticing that she has signed to play it for the season. An artful management thus adroitly gratifies her ambition and her desire for travel. "The Dairy Farm," by the way, has never been seen west of Denver.

Dr. McIvor-Tyndall Attracting Large Audiences

Is telepathy intensified vibrations of electricity? The idea is quite probable, in view of the surprising discoveries of materialistic science. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall in his lecture last Sunday night gave it as his unqualified opinion that all force is from the same source, whether it be manifested as heat, light, motion, or telepathy. Tyndall has been demonstrating his theory for many years, and naturally has collected many wonderful instances of telepathic communication. These, together with his own deductions formed the basis of his lecture, which was announced as "Telepathy: Is It a Lost Faculty or a Development?" The lecture attracted a very large audience of thoughtful, critical hearers, and they were not disappointed. Tyndall always has something worth saying, and he says it remarkably well, entertaining as well as instructing. The demonstrations given were of an unusually intricate character. Tomorrow night the lecture will be on "The Power of Persuasion," when examples will be given of the force called mesmeric. The Sunday following, August sixteenth, the lecture will be "The Mastery of Fate."

If Wilton Lackaye had not elected to become an actor he would probably long since have been helping the country make laws in Congress. He is a strong Democrat and was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of William Jennings Bryan in the free silver campaign.

"The Red Mouse," which Eleanor Robson is to appear in next season according to the despatches, was originally intended for Mrs. Leslie Carter. David Belasco wrote it in collaboration with Harry Dam.

Virginia Harned in "Iris," and "The Prince of Pilsen" are Columbia futures.

Features of Next Week's Bills

"The Big Little Princess," which Fischer's will put on Monday night is a good-natured satire upon Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "kid" play, "The Little Princess," adapted from "Sarah Crewe, or What Happened at Miss Minchin's," a short tale for children which followed "Little Lord Fauntleroy." All the episodes and situations of the book and play have been caricatured by Edgar Smith; and to his lyrics W. E. Francis has written some charming melodies. "Quo Vass Iss" is a genial josh by Edgar Smith on "Quo Vadis" which has been seen many times in this city. The music is some of the best of the lamented composer, John Stromberg. The army, the police, the nurse-maids, the Roman Temperance Ladies' Union, the frightened lion, and the sports of the arena are all shown in a jocular way. All the favorites will be in the cast, including Helene Montrose, Gertie Emerson and Flossie Hope. Among the songs new to San Francisco are "Etiquette" by Winfield Blake, "De Bugaboo Man" by Maude Amber, "There's nobody just like you" by Eleanor Jenkins, "Mrs. Pinchin's Boarding School" by Barney Bernard, and "You am de One" by Hope and Emerson. "The Corn Curers," the very funny travesty on "The Conquerors," is slated for an early production at Fischer's. It is one of Weber & Field's best.

"In Harvard" will be produced at the Grand on a scale of magnificence unsurpassed. This latest of the Rogers Brothers' skits shows the Claremont gardens in New York, the college campus on class day, and the Eden Musee. Some new people have been added to this clever company—William L. Gleason, character actor, Robert Warwick, light comedian, Winifred Gordon and Julie Cotte, the latter a belle of our French colony before she made her debut as a singer at the Tivoli. Among the specialties will be a convention on the campus, the universities represented including California and Stanford; a new "Rube" song; a Japanese serenade sung by Cheridah Simpson; Anna Wilks and the Esmeralda sisters in a new song and dance, "My Palm Leaf Maid"; Miss Wilks and Ross in "My Red Carnation"; Louise Moore in "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary" and "Rainbows Follow After Rain"; Crane in a new coster song and Warwick in an anglomaniac topical.

"The Vinegar Buyer" enters upon its second and last week at the Columbia, Ezra Kendall's engagement ending with the performance on Sunday night, August sixteenth. The Miller-Anglin season will begin August seventeenth with "The Devil's Disciple," by George Bernard Shaw. Over a hundred people are required in this production.

Annie Russell's pretty comedy by Captain Marshall, "A Royal Family," will be the California's bill. Lilian Kemble will be the Princess, Mac Vicars the Cardinal, Frederic Sumner the lover and Phosa McAllister will have the Mrs. Gilbert role of the dowager Queen. "Shenandoah" comes next for Grand Army week.

"The Three Musketeers" will show White Whittlesey in a Salvini role, and again demonstrate his remarkable versatility. This will be the farewell week of Whittlesey at the Alcazar. He is to go East to support Nat Goodwin in the latter's revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Florence Roberts's season will follow "The Dairy Farm," the next attraction.

The Tivoli can't take "The Highwayman" off yet. Camille D'Arville is still the bright particular star but Stevens, Cunningham and Hartman are also shining lights of the production.

"Man's Enemy," described as "a moral sermon in action," will be the Central's bill. It describes the gaming mania and one of the scenes is at Monte Carlo. There will be fine scenery and a strong cast.

Elfie Fay, a clever eccentric comedienne, headlines the Orpheum's bill. She was a musical and farce comedy star for several seasons and is now one of the brilliant stars of the vaudeville circuit. Lew Hawkins, the "Chesterfield of minstrelsy," will pay his annual visit to San Francisco with new parodies and yarns. Sidney Wilmer and company have an amusing sketch, "A Thief in the Night." Mrs. Wynne Winslow, a beauty and a soprano of note, will have some fine songs. The clever trick bicyclists, the Kaufmanns, and Dooley and Tenbrooke will be among the holdovers.

At the Chutes will be the Campbell brothers, clever club jugglers and bag punchers, Loa Durbyelle in shadowgraph pictures, Little Blossom, the charming coon shouter, Hank Whitcomb in his bird and beast imitations, Hathaway and Walton, Lester and Curtin. —*The Playgoer.*

To banish the blues nothing is so efficacious as a drink of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye.

The Sportsman's Mecca

August, September, October and November are really the enjoyable months to spend in the country, and in no place is this more so than along the California Northwestern Railway.

It is a time when the crops one after another are ripening, from the fruits to grapes and hops. Nature is maturing and the climatic conditions are in unison.

During this time the fish are more readily caught and they are plentiful. Trout in the streams and trout and bass in the rivers and lakes.

The game has been well protected throughout this section and deer are easily found. In Marin county the open season for deer is from July 15th to September 15th; in Sonoma county until September 1st, and in Mendocino and Lake counties until October 1st. The dove season is open from July 15th to February 15th.

Many catches of fish are being daily made, and the hunter with the deer on his shoulders comes in every evening tired and hungry but proud.

This whole county is a Mecca for the sportsman. If he has not selected a location where he can board during his hunt the same will be readily found in "Vacation 1903," issued by the California Northwestern Railway.

MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

The Bayreuth Opera

Great interest is being taken in the production of "Parsifal" in New York next season. Heinrich Conreid, the director of the Metropolitan Opera House, is being viciously attacked in Europe for daring to produce the Bayreuth play against the wishes of the widow of the dead composer. Conreid defends himself by saying that he will produce it as an act of reverence toward the great musical master. Owing to the absence of a copyright treaty between the United States and Germany, its production is open to any small manager who might have taken the piece on a tour and made a parody of it. For the production of "Parsifal" Conreid is spending sixty-five thousand dollars for alterations of the stage, and he is also paying Lautenschlager of Munich, the celebrated inventor of the revolving stage, a large sum to go to New York. The costumes and decorations will cost thirty thousand dollars, and artists have been engaged who will breathe life into the play. Contracts for "Parsifal" have been made with Van Rooy, Amfortas, Termina and Kundry. Felix Mottl and Hery of Breslau have been engaged to direct the orchestra of one hundred pieces. The pay of the artists will amount to eight thousand dollars a night. If all the seats were sold they would bring in ninety-seven hundred. There is therefore no question of money-grabbing as the critics have charged. The first performance will be given on December twenty-first. "Parsifal" will be given in New York only, and there not more than ten times. Conreid has also engaged Caruso, Kraus, Naval, Dippel, Scotti, Calve, Sembrich, Gadski and Schumann-Heink.

A Concert Twenty-eight Years Ago

In an old musical monthly I find a report of a concert given in 1875 by the Bohemian Club in aid of the sufferers in a Virginia City fire, from which this is an extract:

"The chorus was composed of the members of the Bohemian Club, comprising the leading musical talent in the city; and the glee "The Winds Whistle Cold," and Mr. Leach's "Waltz for Voices" called forth tumultuous applause. The Amphion Quartette, comprising Messrs. Jos. Maguire, J. E. Tippett, W. C. Campbell and J. Stadfeldt, rendered "The Blue Danube" with fine effect; and the two first-named gentlemen and Mr. C. W. Dungan gave sparkling solos which were favorably received. Mr. Maguire's musical friends thought he sang with even more than his accustomed vigor, and the audience would not be satisfied till he responded with "Sally in our Alley." Mr. and Mrs. A. Kelleher gave a superb duet, and the latter a song, which was encored. The flageolet solo of Mr. Richard Koehler was a model of brilliant execution, and has never been surpassed on this coast. Mr. Ernest Schlott and his associates gave a melodious quartette on the French Horn, which was a great attraction. Messrs. Evans, Bush and Hinrichs executed an elegant trio on piano, violin and cello. Mrs. Judah appeared in the readings, "Over the Hill to the Poor House" and "Return," with that distinctness and beauty of utterance for which she is noted. Mr. Henry Edwards recited the poem "Curfew Must not Toll Tonight," with a dramatic intensity that thrilled every heart; "And Then," Mr. Geo. T. Bromley made a speech."

Many of those who took part in that benefit are still living in San Francisco; others moved on to wider fields and others long since passed away. Mr. Tippett lives in Boston. Mr. Campbell was for years basso in the Calvary Presbyterian choir. The Kellehers are still prominent in the music world, though Mrs. Kelleher (Susan Galton) never sings in public now.

May Irwin was asked the other day what kind of songs she prefers. She answered: "The kind that best please an audience; good topicals with up-to-date hits, or a song which cleverly hits off the fads and weaknesses of human nature, or a quaint negro melody. The melody is the main thing."

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Mrs. Carrie Brown Dexter, the Oakland soprano, who has been visiting in New York and other Eastern cities, will shortly return home.

Miss E. L. Siegel, vocal teacher, graduate from Vienna, will be ready to resume her lessons on August tenth at her studio, 1028 Post street, near Larkin; reception hour, Tuesdays and Saturdays from one to two; 'phone, Polk 1335.

The latest composition of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach is "A Hymn of Freedom" in B flat for mixed voices.

Some of the advanced pupils of Joseph Greven will give a costume recital in September, in Native Sons' hall. Scenes from light, comic and grand opera will be given. The Herzog Ensemble Club will furnish the orchestral music.

Miss Elizabeth Westgate, organist of Christ church, Alameda, is at home after her vacation spent in the Santa Cruz mountains.

Madame Cecile von Seiberlich has returned from her vacation and reopened her studio. —*The Music Critic.*

LETTERS

The President's Opinion

Munsey's is coming down rather heavily on the President because of his commendation of books. "The kindly Mr. Howells must look to his laurels as the discoverer and encourager of budding genius if the energetic Mr. Roosevelt keeps on in his career of unofficial literary patronage." The trouble about the presidential patronage is that if Mr. Roosevelt inadvertently remarks in the hearing of any one outside of his immediate family circle that he has enjoyed a book or any incident in a book, the remark is immediately caught up and made the most of. It is given the newspapers, forwarded to the publisher and generally thrown broadcast, with the intention of influencing the choice and opinion of readers. Very much the same kind of thing was done with Queen Victoria, and even with Mrs. Cleveland, and for that matter, with any person of prominence in any walk of life. Publishers kindly furnish with their new volumes the expressions of commendation which have been voiced upon them, though the initiated cannot but wonder whether the manuscripts have been passed from hand to hand, or whether writers, artists and actors, to say nothing of statesmen, have nothing else to do with their time than to pore over the pages of an embryotic book. The commendatory statements attributed to the President are precisely on the same footing as those culled from the reviews and used to push new editions. Divorced from their context, with words omitted and modifiers dropped behind, it is easy to take any criticism which contains even a solitary sentence not altogether commendatory, and make it appear complimentary to the volume under discussion. When Mr. Roosevelt, or any one else, writes, above his own signature, a letter in praise of a book he may be held to an accounting, but when it is merely reported that he has said, or is said to have said, good things about it or its author, it would be well to sprinkle a liberal allowance of salt over the statement before swallowing it. Times and circumstances are a factor in determining one's enjoyment of a book. People who lead sedentary lives, or are free from adventurous undertakings, are apt to have a predilection for exciting romances, and their quiet existence makes them less capable of judging whether the books are even good of their kind. It is all of a piece with the boys who long to be Wild Terrors of the Plains, yet are afraid to go to bed in the dark. Who so fond of lords and ladies as the household domestic or the humble shop girl? People who lead active brain-lives often enjoy trashy novels as a rest, just as one turns to corned beef or salt codfish after turkey and plum pudding. Because, under certain circumstances, one has enjoyed a book, it does not follow that that style of book, or even that identical volume would make the same impression at another time. There was, for example, that great-aunt of Sir Walter Scott's who importuned him to send her a set of the novels of an authoress who had had a great vogue in her girlhood, and which she had enjoyed hearing read aloud in the family circle. Greatly to her surprise, she found that what had been regarded as quite proper in her early years was of such a character that she could not read them in the privacy of her own apartments when she had passed her eightieth year. Times had changed and she had changed imperceptibly with them. We are all familiar with the railroad novel, the hammock novel, and a variety of others, which we should not attempt to read under different conditions. In that delightful juvenile book of Frank R. Stockton's, "A Jolly Fellowship," Rectus comes to the conclusion that there is no use in trying to read while traveling unless it is a "begun book," and most travelers will agree with him, for it is all but impossible to become interested in print when there is life and movement to distract the attention. There is no more reason why President Roosevelt should not express his opinion when a book has interested and diverted him than why any one else should not. He probably says quite as much condemnatory, only there is no capital to be made in repeating his remarks. The good or harm that is done is not in his saying what he thinks but in the lack of taste, judgment, decency, which makes the casual listener in such haste to repeat it.

Paul Elder & Co. announce for early publication a volume of essays and addresses by Professor David Starr Jordan. They also announce "The Limerick Uptodate Book," "Bachelor Bigotries," "Widows, Graves and Otherwise," a volume of drawing-room plays for amateurs by Grace Luce Irwin and a "Nature Book by Johnnie Jones, with spelling by his mother." This latter is a juvenile and one can but pray that it will be a real one for real children, and not a production aimed at the intellect of adults who indulge

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in children's parties. The "Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom," which made such a success last Christmas, is to be brought out again for 1904, and in spite of the recent criticism that it is "a knacker's yard of spavined and ringboned jokes," the purchasing public will be apt to hail it with as much satisfaction as ever.

London's Latest Novels

And now, to a public a little weary of hothouse novels, comes Jack London with a new story of the Northland, vivid, pungent, invigorating; full of phrases that nip like frost and set the blood a-tingling—a story of a half-human dog, stolen from the "sun-kissed Santa Clara valley," and put, with fine artistry, through the fire (or rather, frost) of circumstances in the Devil's out-of-doors of the land of "White Silences," to the end that he may show what stuff he is made of to the more than interested reader. Buck is the great beast's name; and the history of his reversion—how he shakes off civilization and at length answers "The Call of the Wild"—reads very much like the history of man. Mr. London has the gift of first sight. He knows his facts and how to make fiction of them. The reader feels, too, in his own veins the driving force of Heredity. Like Buck, he also is "older than the days he has seen and the breaths he has drawn." On occasion his memory likewise gets back of birth and he pre-exists in the persons of his forebears. The story is truer than that which happens and will undoubtedly add in no small measure to the fame of the author.

The Baconian Cipher

The mid-summer number of the *Book-Lover* contains quite the usual number of good things, that is to say, nearly one hundred separate articles of interest to book-lovers, whether their interest lies in the latest production in print, or the earliest, and whether they be dealers, collectors or simply readers. One of the most interesting subjects treated in this number, under the title "Juggling with Type," concerns itself with Mrs. Gallup's Baconian cipher, in which she processes to have discovered not only that Bacon was Shakespeare, but that he was Greene, Marlowe, Burton, Spencer, and several other literary worthies, and a son of Queen Elizabeth into the bargain. The writer of this article concerns himself with the typographical probabilities alone, and points out the difficulties which would have rendered the "infolding" of the cipher practically impossible unless the printers were taken into confidence at least to the extent of knowing that the arbitrary mixture of fonts was for the purpose of inclosing other information than appeared on the surface. Then, as Bacon's "De Augmentis Scientiarum" was open to any of them, and the whole scheme of the cipher was there made clear, they were an exceptionally stupid set if no one of them attempted to study it out. On the other hand, if precautions were taken to prevent them from knowing why they were to mix the two fonts of type in such fashion, there must have been profanity enough and to spare about the composing room. Without making any other comment, the author says he is confident that by the same process that Mrs. Gallup has contrived to prove so much, and with a different value attached to her *A* and *B*, it would be possible to make Bacon or Shakespeare, which you choose, have predicted the Boer war. —*The Bookworm.*

Princess Maude Gold Mining Co.

On the front page of *Town Talk* this week appears an advertisement of the Princess Maude Gold Mining Company of Tonopah, Nevada, which is conceded by mining men to be one of the best properties in the Lone Mountain district. There is no other mining company in the State that offers better inducements than does the Princess Maude. The fact that the Board of Directors is composed of widely known business men of San Francisco should be an incentive for those speculatively inclined. W. F. Kane is the president, S. C. Denson, vice-president, E. P. Heald, treasurer and S. C. Wright, secretary. Their offices are located at 310 Ellis street and before investing in mining stock we would advise you to call upon the president, Mr. Kane, for fuller details.

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Other People's Ideas

From "Sir Christopher," by Maud Wilder Goodwin:

It is not those who oppose, but those who fail to comprehend, who exasperate.

Ralph Ingle: He who takes a child by the hand takes the mother by the heart.

(Lord Baltimore's motto): Deeds are masculine, words feminine.

The people who help us most are those who make light of our achievements, and have faith in our possibilities.

Margaret: Ideas come with wrinkles, and are bought at a cost of years beyond their value.

From "Siege of Youth," by Frances Charles:

Much of the output of the best mental force is either a fencing match of wits or a filling in of space, with no motive for human good lurking beneath the empty phrases.

We may stand in the very stream of life, facing where we please, believing we will go our own way, shaking what we think are potent hands in the face of the great Achiever; but even as we dream and vow are we turned slowly, surely, relentlessly, by all-powerful undercurrents.

Some women are false and bad, but are kept respectable by circumstances. They do not fall, because there is no temptation; perhaps it may never come. More often it does.

Accident, oftener than effort, answers our prayers.

We are all different after certain vital happenings or after certain friendships, certain telling days or years. It is a time when our experiences have been poured into their mould and are setting; but we call it growing middle-aged.

Lovers must like to suffer, or they would make a little effort, at times, to know facts.

"One is not unhappy because one has no money. One is only retarded and checked, like the fiery young steed, impatient to bound madly over the plain and dash up the mountain, but prevented by the tightly-drawn reins."—*Madame von Wolzogen in "Goethe and Schiller," Muhlbach.*

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 86011.

ESTHER DONAIRE, Plaintiff
vs.
HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion, and upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

{ SEAL } GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this Second Day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

O. M. GOLDARACENA, Plaintiff's Attorney
Rooms 44-45, 628 Montgomery Street.

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TOWN TALK

Vol. 11 No. 572

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 15, 1903





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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, August 15, 1903

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING CO.

THEODORE F. BONNET - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager

1019 Market Street Third Floor Telephone South 1190

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded. We cannot undertake to preserve or return manuscripts.

Rockefeller After Morgan

Recent happenings in Wall street were of a very sensational character, and the speculative community suffered wofully in expiation of its excesses. The prices of securities declined without there having occurred a corresponding impairment in the conditions which ordinarily establish the value of securities. In other words there was a deliberate bear movement, and it was not the result of any ordinary influence being exerted upon the internal economy of Wall street. It was the Rockefeller issues which led the break and it was those same interests that brought reaction after Morgan had tried and failed to strengthen the market. The fact is that John D. Rockefeller was responsible for the disturbance, and it is believed that he was intent upon punishing J. Pierpont Morgan. The Rockefellers and Goulds are fighting the Morgan-Hill-Cassatt combination, and it now looks as though Mr. Morgan will soon cease to exercise the dominating influence in Wall street. The Rockefellers went after Keene and they caused him to drop a million and a half, and the probability is that Morgan will soon have to surrender to the Standard Oil. The battle of the financial giants is an interesting one, and fortunately most of the sufferers are rich gamblers who are in no sense producers but who have always profited upon the result of the labor of others.

The Giant Dwarfed

Not long ago J. P. Morgan was regarded in this country as the shrewdest financier in the world. No other individual enjoyed the confidence of financial institutions as did the wizard of Wall street. His career had been one long series of successful enterprises. He it was that pioneered the gigantic combinations of capital that caused all Europe to sit up and take notice of the great industrial progress of the United States. He ruled the financial affairs of the country, and even the Government depended upon him for guidance and assistance in one of the biggest financial deals ever engineered by the Treasury. But the sagacity of J. Pierpont Morgan is not unerring, as the difficulties which now embarrass the International Mercantile Marine Company demonstrate. Moreover J. Pierpont Morgan's magnetic hand, that so often stilled the turbulent waves of finance in crises of the past, utterly failed to check the recent storm, and it was no doubt humiliating to the erstwhile financial giant to find himself dwarfed by the Standard Oil colossus. Such is always the fate of the man who has lost prestige. Morgan's prestige was dimmed by recent developments in the affairs of the Mercantile Marine Company. It has leaked out that the capitalization was entirely too heavy and that the rate agreements with other competing lines could not last. Export trade has shrunk, and it has been learned that the vessels which the company owns were bought at a preposterously large overvaluation. With five exceptions they are of an old-fashioned type and do not compare with the new crack boats of the German companies. In addition to these untoward circumstances, ocean freight rates have dropped, and altogether Morgan's ship trust is in a bad fix. And now that it appears that the great financier is not infallible, people are wondering that anybody could have ever been so foolish as to imagine that such a concern as the ship trust could prove a success. But Morgan is a man of fine judgment and he may repeat his past triumphs and regain his prestige, but meanwhile he is not cutting such a wide swath in Wall street.

A Noble Miser

Mr. Russell Sage reached his eighty-seventh year a few days ago, but he made no fuss about it. He didn't even quit work. On the contrary he was busy at his office all day. Mr. Sage is one of the most unpopular of the big men of New York, and yet he possesses some virtues and is absolutely free from most of the vices. He was endowed by nature with an absorbing passion for money, and there is nothing that affords him so much pleasure as accumulating money. Indeed the indulgence of his sordid greed is his only recreation. He is unpopular because though he is possessed of great wealth he never gives any of it away. He is the richest and most consistent miser in the world. He differs from most rich misers in that he has the courage of his penuriousness. The fact is that the majority of our rich men are misers, but they make occasional contributions to charity and to public enterprises to avoid being popularly proclaimed to be what they are. It is easy for a rich man to avoid being stigmatized as a miser. If a multimillionaire gives away a small fraction of what his capital earns per minute he may yet be less prodigal than the salaried clerk whose contribution to charity is not more than twenty-five cents per month, and yet the man of wealth may pose as a philanthropist on the strength of his comparatively meagre donations. So in addition to being penurious the average millionaire practices deception to achieve a reputation to which he is not entitled. Mr. Sage is deserving of commendation for his frankness. It pains him to release money from his prehensile hands and he doesn't care who knows it. His recreation in life is the loaning of money to the best advantage. He has no penchant for expensive toys, and he derives no satisfaction from erecting statues or endowing libraries. His scheme of life may be narrow and unattractive, but a man who does what he wants to, and revels in doing it until long after the three score year and ten period, has a genius for

circumscribing his aims and ambitions which is not to be despised. Some rich misers prefer to flaunt themselves in the political field and corrupt the fountains of justice and legislation to achieve a little glory. Surely they are not entitled to class with harmless old Russell Sage who merely makes money for the sake of making it. He could, if he desired, emulate Mr. Carnegie and seek to die poor, but that sort of thing has no charms for him. Absorbed with his own business, he has not meddled in other people's affairs. He has consistently refrained from instructing them, and unlike Mr. Rockefeller he hasn't even advised them to cultivate habits of frugality. He hasn't endowed a university in order to control the opinions of thinking men, and in short, he has done nothing to excite aversion except to make and hoard money.

Heed Not the Silurian

The voice of the Silurian is once more heard in the land. For several years nothing has occurred to disturb the serenity of the San Francisco representatives of the species. The city has been pursuing the even tenor of its way, and no great public improvements have been projected though many are needed. The apathy of the city government has been highly satisfactory to the silurian. He is always pleased when he is not being taxed for costly improvements. The most virulent silurian is the retired capitalist who enjoys a large income from real estate which he bought at the prices that prevailed in the days when the waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street. He takes no interest in civic progress which cannot be achieved for nothing. Propositions to beautify the city and to make it attractive are, in his opinion, absurd. Many of the silurian species spend most of their time in Europe, enjoying the attractions of the big and beautiful cities of the Old World. They have no desire to contribute to the improvement of this city because they seldom visit it. Why should they concern themselves with a sewer system or with a boulevard system in far-away San Francisco? As soon as they heard that it was proposed to create a big bonded debt in order to raise money for building sewers, school-houses and hospitals, they cabled to their agents who collect their rents to interpose strenuous objections. The principal argument of the silurians against issuing bonds is that a great deal of the money will be stolen. No doubt it will. We have not yet achieved the thorough purification of the municipal government, and it is reasonable to expect that if money is raised for public improvements some of it will be spent dishonestly. But if that were sufficient reason for not incurring a bonded debt then we should not raise money for any purpose, for even the ordinary revenues of the city enrich dishonest officers. We must expect to pay a great deal more for public improvements than they would cost if the government were in clean hands. Such has been the experience of all cities, but the anticipation of fraud never deterred them from projecting improvements. San Francisco possesses natural advantages which, with a liberal expenditure of money for their enhancement, will cause it to become the most beautiful city on the continent as well as the most desirable place of residence. Civic pride should prompt us to avail ourselves of the possibilities, and we should not be deterred by the croaking of the silurian.

The Juvenile Nuisance

The clamor which was raised by a child during the service at Anthony Hope's marriage has set the British weeklies to discussing the propriety of taking babies to weddings. But the argument has settled down not to the propriety of taking the baby to a wedding but of taking ill-disciplined children anywhere. It is not the mite of humanity that is objectionable but the disturbance which so many of them are permitted to make and the interruptions which they cause. There are children and children. Some of them are adorable under all circumstances and others are intolerable little nuisances at any time. Rank and condition have little to do with it. There are just as many ill-behaved brats amongst people of title as there are in the slums, and just as many little ladies and gentlemen in hovels as in palaces. It is purely a matter of discipline or the absence of it, and if the results of the lack could be confined to those who are responsible the rest of the world could bear it complacently enough. As it is, the parents are oblivious to the inconvenience of others, and for their own part, they are either quite hardened or unable to perceive anything objectionable in the unruly behavior of their offspring. When one is subjected to the ear-piercing shrieks of some sturdy youngster, in church, on railroad trains, or in hotel or boarding house, one fervently wishes that the good Susannah Wesley had passed down her recipe for teaching her numerous brood to "cry quietly." We have had a trial, for one generation now, of the tender-hearted method of raising children without restraint, so as not to dwarf their individuality, and it has not proved a success. All over the East the educational authorities are admitting that with no effective method of punishing pupils they are unable to maintain discipline, and there is an agitation of the question of restoring the rattan to its old place in the school curriculum. In every community it is acknowledged that juvenile criminals multiply, and the increase is not to be set down to mere mischief or to harmless acts which municipal legislation has declared to be misdemeanors. It is not ball-playing on the streets, obstructing sidewalks, or "sassing" police officers, but burglary, pocket-picking, vicious assaults and other evidences of depravity. Simultaneously there is a recommendation from the judges of the criminal courts that the whipping post be set up, while the number of immature girls who leave their homes to consort with criminals or irresponsibles is astonishing. When the Nora Fuller case was the topic of the hour the most surprising development of the affair was the number of little girls seen here and there under circumstances that were not even questionable, and the long list of those who had disappeared from the ken of their relatives without exciting a question or a comment, until it dawned upon the complacent parents that the fate of one might foreshadow the doom of all. The child whose obstreperous conduct at the Hope wedding has called for discussion in the London periodicals is a type of the age. It belongs to the class which has driven landlords to refusing to accept tenants with children, and hotel proprietors to exclude them from dining-rooms and parlors. It is quite as much indolence as kind-heartedness which causes the parents to permit their children to rule

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the roost, and in most instances the bad behavior of children is evidence of the ignorance of parents. The intelligent gentlewoman is careful to rear her offspring so that they shall not excite aversion, and she doesn't have to use the rod for corrective purposes.

A Case of Impudent Meddling

It has been a blue moon since our local busybody association has found a subject so much to its liking as the rounding up and corraling of those twenty-five little gypsies. Twenty-five at once is a good haul, and the State appropriation will be a godsend to the institution which obtains the guardianship of them, but it is not to be supposed that the parents will meekly surrender without making a fight to retain their progeny. And why should they not? What more can the Aunt Betties and the charitable associations do for the little nomads than is being done for them now by their natural and proper guardians? The children, to be sure, are dirty, but they are well-nourished, healthy and happy. There is no evidence to show that they are not comfortably clothed, or that their manners and morals are more neglected than are those of the average youngster. What is to be gained by confining them in asylums and homes? Absolutely nothing but the severing of family ties, the weakening of natural affections, and an additional tax upon the community. Apparently the lack of shoes offends the esthetic sensibilities of the ladies who have never "known the freedom of the sod," but if it is the exposure of the bare skin which grieves their hearts, let them look about at the thin shanks of the shivering little fashionables. The gypsy children have never in their lives known the pressure of leather on their feet, while the poor little fashion-plates were but yesterday swathed in flannel drawers to their ankles, with woollen stockings drawn tight over them and leather leggings superadded, because they "looked so cunning." Young Master Gypsy is used to freedom and fresh air. Instead of cowering over a register or a gas grate, when he feels chilled he warms his blood by a vigorous race or a game of action. He eats coarse food with relish and digests it without drugs. In truth and fact, he lives as near as may be in these sophisticated times an ideal life, and if he learns little from books, he has the less to forget because of its uselessness. In face of the fact that doctors are urging that the children of civilization be kept more out of the hot-house atmosphere of school, dressed sensibly and with a smaller number of garments and permitted to romp and race and develop in the fresh air; when camping in the woods without shelter is recommended for consumptives, and the "barefoot cure" has thousands of advocates; when "walking tours" are a fashionable divertisement, it is the height of the ridiculous to have objections interposed to the bringing up of the gypsies, whose daily life puts into practice these precepts not as a summer fad but as a regular method. The children learn to tramp long miles in summer heat or winter cold and do it uncomplainingly. They thrive on coarse fare, and they are independent of soft beds and air-tight habitations. They learn more of woodcraft and bird lore than all the text books of all the teachers and professors could furnish them. While the children of the poor are herded into tenements, from which the only escape is the foul street or the close and stuffy school room, the little gypsies roam in field and wood. Our little city folks are fed on unwholesome food for their bodies and just as unwholesomely crammed with nonsensical scraps from the educational refuse heap, while the gypsies eat perhaps more sparingly, but of such food as nature intended and largely provides. They may not learn much of the cut and dried wisdom of the schools, but what knowledge they imbibe is in line with their practical needs, and once taught, it is learned for all time. They use their limbs not in marching up and down stairs in lock step, but in the freedom of the road, and their lungs are expanded because their every word is not hushed by consideration of the baby asleep in the corner of the room or the class on the other side of the partition. Master Gypsy grows up to follow in the footsteps of his father, to breed and buy and sell horses and stock, while the children of the poor in cities, and having come to the age of discretion where they can be fairly trusted to cross the street alone, become newsboys, bootblacks, factory workers, glass blowers, or anything else at which they can find occupation, no matter how long the hours, how hard the work or how unsanitary the conditions. If these little nomads, accustomed to the free life of the tents and the camps, are taken perforce from their natural and accustomed environment and compelled to conform to the rules and regulations of some State institution, there will be open defiance and rebellion, but that will be the smallest part of the evil. The experiment which met with such dismal failure three or four decades ago, when kindly and well intentioned people tried to take Indian girls and teach them the details of housekeeping and nursing, will be repeated. One after another the girls fell sick, and after lingering a few years, in spite of all that could be done for them, they faded away from consumption. The gypsy children will not live to profit by their "educational advantages." As long as the State can do nothing which the parents are not already attending to, much less do that as well, by what authority does the association of busybodies interfere at all? But unless the gypsy characteristics have radically changed, it will be apt to prove a case of putting the hand between the bark and the tree.

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The Various Woman

BY HARRY COWELL

Age cannot wither her, nor Custom stale
Her infinite variety.—*Shakespeare.*

Man is by nature a polygamous animal. By necessity only is he monogamic. Nothing short of divine grace can cause him to attain that ideal of modern civilization, "one woman only." Hence tragedy after tragedy, and no little comedy. This, man's instinct for more than one, makes marriage interesting. Every loving wife is at war with nature; has a private problem on her hands. With men of the "artistic temperament," curious, panting for experiences, dreading lest death should take them before they had time to say, "I have lived," imagination comes to the aid of the instinct. That much bepraised paragon, the constant husband, is often no better than a dull fellow, his faithfulness due to defective fancy. Indeed, physical fidelity is an easy enough matter, and well within the will; but to keep the heart at home; to prevent the imagination from making "unlawful" love, even to an ideal—this is labor.

The cynic thinks there are excellent reasons for believing that the first man was really quite true to his wife. As for me, I have my doubts of old Adam. Had not he also the image-making faculty? He had; and I have my doubts.

Then there is the problem of possession. "Possession, why, more tasteless than pursuit?" Love is a law unto itself; and lack of possession seems to be nine points of it—at least for man. Not maidenly timidity, but the half-fear that, in gaining a husband, she may lose a lover, that the consummate honey-moon may wane into a chill morning crescent and never wax again, has caused more than one observant young woman to defer her wedding-day.

Literature is full of the dismal thesis that possession is more tasteless than pursuit. Here is how it runs in Andrew Lang's sad-sweet lyric:—

"Who wins his love shall lose her,
Who loses her shall gain,
For still the spirit wooes her,
A soul without a stain;
And Memory still pursues her
With longings not in vain!"

And so on for three other beautiful and tearful stanzas. George Moore makes Mike Fletcher, beloved of many women, love one only—the one he could not win.

Man, finite being that he is, longs for infinity; faithful though he may be, finds variety charming. "The one rule," then, for life as well as for literature, "is to be infinitely various." To come to the end of a woman beloved; to know her through and through, to feel that for you she holds no further hint of eternity, no mystery unsolved, no height unscaled, no depth unsounded, no beauty unrevealed; for evermore neither subtlety nor suggestion, nor any dream of dead lives or lives unlived: is fatal to love, and full of tears.

The various woman is never wholly won, certainly not for long; never won once and for all; never passes into a man's possession like his ox or his ass or anything that is his; but is won once, and again, and yet again; wooed and won each day, until at length the Great Spirit leads into the Happy Hunting Grounds pursuer and pursued.

The various woman is mysterious as midnight, majestically frank as midday, alluring as the half-lights, repellant as the frost, boundless and fathomless as the sea, and as full of memories. Her lover finds her more wonderful than winds or waves, more sweetly wild than a bird's song or a forest flower, fairer than dawns or sunsets. Now she keeps a starlike silence, and anon is melodiously noisy like running waters. Today she is near and familiar as earth, a realization; tomorrow, distant and unknown as heaven, a hope. More delightful is she than the women of his dreams, more fair than his daylight fancies. By miracle of intuition she forestalls his imaginings. She is Cleopatra; she is Juliet. Helen, too, and Francesca is she—Aspasia even, if, dreaming of strange women, dear dead women, he will have her such. Her husband is by nature a polygamist. Well, she will be fifty wives. And even as, when he desires them, she is of the wonder women who are now with the snows of yester-year, so, should he long for the love of future women fairer yet it may be, she steals what is to be for love's sweet usage, and keeps him faithful.

"What man is worth all these precious pains?" asks some possible artist-wife, with fine scorn. No man, it may be; but Love. And yet there are men, a redeeming few, who, adding to themselves daily, daily come as new lovers, they and their additions, to be accepted over again by the various woman of their choice; men who, desiring love and knowing how delightful and delicate a thing it is, strive earnestly and unceasingly to deserve it, using all possible means to the end of maintaining it at its height; men, many-sided, and wishing a wife for every side; men polygamous still, in spite of priest and law-maker and Mrs. Grundy, but willing to confine their unfaithfulness within the infirmity of the various woman.



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The Saunterer

The Primary Election

The primary election last Tuesday was a close contest so far as the struggle for control of the Democratic convention was concerned. The Democratic League made a splendid showing in view of the fact that it was opposed by the regular organization with the backing of all the tax-eaters in the City Hall. The McNab-Phelan combination, with the advantage and prestige that go with possession of the works, secured only ten out of the eighteen districts, and there are many of the delegates elected by the regular organization who are not very strong in their allegiance to the allied bosses. So it is by no means certain that the bosses will be able to organize the convention. The League is now in a fair way to compete for control of the State organization next year. McNab will probably be able to nominate Franklin K. Lane for office, but the latter may not be so anxious now to run in view of the fact that Mayor Schmitz secured control of the Labor party and will be a candidate for re-election.

The Misleading of Hearst

The result of the election demonstrated the sophistry of the arguments used to persuade Mr. William R. Hearst to desert the men who started out to capture the Democratic organization, and to "turn down" Mayor Schmitz in favor of the repudiated Michael Casey. The erstwhile teamster suffered a crushing defeat at the polls despite the fact that the *Examiner* supported him. It was Casey and his associates who intimidated Hearst into withdrawing his support from the Democratic League. They feared that a split in the Democracy would result in the loss of many of the labor votes with which they expected to beat Schmitz. But the withdrawal of the *Examiner* did not have the desired effect of discouraging the reorganizers. They kept on reorganizing, and notwithstanding the plethoric Phelan sack they succeeded in electing a pretty solid delegation which will enable them to wield considerable influence in the convention and pave the way for a battle for supremacy in the State campaign.

Casey's Treachery Proves Fatal

The victory of Mayor Schmitz means the repudiation of the Casey-Livernash combination. The treacherous Casey allied himself with the Congressman some time ago for the purpose of ousting the Schmitz element from the Labor party. He expected to capture the machine, and then enter into a combination with Gavin McNab for the municipal election. If he had won, the Labor party would have endorsed Franklin K. Lane. The Republican League managers were very much afraid that such a coalition would be made, and they were consequently elated over the victory of Schmitz. Though organized labor showed very little strength at the primary it asserted its disapproval of the methods of Casey and Livernash. Casey was appointed to office by Mayor Schmitz and immediately proceeded to enter into political combinations against him. He assumed the role of a reformer but he deceived nobody as to his motives. His treachery excited sympathy for the man he had treated so shamefully. Livernash was a fit associate for Casey, and he has lost what little political prestige came to him in the last political campaign. He will serve one term in Congress and that will be his last.

The Republican Love Feast

That remarkable organization, the Republican League, in which are associated in close copartnership the men who have been denouncing one another with vitriolic vehemence through several campaigns, carried everything before them last Tuesday. They put the quietus on Colonel Dan Burns, and laid the unspeakable Kelly low. It is now quite certain that the two newspaper proprietors, Mr. M. H. De Young and Mr. John D. Spreckels, will become delegates to the next Republican National Convention. They are once more in the camp of that astute boss of all the bosses, Mr. William F. Herrin, and he will show his appreciation of their acquiescence in his latest political plans by permitting them to go to the National convention, and also by vouchsafing them a voice in the selection of the candidates for the municipal offices. The Republican managers are no longer worrying over the selection of a candidate for Mayor. The split in the Labor party, and the poor showing made by organized labor at the polls, are significant of the reaction in public sentiment. They are now rather pleased with the prospect of Lane becoming the Democratic nominee but fear that he is too smart to jeopardize his political future in such a contest. Lane's appeals to union labor in the State campaign were redolent of demagoguism, and the Republican managers intend to adopt "Down with Demagogues" as the slogan of the campaign.

Tampering With Affections

It's the prevailing delusion nowadays that there is nothing so effective as the ozone of the briny when taken as an antidote for the insidious philtres administered by Dan Cupid. That is why several of our fashionable belles have recently been shipped to foreign parts, and in the case of Miss Ella Morgan it resulted in alienating her affections from the man who flattered himself that they were in his keeping. However her case was an exceptional one. It remains to be seen whether handsome Mary Bailey's affections are as easily defected. Miss Bailey is going to China, and she is in love with a young man, a Berkeley student, to whom she has pledged eternal fidelity. She is to make the trip with Mr. Fearon who married Emily Torbert and who

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is in business in China. He recently went to Europe to meet his daughter who has been educated over there, and they are to pass through this city in October on their way to China, when they will be joined by the charming Miss Bailey.

Mary Is Quite Contrary

The charming Miss Bailey is the daughter of the equally charming Mrs. Norris who has twice worn the weeds of a widow, and who is yet young and handsome notwithstanding the fact that she is the mother of two daughters, one of whom, Helen Bailey, is to debut next winter. Indeed Mrs. Norris, it is thought by some of her friends, is not yet immune to Cupid's wiles. It has been remarked that Rothwell Hyde is very attentive to her, and some there are who believe that he has been smitten by the pretty widow's charms, and may suggest to her a third trip to the altar. But that is another story. Meanwhile Mrs. Norris appears to be most deeply concerned with the love affair of her daughter Mary who, by the way, has inherited the beauty of her mother's family which was so pleasingly accentuated in Mrs. John F. Swift, the aunt of the Bailey girls. The object of Miss Mary's affections is an estimable young man, but his future is problematical, and Mrs. Norris feels, perhaps, that her daughter should make a better match. But daughter is thoroughly satisfied, and though she is going to take the trip to China she is quite sure that the briny ozone will have no effect upon her.

More Notoriety for Cornelia

A lot of good advertising is going to waste on that very active little widow, Cornelia Baxter Tevis. How she must be envied by many a poor and unexploited actress who needs the notoriety and the money! The widow Tevis takes to the limelight just as a duck does to water, and at the same time she affects to abhor publicity. The story from Bar Harbor doesn't picture her in the attitude of one shrinking from notoriety. On the contrary she appears to have craved it, and to have had the co-operation of Mr. Ernest Wiltsee, that spectacular mining promoter, who keeps bobbing up in the public prints every little while. A little while ago I related that the ebullient widow had enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Wiltsee on a trip to Mexico, and I also reported that there were rumors of their engagement. Shortly after that Mr. Wiltsee made his appearance in this city, and he took occasion to deny that he contemplated a matrimonial alliance with the rich widow. Though their friendship may be merely platonic it appears to be ripening into a more sentimental relationship.

Edie Was Too Intrepid

When Wiltsee returned to this city from Mexico, the widow Tevis was not far away. She visited a few watering places, but she made no social progress, and soon vanished. Wiltsee disappeared about the same time, and when next heard from they were figuring in a Bar Harbor scandal which was precipitated by the action of a woman who appears to have been authorized by the widow to complain of the conduct of Lieutenant Edie of the navy. The lieutenant, it appears, visited the home of Mrs. Tevis and her sister under the misapprehension that they were unconventional young Western women who were fond of the intrepid style of amorous dalliance. The lieutenant was charged with conduct unbecoming an officer, but he is not likely to be prosecuted. Altogether, it was a very unfortunate affair, and the young officer was not the only participant guilty of an indiscretion. Wiltsee figured in the role of the widow's gallant defender and his scrap with Edie must have been amusing, for the latter, I am told by a man who attended the naval academy with him, is about five feet eight inches in height, while the mining man is over six feet.

The Edies of Washington

The father of Cornelia Baxter Tevis, who is no modest violet himself, lost no time in rushing into print on the heels of the Bar Harbor episode. Mr. Baxter is the gentleman who flaunted his family pedigree in this city for awhile. He took occasion to denounce young Edie as "one of the few scrubs in the navy." Young Edie enjoys an excellent reputation among naval officers all over the world, and he is not likely to be condemned by them without a hearing, for what he is reported to have done at Bar Harbor. If there is anything in rearing the presumption should be in Edie's favor. Edie's family has strikingly demonstrated that money is by no means the powerful factor of social advancement in Washington that it is in other cities of the Union. The Edies have always been extremely poor, so poor, in fact, that when the lieutenant's father, a gallant army officer, died, his widow had to accept a government clerkship in one of the departments in order to support herself and her two children. Despite this poverty, however, Mrs. Edie's modest little house, in an unfashionable part of Fifteenth street, was frequented by the best of the best of Washington society. Young Edie's sister, Miss Julia Edie, was long an acknowledged belle in the smartest set, and was often one of the receiving hostesses at the White House during Presidential entertainments. What they lacked in wealth, the Edies more than made up in good breeding and personal popularity, with the result that they were welcomed everywhere, and the son obtained his appointment to Annapolis without difficulty.

A Pious Rear-Admiral

Rear-Admiral James Hoban Sands, U. S. N., who, the despatches tell us, fell a victim to wireless telegraphy

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during the recent naval manoeuvres off the Maine coast, is one of the interesting characters of the service. He is probably the most intensely religious officer in the navy, and, being a devout Catholic, he spends much of his time in the solitude of his cabin when the exigencies of the service make it impossible to attend mass on shore. During these periods he is invisible to every one, the orderly at his door preventing interruption by the brief statement: "The commanding officer is at his devotions, sir." Sands's solicitude for his spiritual welfare has kept him singularly free from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, with the result that he is regarded by his brother officers as anything but a man of the world. A striking illustration of his innocence of worldly knowledge was furnished upon the return to him, by a relative, of a small loan that the latter had obtained. The relative mailed Sands a cheque drawn upon the American Loan and Trust Company, one of Boston's largest and most dignified banking houses, and signed by a business man with a German name. Sands frigidly acknowledged the receipt of the cheque, but stingingly reproached the sender for giving "a pawnbroker's cheque," as he termed it, in payment, asserting that it humiliated him to present the same at his bank. The German name suggested a Hebrew, and this, coupled with the terms "loan and trust," created the inference that the conscientious relative had "hocked" something to make good his loan.

The Ingratitude of "Fighting Bob"

Apropos of Rear-Admiral Sands I am reminded of the ingratitude of "Fighting" Bob Evans, who is popularly regarded as one of the idols of the navy. The facts I am about to relate have never been published. Sands and Evans participated in the assault by the naval brigade upon Fort Fisher, in 1865, and when Evans was wounded Sands bound up his wounds with a piece of his own shirt, drew Evans to a place of comparative safety, and then pressed on. After the war, Sands was recommended, by a board of admirals, for promotion, for gallantry upon this and other occasions, but the recommendation was not heeded. At every succeeding session of Congress his advancement was blocked by powerful influence, and Evans was one of the most active of his opponents. The advancement would have bettered Sands's position in his grade, at the expense of Evans. Rear-Admiral Sands is well known on this coast. He comes of an old naval family, being a son of the late Rear-Admiral B. F. Sands, who was a cousin of Rear-Admiral Joshua R. Sands, and long engaged in the Coast Survey in California and Oregon. He is a brother-in-law of Colonel Robert W. Meade, who now commands the marine garrison at the Mare Island navy yard.

An Ominous Threat

This is one of Madame La Bavarde's latest:

When an officer who is constantly characterized by an admiring young woman as one of the most popular young men in the service, uses the name of a lady (with whose acquaintance he has never been honored) as might a south-of-Market hoodlum, is it not time to inquire about his status among his brother officers, and his record as filed in the department in Washington?

Those remarks are very much in the nature of a threat, and I am surprised that such an amiable woman as Madame La Bavarde should descend to that sort of journalism. Moreover I am surprised that the editor of the *Bulletin* permitted the publication of the paragraph. The only inference to be deduced from the paragraph is that the officer in question is known to have an unsavory record, and that unless he cease annoying a certain woman Madame La Bavarde will show him up. Paragraphs of that sort are not usually penned by reputable journalists. Blackmailers compel the attention of their victims by such methods. But of course Madame La Bavarde was inspired by good motives. However her method of silencing a blackguard is unfortunate. If she knows that the officer is a disreputable character, and that he is slandering a woman, she should deny that he is "the most popular man in the service" and tell why he is not. She need not involve the name of the woman. Perhaps Madame La Bavarde herself is the woman in the case, but even so I am on her staff for the undoing of the villain.

"How did she break into society?"

"She wrote a book and was admitted as a literary lion."

"Was it a brilliant work?"

"I don't know; you see she never succeeded in having it published."

Barham a Benedict

This is one of the club jokes on the recent marriage of Guy Barham, the Los Angeles beau brummel, and Miss Marie Baby of Windsor:

"Always knew Guy would capture more than any other man in the matrimonial market—gets a bride and a baby at the same time."

Barham's marriage was a great surprise to his friends, for he was regarded as the most self-satisfied bachelor on the coast. Besides he was one of the gayest, and he had a great passion for actresses. Nearly all the noted women of the stage knew the genial raconteur of Los Angeles, and many of them have enjoyed his hospitality during their visits to the metropolis of the citrus belt. But Barham was noted for the impartiality with which he bestowed his attentions, and he explained that it was not sentiment but merely appreciation of genius that inspired his hospitality.

Recollections of Dalziel

Davidson Dalziel, who is reported to have grown rich in London and whose daughter is soon to marry a Belgian millionaire, was a hustling newspaper man in this city twenty-five years ago. He was a man of fertile resources with a faculty for interesting people with money in newspaper enterprises. He came hither from Australia, and he wasn't here very long before he induced Mark McDonald, who was an aspirant for the United States Senatorship, to back him in a daily paper. He established a very lively

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and sensational daily called the *Mail* which he published in an office in Commercial street near Montgomery. He gathered around him some of the brightest young newspaper men of the day, prominent among whom were Arthur McEwen and Tom Flynn. It was a peppery paper while it lasted, but expenses were high, McDonald grew tired of putting up and in time the sheriff was after Dalziel. He figured in many exciting episodes while publishing the paper, and shortly after the smash-up he went to Chicago, where he published a scurrilous weekly which was soon swamped with libel suits. Later he obtained the backing of a millionaire with whose money he established a news agency in London which has proved very successful. While in this city Dalziel married "Dickey" Lingard who was a popular actress in the old California stock company. She is the mother of the girl who is soon to wed the Belgian millionaire.

"Never be in a hurry," said the professor, "nothing is ever gained by undue haste."

"I guess you never lived in Berkeley," observed the commuter.

Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Smith entertained Mr. and Mrs. Calvert Wilson and General T. F. Wilson in a novel fashion at the handsome San Jose residence of the host and hostess last Saturday evening. The entertainment consisted of a garden vaudeville and the front porch of the residence served as a stage. The auditorium was a canvas arbor. The thirty-five guests were entertained with songs and some delightful instrumental musical numbers by society amateurs. As the guests presented their tickets, each was given in return a souvenir basket containing a delicious lunch. Those taking part in the program were Miss Grace Barstow, Mrs. Mildreth-Spencer Hartman, Mrs. Kathryne Wilson, Miss Nella Rogers, Mrs. Hillman Smith, Egnert Georges, Frederick Cornell, Charles W. Knox and T. O. Smith.

Redding's Rapier Invites Harrison's Bludgeon

Nothing that occurred at the Midsummer Jinks of the Bohemian Club caused so much comment as did the exchange of sarcastic jolts between Joe Redding and William Greer Harrison. The handsome lawyer with the classic brow and artistic temperament who has been on velvet ever since he had Princess Hatzfeldt for a client, opened the batteries of his wit on the veteran athlete at the dinner which preceded the jinks. Harrison was not present, but his absence did not discourage Redding who took occasion to point out the futility of some of the insurance man's pretensions. Among other things he said that Harrison loved to pose as a Celt whereas it was generally believed that he was merely celluloid. The speech was one of good-natured derision, but several of the clubmen lost no time in acquainting Harrison with the fact that he had been made the target of Redding's wit. Harrison's opportunity came the next morning at breakfast when speeches were again in order. He undertook to cover Redding with confusion, but the veteran athlete's sense of humor is not so well developed as his muscles. He is not a good after-dinner speaker, especially if he has had a bad night nursing wounded feelings. His satire is somewhat ponderous. He went at Redding hammer-and-tongs style, and he made the lawyer wince. Indeed, it was suspected that he was in deadly earnest, and some of his hearers thought that his references were insulting. But of course he was only joking. However, efforts were made to suppress him. Attorney Mastick tried to shut him off by demanding that he come to the point. Harrison gruffly retorted that as Mastick had no sense he couldn't see the point. The way that Harrison grilled Redding has been the talk of Bohemia ever since the jinks.

Phelan's Raw Work

Another incident that provoked much unpleasant discussion was the action of Jimmy Phelan in arbitrarily determining what appeared to be a tie vote on the question as to whether the Montezuma drama should be repeated in San Francisco. There was so much enthusiasm over the success of the affair that some suggested that it should be repeated in the city for the benefit of those who were unable to attend . The matter was brought up for discussion at breakfast, and many opposed the proposition on the ground that the spectacular effects which were the most striking feature of the jinks could not be reproduced in a club house. It was put to a vote, and the noes appeared to be as numerous and emphatic as the ayes. However, President Phelan declared the motion carried, though it was manifestly unfair to do so. Thereupon the remark was made in a stage whisper, "I guess Jimmy thinks he's running one of his political conventions."

The Poetic Drama

Louis A. Robertson, the poet of Bohemia, achieved a triumph with his dramatic episode entitled "Montezuma," which was produced in the grove. The drama is based on the conquest of Montezuma by Cortez and upon the accepted accounts of the sacrificial rites which prevailed at that period in the land of the Aztecs. With these has been interwoven the tradition that foretold the coming of a conqueror from beyond the Eastern sea. The entire play is pregnant with this portent. Priests chant it and astrologers tell it. Montezuma, finally convinced of its truth, calls his captains and chiefs for a suitable sacrifice to propitiate the God of War. A youth, glowing with patriotic



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pride, offers himself for the sacrifice and in doing so breaks the heart of a young girl to whom he has been wedded but a month. He is accepted, and just as his heart is cut out the cannon of Cortez are heard thundering in the distance. Bob Aitken, who played the victim, made a splendid figure in the nude. The drama is written in sonorous blank verse, of which these lines of the astrologer are typical:

King, I have come from where the mighty loom
Of midnight weaves the starry silver strands
Into the fabric of a fate that few
Have knowledge to unravel or reveal.
A hundred times and more hath yonder sun
Soared from the sombre midnight to the morn
And blotted from the jeweled page of night
The starry charactry wherein are writ
The secrets fate doth in the future hide.
A hundred times my straining eyes have seen
The stars flash forth a hint of hidden things.
But ere I grasped the secret, it was dead
Within the dawning of another day.
Last night I saw the belted giant climb
Into the blazing canopy above
And with his sword toueh Teocallis towers;
Then in the mystic moment I became
As one, half blind, feels from his clouded eyes
The scales that veiled his vision fall away,
And reads aright at last the tale of truth.
As from the glamouring gloom I turn my gaze
To scan the charted records of the skies.
My finger fell upon the fateful spot
And there I read great Montezuma's doom.

The Burial of Care

The burial of care followed the drama, during which Uncle George Bromley, the High Priest of Bohemia, recited these lines, written by Louis Robertson for the occasion:

However fair the day may dawn when in the dark it dies,
There seems to roll above the gloom a requiem of sighs.

And yet there is no night so long, but morning with it brings
The faith that gives the soul again Hope's new unwearied wings.

Then swift it soars to where it sees some glowing haven gleam,
And lark-like, cleaves the melting mist to clasp the luring dream.

Sometimes we realize the dream, and for a moment live
Within the calm content and peace the world can never give.

Ah, if that moment and its bliss we could one day detain,
Then Eden's garden glades were ours to wander through again.

The best philosophy is that which lets the Present cast
A curtain o'er the dreary days and doings of the Past;

That trusts the future with a faith that would not fear to look
On every pale or pregnant page of its mysterious book.

These are the musings which are wont to come to us tonight,
As here we stand to fling again with our accustomed rite,

The burden of our griefs and groans upon the pyre of Care,
And see it vanish in the flames that feed upon it there.

Jack London's Fame

On the threshold of his literary career Jack London finds that matrimonial shackles chafe, and after a little over three years of married life he has separated from his wife to pursue the career which so propitiously opens before him, in the solitude of bachelor quarters. Four years ago I called attention to the budding literary genius across the bay which is now full-blown, and which gives promise of attracting world-wide attention. Jack London is a young man, not having passed his twenty-seventh year, but his intellectual genius has already won recognition. He has struggled hard for success, and has had the usual experience of poor and ambitious authors who, until they achieved something that riveted the attention of publishers, found that bread-winning at the point of the pen is a most discouraging occupation. He has written several stories that were commended by critics, but it was not until the publication, a few weeks ago, of "The Call of the Wild" that he realized the measure of success that he has long craved. This book removes all doubt as to the genius of London, and in addition to being a meritorious work it is having a large sale. London, however, will not share in the profits, for he sold the copyright to the publishers for nine hundred dollars, and all that he received in addition was fifteen hundred for the serial rights owned by the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia. London, by the way, is largely a self-educated young man. He spent a little while at Berkeley but soon found that a college course would be of little benefit to him. He is a philosophical chap, and it is his theory that love is madness and that intellect, and not passion, should influence people in the selection of a better-half.

He Loves the Sea

The chief pleasure of Jack London is his boat, a sloop-yacht, in which he loves to explore the crannies of the bay. To sail a boat, he says, is to be happy and care-free. He also shares with our Chinese and Japanese cousins a love of kite-flying. He has been all sorts of things besides Klondiker and author, all kinds of a sailor, from a salmon fisherman to oyster pirate and longshoreman. When only seventeen he shipped before the mast as able seaman going as far as Japan. Incidentally it may be mentioned that London looks his best, not in conventional evening attire, but in the sweater and rough trousers he wears on his boat.

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Perpetuating Family Pride

Mrs. Stanford enriched (?) the museum of Stanford University the other day, by adding to the famous freak collection which has long contributed to the gayety of visitors, a volume on the genealogy of the Lathrop family and a tea set that was one of her mother's wedding presents. The Lathrop family, be it known, is the family of Mrs. Leland Stanford, and therefore the volume will no doubt be eagerly devoured by bibliophiles in quest of light reading, and desirous of an acquaintanceship with the style of those hack-writers whose pens are ever ready to supply food for the vanity of the rich. When Mrs. Stanford shall have passed away the trustees of the university will probably agree that the destruction of the Stanford collection in the museum would be the most charitable service that could be rendered to the memory of the generous, noble and amiable woman. The university itself will always stand as a monument to the memory of the Stanford family. It would be unfortunate if the megalomaniac whims of its members were to be forever recalled by that freak collection of family mementoes so eloquent of silly family pride.

"You are going to receive a kiss," said the fortune-teller.

"I hope it will be the proper thing in kisses," said the beautiful prude, "but how can I be sure?"

"Better send for a complete line of samples," observed the drummer.

Caduc's Little Romance

Though he has been dead about a year it has leaked out but recently that Commodore Philip Caduc, the veteran yachtsman, like many of the old Californian pioneers, lived a double life that was not without the usual romantic flavoring. Though he had some domestic trouble owing to the discovery being made that his affections had been alienated, it was not until after his death that his family knew that he was the father of a child not the offspring of his marriage Many of his friends recall that quite often, on yacht cruises, Caduc was accompanied by a boy but they never suspected that the lad was his child. It has since developed that the companion of his cruises was his child, and the one that inherited most of what little property he left. But that is not the most interesting circumstance involved in the story. The child that was known aboard the yacht as a boy was not a boy. The child was Caduc's daughter whom he attired in boy's clothes, so that her presence on board the yacht would not excite curiosity. Such is the story now being told in the club circles which Caduc was wont to frequent.

The Coming of the Hearsts

The latest news of the William R. Hearsts is that they have ended their bridal tour through Europe, and that they will visit the coast next month. The newspaper proprietor is coming out for two purposes, to look over his political fences and to present young Mrs. Hearst to his mother. There will probably be a reception at the Hearst hacienda in honor of Mrs. Willie Hearst, and of course the bride of the young millionaire newspaper proprietor will be the object of great curiosity. During his visit Mr. Hearst will renew those conciliatory tactics that were begun when he was out here some months ago, and which were so readily appreciated by Gavin McNab and Jimmy Phelan.

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Invitations from Newport

Peter Martin has sent invitations to this city to a dinner which he is going to give at the Newport Casino on August seventeenth, and at which there are to be seventy guests. Of course Peter knows that the local people to whom he sent the invitations will not cross the continent to observe his splurging in the Newport swim, but he sent out the cards just to keep his friends *au courant* with his doings in Eastern fashionable circles. Among those who received an invitation was Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who has been keeping very quiet of late out of respect to the memory of Pope Leo XIII. She has been very careful to avoid making any more "bad breaks" ever since her notable gaucherie when she gave a dinner in Lent to several Catholic church dignitaries. Mrs. Martin would like to attend the Casino dinner of the Peter D. Martins but she is reluctant to put any more of the Martin money into circulation in Newport than is absolutely necessary to sustain the Eastern reputation of the family for liberality.

Like Old Times

The smart set has been having a very gay outing at Del Monte. The belles and beaux of the Blingum clique are always in exuberant spirits when they congregate at Monterey but this season they disported themselves with something like the abandon of the long ago, when many of the swagger girls who are sedate and proper matrons now were wont to proclaim their freedom from conventionality and startle the prudes by their feats of daring. The clubhouse is the scene of much festivity this year, and there has been a great deal of cork-popping even in the wee sma' hours. The polo and auto races aroused a great deal of interest this year and attracted people from all over the State. On the day of the auto races Pearl Landers proved herself a heroine by riding round the track with young Whittell in his big French racer. They made the circuit twice at a little more than a mile a minute gate. It was a very daring thing for a young woman to do. Miss Landers looked very fetching in a pretty white summer frock. One of the interesting events of the season was a reception given by Mrs. George Reed, wife of Captain Reed of the Eighth Cavalry, to Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who has been keeping in

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the background since the Pope's death. Mrs. Reed is the daughter of General Young, who was at one time so attentive to Mrs. Martin that the gossips inferred that he contemplated marrying the rich widow I believe Mrs. Martin thought so, too.

The Immaculate Garbed Dowager

There were some beautiful frocks exhibited at Del Monte, notably by Mrs. Frank Carolan, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, and the daughters of John D; also Helen De Young. Though costumes of white have ceased to be the fashion in the East, they are more the rage than ever out here. We are so slow in adopting styles that naturally we are tardy in discarding those that have ceased to be *de rigueur*. Even Mrs. Martin is partial to white, and she appeared in a succession of white costumes at Monterey. How times have changed! Some years ago it was considered undignified for a grandmother to wear anything but sombre hues, but Mrs. Martin is nothing if not fashionable.

The Saucy Thing!

That disgustingly absurd creature, Harry Lehr, whose combination of masculine garb and effeminate nature is a curious anomaly that should justify scientific speculation, has introduced a new fed. Lehr is a type of the degenerate manhood that abounds in the aristocracy which the dailies love to exploit. What ever Lehr does is approved in Newport. Last week he appeared at the Newport Casino and at a tennis tournament with a wrist bag. It was a dainty square purse, made of gold links, attached to a slender gold chain dangling from his wrist. The chain was coiled around his wrist twice. It was at first thought that the purse belonged to his wife and that he was carrying it for her, but he explained, in his high-pitched tenor voice, that if they supposed he was carrying the bag for any one else except himself they were mistaken. He said that he found it very useful to hold small change, a pencil and odds and ends. Harry Lehr is responsible for many innovations in the social world, and as there are men that ape him perhaps the wrist-bag will become fashionable with the male of his species in Newport. It was Lehr that inaugurated monkey parties and functions at which adults appeared as children. One day he walked down the street in Newport with Mrs. Fish, each of them holding the hand of a rag doll. He designed dresses for his women friends, and recently there was a story printed, the truth of which is denied, that he slept with a rose in his hair.

His Piquant Humor

When Lehr was married it was predicted that he would retire into the wings of the social stage, but he is as conspicuous as ever this summer, and his remarks are quoted as of yore, for be it known, the "Lamb," as he is called, is regarded as a great wit among the fat-heads of society. There is an element of audacity in his jokes which renders them somewhat piquant. They are deemed so brilliant that people quote them in letters sent all the way across the continent. Some weeks ago it was rumored in Newport that a young girl had eloped with a boy of her own age. It was untrue but it caused a great commotion, and Mrs. Fish rushed up to Lehr in an excited manner and asked him why there was so much talk about Mrs. Blank's daughter. "Oh," was the reply, "she's eloped with nothing but a Princeton freshman and a pink chiffon hat." One day he was seen at the water's edge, cautiously putting a toe in and promptly drawing it out. He was asked if the water was cold. "No, but it's so salty and I'm so fresh," he replied. From the quality of the Lamb's jokes it is seen that his admirers are easily amused. He has long filled the role of jester for such women as Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Astor. Mrs. Fish, by the way, has a keen sense of humor herself. When told several months after Lehr's marriage that the stork was soon to visit Mrs. Lehr she exclaimed, "Impossible!"

Society Cold-Shouldered

The James L. Floods have gone abroad for a protracted stay. Ever since the marriage of the Floods society has been waiting for them to give some big entertainments. It was supposed by many people that Mrs. Flood was socially ambitious, and that she would undertake to dazzle them by the splendor of her entertainments and the lavishness of her hospitality. This supposition was based upon the knowledge that prior to her marriage she had no lofty social connections. The supposition was not well founded. Mrs. Flood has tastes akin to those of her husband, and she is of a domestic nature. The frivolities of the fashionable herd hold no lure for her. Mr. Flood loathes society, its hypocrisy and its shallow pretensions, and he is proud of his wife, and she appeals to his admiration largely because of her devotion to her home and her aversion to the phantom glory to be achieved in the social whirl. She is essentially a wife and mother, and is never so happy as when quietly spending the summer months in her picturesque home among the beautiful redwoods of the Santa Cruz mountains. Of course if the Floods cared to entertain the snobs of the smart set would be falling over one another in their efforts to get inside of the stately and sombre brown-stone mansion on Nob Hill.

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Artifices of Imprisoned Fiends

The case of Roberts, the Folsom escape who was caught by the pursuing posse near Davisville, where he loitered to satisfy his uncontrollable desire for opium, directs attention once more to the extremes to which convicts will go in order to obtain their beloved drug. As is well known there are all sorts of underground methods by which the narcotic is smuggled into the two State prisons. To stop this traffic was one of the hardest problems Warden Aguirre had to tackle when he took office. As fast as he destroyed one route the artful convicts would devise another till it seemed there was no limit to their cunning. Finally, just as he thought that he had succeeded in blocking all routes, he learned that several of the oldest "fiends" were still receiving the contraband drug through some mysterious channel. He watched everything that they received and presently reached the conclusion that they received it in their laundry. Their "wives" had been allowed to do this work for them outside the prison walls. One day he confiscated some of the laundered articles just as the "wives" handed them through the gate. He examined them carefully, but not a trace of opium could he detect. He was baffled till the idea came to him to hand the clothing over to a chemist. Then the secret came out. The "wives," after washing the linen taken from the prison, soaked the handkerchiefs in a solution of opium. The handkerchiefs were then dried and carefully ironed. Handed in through the prison gate they were as innocent a looking lot of handkerchiefs as ever passed that vigilantly guarded portal. The opium fiend who received them simply soaked them in a cup of water and drank the solution.

A Hot Time at the Dell

In England they are still discussing the impropriety of "mixed" bathing at summer resorts, and at many of the watering places in Europe men and women are never permitted to mingle in the surf. In this country they not only mingle, but the bathing suit of the feminine swimmer is becoming more beautifully less each season. The sleeveless suit has long been worn, and now the stockingless swimmer is frequently to be seen. Of course a fair swimmer would shock people at Del Monte or Coronado if she went in the surf without hose, but there are other places where the conventions are not so strictly adhered to. For instance at Laurel Dell this year, the Misses Voorsanger, daughters of the Rabbi, disported themselves in the water with bare nether limbs, and occasioned scarcely any comment. However Laurel Dell is not the most fashionable of resorts. This year it was infested by as rough-and-ready a crowd as ever made Rome howl. People who went there for rest and quiet came away very much disappointed. The place is managed by an ex-commercial traveler, and many of his patrons are of that rollicking fraternity. It was a very loud season at Laurel Dell. Many people were there who wonder why they are not popular. It is largely because they are so jolly in their own bold and boorish and familiar way; also, because they are so picturesque in the dining-room. Among them was a rattling funny young lawyer, so mirthful that he took the balls out of the bowling alley one morning early and rolled them down every flight of stairs he could find. He is one of that species of larkish fellows whose spirits are so exuberant that they cannot refrain from trying to amuse others. They are usually successful parlor comedians—in some parlors. In others they are regarded as pests.

The Reason Why

"Billy" Barnes has a bright son, seven or eight years of age, of whom he is very fond. He is an exceptionally handsome lad with an ethereal expression in his big black eyes, and he is as ingenuously frank as he looks. A short time ago he met a woman in whom he confided. He told her how much he loved his father and why. It was because papa was very generous to him.

"I suppose he gives you everything you want," said the woman.

"Yes," said the lad; "he gives me everything my mother doesn't want him to give me."

"But if she knew then he wouldn't give them to you," she said.

"Oh, yes he would," was the quick rejoinder, "that's why he gives them to me."

How She Earned Her Title

So ex-Governor Murphy of Arizona and his wife are going to separate. An inkling of this state of affairs got out some time ago but close friends of the couple promptly declared that the differences would be patched up and the case never get to the courts. The Murphys cut quite a figure among the Arizona elect. Mrs. Murphy was always a particularly interesting and entertaining woman. She was born in the territory, absorbed its coloring, and



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a most interesting book might be written of her life. In her girlhood life in the territory was chiefly military. Indian and cowboy and she was the heroine in many stirring scenes in those melodramatic times. She was strikingly handsome as a girl, a beautiful figure on horseback and the most daring woman rider in a section noted for fine horsemanship. Her father was a big stockman, entertained on a lavish scale and of course his four beautiful daughters were not the least of the attractions around his splendid hacienda. But Miss Nellie was easily the leader in everything. The settlers called her "Bronco Nell" and the way she won the title was characteristic. She invariably invited a suitor to take a horseback ride with her and two kicking ponies from her father's band were always led up for that purpose.

She and ex-Governor Murphy have been married for some fifteen years. They have one child, a son. The three sisters of Mrs. Murphy all married prominent men. One of them, Mrs. Oliver, was at one time engaged to Major Rockefeller who disappeared so mysteriously in the Philippines, but her untimely death ended their romance. Another sister married Marion, an influential newspaper publisher and a very close friend of General Crookes at the time that officer was doing such effective Indian fighting in the Territory. The third sister is the wife of a millionaire Arizona mine owner named Wells. Oaks Murphy is fairly well fixed in this worlds goods, as he has been let into several of the successful ventures of his brother, who is a millionaire many times over. At present he is managing a railroad for this same brother. The latter was started on the road to fortune through the friendship of "Diamond" Joe, but that is another story.

The Personality of an Author

The portrait of Miss Gwendolen Overton, in the current *Bookman,* was done by Anna Desmond of Los Angeles, and has caught the pose and expression of its subject very well. Miss Overton is not a handsome woman, nor has she a graceful figure, but there is something rather French about her that unconsciously makes one think of Madame Recamier or Madame de Stael. Though the author of "Anne Carmel" has lived in Los Angeles for many years, Miss Overton is not a Californian. She was born at Fort Hayes, a wild western army post, and spent the greater part of her childhood and early girlhood in Arizona and New Mexico, the localities her first novel and most of her short stories so picturesquely describe. Colonel and Mrs. Overton spent two years in Washington when Gwendolen was about twenty. She has mingled with cultured people all her life, and some years spent in France were of great benefit to her for she became familiar with the best minds in French literature. Miss Overton is not all "booky," but is passionately fond of riding, driving and boating, though in appearance she is not at all athletic.

The Ideal Shoulders

Oscar Maurer, the artist-photographer, bewails, I am told, the scarcity of the old-fashioned sloping shoulders among our society belles, and I have heard that he has a model whose shoulders he tops with the faces of some of his fashionable patrons who sit to them. The same practice, I believe, is resorted to by miniaturists and portrait painters. The average American woman does not possess ideal shoulders, which are those of Raphael's "Fornarina," and not one woman in a thousand among our society or stage beauties possess shoulders of that type. Dolly Madison had them and the Empress Eugenie's are of the sloping variety. One seldom sees them in a San Francisco ballroom. Mrs. Joe Tobin's are square and so are Ethyl Hager's and Therese Morgan's. Miss Alice Rutherford, daughter of Mrs. George Crocker, is one of the few young women I know who can boast of the ideal shoulder, but in this prosaic age of golf and tennis one should not expect to see the graceful curve on the average athletic American damsel. The styles have changed since the days of Raphael, and the ideal young woman today does not droop at the shoulders. Swinging the golf-club and wielding the tennis racquet develops muscle rather than gentle curves.

Money Making the City Grow

An indication of the lusty business life now animating what the newspapers delight to call the New San Francisco is the Kelly & Liebes sale of the ten years' lease of the building at the southeast corner of Post and Kearny streets to Kohler & Chase for thirty thousand dollars. The big music establishment thought it must have a store on the line so it was very well satisfied to pay three thousand dollars a year for the privilege of paying rent there. Kearny street, by the by, is looking up all along its length through the business section. Several years ago it was pronounced "dead" north of Sutter street, but all the long vacant, "late lamented" buildings in that section have taken on up-to-date paint and patched up their interiors and, notwithstanding their ancient style of accommodations, are finding tenants at double the rentals of five years ago. No longer may the silurian wail, as he did through the dull times, "After 7 p. m. a cannon-ball might be fired down Kearny street without hitting a single pedestrian." Verily, the city do "grow."

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One of the latest absurdities cabled from Rome is that Dr. Mazzoni, who attended Pope Leo, was born a Catholic but is now an atheist and high up in the Masonic order. Dr. Mazoni may have been born a Catholic, but he is not a Mason and an atheist.

Have Bet on the Outcome

The annual differences in opinion over the way the money should be raised to conduct the State Fair flamed up last week in a sporting bet of one hundred dollars a side between Harry Lowden, acting secretary of the State Agricultural Society and B. W. Cavanaugh, the well known hop-grower and bookmaker. According to the law the Agricultural Society is forbidden to use any of the money for horse racing that is given it by the Legislature. To raise the wherewithal for this purpose it annually has recourse to selling the betting privileges of the ring. The bookies and poolsellers get the money out of the public and they dislike exceedingly to hand over too big a percentage of it to the Fair management, and there's the rub. Last year these betting privileges netted the society thirteen thousand three hundred and thirty-six dollars, but as the directors paid out twenty thousand and ninety dollars in purses there was a deficit of six thousand seven hundred and fifty-four dollars, a result which led to a heated discussion among those most interested as to the best way of conducting the meeting on a sound financial basis in the future. This annual question is always a hot one. Acting Secretary Lowden is a rampant opponent of the betting syndicate's method of hooking the persimmon. In the height of his argument with Cavanaugh, last week, he wagered one hundred dollars that the Agricultural Society can easily obtain sixteen thousand four hundred dollars for the privileges of an open betting ring and thereby not in any way be dependent on the sydicate. Bookmaker Cavanaugh pooh pooed any such hope and stoutly declared that the Association could not raise any such sum of money either from the syndicate or from an open betting ring. Lowden is thoroughly warmed up over the dispute for he claims that at no time under syndicate methods has the Agricultural Society received a fair price for the betting privileges. He has the balance sheets to show a loss to the society and unfair prices to those who have gone against the books. He cites the last spring meeting held at the track by the Sacramento Jockey Club when the bookmakers paid all the purses and all the attendant expenses with a free gate.

Brigandage in the Mountains

The grandeurs and glories of the Sierra Club's outings have furnished a theme for many magazine and Sunday supp. writers, but none of them ever remarked the indifference of the members of that organization to the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. A traveler who went into the King's river country for his vacation at the same time the Sierra Club made the trip and over the same route complains to me that the doings of some of the club members savor of Sicilian brigandage. He says that they were short of provisions and that they organized marauding bands to plunder other travelers. And, though they are popularly believed to journey on foot, when they reach the mountains they press live-stock into service without regard to ownership.

Pioneered Theatre Parties

Though he escaped the attention of the sleuths on the dailies, Robert Brereton Maitland, who recently visited San Francisco after a long absence, could have contributed some interesting interviews. He it was who in the halcyon '70 period introduced to society the custom of giving the theatre and supper parties that have continued in favor ever since. Maitland was a prominent figure in the social and business world in the years preceding the failure of the Bank of California. Coming here on his way home to London, England, from India, he remained to build some irrigating canals in the San Joaquin valley for William C. Ralston and other capitalists. He also took time to fall in love with and marry a pretty San Francisco girl of good family. By his marriage Maitland became a family connection of Mrs. Moor, wife of Captain Moor of the Pacific Mail, Mrs. Hartshorne, wife of Captain Ben Hartshorne of the California Steam Navigation Company, Henry and Ed. Norton, John Lord Love and his sisters, the wives of William and Fred Foster who accumulated fortunes in the Oriental trade.

A Wedding Reminiscence

Apropos of the Love sisters, it was at the wedding of Leila with William Foster that a bit of society pilfering occurred which was much discussed by the tabbies of that time. An advertisement appeared in the papers the day after the event which read:

Taken by mistake from the ladies' dressing room at the wedding last night, an ivory backed hairbrush, and a packet containing three point lace handkerchiefs; please return—no questions asked.

History does not relate whether they were sent back or not.

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Mills as a Statistician

W. H. Mills has been distinguishing himself again; this time as a statistician. He is a very remarkable man, and can quote figures with cheerful inaccuracy whenever it is necessary to bolster up a lame but specious argument. At a recent dinner of the Merchants' Club Mr. Mills made a speech in which he had occasion to quote many figures relative to the populations of different countries and exports and imports and upon these he based an argument which pleased him. Then he sat smilingly down. The next speaker was a bullet-headed gentleman who cannot make an effective argument, but who is up in some figures. He was foolish enough to get angry at Mr. Mills, thereby losing several points. He said, "I do not know the exports and imports of these special countries which Mr. Mills has been giving, but I do know their population, and if his other figures are as inaccurate"—then he snorted. Everyone laughed, Mr. Mills most of all, for all of the clever gentleman's friends know that he manufactures figures just for fun, and anyway his statistics prove as much as statistics ever do, which is nothing at all.

Mrs. Georgie Hopkins McNear is wearing the swellest thing in stork-coats that has been seen this season. It is a navy-blue silk coat, a trifle over three-quarter length and accordion-pleated. Both Mrs. Gus Taylor and Mrs. Fred McNear have always been partial to blue of all shades. and the latter has nearly all her gowns of that color.

The Two Maries

The friends of Mrs. Truxtun Beale are looking forward to a visit from her within a month. She has written out that she had a grand time in Europe, and that she has several trunks full of Paris frocks. The impending return of the Beales has renewed speculation as to whether the sisterly intimacy that so long characterized the relationship between the two Maries will be resumed. They had been inseparable so many years, that many people were astonished that Marie Wells did not accompany the bride and groom on their European trip. Indeed her failure to do so excited considerable gossip, and for a time currency was given to the rumor that the bond of friendship had been severed. Miss Wells has no doubt greatly missed the companionship of the other Marie, for she has taken no active interest in social affairs since the marriage.

Byron Springs has been one of the most popular places for rest-seekers this summer. Among the late visitors there were Major and Mrs. C. C. Clay, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Steindorff, Rabbi M. S. Levy, Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and Mrs. C. H. Hedges, Dr. C. A. Buckel and Dr. Sarah Sherry of Oakland, Dr. and Mrs. P. F. Casey of San Quentin.

Capitola is still the haunt of the Izaak Waltons who spend long hours trolling for salmon or dangling the seductive trout fly. Capitola had more visitors this season than during any previous year and the rush continues.

The News Is Not New

The announcement in the *Examiner* that Miss Joan Hadenfeldt has decided to go upon the stage did not surprise readers of *Town Talk*. Several months ago I wrote of the dramatic aspirations of the young woman. At that time she made all preparations to debut with the Neill company, but at the last moment *les pieds froids* interposed. Miss Hadenfeldt has long been within the public eye. She has for years been a fertile and easy subject for Sunday supp. writers, being full of fads concerning which she gladly took the public into her confidence. Kind-hearted and gracious, she let immature writers picture her in all sorts of poses to adorn supplement pages and swell the purses of the scribblers. Her sister Wanda, who is as beautifully blonde as Joan is beautifully brunette, often figured in the pictures and stories. Joan posed for the *Call* once in the costume of Pauline Bonaparte. When the Hadenfeldt girls built a house on the beach for themselves, that was another item for a newspaper page. Joan was once nearly scalded to death in her bathtub, and only her presence of mind saved her from being hideously scarred for life. How she ordered oil to be rubbed into her burns, and the rest of her precautions were described in a sensational illustrated article a week or so later. At one of the Bohemian Club art exhibitions the portrait of "Miss H," a dashing study in red, provoked much comment. It was half-toned in the dailies and there was some speculation as to the model. But the *in cog* was not preserved. The subject held an animated reception before her portrait at the opening matinee, and visitors to the exhibition were thereby permitted to judge for themselves whether Miss



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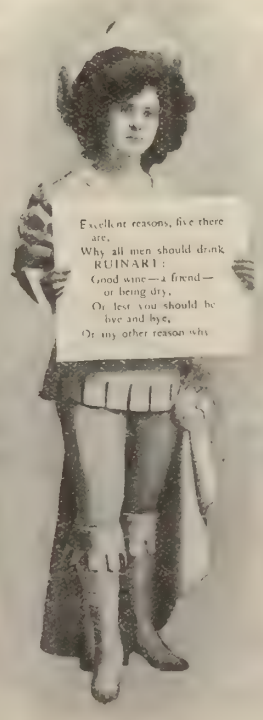
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Joan Hadenfeldt looked like her picture. She is a perfect specimen of physical beauty, a Juno in build and a Diana in temperament. Besides possessing all the drawing-room accomplishments, she rides, swims, drives, bikes, plays tennis and other healthful games. She has plenty of money, too, to gratify her whims.

Miss Hattie Bell Goad and J. W. Goad are at the Vendome. Miss Goad is a cousin of the San Francisco Goads, and her home is in Colusa. William Wolff and his pretty daughter Paula are also at the Vendome.

Rea's Characteristic Roar

James W. Rea, capitalist and political boss of San Jose, is roaring mad. Mr. Rea roars whenever there is interference with any of his pet schemes. He is president of the San Jose and Los Gatos Interurban Electric Railway which is now under construction It is completed from the city limits to the pretty little village of Saratoga. The company has been prevented from extending its lines within the city limits because it has not been able to secure a franchise. Twice within the past few weeks Rea has been granted the franchise but each time it was found that the grant was defective. Monday was the day set for the third selling of the right of way and Rea bid one hundred dollars for it. There were others in the council meeting who were interested in the franchise, and who soon manifested a lively interest in the bidding. Attorney William Beggs raised the bid the required ten percent. Rea scowled at Beggs and bid another ten percent. Beggs came back with another bid. Up it went from three figures into the thousands. Rea began to paw the floor. Beggs smiled. Rea pulled his hair and swung his arms and roared his bids with a voice that shook the building. Mayor Worswick and the councilmen sat and looked pleased, for they saw the city coffers filling rapidly. Beggs bid four thousand nine hundred dollars and Rea, with a defiant glare, raised it to five thousand three hundred and ninety. Beggs smilingly took his hat and left the room. The indignant boss declares that he was tricked by his enemies, who knew that he would outbid all competitors whatever the cost, because his new road would be worthless without a line through the heart of the city. Others are inclined to believe that Beggs is the agent of the Germania Savings Bank of San Francisco.

Service Gossip

Brigadier-General D. D. Wheeler, recently chief quartermaster of the Department of California, and Mrs. Wheeler are expected to arrive in San Francisco in December to spend the winter here. Captain Harold P. Howard and Captain Ren Smedberg, Fourteenth Cavalry, are among the officers who will probably take station at Fort Riley, Kansas, although there is nothing definite as to this, the future stations of the regiment not having been determined. Lieutenant-Colonel George Andrews of the Adjutant-General's Department has been promoted to the rank of Colonel by the retirement of Brigadier-General J. B. Babcock, who for several years was on duty at department headquarters in this city. Captain Bugge, Twenty-eighth Infantry, who arrived from Manila last Friday, served in the Philippines as aide to General Davis, who before his retirement was commanding general of that department.

Brigadier-General C. A. Coolidge was the guest of honor at a reception given at the Presidio Monday evening, at the quarters of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Woodbury, who succeeded him in command of the Seventh Infantry stationed at that post. The reception was to mark the promotion and retirement of General Coolidge from the service of Uncle Sam, and it was made the occasion for the presentation of a silver loving cup to the general from his late brothers-in-arms.

TO A MERMAID.

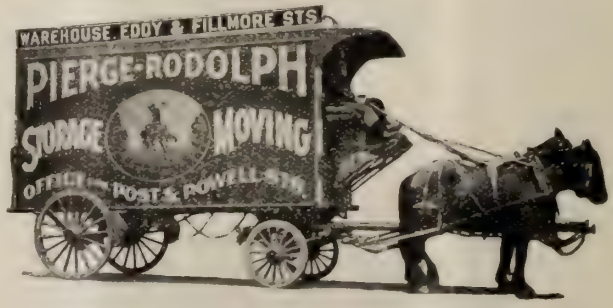
"Mother, may I go out to swim?" "Yes, my darling daughter,"
The parent answered lightsomely, in a way she hadn't oughter—
She should have said: "My daughter dear, I'm sure you will admit
That at Vendome at San Jose, all swimmers make a hit!"

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Doing the American Kow-Tow

Americans abroad seem to imagine that the chief purpose of the diplomatic service of the United States is to procure for them, from the Governments to which these Ministers and consuls are accredited, various courtesies, social, political and personal.

As our diplomatic service is the direct efflorescence of our fertile and beauteous political system, it is frequently difficult for the ministers and consuls to dodge the peremptory demands upon their influence at court, backed as these demands very often are, by the "requests" of politicians and statesmen whose wishes may not always be disregarded without incurring perilous risks.

The legation of the United States at Peking is not so far out of the beaten track of the globe-trotting American that it is entirely free from the annoyance of the ward politician of Duluth or the boss of a Senatorial district in the metropolis of the State from which the touring American hails.

Particularly onerous are Mr. Conger's duties when he is called upon by a man like Senator Beveridge of Indiana to "arrange an audience with the Emperor, the Empress Dowager, and Li Hung Chang."

This demand in the shape of a telegram from the Senator was actually received by Minister Conger during the Indiana statesman's whirlwind tour of the Orient last year.

The impossible character of the order was recognized at the legation and no immediate notice was taken of it.

One day a man dressed in a frock coat and a slouch hat blew in through the main gate of the legation compound and announced himself as—

"Senator Beveridge of Indiana, sir."

As he shook hands with Minister Conger the Senator made inquiry:

"Received my telegram, I presume?"

To which Mr. Conger answered: "Yes, Senator, I received a telegram from you."

"All arranged, then, I suppose?" the orator asked.

"Nothing has been arranged."

"What! nothing? You received my telegram, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I received your telegram, but the audiences you ask for are positively out of the question. It is barely possible that we may procure an interview with Li Hung Chang for you, but that is all."

"And when can I see Li Hung Chang?" the Indianan inquired.

"Some time tomorrow—perhaps."

"Tomorrow! That will be too late. I leave Peking tomorrow."

"Well, we will try to bring you together tomorrow morning." And with this promise, Senator Beveridge had to rest content.

The negotiations for this audience with the Chinese statesman were successful, for Li Hung Chang had traveled and was more or less familiar with the American idiosyncrasy. He entertained Senator Beveridge as cordially as the American would permit, but it is on record in the social annals of Peking that the Prime Minister was not able to get in a word edgewise. Senator Beveridge was chock-a-block with knowledge of China and her affairs and especially of all matters pertaining to China's foreign relations, gathered in a two weeks' sojourn in Shanghai and Hongkong, and this was his opportunity for unloading his accumulated wisdom upon a poor, helpless old man, coupling every fact of politics and history with sage advice and sapient commentary.

Fortunately for the Senator he asked no questions. His monumental conceit towered too high for interrogatory. If he had asked a question of this astute Chinaman Senator Beveridge would have fallen into a bottomless pit, for Li Hung Chang would have seized his favorite opportunity and answered Senator Beveridge's question with another, and another, and still another. Then the flood of inquiry would have overwhelmed the Senator and Li Hung Chang would have added another scalp to his belt, to companion the scalps of a hundred inquiring journalists and the scalps of a thousand unwary statesmen of every nation on earth.

Another breezy American received at the Peking legation was Commissioner Barrett of the St. Louis Exposition. Mr. Barrett also demanded an audience with the Emperor and the Empress Dowager, and he was laughed at behind the tapestries as Senator Beveridge had been laughed at.

He was quietly but confidently informed that the Son of Heaven and the Dowager of the Great Pure Dynasty were not in the habit of receiving representatives of fairs and trade conventions.

But Commissioner Barrett is a trained journalist and knows the game better than it is known in Peking. He sent in his card inscribed "Ex-Minister to Siam," and was received with all the honors. At the Court of Heaven no distinction is made between one who is and one who has been. Then the laugh was on the wise people who dwell in the American legation.

The severest trial that has afflicted the American legation at Peking followed immediately upon the arrival in the Chinese capital of General Miles and Mrs. Miles. Ordinarily it would not be necessary to mention the arrival of Mrs. Miles, but the sequel will demonstrate the importance of Mrs. Miles as a part of the Miles entourage while traveling in foreign parts apropos of nothing in particular.

Of course it was incumbent upon Mr. Conger to arrange an audience with the Emperor for General Miles—this was a courtesy in proper order due the commander of the American army. Otherwise there was no more reason why General Miles should kow-tow before the Emperor of China than that the same obeisance should be performed by Senator Beveridge or ex-Minister Barrett. It is not probable that the Emperor had ever heard of General Miles, and it is more than probable that Prince Ching had great difficulty in explaining the etiquette peculiar to this especial audience.

Everybody went to the audience in chairs. It was a numerous party for many people happened to be quartered on the legation at that time and each person residing as a guest in the legation was entitled to an invitation to the royal function. Each chair cost Mr. Conger ten taels.

Then ensued the extraordinary spectacle of an audience by

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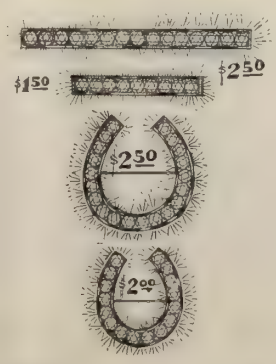
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the Empress Dowager to Mrs. Miles. There was even less reason why Mrs. Miles should be received at the Chinese court than was apparent for the reception of General Miles, but nobody looks for reasons when the Empress Dowager is on exhibition—transient Americans in Peking are not favored with royal audiences every day and to inquire the reason for this unbending of Oriental royalty in the presence of these representatives of the fiercest democracy on earth would have savored of ingratitude.

The chairs were again ordered and the legation once again passed the Heavenly Gates of the Forbidden City. As it is necessary for those presented to the Empress Dowager of China to back down from the throne after the kow-tow, the women on this occasion took the precaution to wear their shortest dresses—genuine court gowns with the regulation trains would have involved the risk of the fall that is said to accompany pride.

Following these audiences came dinners at the legation in honor of General Miles, and other dinners in honor of Mrs. Miles. Plates were never laid for less than twenty-four guests, and each plate was money out of the pocket of Mr. Conger. It is estimated that General Miles and Mrs. Miles cost Mr. Conger fifteen hundred dollars, American gold, five hundred of which was paid for the chairs in which the legation trotted to the royal audiences.

The American Government very sensibly reserves nothing for this sort of thing, so that Mr. Conger cannot emulate the example of Henry T. Scott, whose bill of three thousand dollars for entertaining President McKinley is still a theme of sarcasm in the mouths of the citizens of San Francisco.

Consul-General Wilcox of Hankow is the antithesis of Mr. Conger. Dr. Wilcox never entertains anybody. He was once asked why and answered, "I never give and I never take." In consequence Dr. Wilcox is the most unpopular consul in the Far East.

In Hankow there are only seventeen Americans at the present time, and this forlorn group of exiles sought to celebrate the Fourth of July on board a gunboat that happened to be in the port. Dr. Wilcox was invited but as it rained on the Fourth the Consul-General offered that as an excuse for not attending the celebration. The Americans afterwards visited the consulate and stayed long enough to eat a slice of cake and drink something that Dr. Wilcox assured them was a mint julep. Then the Americans invited the official representative of their country to dine with them in the evening, but the Consul-General again declined the invitation and the day closed in gloom and despair.

It is said that Dr. Wilcox is the only official in China who has demanded that an American shall identify himself as such by his passport. It is also said that he refused to register a naturalized American citizen of German extraction, and the applicant was compelled to secure registration at the German consulate before he could do business with the Chinese of Hankow.

Possibly there are people in the United States who are wondering why American trade is not making greater headway in the valley of the Yangstze. In justice to Dr. Wilcox it may be said that he is not the only American consul who would serve his country better within the national boundaries. There are many others, pitchforked out of the political obscurity of Oshkosh and Snohomish into the calcium that glares down upon a diplomat, who should be recalled and their places supplied by business men and enterprising officials capable of advancing the material interests of the United States in foreign parts.

Hankow, July, 1903. —*The Wanderer.*

From a Jail-Breaker's Log

July 4:—We had an extra good dinner today. I wish the rest of my family were as well fixed as I am. If my father had only known what's what, he would have educated my brothers differently. Instead of teaching them that honesty is the best policy he would have taught them the reverse. One of my brothers carries a hod and the others are carpenters. None of them knows what it is to enjoy the luxuries of life. For my part, I have lived on the fat of the land since I was fourteen. "Incorrigible," I was called, and they sent me to the reform school. There I learned what it is to live on government fare, and not to have to work for it. I have lived up to my knowledge ever since, and life's gone easy with me. The man who isn't afraid of jail has a priceless possession. Jail is a mighty good place.

July 6:—There's a plot to break away, and I've been asked to join. This is a model jail, run on humane principles. Philanthropists wax enthusiastic over us. All the star criminals have had their pictures in the papers. Mine went in. I looked handsome and well-fed, and I hope mother and the boys saw my phiz. It may teach them a thing or two about the evils of too much morality. I'm not sure I want to break out of here. What's the use? I am sure of three meals a day and a soft bed, and we have more liberty than an ordinary hard-working mortal who has to get in eight or nine hours a day in labor, and support a family. My wife and children are well cared for. Some rich ladies are educating the kids, and are glad of the chance to do a philanthropic stunt. Why should I deprive them of their blessed privilege?

July:—It's all arranged. We're to break out tomorrow night. We are all armed. It is a part of our day's work to shoot at targets. Besides that we play golf and tennis and have our mashies and racquets to help out, not to speak of the bats of the base ball players. The Warden is afraid of powder. He was burned once with a firecracker, and has been timid at powder ever since. The guards are fat and lazy and over-fond of booze. I don't think they'll give us much trouble.

July 20:—It was easy enough. We're all out now. All we had to do was to point our guns at the Warden.

"Don't fire," he cried, and cowered behind a pile of jute bags, "don't please, fire!"

That's your fire-eater for you. I felt kind of sorry for the poor chap, and if the other fellows hadn't been so blood-thirsty I'd have been willing to move on without shooting. But they wanted to let fly a few bullets. They killed a cow, a hen and two guards, beside the cook. Then we stopped and packed up a good lunch with several bottles, went into the storeroom and unearthed some clothes to don instead of our stripes, and moved on. I stopped and phoned to the Sheriff that there'd been a jail break and if he wanted to win his spurs he'd better be getting a move on. Then I sent a message to a San Francisco newspaper giving full particulars. I have a friend on the paper and it was my chance to do him a good turn by giving him the scoop. One of the boys wanted to stay awhile and see what the Sheriff thought of it all, but we concluded it would be better to listen to his comments from the shelter of the trees and rocks in the mountains. I'm almost sorry to leave the old jail. But I'll do my best to get in again. A jail-break once in a while may vary the monotony of life, but I never cared for strenuous labor. —*The Josher.*

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Automobile Topics

The great automobile tournament at Monterey was the talk of automobile circles during the week. It was a highly successful affair from beginning to end, and did a great deal toward promoting interest in the industry. Not the slightest accident marred the pleasure of the pastime, a circumstance that caused considerable surprise among people who had been laboring under the delusion that the auto is a deadly toy. The tournament afforded a valuable object lesson in the progress that has been made in perfecting the auto, and many people who witnessed the races became enthusiastic mobilites on the spot. An incident of the meet was the lowering of the Pacific coast mile record to 1:15 4-5. The results of the races were as follows: Two miles, gasoline machines, for silver trophy—Rambler; time, 3:44. Two miles, open event—White touring car; time, 3:34. Five miles, open event, for silver trophy given by White Automobile Company—White racing machine; time, 8:35. Five miles, open event, for twenty-horse power and under, for National Automobile Company's silver trophy—White; time, 7:44 3-5. Ten miles, open event for Hyde cup—Mors imported racing machine owned by George Whittell Jr.; time, 13:21 1-5; White racer, second. Five miles for gasoline machines, twenty-horse power or under, for silver trophy given by F. A. Jacobs—Winton, owned by F. C. Hotaling; time, 7:40 2-5. Five mile exhibition against time—Mors, twenty-four horse power, French racing machine owned by Whittell. Five mile handicap—Stanhope White, first; actual time, 7:45 4-5.

The White steam carriage certainly made an enviable record at Monterey, for it captured six cups and there were only two which it might have won and failed. It was beaten in the ten-mile free-for-all by a forty-horse power French racing machine which was specially made for the Paris-Bordeaux race. In the five-mile race for machines of twenty-horse power and under, the "White" won each of the two heats, and the final was "White" against "White." The "White" also won the special cup for the fastest mile made during the morning. This showing is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the machines were not constructed for racing but were ordinary stock cars.

In consequence of a challenge issued by a dealer the National Automobile Company undertook last Wednesday to lower the record of six hours and five minutes from Del Monte to the *Examiner* office in Oakland. The company sent a two-cylinder Toledo car and a two-cylinder Peerless out to lower the record. The Toledo driven by Mr. Keenan made the run to San Jose in three hours and thirty-five minutes, lowering all records by an hour. He was arrested for speeding by the San Jose authorities or else he would have finished in four hours and forty-five minutes. The Peerless driven by Lon Andrews finished in five hours and fifty-five minutes, lowering the record by fifteen minutes. This machine was delayed fifty minutes by a sparking plug breaking in the cylinder. Both vehicles came through in first-class condition. The Toledo which made the journey was the one which won the hill-climbing contest at Del Monte. Mr. Thomas H. B. Varney, by the way, has bought a Toledo from the National Automobile Company.

Now that John D. Spreckels is a member of the Board of Governors of the California Automobile Club, many of the owners of machines are hoping that he will exert his influence with his brother, Adolph, with a view of persuading the Park Commissioner to secure the removal of unjust restrictions on automobilists. The rule which confines autos to the south drive is without a parallel in the United States. In all other big public parks automobilists have as much freedom as horsemen. Nothing could more eloquently proclaim the provincialism of San Francisco than the rule which bars autos from the main drive in Golden Gate Park.

Four-cylinder cars are growing in favor on this coast. Several orders have lately been placed with local dealers for machines of this class.

Mrs. L. S. King, a sister-in-law of Rollin White, the designer and builder of the "White" touring car, is in San Francisco en route home from Japan. She was seen spinning through the Park and Presidio a few mornings ago. —*The Chauffeur*



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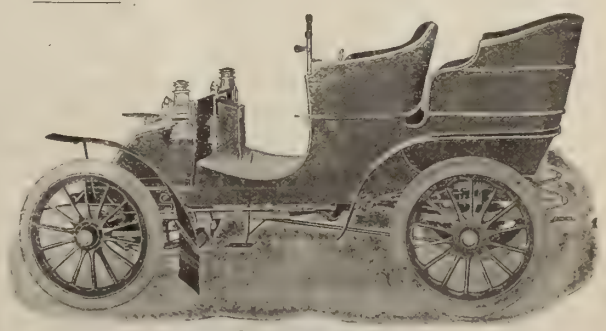
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Whittlesey a Real Hero

White Whittlesey has played D'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers" all this week with a couple of broken ribs. There is a scene where the dashing Gascon dives head foremost from a mimic cabin porthole into the fathomless depths of a painted canvas ocean. It is the duty of the property man, a hated but useful functionary, to place a nice comfortable mattress beneath the porthole for the actor to fall upon. His mind was distracted by other duties at Monday's dress rehearsal and the omission of the mattress was only brought to his attention by the ominous cracking of Mr. Whittlesey's ribs when the actor sprawled headlong upon the hard, cold boards. The expressions of regret were mutual, but Mr. Whittlesey's were the more fervid and sincere. The actor has had a fine season at the Alcazar and will take away with him many memories that are pleasanter than those of his week of strenuous and painful efforts in the drama of Dumas.

Walter Bentley, an Australian actor, dissatisfied with his calling, became a preacher and is now at the head of the Actors' Church Alliance in New York. Edwards Davis, a native son, born and bred in Oakland, studied for the ministry and when he had barely attained his majority, spectacularly filled the pulpit of the Central church in his own town. Afterwards he preached in San Francisco. Five years later, preferring, as he expressed it, "to be a sinner and be sincere, rather than a sinful hypocrite," he adopted the stage. All of which emphasizes the self-evident fact that square pegs will not fit into round holes. For several years the eccentric Mr. Davis has played in the East, but San Francisco playgoers have yet to see him. The opportunity will be forthcoming at the Alcazar next week, for Belasco and Mayer have engaged him for the stalwart young lover of "The Dairy Farm." They are shrewd and worldly managers, who do not particularly care what change of profession an actor has made so long as they consider him suited to a particular role which fits his personality. Anyhow, church and stage seem to be getting together.

Avoirdupois No Bar to Political Success

Robert Downing seems not to have been entirely cast down over his financial misfortunes, since he is announced to appear soon in a new political play, "Hon. John North." Downing lost a lot of money in attempting to make his "Voice of the Wilderness" a "go." The play was a remarkably strong one and Downing as John the Baptist did fine work, but alas! he was too much of a heavyweight for the character of the prophet. The public could not understand why a locusts and wild honey diet had the effect of fattening the wilderness hero. Downing not only lost on the "Voice," but he dropped money in his dramatic school. When he first pitched his tent in San Francisco he intended to make his home in California, and opened negotiations with Joaquin Miller for a little house on the hillside, where he expected to spend his non-working days in quiet and mental recreation. But there was no rest here for the actor, and financial reverses disturbed all his plans. He should find a congenial role in his new play, that of a politician who becomes governor of a state. Excessive avoirdupois is not unbecoming in a state executive, however it may be in a prophet of the wilderness.

May Is Up Again

May Buckley's star is again in the ascendancy. From Chicago comes the word that she is to support Dixey in the piece in which he has been pleasing the windy city public for some months. There never was an actress who started out under better stage auspices than May Buckley. Of a theatrical family, she inherited talent and temperament, and in San Francisco—her home—she at once became a favorite. In "The First Born" she won a success that caused the great Belasco to include her in the New York and London company that presented the Powers play. After that Miss Buckley, who is a rare beauty, had no difficulty in obtaining other engagements. But she was fond of a butterfly life, and thought more of having a good time off the stage than of making a great name on it. Her name got into the papers as being connected with a shooting affair in the public room of a restaurant, and a man attempted suicide for love of her. Long before she left San Francisco she had contracted a hasty marriage with a young theatrical man, which I believe did not end happily. It seemed a pity that a woman of such beauty and talent, with such a career before her if she worked a little, should let all her opportunities go for naught. But her friends are rejoicing that May Buckley has pulled up in time, and they feel sure she is going to be one of the most successful of the many successful stage stars that San Francisco has sent East.

To banish the blues nothing is so efficacious as a drink of Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve bourbon or rye.

Margaret Anglin, who is going to London after her San Francisco season to appear under Frohman's management, should please the British and doubtless will. Being a Canadian born, she is half-British though it is understood her ancestry is French.

Anita Bridger, who has just dramatized Robert Chambers's "The Maid at Arms," is a San Francisco girl. She made her debut some years ago in this city and afterwards went East, where she made quite a success as an ingenue. She is a beautiful girl, with large, expressive eyes and a charming speaking voice.

"Ben Hur" will not be given here until November but interest in the production is already being shown. Those who saw the play in the East say that it is a magnificent affair.

Ruth White is singing the part of Willie in "The Burgomaster" in Kansas City, at the Grand.

Where Nature is Generous

The true lover of nature is always ready to hie himself to the fields and woods. Her face is always pleasing but he likes to visit her at different times of the year and view her in her varying moods—in the early months, when with new blood coursing through her veins she brings a growing life to plant and shrub, to the grain in the field. the fruits of the orchard and the trees of the forest—as well as in the winter months when resting from her labors she calmly allows the storms to whirl around her. But it is the latter months—August, September, October and November—when in the fullness of her productions and the mellow kindness of her face she appeals to her true lover.

With the ripening fruits—the prune, the olive, the apple, the pear, the grape, in all their various colors, the waving fields of corn, the soothing hop, she fills his lap with her happiness. The winds are hushed and the gentle breezes sing a lullaby. She invites all to taste of what she has so bountifully spread before them, to wander over the hills, to fish in the shady pools, to bring down the deer in his pride and strength, and to boat and bathe in the living streams.

What nature so kindly offers at this season the California Northwestern Railway supplements by giving you the opportunity to take advantage of same, for nowhere on this coast is nature so bountiful, the climate so delightful, the hills and valleys so picturesque, the streams, lakes and rivers so numerous and so well stocked with fish, the deer so plentiful and all so easily reached as along that road. The summer specials continue in effect.

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Maude Adams Has Recovered

Miss Maude Adams, who is regarded by many as the foremost actress on the American stage, and who had to retire last year on account of illness, is to appear in a new play next season from the pen of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. It was reported that Miss Adams was suffering from consumption, but this was denied and now she is said to have fully recovered her health. Yet some significance may be attached to the fact that she is going to spend some weeks in Denver before her season opens, though manager Frohman says she is going only for the purpose of visiting friends. The play in which she is to appear is a dramatization of "The Pretty Sister of Jose," which was one of Mrs. Burnett's earlier successes. It is a charming story, full of delicate little touches of tenderness and humor. The play will no doubt revive interest in the novel, and no doubt Mrs. Burnett thought of that when she decided to dramatize the story.

The second play of the Miller-Anglin season will probably be Richard Harding Davis's "The Taming of Helen," a play in which two stars have splendid opportunities to shine. The principal feminine role in this play, by the way, in the Broadway production was played by Drina de Wolfe, a former "show girl." Nobody would take Miss de Wolfe's work seriously, though she acted so well, and her former show-girl experience at Mrs. Osborne's playhouse was continually cast in her face. All sorts of ridiculous rumors about Miss de Wolfe's attractions, admirers, gifts and wealth were floated on the Rialto, but Drina repudiated the tales and said her one earnest idea is to become an actress of merit, to win her spurs by hard work.

Alice Treat Hunt, late leading lady of the Alcazar, is playing Rosalind in "As You Like It" in Minneapolis and has pleased the critics and public. Miss Hunt is a really talented young woman and made many friends during her stay in San Francisco. She left here because her husband, Lester Lonergan, wanted her to join his company.

Wallace Munro, manager of "The Cavalier," George W. Cable's play, recently published an ad. for adjuncts to the company, mentioning that "only Southern ladies need apply." Up to date two hundred and ninety-eight Southern girls have climbed the stairs of Daly's theatre in quest of an engagement, one hundred and seventy-two coming from Virginia. Texas sent one, and she got an engagement.

The next symphony concert under the direction of Fritz Scheel and the symphony orchestra will be given at the Grand Opera House on the afternoon of Friday, August twenty-eighth, and the others to follow will take place on Friday afternoons in September and the first two Fridays in October.

Theodore Kremer, who recently offended the Servian authorities by mentioning that he intended to put the late Queen Draga into a drama, is well known here. His first dramatic work was "Church and Stage" on a "Magda" motif, written for Jeffreys Lewis and presented at the old Bush street theatre.

For her opening bill on August thirty-first at the Alcazar Florence Roberts will appear in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch." She made a great success of this play in her road tour just ended.

Coney Island has just added infant incubators to its attractions. The local Chutes had the incubators months ago.

Cecilia Loftus, who was recently at the Columbia with Southern, is now in vaudeville in Chicago.

Miss Aimee has left for New York and will return with an exclusive line of pattern hats for the winter season.

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The Princess and the Pasteboard Lion

That was one of the cleverest jokes yet promulgated by Fischer's press agent, to advertise the appearance of a one thousand dollar imported lion in "Quo Vass Iss." The ferocious king of beasts turned out to be made of pasteboard and his most ferocious feature is the glare from his big goo-goo eyes. The travesty on "Quo Vadis" gives opportunity for the display of some beautiful costumes but the best part of the new Fischer bill is the second half, the burlesque "The Big Little Princess." Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson have in the latter a delightful song, "You Am de One," and on Monday night they had to respond to several recalls. Nothing could be funnier than Winfield Blake in his juvenile costume. Maude Amber as the star pupil is mirth-compelling and she has an effective song, "De Bugaboo Man." Barney Bernard's best opportunity comes in the Sienkiewicz burlesque as the philosopher, his quaint humor harmonizing well with the part. Kolb and Dill as usual get lots of laughs out of their roles. "Arizona" will be the next bill.

A Realistic Bit

The most realistic bit of acting Central audiences have ever seen was in "Man's Enemy" on Monday night. When Shumer as the villain had to stab Miss Kane, the adventuress, a nervous movement of the latter caused the knife to make a real cut. The thrust drew red blood, but the audience did not know it. "Man's Enemy" is a very moral melodrama showing the evils of dissipation. Mayall as the hero wins the audience's sympathies and they are all glad when they see him turning over a new leaf in the end. Miss Lawton is as usual a sympathetic and lovable heroine.

Physicians Interested in Tyndall's Theories

Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall, the famous psycho-scientist, evidently does not agree with some of the principles of the "New Thought," as it is called. In his lecture at Steinway hall last Sunday night, Tyndall brought out some interesting points regarding the functions of the mind, based upon physiological laws. It is noticeable that there are many prominent physicians among the audiences that attend Dr. McIvor-Tyndall's lectures. These lectures seem to fill a long-felt want in that they appeal to the intelligence of the educational and scientific element while expounding the truths underlying mental science. The subject of the lecture tomorrow night will be "The Mastery of Fate."

Frank Bacon, the delightfully droll comedian who has pleased Alcazar audiences for the past three years, will begin a starring tour this coming week in "The Hills of California," a rural comedy written especially for him. He is booked for a tour of forty weeks and will go as far east as Chicago. His company will include Scott Carroll, Milton Ross, Adolph Angus, Roy Stephenson, Ernest Carroll, Gerald Hines, Walter Blake, Gus Tate, Claire Sinclair, Frances Slosson, Jane Weidman, Bessie Bacon and the California quartet.

Features of Next Week's Bills

During the Miller-Anglin season of five weeks at the Columbia there are to be Wednesday and Saturday matinees. There will be no Sunday performances. The organization which this season surrounds Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, under the management of Charles B. Dillingham, is an unusually strong one, and has been put together not alone for the San Francisco engagement but for a complete tour of the principal cities of the United States. The list of players includes Martha Waldron, Kate Pattison Selten, Victoria Addison, Mary Bertrand, G. S. Titheradge, Morton Selten, Walter Allen, Walter Hitchcock, Robert Mackay, Ralph Lewis, Bertram Harrison, Douglas R. Paterson, Harmon MacGregor, E. J. Mettler and John Tobie. The opening play will be George Bernard Shaw's four-act drama, "The Devil's Disciple."

For G. A. R. week the California will offer Bronson Howard's great war-drama, "Shenandoah." Years have failed to diminish the popularity of this play. The great battle scene as produced by the Neill-Morosco company will be a marvel of stage management. Over two hundred regular soldiers from the Presidio will participate in "Shenandoah," beside a detachment of cavalry.

There'll be another war drama for the Grand Army to enjoy at the Central—"Cumberland '61," by Franklin Fyles. The Cumberland mountains and the West Point military academy figure in the scenery, and there is a bridge-burning episode that is very exciting. The play ends with the wedding of the Union hero and the daughter of the Lost Cause. "Cumberland '61" should crowd the Central all next week.

"The Dairy Farm" will have its first local presentation at the Alcazar, though the piece has a record of immense runs in the East and Chicago. It is an American play of rural life, its scenes laid in New York state in the early fifties. The slavery issue, convulsing the country during the presidential campaign which resulted in the defeat of the gallant path-finder, Fremont, aids the dramatic development of the story. Great pains have been taken to stage "The Dairy Farm" accurately and well, and to reproduce the quaint costumes of half a century ago. In the cast will be several character players who appeared in all the Eastern city runs, among them Theo. T. Rook, Tony West and Helen Hartley.

"In Harvard" is the biggest success yet of the Rogers' Brothers productions at the Grand. It will please our visitors. If the Grand were twice as large it could easily hold the audiences that flock nightly to see these brilliant and humorous productions.

Fischer's has another winner in its new bill and "Quo Vass Iss" and "The Big Little Princess" will run all next week, seats selling well into the next.

The Tivoli will run "The Highwayman" again for G. A. R. week. The vogue of the opera has been enormous.

Heeley and Neely, comedy acrobats, will make their first appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum. Rosie Rendel, eccentric transformation dancer with beautiful costumes, comes directly from London. She comes to this country under a short engagement with the Orpheum Circuit Company. John LeClair, artistic juggler, will also be new here. Elfie Fay will sing new songs, retaining, by request, "The Belle of Avenue A," and Lew Hawkins will give an entirely new routine of stories and parodies. Sidney Wilmer and his company will appear in a new farce, "A Strange Baby."

At the Chutes will be Hodges and Launchmere, a versatile colored couple, in Tyrolean warblings and their famous "Cat Serenade." Lorrain and Howell, comedy sketch artists, Harry Baker, a renowned novelty musician, Jessie Dale, girl baritone in illustrated songs, Mexieas and Mexieas, "the clown and his dog."

—*The Playgoer.*

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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

Pius X a Musical Enthusiast

Pope Pius X, according to the despatches, is a great lover of music and it is his purpose to restore the Gregorian system to favor throughout the Church. He is said to be almost as great an enthusiast as was Gregory I under whose administration the music of the Church entered upon a new period of development. It is to be hoped that this is so, for as I have frequently asserted there is great room for improvement in the quality of church music, especially in the church chorals of the houses of worship of all Christian denominations. It is the boast of Christianity that to her music owed its preservation in the barbarous ages; that she has civilized the savage by means of hymns and that she has taught mankind nothing but love and harmony. Unfortunately she appears to take less interest in music now than in the centuries agone. Music is still a feature of Christian services but it is not what it should be. Pope Pius X may insist upon a higher standard in the choirs of the Catholic churches, and if he should do so perhaps in time it will be possible for a person with a sensitive ear to attend mass without having his nerves racked by strident and raucous voices. Pope Gregory, for whose system the new Pope has so much admiration, was responsible for a new period of development in the music of the Church. To perpetuate his system he established a musical academy at Rome. In the last year of his pontificate, 604, he sent singers to England, and later on monks were commissioned to teach the Gregorian chant in Brittany. The chant as arranged by Gregory assumed the impressive character and the elevated dignity which invest the church chorals with such imposing majesty, and in the liberation of music from the restraints of ancient metre and prosody thus effected, was established its foundation as an independent and unfettered art. The arrangement of the mass has remained unchanged to the present day and so noble and enduring an achievement does it form that it has furnished the inspiration and themes of some of the grandest conceptions and most imperishable monuments with which the perfect art of music has been endowed by its loftiest genius.

Re-enter Herr Scheel

In spite of the mean things certain tradespeople said about Fritz Scheel when he said good-bye to San Francisco the last time, and in spite of other mean things certain musicians did not hesitate to chorus, that same Scheel received a rousing welcome when he stepped into town last week. But then San Francisco is proverbially fickle. What it hugs to its heart one day it cuts dead the next, but is quite willing to repeat the hugging later in the week. Fritz Scheel certainly deserves a rousing welcome from our musical cult. The most successful series of symphony concerts recorded in our history was that which Scheel led. I have often thought that Scheel's physical attributes had much to do with his success. He is a handsome man, tall, dark and distingue in appearance, and his hands—the most expressive part of a baton wielder—are beautiful. A devout symphony matinee girl once said to me: "Usually when I attend an orchestral concert I like to listen with my eyes closed—but I never close them when Scheel leads." This Austrian is a very magnetic man, magnetizing his musicians as well as his audience. He is a strict disciplinarian, and when he first led a mixed orchestra here he had considerable difficulty in making his non-German players comprehend his orders—the same difficulty later encountered by Mascagni with the non-Italians. But they understood the movements of his hands, and it was not long before a complete understanding was established between Scheel and his men. I don't suppose many have forgotten the entree of Scheel to San Francisco. He came here during the Midwinter Fair, and his Imperial Austrian orchestra was one of the biggest attractions of the Vienna Prater. Later he was induced to give concerts in Metropolitan hall, and the Sunday morning sacred concerts became very popular. A Wagner concert given in the evening packed the Temple with an audience that filled every corner of the edifice.

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But in spite of fitful successes, financially and invariably artistically, and his appointment to lead the Saturday Morning Orchestra of society girls and the Philharmonic Society of masculine amateurs, many things combined to drive Scheel from us. He has the artistic temperament, and that is about the same the world over. We should try and keep him this time.

Marquardt as Concertmeister

It seems like old times to have John Marquardt as Scheel's concertmaster. Marquardt was concertmaster of the original Vienna Prater organization, and it was during that tour that the first violin fell in love with the charming harpist, Alexandra Breitschuck, who later became Madame Marquardt. Roderman, the flutist, also played in the Imperial Austrian orchestra. When Scheel organized his symphony orchestra, including San Francisco musicians in the band, one of the first to sign was Ernest Schlott, who is one of the finest horn players in the world, but has elected to live in San Francisco for many years, occupying the comparatively humble seat of a Tivoli orchestral player. Herr Stark, of the Zinkand orchestra, who like Scheel hails from Vienna, also played in the first Scheel symphony orchestra here.

Howard Takes the Pas

Formerly "Jack" Parrott took the lead in organizing symphony orchestras here. Parrott helped the Bauer series to success and the Scheel series that came later. This season, while he is on the directorate, it is Shafter Howard who takes the *pas* of Mr. Parrott. Shafter Howard is a clubman who has written some pretty songs. He is said to combine business ability with his musical talent, and so should be a good promoter of symphony concerts.

A slip last week made me refer to Miss Elizabeth Westgate as the organist of Christ church, Alameda. But Christ church has a vested choir of men and a man organist. Miss Westgate is the organist of the First Presbyterian church, the choir of which consists of Miss Mary Chester Williams, Miss Georgie Cope, Edward Thornton and A. Horatio Cogswell. She also presides at the organ at the five o'clock vespers of the First Unitarian Church, where the Golden Gate quartet sings every Sunday.

Trinity Church choir under Louis H. Eaton's direction has under rehearsal "Light of Life," by Elgar, the new English composer. Mr. Eaton will resume the Sunday afternoon recitals, immediately following the four o'clock service. Next Sunday Mrs. F. E. Wells, of Fresno, a pupil of Mr. Eaton, who has a remarkable contralto voice, will sing "The Ballad of the Trees" and "The Master," by Chadwick.

Grace Cameron, who has been engaged for a leading role in "The Tenderfoot," is a clever little actress and a soprano of talent. She appeared with "The Bostonians" here two or three seasons ago.

Harry Barnhart, the basso, has accepted an engagement as choir director of the First Presbyterian Church in Los Angeles.

—*The Music Critic.*

WHERE TO BUY CALIFORNIA SOUVENIRS.

Tourists some time ago discovered that the best place to buy pretty and original souvenirs of their visit to San Francisco is Schumacher & Co.'s, the jewelers at 8 New Montgomery street. The souvenirs are principally made of precious stones found on the coast, gold quartz jewelry, etc., and are unique in design and beautiful in conception.

RESERVED-SEAT EXCURSIONS.

On Sunday, August 23d, the North Shore Railroad will inaugurate a series of family excursions to Cazadero and the Russian River redwoods. An extremely low rate will be made for the round trip—only $1.50—and every ticket secured in advance will insure a reserved seat in a special coach. These excursions offer a fine opportunity for a delightful outing in a picturesque country. The sale of tickets begins next Monday at 626 Market street, opposite Palace hotel. Parties of 28 or more may engage a private car.

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Reflections of a Managing Mamma

After the Ceremony

Well, thank God, *that* much is over and I can draw *one* long breath at last. Heaven alone knows what galley-slave work it is to marry off a daughter, and no thanks for it, either. Cissy may be ungrateful *now*—children always are—but she will appreciate my efforts *some* day. I was really afraid that the foolish girl would break down at the last moment, with the trousseau all ready and the breakfast and flowers ordered. Well, she's safely through it now, thanks to my talent for management. Just think of it, Mrs. Richard Rocks with a country house, a steam yacht and money to throw to the birds! To be sure, Rocks is a *little* off in point of looks, and his habits are not *all* that could be desired, but then he is rich enough to make up for anything, and I hope Celia won't be mulish. Girls just out of boarding school have no sense, their heads are full of all sorts of silly sentiment. I think they read too much poetry in those places, Shakespeare and Tennyson; it makes them unpractical. Cecelia never *quite* got over that affair with young Palette, who has not a cent to bless *himself* with, much less a wife. Dreadful time I had keeping the young fools apart, intercepting letters and all that. Well, the end justifies the means and one certainly has *some* rights over ones own daughter. Cissy will never know *all* I have done for her, at least not if I can help it. She never would have consented to marry Mr. Rocks if she did not believe Palette was false to her. Well, *he's* off in Europe and *she's* on her wedding trip, thanks, as I say, to my management and mine alone, for Cissy's father is as stupid as an owl when it comes to an emergency. I was afraid up to the very last moment that the girl would enlist him on her side, and then good-bye to my plans. And now for the bills. That's the next worry. It will never do to let Edmund know what all this display cost, dressmaker, caterer, decorator and all. Cissy will have to help me out. She will have plenty of cash, and besides for whose benefit was it all? Not for *mine*, certainly. Edward wanted a quiet home wedding, but that was never my notion. What is the good of marrying off your daughter in her first season and to the greatest catch in society if you don't make a little display? I hope the papers will give us good notices. I saw that they all got photos, list of presents and description of the gowns and decorations. Everybody said I looked charming in my pale gray, very distinguee and young enough to be the bride's sister. Cecilia was as white as her gown and her eyes were red. It would be just like her if she lay awake crying all the night before but then nobody expects a bride to look her best on her wedding day. Rocks was a little shaky on his legs; I do not doubt that farewell bachelor dinner *was* somewhat gay. But no matter, everything went off beautifully, and I am the mother of the wealthiest young matron in our set. I hope I shall have equal good luck with Clara, who will be out this winter. And now for the reward of my labors, dinners, diamonds, opera boxes and a trip across the pond. Cissy is too indifferent about such things, but luckily she will have me to coach her, and Richard is very easy to manage; he obeys me like a baby. I hope Cissy will not make difficulties. I intend to be a model mother-in-law; I shall be simply indispensable to my two dear children. With my knowledge of the world I shall know how to smooth over all difficulties and to keep peace in the family. At any rate if Cecelia acts like an idiot I can take her abroad. Travel is a good excuse for anything, and the world is certainly wide enough for both of them; yes, and for young Palette too if it should come to that. My dear children don't know how fortunate they are in having a mamma who is simply devotion itself to their interests. —*The Eavesdropper.*

The Rev. Mr. Brown—My daughter, don't you ever direct your conversation to something higher than dress?

Miss Brown—Oh, yes; I sometimes talk about hats.

No Further Argument

"I—I may call you Yvonne, mayn't I?" he inquired.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Fleshleigh. "You have not known me nearly long enough to take such a liberty."

"I'm sure I've known you quite as long as your godfathers and godmothers had when they took the liberty of calling you Yvonne."

And the truth of this ingenious statement of the case was so obvious and incontrovertible that Mrs. Fleshleigh had to let it go at Yvonne, and after that Mr. Freshleigh made very satisfactory headway. —*The Josher.*

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LETTERS

Literature in Capsules

The Designer has a new department entitled "What Women are Doing," in which it chronicles the new and original ways in which women support themselves or add to their pin money. The August number contains the following paragraph:

"The ingenuity of some women is remarkable. A Chicago woman supports herself by reading all the new novels and then telling them to the society women in an abbreviated form, laying stress on the plot and the different characters. She retails one story each sitting, and gives it either to classes or individuals. In this way the society women who do not care to take time to read all the latest novels and yet wish to know all about them may do so with little time and trouble."

The idea is not altogether original with the Chicago woman, since the same plan was in operation in society farther East, and probably still is. The "reader" called upon her clients during the hair-dressing and manicuring hour and placed them in touch with what was going on in the world, as she gleaned it from the morning newspapers, or gave them the outlines of the new books, so that they were enabled to parrot words in order to conceal their lack of ideas. It is a species of what Dooley calls "near-think," and probably passes well amongst a class who all absorb their impressions from the same source. There is not the slightest danger that any one will be caught napping, for all are alike ignorant. However, the paragraph is timely, since it offers an explanation for some of the absurd and preposterous requests made of librarians. A year or two ago one lady was anxious to obtain one of the new books that had "something about moonlight" in the title. That was as near as she could get to a description, and when the list of best-sellers was carefully and critically examined without revealing a single ray of moonlight, some by-chance revealed that she was searching for "When Knighthood was in Flower." Another, who wanted "When You Get It, Keep It," was readily supplied with "To Have and to Hold." Neither is it surprising to have these vicarious readers asserting that "Barabbas" is by the same author as "Quo Vadis," or sending the juveniles of the household to look for "The Heavenly Twins" and "As in a Looking-Glass" for their own delectation. It is only one remove to the book club, where the members pledge themselves to read five minutes a day, and the result of whose labors, as reported in one instance, is to have accomplished the perusal of "Nansen's 'Prisoner of Zenda,'" "Hall Caine's 'Quo Vadis,'" "Allen's 'Christian,'" "Hawthorne's 'Choir Invisible'" and "Hope's 'Farthest North.'" Another sample of literature in capsule doses was reported from a summer hotel, where a parlor lecturer descanted on Charlotte Bronte before a select society audience. At the close of the discourse, a beautifully gotten up woman was heard to deliver herself thus: "Well, wasn't she good! I know a lot about Charlotte Bronte now, but who was this Jane Eyre she talked so much about?" We are fast getting back to elements and first principles. From being too indolent to do a thing to being too indolent to learn how to do it is but a short half-step. In another generation we shall have reached the point where only those who must use reading as an adjunct to the gaining of a livelihood will learn to read. Meantime, our Chicago woman who retails the latest novels to her select audience, instead of having evolved something altogether new, has simply taken over the old Oriental occupation of the story-teller.

Evidently Anthony Hope does not carry the lines of his principal calling in his face, judging by a story which is going the rounds of the English periodicals. A young lady who was his partner at dinner once told of their conversation, which she did her prettiest to make entertaining. Asked afterwards if she had talked about books at all she replied, "Oh, dear *no;* Mr. Hawkins wasn't that kind of a man at all." No doubt Mr. Hawkins was relieved at the respite, but the young lady escaped her ordeal much better than did one who was assigned to the keeping of Wilkie Collins, but who failed to understand his name, or to identify her escort with the novelist. Whichever way it was, she expressed her opinion that his books were detestable, and Mr. Collins agreed with her most cordially. Afterwards she mentioned the matter to her hostess, and was duly enlightened, if not edified.

McClure's manages, by hook or by crook, to get possession of all the best stories of children. There were Josephine Daskam's, to begin with, and then Mrs. George Madden Marten came with that most lovable little girl, Emmy Lou. Scarcely had the series ended when the editors discovered Myra Kelly, with her little East Side Israelites, and their mixture of utter childishness and world-old knowledge. Empeigh Merwyn gave us a glimpse into the brain of a very tiny girl who chose to endow herself with the preposterous name of "Miss Janumit Latlit," and to build up an environment as absurd as the name, "just a-playing," and now May Kelsey Champion follows close with "The Methods of Charles Stuart York." To these may be added Henry Harland's new novel, "My Friend Prospero," appearing serially, for one of the chief characters is a dear little Italian child, the orphan niece of the parish priest, whose quaint speculations about death and the hereafter are tempered by a healthy material enjoyment of chocolate cigars. The August *McClure* is a treasure trove of good short stories, and when one finds such an array of names as James Weber Linn, George Barr McCutchin, Henry Harland, O. Henry, George Hibbard, Lincoln Steffens, Stuart Edward White and Doane Robinson, the question arises, how can they do it? No such feast was spread before the magazine readers of a generation back, who were fortunate in finding two or three first-class articles in periodicals which cost three and four times the price of *McClure's* of today.

Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, the author of the "Pa Gladden" stories which have appeared from time to time during the year in the *Century*, and which will be issued in book form in time for the Christmas trade, is the literary editor of the Louisville *Herald*. —*The Bookworm.*

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Other People's Ideas

From "The Intrusions of Peggy," by Anthony Hope:

We forgive much ill treatment so it is secret; we accept many benefits on the same understanding. To parade the benefit and to let the injustice leak out are the things that make us smart.

Airey Newton: Life has played with you, go and play with it. You may scorch your fingers, for the fire burns; but it's better to die of heat than of cold.

A world of people at once inquisitive and clear-sighted would render necessary either moral perfection or reckless defiance; indifference and obtuseness preserve a place for that mediocrity of conduct which characterizes the majority.

Childwick: In nine cases out of ten the people who are irregular think they ought to be regular, and the people who are regular have established their right to be irregular.

Among the temporal punishments of sin and folly there is perhaps none harder to bear than the necessity of accepting rebuke from unworthy lips, of feeling ourselves made inferior by our own acts to those toward whom we really (of this we are clear) stand in a position of natural superiority.

He meant to run no more risks, to walk no more so near the line, certainly never to cross it. A sinner who has reached this frame of mind generally persuades himself that he can and ought to escape punishment; else where is the virtue—or where, anyhow, the sweetness—that we find attributed to penitence?

A man scorned of his fellows is said to value the society of his dog.

Lady Blixworth: Nothing is more offensive than to see other people despise what you'd give your eyes to have.

Fortunately, emotions primitively barbarous are not indicated by external labels, or walks in the street would be fraught with strange discoveries.

A refusal to betray one friend is usually considered a reflection on the discretion of another. Women are really as bad as men about this.

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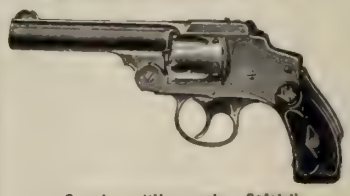
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Department No. 7. No. 86011.

ESTHER DONAIRE, Plaintiff
vs.
HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion. and upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this Second Day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

O. M. GOLDARACENA, Plaintiff's Attorney
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TOWN TALK

Vol. 11
No. 573

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 22, 1903

Comment
Politics
Society
The Stage
Letters
Music



Corner of Kearny and Post Sts., to be occupied by a Firm with a History

The striking new building on the corner of Kearny and Post streets is the dead center of the best retail district. It stands diagonally opposite The White House, and is considered the most prominent corner in San Francisco. The securing of the lease last week by Kohler & Chase, the largest music house of the West, created the sensation of the year in real estate circles as well as in pianodom. Kohler & Chase, established in 1850, is the oldest of California piano houses, and one of the most famous musical concerns in the country, with an enviable reputation for honorable, square dealing. It is the intention of this house to use the entire building for its retail department exclusively, and to secure a building in the wholesale district for the accommodation of its immense wholesale and jobbing business. Kohler & Chase are now disposing of their retail stock and it is thought will move about September first.

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San Francisco, August 22, 1903

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Why the Veterans Meet

The presence of the hosts of G. A. R. veterans in this city during the week reminds us of the glorious achievements of the Civil war, of the grit of the Nation's defenders and the stubbornness of the gallant foe, of the terrible havoc wrought by the opposing armies in that protracted and brilliant struggle, and the astonishing skill displayed by some of the military captains whose deeds of daring shed immortal lustre on American arms. Incidentally we are reminded that war is not only what Sherman said it was, but that it is also a burden even to the second generation, for if the American soldier is not killed in battle he not only defies time's ravages but actually multiplies until the pension list attains a length that challenges credulity. Many unsophisticated people are curious to know the wherefore of the annual encampments of the G. A. R. The most plausible explanation of the annual gatherings of these perennial heroes is that the people who are taxed to support the ever-increasing pension fund are inclined to grow sceptical. It is deemed advisable to convince them periodically that the men who fought for their country nearly forty years ago are still alive and able to draw their monthly stipend from the Government. Otherwise many people might harbor the suspicion that they were being defrauded by the politicians at Washington, and that the pension roll was stuffed with dummies. At the same time the encampments subserve another and highly patriotic purpose. They call the attention of the youth of the land to the fact that the hardships of military campaigns are conducive to longevity, and that it is especially healthful to suffer some physical affliction in war, entitling the victim to a pension. And after all the patriotic heart is fired with enthusiasm by the spectacle presented by these grand old veterans on parade. They fought for their country and were willing to lay down their lives for it. May they live long to remind us of the spirit of American manhood.

The Press and the Pugilists

Those phenomenally verdant and unsophisticated gents, the sporting editors of the San Francisco dailies, have once more earned the gratitude of a brace of loose-jawed and limber-tongued prize-fighters. For several weeks they devoted themselves to the congenial task of "working up" interest in a prize-ring contest between champion James Jeffries and the erstwhile champion of a remote past, James J. Corbett. Some months ago, when the match was made, people familiar with the fighting qualities of Jeffries and the lack of fighting qualities in Corbett derided the pugilists for their presumption in arranging to fatten their purses by baldly hoodwinking the public. It was generally known that Corbett had not been in condition for a physical encounter for many years, and that he had several times demonstrated his inability to woo from nature the stamina necessary for a severe contest. Moreover it was pretty generally believed that he never possessed the strength sufficient to resist the onslaught of such an abnormally powerful individual as Jeffries. Consequently Corbett was not taken seriously when the match was made. People had come to regard him as a has-been of the prize ring. But mark the influence of the press! Presently the sporting editors began to mould public opinion, and every day for weeks the columns of the newspapers were filled with twaddle direct from the training quarters of the men who were soon to contest for championship honors in the roped arena. In a short time public interest was aroused in the event. The adroit booming it received had the desired effect, and people who a few months before smiled at the prospect of an encounter between the modern Hercules and the spent boxer were feverishly anxious to be at the ringside. Exorbitant prices were charged, but the gullible lovers of the brutal pastime were quite willing to pay them. The contest verified the accuracy of the earlier judgment of the prize ring enthusiasts. Indeed it was such a one-sided affair that it never assumed the dignity of a contest. At no time did the ex-champion seek to recover his lost honors. He opened the exhibition by experimenting with a view of ascertaining how he could receive a blow that would not do him much harm, but which would give verisimilitude to a dramatic climax. He experimented successfully, and when he finally went down from a blow that far from threatened serious results he distorted his face in a way that proved his dramatic training had not been in vain. While resting easily on his knees, and fondling his stomach with his hands, thereby suiting the action to the facial expression like a true histrionic artist, a supernumerary in the wings took his cue and threw up—not a sponge but an article more in keeping with the esthetic character of the occasion. It was a fan. Thereupon the distinguished artist came before the curtain and said a few words. Later on the astute sporting editors, bent upon justifying the reams of twaddle they had previously penned, pronounced it one of the greatest battles Corbett had ever fought.

Wood May Be Investigated

Of President Roosevelt it will probably be said some day that he was at least loyal to his friends. The historian that pays him that compliment will of course cite, by way of evidence of the predominant virtue, his devotion to General Leonard Wood. Roosevelt's exaltation of Wood has provoked harsh criticism throughout the country, but the President is apparently indifferent to public opinion so far as it concerns the favoritism that has been shown the whilom medical officer. Perhaps he believes that loyalty to one's friend is a public officer's first duty to his country. Loyalty to a friend is a virtue that always commands admiration, but it does not justify evil to others

that the object of friendship might enjoy emolument to which he is not entitled. In other words President Roosevelt should not be condemned for rapidly promoting his friend Wood providing he did not thereby delay the promotion of others to the high office to which they were entitled by reason of their service to their country. But in jumping Wood over the heads of many gallant officers who have earned the gratitude of their country, President Roosevelt was guilty of cruel partiality. And it is more than likely that he will not be permitted to establish the precedent. Already demand is being made for an investigation by the Senate of General Wood's acts before his confirmation. There are many reasons why such an investigation should be held, but the first and foremost one is that General Wood is under a cloud, and if he is all that his enemies say he is, he is not fit for the high office of Commander-in-Chief of the armies to which he is destined. Unless that cloud be removed he would never enjoy the confidence of the army, and the people of this country do not want a Commander-in-Chief who would be suspected of being an incompetent by the troops he would be called upon to direct in the event of war. There are many things which need clearing up and which Wood and his friends ought to have cleared up. He has been accused of extravagance in Cuba, and of accepting presents from a gambling concern in Havana. His relations with the notorious Bellaire, who was his most faithful and persistent boomer, also needs explanation, as well as his connection with the conspiracy against General Brooke in furtherance of which Major Runcie wrote a magazine article, in which he demonstrated to his own satisfaction the unfitness of Brooke and the supreme fitness of Wood to govern Cuba. Incidentally it would be interesting to know to what extent he was responsible for the ambush into which he led his men at Las Guasimas. Many officers have faced courts-martial for just such mistakes as Wood is said to have committed in Cuba. The ambush was not due to the skill of the enemy but to the fact that General Wood violated every principle of military science, and would have been cut to pieces had not a regular army officer been conveniently near with a line correctly formed. The man who marches his command through an enemy's country and that country a dense mass of undergrowth, in column, is not a skilled officer, even from the standpoint of an untrained volunteer, who learns the value of an advance guard as one of his first lessons.

A Demoralized Army

Since the retirement of General Miles from office people who take an interest in military affairs, and who like to know how well we are prepared for an emergency, are somewhat curious about the plans of the General Staff at the head of which is General S. B. M. Young. Those who are in touch with the army, and who know something of the dissatisfaction and jealousies that exist in army circles, declare that the service is in a badly demoralized condition, and they blame General Corbin for the unfortunate state of affairs. Corbin is said to be one of the cleverest politicians in the country, and ever since the first election of McKinley he has exercised a powerful influence at Washington. He hated General Miles, and it was at his instigation that the Commanding General was sidetracked at the opening of the war with Spain. He has done everything in his power to humiliate Miles, and at the same time he has been most active in strengthening his position in the War Department. General Young, who is now Chief of Staff, is one of his pets, and he will of course be subservient in every way to the arch-manipulator of the great military bureau. Young is a big, bulky, good-natured officer, noted for his courage but not for his knowledge of military science. A few years ago he was a major in the Yosemite Valley. Since the Spanish war he has been jumped over the heads of some very competent officers, and when Miles retired Young was made Lieutenant-General for a week, when he became Chief of Staff. He was given the higher rank so that his pay will be higher when he is retired in January. Young had a good record as a volunteer at the close of the Civil War, but he had risen no higher than colonel of a regiment. After the war he was content to enter the regular service as a second lieutenant. He served sixteen years as captain of a company, and he was not given command of a regiment until the war with Spain. Many of the years of waiting were spent in the Indian wars during which he made a brilliant record. He also won distinction by his work in the Philippines where, despite his bulk, he proved one of the hardest riding cavalrymen in the army. He is not however an ideal man to preside over a war college, but the actual presiding will probably be done by Corbin.

Soliciting the Deacon's Aid

A church located near New York city is in the usual impoverished condition of religious bodies, and the method by which its trustees are hoping to relieve the financial strain is original if not commendable. They have requested that all the saloon-keepers within a certain radius shall contribute the receipts of one day for four successive months to the church treasury. Considering that good church members are expected to shun saloons, and that therefore the church may reasonably be regarded as a detriment to business, the proposition is, to say the least, "cheeky." Why should the saloon-keepers be selected as victims of this arbitrary tax? If the preachers are halfway in earnest in their denunciation of the "rum demon," what business have they to demand a division of profits, even on the basis of three per cent a month for a limited time? Doesn't the proposition savor of blackmail? Will the saloon man whose three per cent foots up to a comfortable amount be given special advantages in the way of advertisement among the elect, or does the pastor of that particular "house of God" propose to use his pull with the Almighty later on? Is the scheme to be worked on the principle of the church bazaar, where every one is expected to attend and to pay ten prices for things they do not want and would not take as a gift on any other occasion? We have grown accustomed to debt-raising schemes which had passed the questionable age and become decidedly off-color. Now the question arises, why the congregations are divided and subdivided and the churches multiplied beyond the ability of those who benefit by them to support their clergymen and maintain their parishes. Why is there not a little common sense and business sagacity applied to church affairs as well as to the other affairs of life? If a

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neighborbood has one church, one pastor, one Sabbath school, and a united interest, what business has some disgruntled parishioner to set about making a division? Why should some outsider who happens to move into the community and find the particular brand of Christianity which he affects not the one under whose name the church is organized, set himself to split the community into factions and set up an opposition church? Why should some itinerant, casting covetous eyes on the scene, decide to plant himself there and stir up sedition? There is scarcely a community which has not more churches than it can possibly support. In most of our rural communities the beginning usually comes when some philanthropic woman, often the district teacher, opens the schoolhouse on Sunday afternoons and gathers in the children for religious training. The parents follow mainly because it is somewhere to go, and the result is an informal, undenominational meeting. If the majority of the attendants have any special leaning, the form of service is apt to take that direction, but more often the nearest preacher is prevailed upon to make some arrangement by which they profit by his ministrations. At first all goes well. Gradually the funds for a church are evolved and a minister is brought to preside, but before long there is sure to be disruption. Where one church could be sustained in comfort, two, and even three or four struggle along in debt, a drain on the funds of the Church Extension Societies and a burden on the congregations; property is mortgaged and contributions are unpaid. The people who have to dig their living out of the soil soon grow to regard the white-handed ministers as an incubus, and their wives and children, who apparently toil not, neither do they spin, but who seem to be always at leisure, well dressed and well-fed without bodily exertion, are a thorn in the side of the proletariat. With the bitterness that has caused the multiplication of churches comes the obstinacy which will not permit any faction to lay aside the strife and confess itself beaten, and hence the appeals to all sorts of schemes by which to beguile the dollars from reluctant pockets. It has always been an anomaly that though the church has professed such antipathy to the stage there has never been a more popular method of raising money than through the medium of amateur dramatic entertainments, and now, if the saloon keeper is to be called on, "personally and by letter," to make special contributions, it will look very much as though the religious element were not averse to shaking hands with the devil, when no one is looking.

A Crank, but No Genius

Annie Nathan Meyer has a long "appreciation" of Margaret Fuller Ossoli in the current *Bookman,* but elsewhere in the same magazine there is a decided opposition to her views. Margaret Fuller wrote love letters and her lover, possibly foreseeing the trend of literary taste in this day and generation, was cad enough to leave them so that cupidity minus conscience could turn them into dollars. Mrs. Meyer dilates at great length on the "womanliness" and the longing for appreciation and all that which the writer discloses, and wonders why the world has persisted in regarding Margaret Fuller as an embodiment of intellect when she was all "feeling," but the truth is that the world is not so deeply interested in the little old New Englander. To those who have made her acquaintance only through the vague and indefinite praises of the women's rights leaders there is a feeling that she was a great genius, undeveloped, or unappreciated, or misunderstood, or something they know not what, but to those who have satisfied their curiosity by reading what she wrote and what her contemporaries wrote of her, not always for publication, it is clear enough that she was enormously egotistic and must have been an unmitigated nuisance to the men of intellect to whose train she persisted in attaching herself. Though there is a tradition that she was highly educated and a writer of power, she hardly rose above the level of the Sunday supp. contributor of today. In plain English, Margaret Fuller was an arrogant crank whose eccentricities were sometimes amusing. If she had lived at the present stage of the world's development she would be the president of two or three clubs and the shining light of the woman's page, but as a force in literature or in the development of the age in which she lived she was a cipher. It is refreshing to find a literary journal outspoken enough to say so.

Poison in Food

Periodically our health authorities take cognizance of the fact that dangerous poisons are contained in the milk supplied to this community, and that nearly all canned goods are a menace to the public health. Thereafter, for a short time, there is great activity in health department circles; dairy wagons are raided, and the poisonous jams and preserves sold by our leading grocers are analyzed and condemned. Then our health authorities become curiously apathetic again, and the business of purveying poison in food-stuffs is once more carried on with impunity. This alternate activity and apathy on the part of the public servants employed to safeguard the public health is somewhat suspicious. The sale of adulterated milk is perhaps of all others the most reprehensible since milk is used more largely than any other article of food, and by many infants and invalids—a circumstance which renders even the commonest and most harmless form of sophistication, namely, the admixture of water, a serious offence. Formerly this was the only form of sophistication generally known and practiced, but of late there has been a general increase in the employment of sundry germicides and preservatives, notably borax, boracic acid, salicylic acid and, of late, formaldehyde. Several years ago the laws against the sale of adulterated food-stuffs were rigidly enforced in this city, but now there is a suspicious laxity on the part of the authorities. It is contended by dealers in canned goods that it is absolutely necessary to adulterate them, but they maintain that the substances used are harmless unless taken in large doses. Nevertheless people have a right to know what they are eating, and there should be a law requiring manufacturers of canned goods to set forth upon the label the name of every substance contained in each can and the quantity of each.

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Income Taxation

By Jurist.

The next Democratic National Convention will certainly demand the passage of a law taxing incomes above a certain amount, even in the face of the fact that the Supreme Court decisions, as they now stand, have declared such laws unconstitutional. This declaration will call forth the usual hoarse bark of the stipendiary press; "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, the little dogs and all" will snap and snarl, as they did when the Chicago platform enunciated the sentiments of the Democratic party upon this important question. Those who recall the utterances of that time cannot fail to remember the stock arguments of that day; first it was an inducement for men with large incomes to commit perjury; again, with a valiant show of bogus patriotism, that "last resort of villains," it was direct effort to tarnish the reputation of the Supreme Court; an effort to soil the judicial ermine and bring the decisions of our highest tribunal into contempt. These hired claquers repeated themselves so often that they began to believe they were really honest, upon that well known Republican principle that "A lie well stuck to is as good as the truth." In view of the fact that such arguments have been made, and will doubtless be repeated, perhaps it would be well, at this time, to give the real facts, which cannot be gainsaid, or denied. Most people, who are honest with themselves, will concede that an income tax is just, upon every principle of right known to political economists. If a rich man will commit perjury for the purpose of concealing his income he will do precisely the same thing to escape taxation upon his other property subject to taxation. This argument is absolutely puerile, but being paid for, is repeated *ad infinitum*.

The argument that to advocate an income tax is to tarnish the integrity of the Supreme Court is equally without merit. Supreme Judges are after all but men clothed in judicial robes of office; they are moved by the same arguments, subject to the same political bias and susceptible to the same influences as other men. Our Supreme Court is but one of the co-ordinate branches of the government and is forbidden by the Constitution to trench upon the constitutional powers of the legislative or executive departments. When that august body, the Supreme Court, undertakes to assume powers which it does not possess, it is as justly subject to criticism as the humblest citizen in the land. "Judge-made law," which is simply an effort to render nugatory constitutional legislative authority, has always been considered the very essence of tyranny; it was such law that made Jeffries the most infamous character in judicial history, and it was the refusal to make such law at the command of his sovereign even that made Lord Coke one of the brightest luminaries in the judicial firmament. England has for centuries levied and collected such taxes. So thoroughly was the doctrine established that the right to collect taxes upon incomes in England has never been questioned. Our system of laws is founded upon the common law of England, in every State in the Union, with the single exception of Louisiana, where the Civil Law and the Code Napoleon have been adopted. The Supreme Court of the United States is guided or ought to be in its decisions, by the English Common Law and upon the question of the constitutionality of an income tax, has been so guided, until the last decision in the case of Pollock vs. Farmers' Union Trust Company, upon a rehearing. During our late civil war an income tax was levied and collected; if this tax was illegal, then the Government has swindled its citizens who paid the tax and ought in common honesty to refund what was taken without sanction of law. For more than a hundred years an unbroken line of our Supreme Court decisions has been in favor of the legality of such taxes. On August 4th, 1894, Congress passed an income tax law, but in 1895, in the case of Pollock vs. Farmers' Loan & Trust Company et al., the constitutionality of such a tax was questioned in the Supreme Court of the United States. The first argument of the appeal from the United States Circuit Court was had on the 7th, 8th, 12th and 13th of March, 1895. The Court was evenly divided, and upon a well known principle, when such a division takes place, the decision of the lower Court stands affirmed. But the capitalists of the country were not satisfied with this. A rehearing was asked for and granted, and the cause came on for argument in May, 1895. One of the Supreme Court Judges had, in this short interval, experienced a change of heart; a new light had illuminated his befogged mentality, and his next opinion was precisely the reverse of the one in which he had formerly concurred. This sudden and mysterious change of view, which occurs frequently in cases when large interests are threatened, enabled the opponents of the tax to obtain a majority opinion, and the legislative will was swept out of existence by the opinion of a single Judge who had to reverse himself in order to accomplish the desired result.

When the Democratic Convention met in 1896, its delegates logically concluded that if the vacillation of a single Justice could change the whole current of authority since the formation of the government, they certainly could not be censured for adhering to former decisions of the court, so that, in substance, the convention declared that the Democratic party was in favor of an income tax, and insisted that in the event of a Democratic success the personnel of the Court might be changed. In which event the Democratic party would favor the passage and enforcement of another statute imposing a graduated income tax.

As before stated, this declaration was most bitterly denounced; to question the decision was almost treason, and should be condemned by all Republican patriots who were shirking their duties, and leaving the burden of providing revenue to those least able to bear it. These hypocritical tirades had some effect; thoughtless people, not acquainted with the ultimate facts honestly believed that such conduct was unpatriotic to say the least; the large capitalists who had escaped paying their legitimate portion of the expenses of the government were united to a man, even though their immense incomes were directly attributable to "special privileges," granted them by the government. Such bare-faced attempts to deceive honest voters have not often been attempted in political campaigns.

But however harsh may have been the declarations of the Chicago Convention they were fulsome flattery when contrasted with the opinions of dissenting Justices. Justice Harlan of Kentucky, a staunch Republican, and one of the ablest of our Supreme Court Judges, had this to say of his brethren of the majority:

"In my judgment, to say nothing of the disregard of the former adjudications of this court, and the settled practice of the government, this decision may well excite the gravest apprehensions. It strikes at the very foundations of national authority, in that it denies to the general government a power which is, or may, become vital to the very existence and preservation of the Union in an emergency, such as that of war with a great commercial nation, during which the collection of all duties upon imports will cease or be materially diminished. It tends to re-establish that condition of helplessness in which Congress found itself during the period of the Articles of Confederation, when it was without authority by laws operating directly upon individuals, to lay and collect, through its own agents, taxes sufficient to pay the debts and defray the expenses of government, but was dependent, in all such matters, upon the good will of the states and their promptness in meeting requisitions made upon them by Congress. But this is not all. The decision now made may provoke a contest in this country from which the American people would have



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been spared if the court had not overturned its former adjudications and had adhered to the principles of taxation under which our government, following the repeated adjudications of this Court, has always been administered. Thoughtful, conservative men have uniformly held that the government could not be safely administered except upon principles of right, justice and equality, without discrimination against any part of the people, because of their owning or not owning visible property, or because of their having or not having incomes from bonds and stocks. But by its present construction of the Constitution, the court, for the first time in all its history, declares that our government has been so framed that, in matters of taxation for its support and maintenance, those who have incomes derived from the renting of real estate, or from the leasing or using of tangible personal property, or who own invested personal property, bonds, stocks and investments, of whatever kind, have privileges that cannot be accorded to those having incomes derived from the labor of their hands, or the exercise of their skill, or the use of their brains. Let me illustrate this. In the large cities or financial centres of the country there are persons deriving enormous incomes from the renting of houses that have been erected, not to be occupied by the owner, but for the sole purpose of being rented. Near by are other persons, trusts, combinations, corporations, possessing vast quantities of personal property, including bonds and stocks of railroad, telegraph, mining, telephone, banking, coal, oil, gas, and sugar refining corporations, from which millions upon millions of income are regularly derived. In the same neighborhood are others who own neither real estate, nor invested personal property, nor bonds, nor stocks of any kind, and whose entire income arises from the skill and industry displayed by them in particular callings, trades or professions, or from the labor of their hands or the use of their brains. And it is now the law, as this day declared, that under the Constitution, however urgent may be the needs of the government, however sorely the administration in power may be pressed to meet the monied obligations of the nation, Congress cannot tax the personal property of the country nor the income arising either from real estate or from invested personal property, except by a tax apportioned among the states, on the basis of their population, while it *may* compel the merchant, the artisan, the workman, the artist, the author, the lawyer, the physician, even the minister of the Gospel, no one of whom happens to own real estate, invested personal property, stocks or bonds, to contribute directly from their respective earnings, gains, and profits, and under the rule of uniformity or equality, for the support of the government."

Associate Justice Jackson is equally emphatic in his views. His dissenting opinion contains this caustic criticism:

"The practical operation of the decision is not only to disregard the great principles of equality in taxation but the further principle that in the imposition of taxes for the benefit of the government the burdens thereof should be imposed upon those having most ability to bear them. This decision, in effect, works out a directly opposite result, in relieving the citizens having the greater ability, while the burdens of taxation are made to fall most heavily and oppressively upon those having the least ability. It lightens the burden upon the larger number, in some states subject to the tax, and places it most unequally and disproportionately on the smaller number in other states. Considered in all its bearings, this decision is, in my judgment, the most disastrous blow ever struck at the constitutional power of Congress. It strikes down an important portion of the most vital and essential power of the government in practically excluding any recourse to incomes from real and personal estate for the purpose of raising needed revenue to meet the government's wants and necessities under any circumstances. I am therefore compelled to enter my dissent to the judgment of the court."

Associate Justice White expresses his views on the majority opinion in this language:

"It is, I submit, greatly to be deplored that after more than one hundred years of our national existence, after the government has withstood the strain of foreign wars and the dread ordeal of civil strife and its people have become united and powerful, this court should consider itself compelled to go back to a long repudiated and rejected theory of the Constitution by which the Government is deprived of an inherent attribute of its being, a necessary power of taxation."

If associates of these majority judges can criticise the opinion in as harsh language as they use in these extracts, is it not the right of the sovereign people, who are the source of all power, and the actual creators of judges, Presidents and National Legislation, to express their views without being held up to the country as anarchists and traitors?

Of all the ridiculous arguments made by the Republicans in the attempt to belittle the action of the Chicago Convention, for its actions, the attack upon its declaration favoring an Income Tax is the most foolish, indeed so foolish and false, that it is amusing. It will be well for the Democrats to keep in mind the real facts when the sack is again opened and the vicious fusilade begins. Constant remembrance, and proper denunciation of frauds already committed, will possibly prevent the accomplishment of others doubtless in contemplation—"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Once More—Art and Morality

BY HARRY COWELL

"Truth," says Marcus Aurelius, "is my business, and," adds the philosopher, with more than imperial pride, "it hurts nobody." In good business, without question, was the greater son of the great Antoninus Pius, but the artist is in better—one that helps everybody. The business of the artist is Beauty. And well it is for both art and morality when the artist minds his own business; when he regards art neither as "the handmaiden of religion," nor as "an aid to public morality," but as an independent sovereign of a realm of joy, co-equal with any of the kingdoms of earth. He who deals in "about the best thing God has invented" (it is thus Browning somewhere speaks of Beauty), yes, who betters God's beauty, and sets a mark for Nature, has no reason to go through life apologetically, but every reason, rather, to foot it as proudly at least as that emperor of emperors, whose business was Truth.

Now to Art there is nothing immoral save the inartistic; not infrequently the "bad" books are the best. When a book or other art product is an abomination, almost invariably the fault is with the form. The thing is worse than immoral; it is inartistic. It is "bad," not because it lacks morals, but because it lacks beauty. To the eye of Art, no less than to the eye of Science, nothing is common or unclean. With Art, as well as with Nature, "the consummate flower is fostered out of dung," as witness "Les Fleurs de Mal" of Charles Baudelaire and the ballads of Francois Villon. Whatever is beautiful is moral, or better. Never yet was the world worse for any great work of art. Much pleasantry is made over the goodly company one may keep in hell. "There go," it is said with a devil-may-care laugh, "rare artists and even rarer lovers—those who will cause the desert of the damned to blossom into beauty like the Garden of Eden;" but, as for me, I should not lift the least eyebrow or blow the faintest whistle were I (having repented me of split infinitives, infelicitous phrases, over-alliteration, and the like deadly sins) to find in highest heaven the artist placed above the priest.

Goodness—that is the priest's business. Can he also without injuring the business of his brother, Marcus Aurelius, make the proud addition: "And never has it hurt any man?" Alas for Goodness, so long as it goes in sad gray and leaves Vice the smiling scarlet! Were virtue but to "prink up" a bit, it would soon be necessary to extend the limits of the Golden City.

The True, the Good, and the Beautiful are a triune deity, most worshipful when most one. Even the emperor might have given himself—on holidays—the latitude of the lie that regards Beauty as the sunny side of Truth; Ugliness, the shady. Nor is the hideousness of the monster, Vice, far to seek. Much of the goodness of the books I question, because it is not beautiful.

A stumbling block and an offense to morals is the use art makes of sex. Well, if religion itself but realized how much it owes to sex, it would, for very shame, keep silent. Art may have had its origin in sex. The one certainly has ever been closely connected with the other. The superflous springtime energy of the male bubbled over into beauty. Out of the superabundance of his joy came song and the printed page. Art is play work and in more than one sense a labor of love.

"Why," it is often asked, "does man, rather than woman, paint the most perfect pictures, write the greatest books, compose the divinest music?" The answer is easy; it is contained in another question: Why does the artist tend so strongly to become a libertine and the libertine tend so inevitably to lose his artistry? That which has peopled the palpitating earth with joy-giving

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creations of the created is the love of man for woman. And the fortunes of that love, which men follow into heaven or hell, are now, as of old, the legitimate subject-matter of Art.

It would be better, I think, for Art were it to profess frankly its unconcern about moral reform. Moral reform is all very well in its way, but its way is not Art's way. The artist knows well, and rejoices in the knowledge, that Goodness does not shun the abiding place of great beauty, but is ever to be found in its vicinity. The fine arts may be considered as devices for the purpose of creating desires in order to satisfy them—their end is delight. The individual artist works for his own end—beauty—and unintended social good results. And the more singly the artist works for his own end the greater the resultant good. Beauty may and does suggest Divinity to the mind of man, but it is not the business of the artist to create beauty to the end of suggesting Divinity. Not one maker of beautiful things out of a thousand strives for that end without missing it. Were Goodness the "greatest good," the end of ends, it would be none the less true that Art should seek beauty with singleness of purpose. To hear some very saintly persons holding forth against such a degraded doctrine as this which makes beauty the end of art, one is led to the blasphemous conclusion that ugliness must be a special attribute of the Deity. Beauty is, I take it, a word which might be breathed forth with but little inappropriateness by the smiling lips of archangels; and delight in Beauty is not, I hope, altogether unknown in heaven.

Let the artist mind his art and the moral effects of his work will look out for themselves, will be vital and far-reaching.

The Saunterer

The Shadows of Chinatown

Writers of fiction and play-makers have from time to time found San Francisco's Chinatown a capital locale for the scene of their imaginative creations, and they have delighted lovers of color and atmosphere with their pictures of the social modes of the people who infest that quaint and fascinating quarter. But the Chinatown sketches that have been contributed to literature are at best mere impressionist studies. No writer has ever thoroughly exploited the Chinese quarter or mined its foul, dark depths, its stifling labyrinths or its ill-smelling alleys for the tragedy, the mediæval romance and the repellant Oriental coloring with which that habitat of the heathen abounds. The records of our police courts reveal with sculptural distinctness and with photographic accuracy the traditional attributes of the barbarous pagan as shown by his fidelity to his racial customs which he has imported to this country. But even those records were incomplete until the recent exposure of the conspiracy hatched in Chinatown for the extermination of the members of the Chinese Educational Society. That exposure was made by Grant Carpenter, one of the keenest and ablest reporters that ever penned an item for a daily paper, and as a result of his skill in hunting down evidence Quon Quack Wah, one of the richest men in Chinatown, and the president of several of the tong societies, was convicted last Monday in Judge Lawlor's court of murder in the first degree.

Significant Silence of the Press

The achievement of Grant Carpenter is such a notable one that the silence of the daily press on the subject is an eloquent commentary on the puerile spirit that pervades the offices of the great moulders of public opinion. Grant Carpenter did what the Police Department dared not do. He exposed the most infamous murderous conspiracy ever concocted on this continent; he turned the calcium into the dark recesses of Chinatown and revealed the machinery of a government within a government, and operated in defiance of American law by cruel assassins. He brought to book nine of the most influential men in Chinatown, caused their indictment for murder, and secured the conviction of the first one put on trial, despite the liberal use of money, the threats of blackmailers and the perjury of witnesses. The story of the crime brings out the startling condition of affairs in Chinatown in colors of enamel. And it gives hint to so much that has not yet been revealed that the apathy of the dailies, in view of their periodical spasms of virtue superinduced by a desire to stop mere gambling in Chinatown, is remarkable.

The Eight Statesmen

Carpenter was sent into Chinatown some months ago by the *Examiner* to unearth the methods by which the gamblers secured police protection. It was about that time that a member of the Chinese Educational Society reported to the Mayor that the keepers of gambling houses were assessed for protection by a little band of men known as the "Eight Statesmen." Shortly after that one of the Educational Society was shot to death in Ross alley. Carpenter investigated the crime and learned that the murdered man was the victim of a conspiracy. The police were unable to fathom the mystery of the murder. Carpenter suspected that they were not anxious to do so. At any rate he fathomed it, and the result was the conviction of Quon Quack Wah last Monday. Upon the trial of the murderer, who was prosecuted by Attorney John J. Barrett, assisted by Carpenter, the latter marshaled the facts in a way that laid before the jury not only the whole startling story of the tragedy, but also the curious ramifications of commercial and criminal procedure in the Chinese quarter. It was shown that the "Eight Statesmen" had arbitrarily constituted themselves a committee to protect the keepers of the gambling houses. They protected them from the raids of Chinese thugs and also, it is said, from the police. Of course this is denied by the police, and Carpenter was unable to connect the "statesmen" with any representative of the department, but it was significant that when matters were running smoothly in Chinatown, when

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the gamblers were contributing to the protection fund handled by the "statesmen" the police did not seriously interfere with the games.

The Conspiracy

The trouble that culminated in the tragedy arose when the keepers of one of the gambling houses haggled one day over the amount of the assessment levied against his establishment. He at first refused to pay, and later on sought to have the amount reduced. Pending the settlement his place was frequently raided by the police. When the money was paid the transaction was witnessed by a member of the Educational Society, a friend of the gambler. He thought the amount too large and that his friend was being cinched, and in a fit of indignation he reported the matter to Mayor Schmitz. Thereupon the police became very active, and as a consequence there was great indignation in Chinatown. The "Eight Statesmen" were sore on the members of the Educational Society, and at their instance a meeting was called of the tongs that comprise the See Yup society. These tongs were at one time dominated by the respectable element among the Chinese, but many years ago the highbinders managed to get control of them, and they now constitute the government of Chinatown. At this meeting of the tongs the plaint of the "statesmen" was heard, and it was resolved to turn the See Yup hatchet-men loose for a bloody carnival. It was agreed to pay five hundred dollars for each victim, and it was further agreed that in the event of the arrest and conviction of any assassin the society should send fifteen hundred dollars in gold or eighteen hundred dollars in Mexican coin to his family in China.

Those Vigilant Policemen

Two of the tong presidents turned state's evidence when the indictments were filed, and a third was on the point of doing so, but after dictating a statement of the conspiracy he refused to sign. He explained that if he did so he would have his head shot off. He preferred to take a chance with our judicial system than to invite the vengeance of the inexorable tongs of Chinatown. The man who was convicted last Monday, and who will have to suffer the death penalty, was one of the most enthusiastic conspirators, and it was proved during the trial that he supplied the weapons to several of the hatchet-men just as they started off to earn the blood-money. They succeeded in killing only one man when the conspiracy was exposed, and then the hatchet-men ran to cover, and the Educational Society men, the proposed victims, barricaded themselves in an impregnable retreat where they are still awaiting developments. Of course they are entitled to police protection, but they haven't much confidence in the police, a whole squad of whom went on the witness stand for the defence of the murderous Wah. Several of the Educational men witnessed the murder in Ross alley and testified that they fled the scene, disappearing in the darkness. The police officers were called to testify that they were in the neighborhood, and that they saw nobody running away. Asked if the streets were illuminated, they replied that a person could read a newspaper, so bright were the street lights. The prosecution proved, by the testimony of an official of the gas company, that on that night the lamps had not been lighted. The police officers are still in the department, and they have not yet caught the man who fired the fatal shot. It is said that he is now in China.

The Legal Battle

The trial of murderer Wah lasted four weeks, and excited considerable interest in legal circles. The defence was handled by Peter F. Dunne, the railroad attorney, who is regarded as a very shrewd trial lawyer, being especially skilful in influencing juries by artful manœuvres. He had for an adversary John J. Barrett, who is a much younger man, but one of rare ability. He has been wonderfully successful at the bar, and he was at no time awed by the prestige of the senior counsel. Dunne undertook to laugh the case out of court, a trick that is quite often successful, but Barrett insisted on disciplining Dunne every little while, and they had a number of exciting tilts. At the close of a long and tedious trial attorney Dunne waived argument, in a manner that suggested that he did not think it worth while. This is quite a familiar bluff and it is sometimes effective, but in this instance it proved a tactical mistake, for the jurors took the case seriously, and concluded that Dunne was afraid to argue it. It was a great victory for Barrett. After the verdict was rendered it was rumored that a big sack had been raised in Chinatown for the bribing of the jury, but that no effort was made to use it because the attorney for the defence was confident his client would be acquitted. The supposition is that the Chinese who handled the sack pocketed it. Now that the rich and influential Wah is approaching the gallows, the Chinese are bound to bestir themselves for there is no telling how many of them will be involved. Under such circumstances it is usual for the hatchet-men to become active, and it will occasion no surprise in police circles if some of the witnesses are now assassinated.

Silence of the Dailies

Meanwhile it should be interesting to observe to what extent the activity of the police will go. Unfortunately Carpenter is no longer employed by the *Examiner,* having severed his connection with that paper a short time ago, and nothing is being done to stimulate the authorities in the performance of their duties. The sensational revelations concerning the doings of the "Eight Statesmen" received scarcely any attention from the *Examiner's* contemporaries because of the absurd notion in newspaperdom that it is unwise to exploit the story of a rival, even though the public interests might be promoted. Carpenter surely performed a great public service in exposing the do-

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ings of the tongs and the gamblers, and it is too bad that he was not encouraged to prosecute his labors further, for he had grave suspicions regarding the relationship between the police and the "statesmen." He is the same reporter, by the way, who brought charges of crookedness against Chief Wittman some years ago when the latter was a sergeant of police.

A Want Ad

Wanted: A good, stanch Republican to run for Mayor of this city. He must have some reputation to lose, a fat purse loosely tied, and a flexible glad-hand. He must be docile and guaranteed to stand without being tied. He must agree to take program at all hours of the day and night. He must have the confidence of the commercial element and not the ill-will of the laboring man. He must be friendly with the liquor interests, and also with the quasi-public corporations. No demagogues or reformers need apply.

Walsh Hunts Down His Detractor

During the recent primary election campaign the factions in the several districts fusiladed one another with vitriolic circulars. The most caustic of the political jeremiads was issued by the Democratic League faction in the Thirty-seventh district. It was a very savage attack on Registrar Walsh and his chief deputy, both of whom live in the district. It charges them with having resorted to very reprehensible methods in previous campaigns, and denounced them in bitter language. When Registrar Walsh read the circular he became very excited, and vowed that he would prosecute the author for criminal libel. He hurried to the establishment where the circular was printed and demanded to know by whom the work was ordered. He was told, and then he spent several days going from one person to another tracing the authorship of the peppery paper. Meanwhile the author, who was none other than Charles Wesley Reed, made no effort to escape the Registrar's wrath. He acknowledged the authorship to everybody who asked him about it. He heard about the wild-eyed indignation of Walsh, but he wouldn't take to the woods. Finally they met one day last week, and Walsh produced the circular and proceeded to relate how he had been hunting down the author. He said that the men who brought it to the printer had promised never to mix up in politics again, and also agreed to be good forever. Then he intimated that if he found the author he would probably be lenient with him if he begged for forgiveness.

Reformer Reed Grows Eloquent

Then the Registrar looked inquisitively at the attorney and paused for a reply.

"Well," said Reed, "I wrote that circular and as every word of it is true I have no intention of retracting or apologizing."

This bold statement staggered Walsh, but when he recovered he adopted a conciliatory tone.

"I never injured you, Mr. Reed," he said, "and I don't see why you should seek to injure me."

"Oh, yes, you did," said Reed. "You went around this town when I was running for Supervisor, telling people that I was an A. P. A., and that I attended the A. P. A. meeting at Metropolitan hall."

"Well, you did," retorted Walsh.

Thereupon Reed grew indignant and overwhelmed the Registrar with sizzling epithets. Walsh explained that he thought Reed attended the A. P. A. meetings because he had been seen about fifteen blocks distant from Metropolitan hall on several Sundays on which the meetings were held. It was upon this *prima facie* evidence that he had sought to injure Reed politically. After some further conversation Walsh suggested that they shake hands, but Reed spurned the offer, denounced him again and told him that he was a fit associate for Max Popper and Sammy Braunhart.

Aftermath of the Primary

It is rather significant that the only districts captured by those immaculate and puritanical exponents of political cant, Gavin McNab and James D. Phelan, are those in which the "push" and the riff-raff predominate. All those north of Market street, which include the swell residential districts, gave majorities to the Democratic League, which is the organization that has been so persistently maligned by the *Bulletin* at the instigation of Phelan and McNab. Those distinguished bosses captured the Barbary Coast, the water front and the districts south of Market where cheap lodging houses are numerous and votes are easily purchased. The records show that in every district from the Thirty-sixth to the Forty-third inclusive, the League delegates were elected. It is also significant that the Forty-first district, in which Franklin K. Lane resides, was lost by the Phelan-McNab combine, together with every other district in which Lane's office deputies were active against the League. Nevertheless Lane's popularity appears to be undisputed, according to the two leading Republican papers, the *Bulletin* and the *Chronicle*, both of which depend on McNab for inspiration in all matters pertaining to Democratic politics. The *Chronicle* is free from his influence editorially, but he manages adroitly to color its local news, and the consequence is that he has had the able assistance of that paper in strengthening Lane's fences. Even Mr.



Kalypto Preserves the TEETH and GUMS

De Young, who is a leading member of the Republican League, and who is anxious to elect a Republican Mayor, has not had sense enough to realize that his paper was being used to boost a Democrat into the office. We were told by the *Chronicle* that the victory of McNab at the primaries meant the routing of Rainey and other disreputable bosses. It didn't mean anything of the sort, but the inference from such a statement is that the Democratic convention is to be independent and free from boss influence. Never before was Mr. De Young so generous to the Democratic party. His associate Lamas of the Republican League should discipline him.

The Exit of Bill English

William D. English, whose death occurred in Oakland last week, was one of the old school of Democratic politicians, the representatives of which have been gradually losing their grip on the political machine in this State. It was the old school politician who knew how to conduct campaigns and arouse enthusiasm. Bill English was an expert in that sort of thing. He was one of the most widely beloved men in California and he had the respect even of his enemies. He was a big-hearted fellow, a *bon vivant,* a genial companion and a self-sacrificing friend. Is is the fortune of a very small percentage of the human family to be blessed with so many virtues and burdened with so few faults as were combined in the greatly lamented William D. English.

Why Schwab Resigned

According to the despatches Charles Schwab, who resigned the presidency of the United States Steel Corporation, expects to be elected to the office again in the near future. I doubt very much that Mr. Schwab will ever again be elected to that high office, for I have been reliably informed that his downfall was not due to the wrecking of his nervous system, but rather to his sensational dissipations and especially to the flamboyant escapade in which he was involved at Monte Carlo about a year ago. A New York financier informed me some time ago that Schwab was a high-flyer, and that his extravagances had aroused the distrust of many of the large stockholders of the billion dollar trust. No doubt he was threatened with nervous collapse, but when he was sent away in search of health he tried to find it at the roulette tables, and he played at Monte Carlo with practically the roof for a limit. His conduct aroused the indignation of J. P. Morgan and other associates and they called a halt. Investors can have no confidence in the management of a concern whose president spends money in a way calculated to make conservative people gasp with astonishment. Schwab's conduct was regarded as evidence of a trait of recklessness which his associates considered undesirable in a man in his position. Schwab went the pace that leads to paresis, and that is why the agitation was started that ended in his resignation.

A Sideboard Preferred

Some time ago there was considerable agitation among commuters over the threat of the Southern Pacific Company to abolish the bars on the Oakland boats. The thirsty commuters were much worried over the prospect of going across the bay on temperance boats, and a howl went up that could be heard on Goat Island on a stormy night. Though the company has not banished liquor from the boats it has abolished the bar on one of them—the *Oakland.* A sideboard has been substituted and is located in one corner of the restaurant. This innovation is not a commendable one, for the restaurant is frequently patronized by women, and their presence does not deter some men from conducting themselves at the sideboard just as they would in a bar-room.

A plain woman is expected to be virtuous; a pretty woman can be what she likes.

Claudia Lured From Us

Claudia Rodgers, whose many affairs of the heart have been the subject of much newspaper comment during the past year, believes that the East presents a wider field for the development of her varied talents. She has received and accepted an offer from a Chicago manager to appear in a prominent part in "The Babes in Toyland," a new extravaganza. Claudia's local stage career was interrupted several times by persistent suitors. Once she was said to have eloped with young Adrian Splivalo, and at that time her disappearance occasioned much anxiety. Splivalo was subsequently shipped to Honolulu. Miss Rodgers was reported engaged and married several times, and always to some young man whose family exchequer would tempt almost any maiden. It will not be long before Claudia will drift from Chicago to New York, unless meanwhile she captures a pork-packer. When she strikes Broadway the Johnnies will sit up and take notice.

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Mayer the Raconteur

Marcus Mayer, the impresario, who is to manage Adelina Patti's next "farewell" tour, is among other things a noted raconteur. He had my eager ear for about an hour last Saturday, and he poured into it a flood of interesting recollections, some for publication and others that were in the nature of privileged communications. Mayer has been connected with the theatrical business so many years that few people recall that he was once a newspaper man in this city. He started in on the lowest rung of the journalistic ladder, having learned the printer's trade. He told me that he worked at the case in Francis Valentine & Co.'s establishment in the early days and that Henry George, the noted single-tax prophet, worked alongside of him. Charley De Young was a printer in the same shop in those days, and Frank Mayo, who afterwards became a famous actor, "kicked the press." Later on Mayer became a reporter on the old *Alta,* and he was at one time a sporting editor and a dramatic critic.

Founding of the "Call"

The impresario related some of the early history of the *Morning Call,* which paper he said was founded by four printers who were out on a strike. They were Charles Jobson, James J. Ayer who afterwards became proprietor of the Los Angeles *Herald,* George Barnes, the dramatic critic who died a few years ago, and David Higgins, who was recently Premier of British Columbia. According to Mayer they spent a long time trying to agree on a name for the paper, and one night they met in the Faustkeller, a beer saloon on Montgomery street, to talk the matter over. After wrangling quite awhile one of them noticed a play-bill calling attention to the fact that a piece was being played at Maguire's Opera House entitled "The Morning Call." He suggested that it would be a good name for the paper and it was adopted without further discussion.

That Marvelous Voice

On the subject of Madame Patti's next "farewell," Mr. Mayer is quite enthusiastic, and he desires to pose as a public benefactor for having decided to hold the two concerts next January in the Mechanics' Pavilion, where the famous diva may be heard at comparatively popular prices. Everybody he meets asks him whether her vocal organ is in first-class working order, and he is willing to make an affidavit that it retains its pristine quality and strength. "I heard her in London three months ago," he says, "and I was convinced that her superb voice still excels that of any woman on the operatic stage. Madame Patti was blessed with a naturally flexible voice, the equal of which we have never heard, and it was so easy for her to sing, so masterly was the cultivation, that she never had to exert unduly her vocal chords. That is why her voice today betrays no evidence of wear and tear."

Pendleton of the Marines

I learn with no surprise that Captain Joseph H. Pendleton, of the Marines, has been found physically disqualified for promotion to his majority by reason of defective eyesight. As a matter of fact, Pendleton's eyesight has been extremely defective since he left the naval academy, and the only remarkable thing about his present predicament is that he managed to get by the surgeons for promotion to the grades of first lieutenant and captain. Captain Pendleton married one of the bright Fay girls, daughters of Professor "Billy" Fay of the Naval Academy. Two of the other sisters also married into the Navy. The near-sighted captain has been noted in the service for his strong predilection for "springing rank" on the slightest provocation. I recall one occasion when he resorted to the practice to save himself when worsted in a chance steerage-mess argument, when he was a second lieutenant, on the old *Pensacola,* out in the Mediterranean. One of the midshipmen, a Georgian, had been discussing some of the motives actuating the South during the Civil war, and his statements drove Pendleton into a corner. Driven to bay, Pendleton "sprung rank," as the senior officer, by threatening to report the midshipman for using seditious language. This was in the year of our Lord 1886.

Colonel "Bob" Meade

Colonel "Bob" Meade, of the Marines, seems to have a faculty for getting himself into trouble. It was only a couple of years ago that he was court-martialed for drunkenness on duty, but the court brought in a verdict of acquittal, and I was glad of it, for Meade has always been a gallant officer, and has had hard experiences in his forty years of service, including long imprisonment in Libby Prison during the Civil war, and the rigors of the Chinese campaign. He again dropped into hot water the other day as a result of an injudicious communication to the Navy Department. The delicate touch of the same enemies that instigated the court-martial is to be observed in this latest episode. "Bob" Meade comes naturally by his irascibility. His father, old Captain Richard Meade, was one of the "bucko" officers of the old school, whose eccentricities in his later years were abnormal even for officers of his type. "Bob's" brother, the late Rear-Admiral "Dick" Meade, was



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a chip of the old block, often embroiled both with his fellow officers and with the department. Shortly before his death he was involved with the higher powers in an imbroglio of even greater seriousness than the latest one of his younger brother.

"Buck" Miller to Retire

Since his marriage five years ago with the daughter of Captain Bowman H. McCalla, Lieutenant William G. Miller, of the Navy, has found the restrictions of the service more and more irksome. He has recently applied for retirement from active service, under the provisions of the law permitting the Secretary of the Navy to stimulate the flow of promotions by a few more or less arbitrary retirements when the number of vacancies in a grade falls below a certain figure. Lieutenant Miller was formerly one of the leading athletes of his class when at the Naval Academy, being a member of the academy football and baseball teams. He bases his application for retirement upon the claim that service in the tropics injures his health unduly. I am told that Miller has grown much in hauteur of late years, and that he is inclined to resent the sobriquet of "Buck," which was bestowed upon him in earlier days.

When Hunter Was a Plebe

Of the regular troops in last Tuesday's parade, it struck me that the best impression was made by the battalion of Coast Artillery under the command of Captain Charles H. Hunter, known in his cadet days as "Tum" Hunter, a soldier bred and a soldier born, his father, the fine old General, having been one of our best officers of the old school. "Tum" Hunter got his nickname as a result of his proficiency in the performance of one of plebehood's duties. It is a favorite pastime of the upper classmen, at both West Point and Annapolis, when "deviling" or "running" the plebes, to cause them to memorize and recite some fantastic rhyme or other nonsense when called upon to do so, combining the recitation with more or less oratoric gesture and fervor, for the greater entertainment of their persecutors. "Alice in Wonderland" produced some good material for this purpose in the class of '80, which was Hunter's. The Jabberwock and other mythical creatures fell to the lot of some. Hunter, when asked who he was, was required to answer that he was the "Tum-Tum bird," and to discourse on the peculiar qualities of that songster. He made such an entirely satisfactory "Tum-Tum bird" that the title of "Tum" was taken up even by his classmates, and stuck to him thereafter.

A G. A. R. Story

Old General Butler of Connecticut has been having a great time renewing acquaintance with erstwhile residents of the nutmeg State who live in California. In the Palace hotel corridor the other day General Butler told a story about the late "Joe" Bromley, of the Thirteenth Connecticut, a brother of "Uncle" George Bromley, who was among those gathered about the veteran raconteur. "In the winter of '62-'63," said General Butler, "Joseph Bromley was quartermaster of my crack regiment—the Thirteenth. He beguiled the tedium of routine work by his ready wit, and his skill at catering won him the regard of men and officers. I remember how Joe managed to get wood, when that aid to warmth was hard to obtain. He ordered his men to the depot of the Carrollton railroad, and started them to loading their teams. The superintendent of the road came along and remarked:

" 'What are you going to do with that wood?'

" 'Cook rations. Go on with your loading, Corporal,' said Joe.

" 'Who are you?' questioned the superintendent, and Bromley answered with the information desired, adding: 'Allow me, sir, to inquire whom I have the distinguished honor to address.' The superintendent replied, and remarked with decision that the wood was the railroad's, and he positively forbade any quartermaster of any army whatsoever to remove it.

" 'Put your protest in writing, in red ink, tie it with a piece of red tape,' answered Bromley, 'I'll approve it and forward it. You see, we've got to have wood to cook with; can't eat beans and pork raw. *I'd* prefer 'em raw, but the men are so unreasonable they want 'em cooked.'

"The superintendent continued his protests, indeed he was acting by my orders," said the General, "but Joe finally won out. By the way, he is the same man who issued these orders to a corporal: 'We're going on an expedition. I want my staff to be on the lookout for turkeys, geese, pigs and sheep. Don't be the aggressor in any contest. Stand strictly on the defensive; but, if you're attacked by any of these animals, show fight, and *don't forget to bring off the enemy's dead.*' "

An Ex-Rebel's Joke

A G. A. R. veteran whose breast was covered with badges was standing in front of a cigar store at Stockton and Market streets last Tuesday, watching the parade, when he was approached by a stranger who gave him a military salute.

"Got a lot of decorations, haven't you?" said the stranger.

"Yes, quite a number," proudly replied the veteran.

"I helped put them there badges on you," said the stranger.

The veteran looked surprised. "I don't understand you," he said.

"Well, you see," continued the stranger, "I was all through the fightin' on the other side. I don't know how

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many of you we killed, but judging by your pension list, we wounded quite a number."

Then the two grizzled warriors shook hands and went in and had a drink.

A Famous Regiment

One of features of the big parade on Wednesday was the remnant of the famous Mozart regiment, the Fortieth New York volunteers. This regiment was mustered into the service on June 14, 1861, and was at the front four years and one month. During most of that period the regiment saw continuous service, and lost twelve hundred and forty-five men. Its casualties were greater than those of any other New York regiment and were exceeded by only seven others in the entire army. There were twenty men in line last Wednesday, representing eight States. They were under the command of Major R. E. Whitefield of this city who is president of the California battalion of the Mozart Association.

Lummis and the Indians

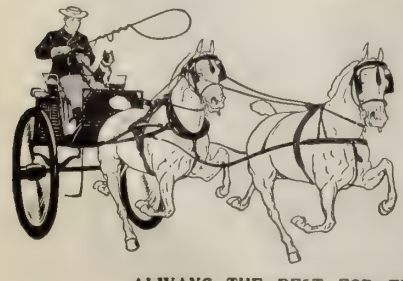
Like many another strenuous theorist, Charles F. Lummis of corduroy and sombrero fame is better at writing about things and advocating reforms on paper than in giving any material assistance to the practical accomplishment of things. Lummis has been talking about the Warner Ranch Indians with the voice of a Delphic oracle and those who have been reading his articles on the subject have been led to believe that what Lummis did not know about Indians and their welfare was hardly worth putting into a two-line paragraph. But there are persistent rumors throughout Southern California to the effect that the Warner Ranch Indians know more about their tribal traits and longings than even Lummis does, and that they strenuously object to being taught how to be Indians by the wild and woolly editor of *Out West*. Be this as it may, Lummis has either resigned or been removed from the Indian Commission appointed to take charge of the Warner Ranch eviction. And an experienced Indian agent has come to fill the vacancy. It is a general theory in the lemon belt that Lummis was a disturbing factor, irritating both to his fellow commissioners and to the benighted savages under his temporary charge. Many of the Indians declared that Lummis persisted in misunderstanding them. At last things reached such a pass that to remove the Indians peaceably something would have to be changed in the commission. The change was effected through the withdrawal of Lummis. Since that event the affairs of the Warner Indians have progressed with a peaceableness which would indicate that Lummis was a very good man not to have on the commission. The neatness and simplicity with which Lummis's successor has straightened up the whole affair shows more plainly than words that the Warner Ranch tangle called for an Indian agent and not for an Indian editor.

Why the Red Man is Disgruntled

The Warner Indians and their trials are a flamboyant example of the false and sloppy sentiment which some of our literary poseurs are fond of lavishing on the noble red man. Although the new reservation which has been given to the tribe is incomparably more fertile, beautiful and valuable than the old one which the tribe held and which is now owned by J. Downey Harvey, the Indians are far from satisfied and are raising a pathetic wail to the government. Their grievance is based on the fact that they have been cheated of their idleness. On the old Agua Caliente grant they were enabled to bleed tourists for baths in the springs and to sell Indian curios at exorbitant rates. But on the superior lands of the new tract they are confronted with the horrible reality of work. Not long ago the young men of the tribe struck and refused to build new houses because they were not issued by the government the same amount of rations which had been given to the older men who had families to support.

Might Have Been Sir George

"I saw that man playing Hamlet in India many years ago," said an Englishman who was witnessing the performance at the Columbia Tuesday night. He referred to George Titheradge, who plays the part of the minister. "And he was a good Hamlet, too, and he was a great favorite in India," continued the Englishman, "and by the way, he had the right to claim knighthood, and if he had done so he would have been the first actor to win that distinction." He related that at that time Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith) was then Viceroy of India, and that he was a great admirer of Titheradge. When the proclamation ar-



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rived proclaiming Queen Victoria Empress of India, the Viceroy selected the actor to act as the Herald for the purpose of reading the document. It was by reason of his performance of this high office that he was entitled to claim knighthood, which he never did.

Shaw's Quick Wit

Now that Henry Miller has introduced us to George Bernard Shaw through the medium of "The Devil's Disciple" there has been a revival of interest in society circles in the personality and works of the cynical Britisher. Shaw is as much of an egotist as was the late William Whistler, and he is almost as skilled in the gentle art of making enemies. He has a keen wit, too, and it is as ready on occasions as the sword of D'Artagnan. At the premier of his comedy, "Arms and the Man," in London, there were calls for the author, and Mr. Shaw responded. One dissentient in the gallery evidently regarded the presence of the author on the stage as an intrusion, and he expressed his disapproval by "booing" lustily. The playwright calmly turned his eyes toward the disturber and said:

"Yes, sir, I quite agree with you, but what can we two do against a whole houseful?"

Rushed By Society

Margaret Anglin is again leading a strenuous life in this city. Like Amelia Bingham she condescends to be lionized by the social push, and some of our fashionable matrons dearly love to stroke the lion's mane, especially if it reflects the glamour of the stage. On her last visit Miss Anglin was entertained by the Jack Casserlys, who are very ardent admirers of the actress. They led the applause at the Columbia Tuesday night. The house that night, by the way was much more fashionable than on the first night. The most distinguished of our social leaders, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, accompanied by the Walter Martins, occupied a stage box. Mrs. Martin wore the gayest of gay white hats, a very dainty creation that sat jauntily on her classic head. That most ravishing of all our society girls, Miss Russell, the fiancee of Clem Tobin, occupied a loge with him, and divided interest with the mummers.

Dillingham's Famous Fake

Charles B. Dillingham, manager of the Miller-Anglin company, was a Chicago newspaper man before he went into theatricals. It was when he was doing the hotel corridor stunt for his paper that he perpetrated a fake that made him famous, or at least known on both continents. News was slack one day, no prominent visitors to interview at any of the hotels, so Dillingham sizzled his brains in vain for copy. As he hung over the register of the Hotel Richelieu, the hostelry kept by the late "Cardinal" Bemis, a bright idea struck him. He took up a pen and inscribed upon the register the name of "Signor Pasquale Bellini—Roma, Italia." Then he sat himself down and dashed off, with Lafcadio Hearn-like rapidity, page after page of a brilliant interview with Signor Bellini. He made his man say that the Vatican was considering a removal of the Holy See from Rome to Berne, in Switzerland, on account of certain political embarrassments. The Signor was made to state that Leo XIII approved of the proposed move, and many other incredible statements were laid to Bellini's tongue. The "great stuff" was featured by the paper and it was considered a big scoop. It made two continents talk, and cablegrams denying everything, even the existence of Bellini, came flashing over from Europe. The managing editor went for Dillingham, who referred him to the hotel register for his authority, and "Cardinal" Bemis stood by the reporter. It was a long time before the fact that it was a fake leaked out.

The Morality Play

The Morality Play's the thing just now. Henry Miller explained "Everyman" to a Channing Auxiliary audience last Thursday, a la Walter Damrosch, and he excited great interest in it. As the Lyric hall holds but nine hundred people and as the Channing ladies have taken the first chance at the seats, not many will be left for the general public, but there will be some on sale next Monday. The entire house is reserved and there are very few dollar seats. The audience will, of course, be fashionable. The Channing Auxiliary will not make much out of it, as they have to pay eleven hundred dollars for the performance, but they will make a little—perhaps four hundred dollars.

Asylum Superintendent—This man was a cryptogrammatist. He is a hopeless case.

Visitor—What set him crazy?

Asylum Superintendent—Ciphers in Shakespeare. He found one that convinced him that the plays were written by Clyde Fitch in collaboration with Dave Belasco and then he collapsed.

F. A. Hihn, the Santa Cruz millionaire, celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday on August seventeenth, and the Pioneers of Santa Cruz gave a big dinner to celebrate the event. There were two hundred at the table, and many bright speeches were made.

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A Poet's Finger Caused Anxiety

One of the amusing stories included in the aftermath of the Bohemian jinks is about the hasty summoning of Dr. "Jack" Shiels from a private camp five miles distant from the grove, to save Al Grim's index finger. Grim is the poet laureate of bohemia and it was of him Wilton Lackaye said, "His enemies call him the Alfred Austin of America." Well, he cut his finger severely with a hatchet while erecting a tent in the grove, and a young doctor who happened to be on the scene dressed the wound. One of the club bell-boys heard the doctor remark, "That will have to come off." He meant the bandage, but the boy thought he referred to the finger. Now this particular boy doesn't know anything about poetry but he takes Grim's verse seriously, and is a great admirer of the versesmith. Moreover he had no confidence in the young doctor, concluded that he was a butcher and resolved to save the finger. So without informing anybody of his intention, he hitched a horse to a buggy and rode off in hot haste for Dr. Shiels. "Come quick, doctor, and save Al Grim's finger," he exclaimed as soon as he saw Shiels. The latter jumped into the buggy and accompanied the boy back to the grove where Grim was found blissfully unconscious of the anxiety that he caused.

Ralph Miller, the Owls' manager, made some of the biggest catches of salmon at Capitola this week. J. J. Deane, F. A. Farrar and C. E. Ray of the *Chronicle* were also among the successful trollers.

"You appear to to take Grouch seriously."
"I regard him as an atrabilious genius."
"I thought you misjudged him. He's merely a spiteful nonentity."

The Abandonment of a Career

Miss Lillie Lawlor having announced her intention to leave Paris and spend the winter in New York, Madame La Bavarde remarks, "This looks as if Miss Lawlor had abandoned all idea of a professional career for Paris is the place for study along that line." No doubt she has. She probably abandoned it a long time ago. When Miss Lawlor gave her concert in this city some months ago I stated that she lacked one essential to success on the concert stage—a voice. Of study she has had quite enough, for her method is far superior to that of many women on the professional stage. What voice she has is beautifully cultivated, and if she could impart to others the instruction she has received she would be a most successful teacher, but she should never take to the professional stage. Miss Lawlor being a sensible woman has, I hope, not been influenced by the "hot air" of her society friends, very few of whom can differentiate singing from howling. She is not the only woman who has wasted her time abroad in the cultivation of a parlor voice in the hope of creating a sensation on the operatic stage. Scarcely a week passes that some daily does not announce the departure of some sweet singer for foreign parts in quest of vocal cultivation with a view to adopting a professional career. In nearly every instance the sweet singer has been told by her friends that she has a marvelous voice, and she believes them. If one in every five hundred proved a success operatic stars would be a drug on the market.

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Sanger and Mrs. Sanger are "In"

A correspondent writes me that the swellest thing at Long Branch this summer is Sanger Pullman. Sanger has started out as an organizer of functions and introduced the paper chase as she is done in San Rafael with much success. The new style of fox hunt was such a hit that Sanger was overwhelmed with compliments. He rides much better than formerly, my correspondent writes, and has actually managed to be "in at the death" several times. Mrs. Sanger has grown so stout that her old acquaintances in San Francisco would scarcely know her. And, by the way, Mrs. Pullman senior no longer looks the other way when her son's wife drives by. She has finally decided that recognition was due to Mrs. Sanger Pullman. Mere Pullman has a cottage at Elberon near Long Branch and her equipages and horseflesh are the envy of less well-to-do mortals.

The Deserted Village

Burlingame has lately been dubbed "The Deserted Village." The homes of many of the smart set have been closed for months, and others are to be abandoned in the near future. The Frank Carolans have gone East and will sail for Europe on the twenty-sixth. They expect to be away six months. Prince and Princess Poniatowski are going abroad again next month and will remain away an indefinite length of time. The Prince is in poor health, and looks as though he is in need of a long rest. The Hobarts are still in Paris where a son was born on the ninth. It is the third olive-branch that has blessed the Hobart union. The young millionaire cabled the news to a few of his friends in this city. Mrs. Hobart may never again return to Burlingame. The sale of their home was a sad blow to her, and before she went away she confided to a friend that she would like to live abroad the remainder of her life.

Hatcher's First Plunge

The gossips of San Jose have had something to talk of since they received news of the marriage of Charles Hatcher, formerly a resident of that city, with Miss Alice Schreiner, a New York heiress. Hatcher was married in San Jose to Miss Carrie Newman some time ago, but they never liyed together. The husband brought suit for divorce, alleging that he had been forced into the ceremony. Mrs. Hatcher filed a cross-complaint charging desertion and she was granted the decree. A few months ago Hatcher went to Boston, where he has since been engaged in business as a stock and bond broker, and he has been very successful.

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The Man With the Bracelet

Hubert Henry Davies, whose play "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace" is thrilling London theatregoers, was well known in San Francisco a year or two ago. He was employed as a clerk by Balfour, Guthrie & Company and wrote some indifferent verse for local papers. He started the craze for jade here and wore heavy rings, cuff buttons and shirt studs all made of the green stone. Now and then he wore a jade bracelet that excited the envy of his feminine friends. He was a frequent visitor at the home of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and there he met Pilar-Morin of L'Enfant Prodique fame. She admired the bracelet so much that she made a wager with her friends that she would own it before the week was over. Every one laughed at her for they knew that the ornament was his choicest treasure. However, at the end of the week the dainty pantomimist was wearing the green hoop. She explained that she had given the young dilettante a rousing lecture on the effeminacy of wearing a bracelet, and that when she had finished he presented her with it. After that they became good friends and Davies wrote a clever pantomime for her .

To Essay Rachel's Great Role

Grace Llewellyn Jones has been chosen for the title role in Racine's "Phedre" which is to be produced at the new amphitheatre in Berkeley some time in the early winter. Since her return from Venice two years ago Miss Jones has made quite an enviable reputation as an elocutionist. I hear that some dissatisfaction was expressed among the students over her selection for the role, it having been the original plan to allow none but college students to take part in the plays to be produced in the amphitheatre. However Miss Jones will enter the college in a post graduate course. Society people on both sides of the bay are curious to see her attempt Rachel's great part, one that inspired even Bernhardt with nervous hesitation. On the professional stage it is believed that proficiency in the tricks of the elocutionist is fatal to the aspirant for histrionic honors, but the friends of Miss Jones are confident that she will overcome the handicap.

"I never knew how much dust there was in the house," observed Mrs. Youngmatron, "until I got my new eye-glasses."

"I wish, then, you'd kept the old ones," snapped the housemaid.

Chicago's Idol to Visit California

Mrs. Lillian Bell Bogue is on her way to the coast and several of the women's clubs are preparing to entertain her. Several clubmen, I understand, are also desirous of lionizing the erstwhile "old maid," who wrote so entertainingly about love before she married. Lillian Bell is the idol of Chicago's literati. They worshiped her before she married, because of the lectures she gave deriding the married state, and since she went back on her theories they think none the worse of her. She is not a beautiful woman, but is said to be very engaging in appearance and she has a possession the average woman lacks—humor. Her latest book, "The Dowager and the American girl," is good, but the brunt of her reputation rests on "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid." One of her best productions from a philosophical viewpoint is "The Under Side of Things." In this among other things she observes:

A man with a conscience will sacrifice his head and his bodily comfort to his ideal of duty, but he clings tenaciously to his heart's desire, and yields that last of all. A woman with a conscience often makes a burnt-offering of her heart from pure altruism. Men call such a woman a saint—or cold.

It really would be a delightful as well as a most instructive thing if a man occasionally could exchange places with the woman he loves and view his actions through her eyes. Perhaps he might better understand her causeless jealousies and her unreasonable way of holding him to account for quite harmless diversions. He might see how the moments he spends with other girls seem to lengthen out into the basis of a good quarrel—so different are men's eyes from women's. It would benefit them in the same degree that a year's travel benefits a provincial youth. He learns a new point of view.

Lillian Bell is no Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She never writes poems of passion, but she has written some things about men and women that are worth reading and that is why club men as well as club women are anxious to entertain her.

Golf Players Robbed

There was consternation among the members of the San Rafael Golf Club last Sunday when the discovery was made that several members had been robbed. Articles of jewelry and money had been stolen from the lockers while the owners were out on the links. The members being fearful of causing a scandal kept the matter very quiet, but there is considerable uneasiness in the club. The supposition is that one of the caddies was the perpetrator of the larceny, but of course this is merely a suspicion.



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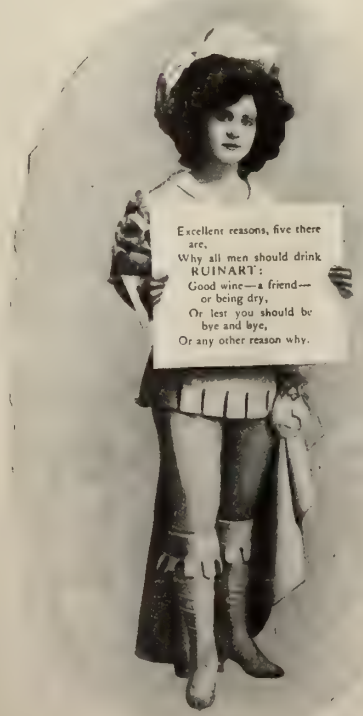
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Josselyn's Next Effort

There are many cynical chaps in the Bohemian Club who do not take Charles Josselyn's literary pretensions seriously, though his book, "The True Napoleon," which was a compilation of all the good things that had been said about the Corsican, received much favorable criticism. The cynics and a few of the "knockers" have heard that he is now writing of books themselves, and that he will entitle his effort "On My Bookshelves," or "My Favorite Author" or something of the sort, and they are telling a story that he recently handed a list of books to a friend, and asked him what he thought of them. Under the head of Scientists he included Darwin, Huxley and James Anthony Froude. The circulation of this story has given rise to the supposition that "My Favorite Books" or "On My Bookshelves" will add to the gayety of nations.

"Why did you come home so soon if you were enjoying yourself so much at Monterey?"

"Well, I had worn every gown that I owned, and so it wasn't worth while prolonging my stay."

Greenwood vs. Peters

Differences have arisen between Charles Rollo Peters and Fred Greenwood that may lead to litigation. During the last exhibition of his paintings at the Bohemian Club Peters announced that he contemplated a trip to Europe for six months. Greenwood heard the news and he thought of the Peters cottage in Monterey which would be vacant during the summer months. He thought it would be a nice place in which to entertain his friends. So he forthwith negotiated with Peters and secured a lease of the premises. Then he proceeded to plan for the entertainment of his friends, and he arranged for several house parties. He went so far as to invite Eastern friends to come out and enjoy his hospitality. Meanwhile Peters changed his mind, as people with an artistic temperament frequently do. He concluded that Monterey was a pretty good place, and that he would spend his summer there. So he took possession of his cottage, and when Greenwood arrived on the scene he was greatly astonished to find Peters enjoying all the comforts of home. He demanded possession but Peters told him he had changed his mind. That is why Greenwood is now residing at Del Monte instead of at the Peters cottage. He is very indignant and his friends say that he may institute suit against the artist.

Mrs. Astor's Ball

The Associated Press detected a wonderfully sensational bit of news in Mrs. Astor's ball at Newport last week. Mrs. Astor had invited eight hundred people and the Associated Press concluded that there had been a letting down of social bars, because the elite of New York were supposed to number not more than four hundred. The 400 of the late Ward McAllister has been a generic designation for New York society for over twelve years, but no one in touch with Eastern society affairs imagined that the socially acceptable people of the metropolis could possibly be limited to that number even in the lifetime of the renowned *arbiter elegantiarum*. Mrs. Astor does not often give a ball at Newport but when she does she invites nearly everybody of any prominence. She believes in the general mingling of respectable society, at a summer resort. Mrs. Astor is not exclusive merely for the purpose of asserting aristocratic pretensions. That sort of exclusiveness is to be found at Blingum and San Rafael, where the provincial elite are not quite sure of their social status. Mrs. Astor is so sure of hers that she doesn't bother much about who's who or who isn't. She wouldn't lose prestige even though she was caught talking to her hair-dresser on a street corner.

"Why do you think her ball dress didn't cost much? I think it's a Worth gown."

"Well, I think it's cheap because it doesn't come high, and besides there isn't much of it."

What Mrs. Coit Should Do

Madame Bavarde says that Mrs. Lillie Coit quite seriously contemplates a return to San Francisco. Mrs. Coit's friends here scarcely give credence to the news, for when she left here after her mother's death it was with the resolution that the rest of her life would be passed in Paris. I wish Mrs. Coit would spend some of her declining years in writing a book about San Francisco society. Her knowledge of our aristocracy would supply the motifs for several brilliant society novels. California's social annals teem with material for the novelist which nobody has yet handled with the skill necessary to invest it with the proper significance.



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Mrs. Coit's mother, the widow of Dr. Hitchcock, came to San Francisco in early days, and what she did not know about the inner side of society life was not worth knowing. I have heard that when Mrs. Hitchcock and Mrs. Hager—both long since passed away—got together over a cup of tea in their apartments at the Palace, the reminiscences of society life were well worth listening to.

A Woman of Character

When Gertrude Atherton gave the world "Senator North" everybody immediately picked Lillie Coit as the heroine, but the author would never say just whom she had in mind when drawing that unconventional character. Lillie Hitchcock was a lively girl in her early teens and old members of the Fire Brigade love to tell how she "ran with the old machine." Her marriage with Howard Coit was not a perfectly harmonious union. The club man was fascinating, and so was his wife, but they were not well mated, and so they separated. Mrs. Coit was very devoted to her mother, and they traveled about a good deal when not settled at the Palace.

Dr. Adrian Hoffmyer was the guest of honor at an elaborate dinner given by the Bohemian Club on Tuesday evening. Dr. Hoffmyer has made many warm friends since he came to California, and he has been extensively entertained here and in Oakland.

The Snob and Her Lair

The snobbery that marks the caste of the *nouveau riche* is as rampant in Los Angeles as it is in any other part of the State. A few years ago a Los Angeles widow, well mannered and bred, but who worked for a living in an humble position, decided to give her daughter the benefit of good educational advantages, and for that purpose to send her to the Marlborough School, a fashionable institution for the enlightenment of young ladies of good family. The girl was entered and thereupon fat and pompous matrons who were mothers of girls attending the school piously protested against the widow's daughter, who was most charming and refined, mingling with their dear offspring. In anguish of soul they drew up a round-robin and presented it to the head of the school. The mother of the girl promptly and indignantly withdrew her daughter's name from the roll. The sequel of this little social comedy recently occurred. Meanwhile the widow has become the wife of a millionaire and the other day she gave a house party. Among the delighted guests were many of the young women whose mothers had so hastily circulated the petition in the Marlborough incident.

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So Thoughtful for Papa

They are telling a good story on little Anne Magee, the six-year old daughter of the late Thomas Magee. The other day when the child heard of the death of the Pope she said to her mother:

"I'm so glad the Pope's dead, aren't you?"

The mother was shocked and said, "Why, my dear, the Pope was a very good man, and I'm very sorry he is dead and very much shocked to hear you say that you are glad. Why should you say such a thing?"

"Why," said the child, wondering at her mother's tone, "I thought you'd be glad because now Papa has somebody to talk to."

Late arrivals at Byron Springs were Mrs. W. A. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. James Armstrong, Geo. W. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Burns, H. Kohler, Dr. Raymond Reuss, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson and Miss Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney V. Smith and Miss Smith.

WHERE TO BUY CALIFORNIA SOUVENIRS.

Tourists some time ago discovered that the best place to buy pretty and original souvenirs of their visit to San Francisco is Schumacher & Co.'s, the jewelers at 8 New Montgomery street. The souvenirs are principally made of precious stones found on the coast, gold quartz jewelry, etc., and are unique in design and beautiful in conception.

Charlotte Tittel, who takes Julia Marlowe's place in the tour of "The Cavalier," is a San Francisco girl. She has been leading lady for Sothern, and has had many other fine positions.

Julia Marlowe will appear in a new comedy by H. V. Esmond in September. It is called "Fools of Nature," and Miss Marlowe's role is that of a young married woman with a boy of six.

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The Soul of a Maiden

By Gabrielle Ashland

THEN.

Satan was bored, bored to death, which goes to prove that the modern tendencies are not reserved for one stratum of society. The old joy of hunting souls was a thing of the past. Every one was only too eager to start Hell-ward nowadays; in fact he had had to double the guard at the door. More from force of habit than the hope of seeing sport ahead he climbed up into his observation tower. It was an amusing place, the world, he thought, but horribly monotonous. Vice dressed in the garments of virtue, and virtue covering vice, played the same antics whether the background was gilded or of commonest clay. But suddenly his eye roving wearily over the familiar scene was arrested by a face—the face of a maiden; her clothes were poor and her condition lowly, but so innocent was the expression of her great eyes and so pure the light that seemed to emanate from her that Satan was abashed, but only for a second. Then he laughed the laugh of his Gounod representation and called for his two chief aides. He pointed to the maiden: "Do you see that? Well, go, both of you, and try to procure her for me. The one that succeeds shall be my chief here under me." Then he turned to look at her again, though it hurt his eyes, for he never expected them to be again so affected.

The aides, when they were alone, tossed for first innings, for each preferred an open field. The younger one won the toss and set off. He found the maid fair to look upon and being young and impetuous offered her gold for her soul, but she spurned him and with hard words drove him from her.

"What luck?" asked the elder aide maliciously, as he beheld the crestfallen air of his confrere.

"None! She refused gold. She will take nothing!"

The elder laughed. "You might have tried family diamonds," he suggested, mildly, as in a panama of most approved make he started off.

Being wiser than the other he was slower in the planning of his campaign. Seeing that she was beautiful, young and very innocent, he offered her bouquets of flowers, boxes of candies and many sweet words,—Love. Returning to Hell a little later he laid at his master's feet the Heart and Soul of the Maiden.

NOW.

Again Satan was bored, again he climbed the stairs of his observation tower. He gazed east, he gazed north, he gazed south. Nothing was changed—just the same old story. With a sigh of unutterable weariness he turned west. A speck on the horizon caught his eye. He adjusted the lens of his telescope. With its aid he saw—San Francisco; then a shop in San Francisco in which women spent the hard-earned dollars of their—husbands.

Amongst the crowd of beautifully gowned shoppers one face stood out supreme, the face of a maiden, beautiful but cold as ice. Again Satan was abashed, not as on a previous occasion, by the purity of the face upon which he gazed, but by the insolence which is bred of much gold and is unsurpassed in this world or the next. Stung to resentment by the unaccustomed indifference to his slightest glance he summoned as before his two chief aides. "Go at once," he snarled, "bring me that woman by hook or crook. You"—turning to the elder aide, "as my second in command, shall go first." But the aide declined the favor. He had succeeded once, he urged. Let his young friend have a chance of redeeming what he had lost by his previous failure. So with a self-satisfied smirk and a rose in his buttonhole the younger aide set off. He found that she had gold, position, diamonds and therefore friends, so profiting by his elder's example he offered her love. The peal of scornful laughter that greeted his offer brought a blush to even his shameless cheek, as amidst epigrammatic ridicule he took his departure.

The elder aide said nothing, but grinned a derisive grin as his brother in service slunk in and with carefully waxed moustache and eye-glass he started, whistling gaily, for the Golden Gate. He also viewed the gold, position and diamonds, and with an insolence equal to her own offered her—to take or leave as she thought fit—a coronet.

A week later, on bended knee, he offered to his master a crested box in which reposed the soul of a maiden.

CIGARS IN COURT.

The manufacturers of the famous Sanchez & Haya cigars have brought suit against H. Rinaldo for putting on the market a brand called "L. Sanchez." They assert that Rinaldo has proffered his brand to customers without comment or else extolling its virtues to those who ask for the Sanchez & Haya brand. The latter firm allege that many thousands of the spurious article have been sold, great injury to the genuine being done thereby. Their suit against Rinaldo has been filed in the U. S. Circuit Court.

Recompense

Before me dead you lie; your still, white face,
Impassive 'neath my glance,
Lies strangely patient in its resting place,
Nor marks the night's advance.

Alone, we two; no ling'ring pulse-throbs start
Or quiver at my touch.
I could not hold such hate within my heart
Had I not loved so much.

I'd gladly die could I but break your rest
And bring you back to men,
That I might plunge this dagger in your breast
And watch you die again.

August, 1903. MAREL PORTER PITTS.

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Automobile Topics

Although the automobile tournament at Del Monte is over, interest in the pastime is ever on the increase and local automobile enthusiasts can look forward to a meet here some time in October or November. The officers of the Automobile Club of California held a meeting last Thursday evening and plans were discussed for the holding of a big race meet here in the winter in which all the big motors of the coast will participate. The local devotees intend to have some of the Eastern racing machines out here for the coming tournament, which promises even to surpass the initial one. Frank A. Garbutt, the great Los Angeles auto racer, has returned south with his share of the prizes at the Del Monte meet. Mr. Garbutt's intentions are to bring up the question of a race meet in the City of the Angels shortly. The idea is to get the big racing autos from the Atlantic coast to compete both here and in Los Angeles.

To operate a big Toledo touring car is quite a feat for a youth of only thirteen, but it has been accomplished by Lloyd Griffith, the son of S. N. Griffith, a capitalist of Fresno. Mr. Griffith is in this city at present to escape the heat at Fresno and he is accompanied by his skilful son, probably the youngest chauf feur in the United States.

J. F. Carlson, who has been touring this part of the State recently, left San Francisco a few days ago in his Peerless with intentions of returning overland to Merced.

While at the National Automobile Company's new home the other day I saw a Franklin automobile, a handsome type of the modern chariot. It was the first of its kind ever shipped to the coast. The local company received a carload of these vehicles—four-cylinder runabouts—about a week ago and nearly all of them have been sold. The Franklin machine, at the Eastern automobile tournament on the Empire race track, July twenty-fifth, broke all the world's runabout records from one to ten miles.

Cuyler Lee, after completing his record run from Oakland to Del Monte last week, was pretty confident that he would hold it for a while, but no sooner had he offered two hundred dollars to any one who would eclipse his time than nearly a dozen of the automobilists returning from the Del Monte meet tried for a new record. All but Lou Andrews tried in vain, many being delayed by marshals of the various towns, and J. Keenan and C. Luckhardt were even arrested. Lou Andrews, however, got to Oakland without any delays and lowered the record of Lee, of six hours and five minutes, just exactly fifteen seconds. Mr. Andrews drove a Peerless.

In my report of the Del Monte races I stated that the second race was won by a "White" touring car, whereas it was won by a "White" Stanhope. It was not a "White" racing machine that won the third event, for as a matter of fact the company had no racing machine on the ground. It was an ordinary "White" touring car owned by F. A. Garbutt of Los Angeles that won the race.

There is to be a big race meet at Fresno next month under the auspices of the Fresno Automobile Club.

I am notified that the fastest time made from Del Monte to this city is four hours and thirty-three minutes. This record was made by C. A. Hawkins. The running time does not include time lost in repairing a puncture or through having taken the wrong road. —*The Automobilist.*

GREETING TO THE VETERANS.

Here's to you, soldier of '61,
Sturdy of soul, though growing gray;
Here's greeting from the setting sun,
And a special hand-shake from San Jose.

Here vine and fig-tree speak of home,
The clime allures advancing years;
And through the portals of Vendome
All things that Memory endears.



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STAGE

Bernard Shaw's Problem

That accomplished copartnership for short seasons in California composed of Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, is once more doing business at the old stand. And of course the box-office man at the Columbia is a more important individual than he usually is, for San Francisco theatregoers are duly grateful to Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin for vouchsafing them a brief season each year, of entertainment above the dead level of mediocrity along which the average road company treads its weary way. This year's company, however, as revealed in the opening production, will not bear comparison with any of its predecessors. Mrs. Whiffen and the Walcots, Lawrence D'Orsay and William Courtleigh, are missing and missed, for there are no worthy substitutes to share the honors with Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin, with the exception of Mr. George S. Titheradge, with whom we have had no previous acquaintance but who is unquestionably an artist. So Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin are the bright, particular stars of this year's aggregation, with no occasion to look to their histrionic laurels, and they are content, no doubt, to feel that they are supported by a company adequate for all purposes. Perhaps manager Dillingham thought that an introduction to Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the self-confessed mountebank of literature, the man who revels in the courage of his affectations, the artificial philosopher who has capitalized cynicism, and who believes that genius should wear a cap and bells that thrift might follow ostentation, would be sufficient to compensate us for any of the shortcomings in the personnel of the company. And I have no doubt that is the way the superficial public will look at it. Mr. Shaw is worth knowing, for despite his affected eccentricities he has genius, and as for the shortcomings, they are not such as to grieve, but merely to impel the institution of unfavorable comparison with last year's company which possessed far more talent than is to be found in any ordinary Broadway production. We should not expect an all-star cast every year. As for the play, it will suffice though it reveals no remarkable technical mastery, no profound knowledge of human nature, no psychology to excite rhapsody. Mr. Shaw's imagination is bourgeois. There are no vital men and women in "The Devil's Disciple," and there is no analysis of human nature and human emotions. In other words, Shaw is no Sudermann. He has not the creative ability of Ibsen, and he lacks the technical skill of Pinero. He has the cynicism of Wilde but not the facility of that genius for decisive phrasing, or the keen sense of humor to express himself in scintillating paradoxes. However "The Devil's Disciple" is a strong play which deals with the same people that were handled in "The Scarlet Letter," smug puritans of New England, who hated sin and sinners and who never understood the charity of Christianity. It is a play that thrills in spots, that stirs the emotions, and flutters the sympathetic chords, but after seeing it you go away dissatisfied, feeling that the author should write another act. The sensation that follows the final curtain is akin to that produced when you read a sensational column story in a newspaper only to find that you have been duped by somebody's ad. for pink pills that are good for pale people. You have followed the fortunes of the hero, a devil-may-care fellow who shocked the sensibilities of the pharisaical villagers by his unconventional indifference to religious restraints. He has been reared by a cruel mother whom he has learned to despise, and he has a contempt for the sniveling hypocrites with whom he is brought in contact. But he is a man at heart, indifferent to his fate, courageous and charitable. He lived in the days when the American colonies were being harassed by English soldiers and the action of the play takes place just as the Revolution has its inception. One day the arrest of the village minister for treason is ordered, and the hero, Richard Dudgeon, is taken by mistake. He conceals his identity to save the minister's life, and willingly goes to his doom. Meanwhile the minister learns the news, and starts off to join the colonists who have taken up arms. It appears that he has taken to flight and his young wife, believing him to be a coward and a scoundrel for permitting the sacrifice of Dudgeon, goes to the prison to save the latter by revealing his identity. She now despises her husband, falls in love with Dudgeon and begs him to save himself and fly with her. An hour later her husband comes in the nick of time to save Dudgeon, and then the curtain falls. The presumption is that the husband and wife are to be reunited, but the problem is, did she switch her affections back to the minister or did she continue to love the heroic Dudgeon ever after? It is not pleasant to contemplate the wife's predicament. Shaw tells the story in a succession of thrilling scenes that are well handled. The dialogue is apt, and the repartee is at times brilliant. But the play lacks symmetry, and the author's purpose is somewhat vague. The only thing clear about it is that he wished to enter a protest, in the final act, against cant and cruelty to children. Miller plays the rollicking hero in a way that holds the continuous interest of the audience. His interpretation of the part was intelligent, and the court-martial scene in which he was the central figure was animate and significant. Miss Anglin's Judith is a dramatic portraiture that would rank any woman as an accomplished artist. I have never been able to enthuse over Miss Anglin's work as some people do, because I have never been quite satisfied that her temperament was of a high order, but not a false note obtrudes in her performance this week. After the stars comes Mr. Titheradge, who played the minister as the part should be played. An important role for one act is that of Mrs. Dudgeon, played by Sara Dayton. Sara ranted vociferously and tried hard to prove that she was a very disagreeable old lady, but she didn't convince me that she was in earnest.

Didn't Want a Brunette Wife

Kathryn Osterman, the pretty blonde who was at the Orpheum some time since, has been made co-defendant with her husband, Mr. Rosenthal, in a most piquant suit for five thousand dollars damages. The plaintiff is Miss Josephine Victor, a Columbus actress. She sought an engagement in Miss Osterman's "Miss Petticoats" production and was told that they didn't want a blonde. Miss Victor agreed to dye her beautiful goldielocks a raven hue. But when she went back, after the metamorphosis, she was told the place she was after was already filled. This was not all. Miss Victor was engaged to a nice young man, one George Matthews, and when he saw her in her new wig he kicked at getting a brunette fiancee when he had wooed and won a beautiful blonde. Miss Victor was indignant, but the hair continued black, and George refused to stand for it. Hence the damage suit.

"My play," said Maeterlinck of "Joyzelle," his latest, "is the triumph of love and will over fatalities, and my heroine a spontaneous being of life, grace and love who, by the sheer force of her will and her love, triumphs over all obstacles." In spite of

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this beautiful theme "Joyzelle" did not prove the instant hit that was expected. The critics consider Maeterlinck aimed high and did not quite hit his mark. The playwright is a man of wonderful ambition and undoubted genius, and his critics think he has not yet done his greatest work. He used to write of the triumph of death over life. Now he writes of life and love triumphing over death and fate. Within a few years all his ideas have changed. He is in his way a reformer, who urges men to endeavor to find new motives to live, persevere and to triumph. His tastes are purely domestic and pastoral. He lives, when not in the Parisian turmoil, in a little Normandy cottage. His wife, who was Georgette Leblanc, loves town as well as her husband loves the country.

War Plays Draw Packed Houses

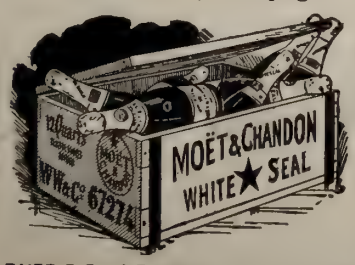
Though "Shenandoah's" artistry is by no means up to that of Bronson Howard's other works, big royalties are still drawn from the war-play. It is, with its background of powder and its Civil war environment, just the drama to draw big audiences and loads of enthusiasm from our G. A. R. visitors. The California has had record-breaking houses all this week. General MacArthur and staff were there on Monday night. Call it spread-eagleism if you will but the outburst of applause from boxes, orchestra, dress-circle and galleries when Sheridan's charger crossed the stage for a brief moment was thrilling. Lillian Kemble is a charming heroine and though Esther Lyon and Odette Tyler came before her, no invidious comparisons can be drawn. Miss Kemble is an actress who is sure to be a star of magnitude at some not distant day. The play is given a modern mounting even to the introduction of repeating rifles in the skirmishing. The uniforms of the soldiers suggest the Spanish war and the women instead of wearing the voluminous skirts of the Civil war period glide about the stage in the clinging robes of the Sadie Girl. The only actress in the picture was Phosa McAllister, who made much of a very small part and whose person, clothed in fitting costume, had all the charm of an old daguerreotype.

Having seen the "Shenandoah" side of the war and Sheridan's famous ride, "Cumberland '61" comes in as a neat companion play. Chronologically it precedes the Howard work. It is full of exciting scenes, a Kentucky feud coming to a focus when the North and South take up arms against each other. While it is a question whether it is well to keep the Civil war hatred alive in hearts of today, there is no question that both these plays are well adapted for occasions like the present. The Central, like the California, has had to turn away people who wanted to see "Cumberland '61," but were confronted by the S. R. O. sign. Veterans galore, in sombreros and badge-adorned, have filled the theatre, and exchanged reminiscences between acts. Miss Lawton has the role about which all the most interesting events figure, Alice Ainsley, the Southern girl. Mayall is of course the hero, but in "Cumberland '61" as in "Shenandoah" it is the heroine who carries the audience with her from start to finish, and captures most of the applause.

"The Dairy Farm"

There are character actors and character actors. Theodore Rook is a great one. "The Dairy Farm" is the usual kind of rural drama, dainty and comfortable. Theodore Rook brings it out of the commonplace, and sets it up as a rural drama above the average, by virtue of acting so clever that it is close to nature. Rook has the part of the crooked stick, Simon Krum, and he has played it over a thousand times; naturally it has "grown to him," so to speak. Edwards Davis as Nathan Newkirk, the hero, makes no pretensions to starship, and acts his part very manfully and minus the eccentricities which were looked for in the ex-preacher. Juliet Crosby has an interesting role—Lucy, "who never belonged to anybody"—which she invests with alternate comedy and pathos, moving the audience to the alternative emotions of laughter and tears. Oza Waldrop is quite a show in herself as "Minty," and plays up well to her grandfather of the cast—Joel the Peddler—enacted by Tony West, one of the Eastern importations for the production. Marie Howe, John Hynes, Zellah Covington, Howard Scott and the other worthy members of the stock do justice to their several parts. Simple as the play is, it gives a very enjoyable evening, and could easily enjoy a longer run than the one other week allotted it.

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At Sea as to Her Identity

Mrs. Burton Harrison's novel, "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," was recently published. It is this novel from which the play takes its name which Florence Roberts will present for her opening bill at the Alcazar. It is said to be based upon something that happened in San Francisco many years ago, so people are trying to place the characters. The heroine is a woman who runs away with another man because her husband insists upon carrying on an intrigue before her eyes, and disgracing her in her own estimation and that of society. Years after she comes back that she may take a sub rosa look at her now grown-up daughter. She finds her husband married to the woman of his past. The unwelcome returned one is discovered in her disguise and shown the door. To parallel this story with a social happening here is what is occupying the tabbies on the summer hotel verandas ever since the book appeared. For the nonce gossip about the indiscreet of the present smart set has been suspended in favor of the unwelcome Mrs. Hatch.

Tyndall Demonstrating to "Standing Room Only"

Are we becoming Tyndallized? There was another very large audience at Steinway hall last Sunday evening, every seat in the large auditorium being taken. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall talked on "The Mastery of Fate," and he certainly brought out some interesting points for discussion. He alluded to the achievements of Mr. Luther Burbank, the "wizard of horticulture," as an example of what can be done in overcoming "fate," or natural tendencies. "Mr. Burbank, through the power of thought," Dr. McIvor-Tyndall reminded his hearers, "actually produced white 'blackberries.' . . . More than this, he can take a vile, ill-smelling and neglected weed, and by the power of thought in cultivation and selection, produce from it a flower of brilliancy and perfume." Those who have had the good fortune to be present at Dr. McIvor-Tyndall's psychological lectures this season are loud in their praise of the practical, scientific thought contained in them. Large classes have been formed for private instruction in the principles of psychic science as taught by the famous telepathist, and altogether there is an unusual interest being manifested in the study of the "great unknown." The lecture tomorrow night will be on "What is Thought?" On the following Sunday night Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will tell us "How to Read Thought." There will be demonstrations of the marvels of the mind, following each lecture.

Features of Next Week's Bills

"The Taming of Helen" will show the Miller-Anglin company at the Columbia in the play of Richard Harding Davis which had a three months' run at the Savoy last season. The play was founded on one of Davis's charming short stories, and deals with a struggling actress, a leading lady and an American heiress in London. There is a pretty love tale at the bottom of the plot, and the last act contains many entertaining bits of stage business. In this act Miss Anglin, who has the part of the actress, will appear in boy's clothes. There are Wednesday and Saturday matinees at the Columbia during the Miller-Anglin season. "Camille" comes next.

"Shenandoah" has enjoyed such a tremendous success at the California that an extra farewell performance of the great war play will be given tomorrow night. On Monday night the Neill-Morosco company will present Henry Arthur Jones's play, "Mrs. Dane's Defense." This play was given at the Columbia some years ago, with Margaret Anglin as the star. It is a strong drama, one of the strongest problem plays in fact that has ever been staged. Lillian Kemble and Frank MacVicars will have the principal roles.

"The Highwayman" will finish out the Tivoli comic opera season.

"In Harvard" will run all next week at the Grand. Tonight will be "University night," and special features suitable to the occasion will be introduced. Next will be the last week of the

San Francisco Symphony Society — CONCERTS

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The dates of the seven remaining Symphony Concerts have been changed to the following dates: Tuesday, Aug. 25th (next Tuesday); Tuesday, Sept 1st; Tuesday, Sept. 8th; Tuesday, Sept 15th; Tuesday, Sept. 22nd; Tuesday, Sept. 29th; Tuesday, Oct. 6th.

All tickets are good for Tuesdays of the same week they are dated

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Matinees—Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

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In Richard Harding Davis' comedy

"THE TAMING OF HELEN"

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Aug. 31—FLORENCE ROBERTS in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch."

"Rogers' Brothers" season, and the last opportunity to see this charming company of singers and comedians, with the famous chorus. On Sunday, August thirtieth, the clever little Pollards, the juvenile Australians who appeared at the Tivoli a season or so ago, will begin their engagement at the Grand.

"The Dairy Farm" will easily crowd the Alcazar for another week. The first San Francisco production of "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," Mrs. Burton Harrison's play, will come on August thirty-first, when Florence Roberts opens her season.

Nothing has amused the town for moons to such an extent as the cute little nursery rhymes introduced in "The Big Little Princess" at Fischer's. About a dozen are demanded at every performance. "The Princess" should have a long and prosperous reign. "The Corn-querors" and "The Glad Hand" will be the next double bill.

Eugenie Thais Lawton will have a splendid opportunity to exploit her emotional talent in "Camille" at the Central, and Mayall as Armand will probably be one of the best Armands we have ever seen in San Francisco. Webster will be Pere Duval and Henry Shumer the Count de Varville. "Camille" is an important production for the Central, and should be a big drawing card.

Edwin Keough and Dorothy Ballard will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum this coming week, presenting the comedietta, "A Vaudeville Surprise." In one of the scenes incidental to the skit they will give the proposal scene from "Ingomar." The Fleury trio of novelty dancers will also be new here. Sam Edwards, for many years a prominent member of Frohman's forces, will appear, with two associate players, in "A Pass for Two." John Larkins and Dora Patterson, "national singers of coon songs," will be new. James Roberti, an operatic basso, and Arnold Billoski, lyric tenor, direct from Australia, will be heard in solos and duets. Both men have been greatly discussed in the Antipodes. Rosie Rendel, Heeley and Neely and John LeClair will offer new turns. So great a hit has Lew Hawkins, "the Chesterfield of minstrelsy," made that his engagement has been prolonged for an extra week.

At the Chutes will be the juggling Mathieus, club experts, Edward Poulter, "Happy Hooligan," Bandy and Wilson, the dancing duo, Hodges and Launchmere, the versatile colored couple, Harry Baker, a novelty musician, Jessie Dale, the girl baritone, and the Animatoscope. The five new baby lions in the zoo are a great card. —*The Playgoer.*

Developments in Lone Mountain District

The work being prosecuted in the Lone Mountain Mining District demonstrates that it will eclipse any district—containing its class of ores—that has ever been discovered. The country for miles is heavily mineralized and in nearly every instance where shafts have been sunk on the ledge rich ore and in paying quantities has been found. At present large quantities of ore are being shipped from this district and the property owners are eagerly looking forward to the advent of the railroad. The ore is of a fluxing nature and smelters are willing to pay a bonus for the privilege of treating it. So with the advent of the railroad ore of a very low grade can be made to yield a profit. In the shafts so far sunk on the main contact ledge the quartz rarely falls below an average of twenty dollars a ton, and in many instances the average value is from forty to one hundred dollars a ton. Among the many properties of this district that have encountered high grade ore are the "Tonopah Monarch," "General Thomas," "Lynch & O'Meara," "Princess Maude Gold Mining Company," "Lone Mountain Mining Co.," "Paymaster Mining Co." and the "Horn Silver." Some of the ore encountered in these properties averages from one hundred dollars to three hundred and fifty dollars per ton. From present indications the "Princess Maude" promises to become a famous producer, as the ledge has been a strong one from the very grass roots, carrying high values. The shaft has nearly reached the one hundred-foot level and will be continued to the two hundred-foot level before much drifting is done. The ledge varies from five to eight feet, part of which is ore of a very high grade. The ledge has improved greatly in the last ten feet sunk in the shaft and it is likely that the whole ledge will before long be of high grade ore. Exhaustive experiments are being made by this company and the Lone Mountain Mining Company (which owns the adjoining property) and if successful a concentrator will be erected to work the second class ores of the two mines.

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MUSIC

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Scheel and His Concert

Considering the long musical fast of the summer months and how great a favorite Mr. Fritz Scheel is with San Francisean music-lovers, the audience which listened to the opening symphony concert at the Grand Opera House last Friday afternoon cannot very well be disposed of with the trite and convenient phrase, "large and enthusiastic." Nor can one get off by saying that "what was lacking in number was made up in appreciation." The truth is, that the audience was even less discriminating than usual. The majority was composed of miserable sinners who should down on their knees, penitent-wise, declaring: "We did that which we ought not to have done: we left undone that which it became us to do, and there is no taste in us." The slow movement of the Schumann Symphonie in C major—that beautiful bit of infinity—rendered as it was with admirable artistry, won but a few polite pats; while the Tschaikowsky "Divertimento," a cheap thing, of almost vaudivillian vulgarity, came within a hand-clap or two of an encore. Art, I suppose, cannot get along without the support of the Philistine, and the insupportable Philistine cannot, I suppose, get along without his (or her) (or its) "Divertimento." Well, God's people had the Adagio Expressivo, and their women folk (from Grieg's "Peer Gynt") "La Mort d'Ase," full of strange tears, and "La Danse d'Anitra," dainty, feminine, fetching. There was Mendelssohn, to begin with—for the classicists; there was Wagner, to wind up with—for the moderns. And for every one there was Fritz Scheel (more of him than ever), delicate, subtle, legitimate, a born leader of—musicians.

Although the second concert under the direction of Fritz Scheel will not take place until next Tuesday afternoon, the demand for seats is already so great that it will be difficult to obtain seats after a few days when the box office has opened. The success of the first concert was simply astonishing. Everybody is enthusiastic over the result. Professional musicians paid Scheel the greatest compliment ever paid to any symphony leader in this city by attending the concert in a body. The next program will even be more interesting than the first. The dates of the seven remaining symphony concerts have been again changed. The following are the dates: Tuesdays in September, instead of Fridays, and the first Tuesday in October.

New Tivoli Grand Opera Season

It has been decided by the Tivoli management not to run "The Fortune Teller" in between "The Highwayman" and the opening of the grand opera season. Anna Lichter is not to come West, after all. When the fair Anna left here, in the midst of her last Tivoli engagement, she was not feeling in a genial mood. Her husband, the big German baritone, was not needed to sing principal roles and Miss Lichter didn't like to see hubby's feelings slighted, and so she left the company and the city. But "The Fortune Teller" won't be missed. The new grand opera season promises to be a brilliant one. It is to be opened in the old Tivoli on Monday, August thirty-first, and will be transferred to the new opera house when the latter is finished. Among the new works to be performed are Leoncavallo's "Zaza" and Cilea's "Adrienne Lecouvreur," neither of which has ever been performed in the United States. That will be quite an honor for San Francisco, though we in a way became used to such honors when "La Boheme" had its premier here. By the way Leoncavallo's "Boheme" is talked of for this grand opera season, also Giordano's "Fedora" and all the favorites of last season will be repeated. In the company are Agostini, La Spada and Dado who sang here last season; and De Benedetto, dramatic soprano from Naples, Marchesini, contralto, Tromben, soprano from Venice, Gregoretto, baritone, Zanini, also a baritone, Ischierdo and Tedeschi, tenors. The tenors are said to be exceptionally good and Tedeschi is the youngest tenor in Italy.

Hubert Wilke, the baritone, remembered here as the Pied Piper of Hamelin, will have an important role in the forthcom-

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ing production of "The Yankee Consul," the new comic opera by Henry M. Blossom, Jr. and Alfred G. Robyn. Mr. Wilke was a member of McCaull's opera company which included De Wolf Hopper, Digby Bell, Marion Manola, Jeff de Angelis and Laura Joyce Bell. Last season he was with "The Jolly Musketeer."

Futures at the Lyric

The new Lyric hall is not the Alhambra, as many thought, but old "B. B." hall which has been leased by Will Greenbaum and by the aid of decorators transformed into one of the prettiest concert halls San Francisco has ever owned. "Everyman," the morality play, is to be the opening attraction, with the original London company under Ben Gheet's management. Then will come "Gussie" Cottlow, the little pianist who played here some years ago with the Bauer symphony orchestra. The Metropolitan Opera House orchestra with J. S. Duss conducting and Madame Nordica and Mrs. Fiske the soloists, will appear at the Alhambra, followed by Ellery's Royal Italian band. Other attractions arranged by impresario Greenbaum are Oumroff, the Bohemian basso, Franko the violinist, Schumann Heink, Harold Bauer, the Burton Holmes lectures, and Sunday "Pops." Saturday "Pops" were introduced here by Sigmund Beel and Mrs. Carmichael Carr, and Sunday morning concerts by Scheel's orchestra, but the Greenbaum "Pops" are to be quite different in scope and treatment.

The Row Over Parsifal

Frau Cosina Wagner, the widow of the great composer, is, say the despatches, doing all in her power to prevent the production of "Parsifal" in this country. This extraordinary compound of opera and sacred mystery play has hitherto been the exclusive property of the Bayreuth Festspielhaus, and to witness a performance of it Wagner enthusiasts had to travel many weary miles and put up with much inconvenience and extortion. The Wagner heirs have reaped great profits from the exclusive right to this one work, though their royalties from the master's other dramas have not been inconsiderable. It is said that Manager Conried purchased the score of "Parsifal" under an agreement not to use it for public performance. If so he will not be able to avoid trouble, for our courts have decided that the printing of an orchestral score and the accompanying instrumental parts does not constitute publication in the sense of carrying with it performing rights.

Anna Wood Coming

The friends of Anna Miller Wood, the mezzo contralto, may look forward to seeing her in the spring. Miss Wood will make an extended tour of the Pacific coast with Arthur Foote, the distinguished pianist and composer. They will give concerts in all the large cities. The coming of Arthur Foote will be as great an event as Edward MacDowell's visit, for Foote is a great composer. A feature of the programs are to be some of Mr. Foote's latest songs, especially written for Miss Wood.

An "evening of song" will be given at H. B. Pasmore's studio next Friday evening, when the program will be contributed by Miss Rose Calejian, Miss Julia Kinsie and Miss Elizabeth Sandman, sopranos, Miss Anna Obermuller, contralto, Raymond Deane, baritone, and M. E. Scott, bass, with Dorothy Pasmore in cello solos. The affair is invitational.

All the musical people are returning to town. Robert Tolmie has returned from Trinity county, where he enjoyed a hunting trip. Hother Wismer is back from Honolulu and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fickenscher have returned from Shasta.

Llewellyn Hughes, son of Mr. Hughes, the choral director of Oakland, is touring England with his violin and meeting with much success. —*The Music Critic.*

THE DOMESTIC A LEADER.

Though sewing by hand is one of the fads of the day, the sewing machine shows no signs of going into disuse. The largest sales of any sewing machine on the market are those of the ever favorite "Domestic," of which J. W. Evans, 1021 Market street, is the agent. The "Domestic" is a light-runner and of all others preferred for family use.

The modish woman's stationery is as much a part of her nowadays as her dainty wardrobe. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the newest modes in paper and envelopes, dies and seals.

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The Man Who Had No Friends

Once upon a time there lived a Man of Millions. He was a very Nice Man as Nice Men Go but something had been Left Out of his Make-up by Dame Nature, and somehow or other he never could become Popular.

There are men who can Get Along without being Popular. This one Couldn't. He looked around at his Club and saw men with Empty Heads and Emptier Purses surrounded by Other Men, basking in the Sunlight of Genial Companionship, while he with his Well Filled Head and Better Filled Portemonnaie was left coldly without the Circle. He spent a Lot of Money giving Dinners and Suppers, he paid for Drinks right and left, smiled on the Offspring of Matchmaking Mammas, encouraged struggling Geniuses by buying their Works of Art, made speeches at Charitable Affairs, bought Fancy Work from Old Gentlewomen of Decayed Fortune, listened to Book Agents and subscribed for Preposterous Editions de Luxe—in short this Nice Man did Everything he could to Buy Friendship. But he Failed. He had Acquaintances, some who posed as Intimates, a string of Toadies who saw in him the Millionaire, but of Friends he had not One.

He denied himself none of the Creature Comforts or the luxuries that are to be had for money, but he longed for a few Choice Companions, men of Culture and possessing the same Mental Graces with which he was endowed, but those were the men that seemed to Shun him. Vulgar Politicians fawned upon him but he Detested them. They ran him for Office, and the People elected him, because he had so much money they knew he could afford to be Honest. Their Support was purely Selfish. They disliked him as a Man but were eager to Use him as a Servant.

Inspired by that same quality of Selfishness his fellow club-men availed themselves of his Executive Ability, but they never Hailed him as a Good Fellow, a fact that impressed itself upon him and rendered him Morose.

And so the Man went his way, surrounded by all the Luxuries of Life, but lacking all its Deeper Joys—Lonely and Unloved, a Man without Friends.

—*The Pessimist.*

Her Idea, and His

Miss Bachelor Mayde: What do you think of this for fun, Mr. Benedict? Take your wife out to dinner at Pierre's some day, upstairs, and make believe she's some other woman.

Mr. Benedict: I think it would be better fun to take some other woman to dinner and make believe she's my wife.

—*The Femme de Chambre.*

A Case of Tact

"Do you mean to say I am frivolous?" she asked in a tone of indignation.

"You are a woman," was his ingenuous reply.

"Then you dare to imply that all women are frivolous?"

"All handsome women."

And then they were friends once more.

—*The Strategist.*

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LETTERS

"A Parish of Two"

This is a romantic and exciting love story told through the medium of the correspondence of two men. The Douglas Dayton letters are the work of Henry Goelet McVicar, and the Percy Dashiel correspondence is contributed by Percy Collins, behind which pen it is said that a well-known New York clergyman is concealing his identity. Douglas Dayton is an idle society man uncongenially married, though we are not taken further into his domestic affairs. Apparently his only complaint of his wife is that she is "too good," but perhaps that is enough. Percy Dashiel, his intimate friend and confidant, is a Massachusetts clergyman who has met with an accident which will confine him to a wheeled chair for the remainder of his life, and of necessity he has had to resign his parish work, and view the world through the medium of books and letters. Douglas Dayton has betaken himself to the South in order to kill time, and there he falls in love with a most beautiful and adorable specimen of womanhood. Beauty is handicapped by a husband whom she has no use for, but as Douglas has a like incumbrance in the shape of a wife, honors are about even. The wife, to be sure, is far away in New York, so it is not necessary to mention her, but the husband has an inconvenient habit of being right there, even to the extent of offering his advice as to trains when he comes upon Douglas and the lady planning an elopement. Since we know the gentleman only through our interceptance of the correspondence of the impassioned lover, it is a matter of course that he should not be endowed with any of the virtues, all of which are reserved for beauty in distress. The Reverend Percy appears to have as little mental strength as physical, for he never hits a straight blow and tells Douglas in plain words that there is a "shalt not" to apply to his case. On the contrary, he temporizes, offers argument, sees the other side, and makes the way of the transgressor as easy as he can. The lady plays fast and loose, draws her lover on and dismisses him, but always keeps him within call. Probably she is considering all the while that having one wife already, he is safe from predatory females. Douglas has a comfortable view that his ex-ministerial friend is like one dead and confidences given to him are buried. Unfortunately there is no seal of secrecy over the Protestant confessional, so when Douglas sends his spiritual advisor the correspondence which has passed between him and his lady fair, we feel instinctively that here is a boomerang which he has provided for his own undoing. The husband in the case meets with a tragic fate, and the lady, somewhat late in the day, "gets on to herself," in the language of the street. Now we go back a bit. Percy Dashiel, in his younger days, had had a romantic attachment for a beautiful girl whose acquaintance he picked up on a railroad train. He did not speak betimes and the fair one married some one else. Whom, he never knew, for he lost trace of her and hers. She comes, a widow, to visit his sister, and falls in love over again, notwithstanding the paralyzed and crippled state in which she finds her erstwhile lover. She too, has the confession habit, so the "parish of one" becomes a parish of two. Percy Dashiel must have been abominably obtuse not to be able to fit together the two halves of the puzzle, for of course his beloved Mary is no other than the "Mrs. B." who has enchanted Douglas. In order to "brace her up" Percy reads her a letter from one in like position, and behold! it is one of her own impassioned epistles to her erstwhile lover, whom she has forgotten as completely as she has her late husband, who, poor fellow, appears to have had good cause for his treatment of her. Then, of course there are accusation, recrimination, death and repentance. Considering that Percy Dashiel refers so often to his weak hands, he manages to write ponderous letters, some of which fill more than twenty printed pages. Possibly his invalid state is excuse enough for attributing to Dean Swift the sentiments of Thomas Carlyle, but even that does not justify him in calling

"If thy heart fail thee
Climb not at all"

a couplet. The couplet to which he refers (the above is attributed to Queen Elizabeth) was the joint production of Her Majesty and Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Walter scratched on a pane of glass with the diamond in his ring, the sentiment:

"Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall,"

and Elizabeth's attention being attracted to it she placed underneath the line:

"If thy heart fail thee, wherefore climb at all?"

There are many passages in this book which, on the whole, make good summer reading. It probably gives a fairly accurate view of both the social and the clerical view of dallying with the seventh commandment—playing with fire and either dexterously dropping the brand at the critical moment or else having a special providence step in to quench the fire. [D. Lothrop of Boston is the publisher.] —*The Bookworm.*

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 86742.

BESSIE H. MITCHELL, Plaintiff
vs.
JAMES MITCHELL, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

JAMES MITCHELL, Defendant

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect to provide for plaintiff the common necessaries of life because of his idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also on the ground of defendant's infidelity to plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of July in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk

LUTHER ELKINS, Plaintiff's Attorney
212 Sansome St., San Francisco

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Victor Hugo's Epigrams

From "The Man Who Laughs."

The solitary is the diminutive of the savage, accepted by civilization. One is all the more alone when one is roaming about. . . . A crowd satisfies, in a measure, the taste which one has for the desert.

Mary Stuart to Elizabeth: "Your aversion to marriage comes from the fact that you do not wish to lose the liberty of causing love to be made to you."

The recoils of pride in an inverse sense of our vices lead us to the contrary vices. . . . To be too much on the defensive indicates a secret desire of being attracted. She who is shy is not severe.

To make marriage "prosy" by making it decent—can anything more gross be conceived? How stupid that there should no longer be any evil in loving!

It is sometimes more difficult to be second than first. Less genius is required, but more courage. The first, intoxicated with the innovation, may have been ignorant of the danger; the second sees the abyss, and casts himself into it.

"Fun" is like "cant," like "humor," a specially untranslatable word. Fun is to farce, what pepper is to salt. To enter a house, to smash a costly mirror, to smash the family portraits, to poison the dog, to put a cat in the aviary, this is called "having a bit of fun." . . . Fun would be proud if it had broken the arms of the Venus de Milo.

Never allow any one to render you a service. People will take advantage of it. Never let yourself be caught in the very act of starvation. People will succor you. . . . A weakness of the stomach, and there you are, chained for life. To be under obligation is to be imposed upon. . . . It is thus that the rich take the poor prisoners. That birdlime of the good action committed upon you, besmears you, and you are mired forever.

The privileges awarded to the "engaged" have a frontier which it is easy to overstep.

Versus: Love—do you know how the good God lights that fire? He places the woman below, the devil between the two, the man on the devil. A match, that is to say a glance, and behold, everything flames up.

Aristocracies take pride in what women regard as a humiliation,—age; but women and aristocracies cherish the same illusion that they are well preserved.

After a certain degree of terror, one becomes terrible. He who fears everything, no longer fears anything.

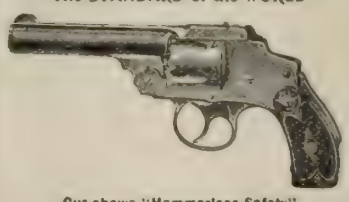
Truth is offensive to him who lives on fiction. He who has a thirst for flattery vomits up the real which he has drunk unwittingly. —*The Gleaner.*

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 86011.

ESTHER DONAIRE, Plaintiff vs. HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HENRY DONAIRE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion. and upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this Second Day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

O. M. GOLDARACENA, Plaintiff's Attorney
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TOWN TALK

Vol. 11 No. 574

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 29, 1903



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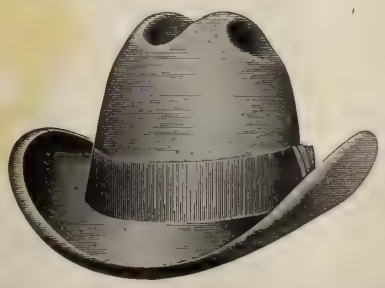
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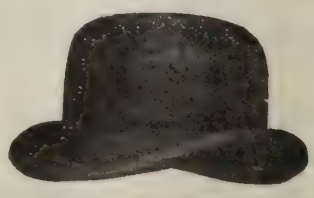
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San Francisco, August 29, 1903

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THEODORE F. BONNET - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - Business Manager

1019 Market Street Third Floor Telephone South 1190

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New York Representative. FREDERIC M. KRUGLER, Room 918, 150 Nassau Street.

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded. We cannot undertake to preserve or return manuscripts.

The Prodding of Roosevelt

It is hard to restrain one's admiration for the consummate skill employed by *Harper's Weekly* and the New York *Sun* in their efforts to turn public sentiment against President Roosevelt. Not daring to attack him openly through fear of exposing the animus of their opposition, they are pursuing a covert system of warfare which is not only annoying to the President but also very effective, since it brings conviction to people who, though they resent harsh criticism of the Nation's Chief Magistrate, are inclined to give ear to and weigh what appears to be friendly advice and dignified and intelligent comment. Both papers appreciate the fact that Roosevelt enjoys considerable popular esteem, and that he is the logical candidate of the Republican party in the coming campaign. The moneyed interests which they represent are opposed to him, and while they are normally Republicans, self-interest directs their politics, and they will support the Democratic ticket providing they can secure the nomination of Grover Cleveland or one of his understudies. Meanwhile their organs will covertly attack the President by artful deprecation, delicate sarcasm, flippant criticism and plausible detraction. That they are rapidly molding public opinion there is not the slightest doubt. Influential rural editors throughout the country keep in touch with national politics through the medium of the *Sun* and the *Weekly,* and their utterances are frequently nothing more than a rehash of what they have read in those brilliantly edited papers. Moreover many of the editorials that appear in those papers are reprinted by publications in many States. Consequently the covert warfare is bound to have considerable effect. And as Roosevelt is not remarkable for tact, or for dignity, or for statesmanship, his enemies have many opportunities to administer deadly thrusts. They do not fail to praise him for what good he has done, for in that way they affect friendship, but at the same time they jolt him for his egotism, they josh him for his platitudes about race-suicide, they question his uncertain financial policy, they ridicule his strenuousness, they deprecate his iconoclastic attitude toward the traditions of the White House, they smash him for his favoritism toward Wood, and they shed tears over his discourtesy to Miles. But they pretend to be eager to promote his welfare, and to be anxious for the success of his administration. At the same time they are awfully sorry that he has not a more equable temperament. Their fondness for him is somewhat akin to that of the late Thomas B. Reed, who said that he couldn't help admiring Roosevelt for his enthusiasm over his own discovery of the Ten Commandments.

The Miles Incident

At present the Miles incident is the favorite topic of the detractors of Roosevelt. Subsequent to the embalmed beef scandal and up to the day of his retirement they denounced Miles as a demagogue, a poseur, a charlatan and a political trickster, but since his return to private life they have been recalling all the various incidents of his brilliant military career and censuring the President for having snubbed him cold-bloodedly just as he was severing his connection with the government he had so long and faithfully served. The Miles incident is being used to alienate the affections of the Grand Army, of which the gallant soldier is an honored member, just as the appointment of negroes to office was harped upon to excite the indignation of Southerners. It is argued that the President should have repressed his prejudice against the retiring commander long enough to indulge in a few high encomiums on his record as a hero. But perhaps it wasn't entirely personal prejudice that prompted the President to let Miles retire to private life without the soothing unction of a few expressions of gratitude for the services he had rendered. For several years Miles has been conducting himself in a manner highly prejudicial to the good of the service. He has outraged all the canons that govern the conduct of an army officer. He was dealt with leniently and with phenomenal forbearance, probably for the reason that it was thought he was eager for summary action so that he could pose as a martyr and run for President. He was a thorn in the flesh of two Administrations, and he never lost an opportunity to show his contempt for the War Department. No doubt he was unjustly humiliated during the war with Spain, but he should have conducted himself with dignity and not in a manner to give bad example. To have glorified him on his retirement would have been to approve the conduct of which he was guilty, and that is probably the view taken by President Roosevelt. Miles has a fine record as a soldier but a bad one as Captain-General of the army, and it would not be advisable to put a premium on the methods which he pursued during the last few years. Roosevelt is not an ideal President. He lacks dignity and repose, and he has wavered when it appeared to him that firmness in pursuit of a policy was likely to array powerful influences against him, but he should not be harshly criticised for not having given General Miles a hot-air bath.

A Model Public Prosecutor

Less than two years ago Joseph Wingate Folk was unknown outside the borders of Missouri. In less than two years his fame has spread all over these United States. The erstwhile obscure Circuit Attorney of St. Louis now enjoys a national reputation of such a high order that he is being discussed as an available man for the Presidency. There is not much likelihood of his receiving the nomination from the next Democratic National Convention, but he will surely be the next Governor of Missouri, and thereafter, unless something occurs to mar his record, he will be regarded as

an available man for the high office of Chief Magistrate of the country. How did Joseph Wingate Folk so suddenly focus the attention of a great nation upon himself? By what master stroke did he win the confidence of the people and cause himself to be marked as a man worthy of promotion to the office which should be the object of every American's aspirations? The answer to these questions is that he merely performed his duty. He did not perform it perfunctorily, as most officials are content to do, not according to the letter alone, but in accordance also with the spirit of the law governing the office to which he was elected. He stands today as a luminous exemplar of what a conscientious and efficient public servant should be, and he has pointed the way to every public prosecutor in the country. By his achievements he has shown that a public prosecutor is not a mere administrative officer, a functionary whose sole duty is to conduct the prosecution of people charged with crime after the machinery of the law has been set in motion by some other person. He has demonstrated that a public prosecutor who is cognizant of his powers, and who has the courage to execute them, is a very important individual, and that he does not have to wait for a third party to take the initiative when a crime has been committed. The prosecution of the St. Louis boodlers was started on nothing stronger than a hint contained in a brief paragraph which appeared in a daily paper. It was a chronicling of rumors to the effect that a fund for bribery had been placed in safe deposit boxes, and that there was trouble over the division thereof. That was all, but Folk read it and he decided to investigate.

The Crusade Against Boodle

About that time it was rumored in St. Louis newspaper and political circles that there had been war between one of the magnates of the Suburban Railroad Company and the members of the Municipal Assembly, which corresponds to our Board of Supervisors. The company, it was said, had put one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars in safe deposit boxes for the purpose of securing, by bribery, the passage of a certain ordinance. The officials "delivered the goods," but a court enjoined the company from exercising any rights under the ordinance. It appeared that there were two keys held by the guardians of the funds, one by the bribers and the other by the corrupt officials, and that no money could be removed without the consent of both. The company, unable to enjoy the fruits of its corruption, sought to recover the money, but the officials objected. After a little while an attorney for the crooked assemblymen decided to make a few of the facts public in the hope of scaring the railroad magnates. That is how the hint got into a newspaper. As soon as Folk read the paragraph he began issuing subpoenas by the score and the next day he was busy interviewing railroad officials, municipal employes and newspaper men. Not one of them gave him a scrap of evidence. All stolidly denied acquaintance with any information that could be of benefit to the State. But the Circuit Attorney gave out no news as to what had occurred at any of the interviews. He assumed a wise and ominous look which created the impression that he was in possession of important information. The next day he summoned the president of the railroad and a prominent brewer's agent, and he said to them, "Unless you go before the Grand Jury within forty-eight hours and tell all that you know about bribery matters I shall send you both to the penitentiary." It was a "bluff," but both men left the office fully convinced that he had sufficient information with which to carry out his threat. They did as he suggested, made a clean breast of the affair, and then there was consternation among the boodlers. All sorts of powerful influences were brought to bear on the Circuit Attorney, but in vain. Before anybody knew what his next move would be he visited the bank where the corruption fund was held, and he had recourse to another bluff. "Unless you give me access to the box within fifteen minutes," he said to one of the bank officials, "I shall cause your arrest as accessory to the crime." The official gave him the keys. The first crook tried was Emile Meysenberg, a member of the Assembly. It was thought that the case against him was weak but Folk prosecuted him and secured a verdict of guilty. The consternation produced by that verdict caused many of the boodlers to take flight. Charles Kratz, councilman, went to Mexico, where he is today, but Folk expects to extradite him. John K. Murrell, a member of the House of Delegates, also levanted to Mexico, but returned after weeks of miserable wanderings and became a State's witness. Julius Lehman, a former member of the House of Delegates, was indicted for perjury for swearing before the Grand Jury that he knew nothing of the Suburban deal. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and he is still to be tried for bribery. Several others were indicted for both crimes and are to be tried, but meanwhile the courts of St. Louis have been busy, with the result that eight other ex-members of the House of Delegates have been convicted either of bribery or perjury, and some for both. From the Suburban case Mr. Folk branched out into an investigation of all municipal legislation enacted during the last ten years. He convicted Robert M. Snyder, the promoter of a railroad bill, and he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Out of that case grew the cases of John H. Schmettle and Harry A. Faulkner, former members of the House of Delegates who were convicted of perjury and sent to the penitentiary. Mr. Folk also secured the indictment of two wealthy brewers who had signed the promissory notes on which the bribe money was obtained from the bank. One of the brewers was in Egypt when the indictment was presented, and he has remained abroad ever since. The other brewer was tried and acquitted. This was the only defeat Folk suffered. The court held that the prosecution had failed to show that the brewer knew the purpose to which the money was to be put. The various trials led from one unlawful deal to another, and presently Edward Butler, the veteran political boss of St. Louis, was entangled. He was indicted for offering a bribe to a member of the Board of Health to secure a garbage contract. While he was on trial Mr. Folk drew him farther into the net, and secured his indictment for bribery in connection with a lighting bill. The members of the House of Delegates received forty-seven thousand dollars for passing the lighting bill, and divided the money equally between nineteen of them at a birthday party at the house of one member. Butler was convicted on the first charge and is awaiting trial on the second. Altogether Folk has secured the conviction of fourteen boodlers,

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several of whom are very rich men. The cases which remain on the docket will probably not all be tried before the Circuit Attorney's term of office expires. And by the way, his crusade against corruption has not been confined to St. Louis. He unmasked a fine pack of rogues in the Legislature. He forced the Lieutenant-Governor to "squeal" on his "pals," showing up a sand-bagging system more perfect than any that was ever operated in dear old Sacramento, the favorite habitat of Colonel Mazuma. Mr. Folk's capacity for work is infinite, but he has simply been doing his duty as a public prosecutor. The opportunity which he seized has been within the grasp of nearly every district attorney elected in this city in the last twenty years. If there were more men of his character in public office boodling would not be popularly regarded as a venial offence.

The Lament of Charlotte

Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman was so abnormally quiet after her latest adventure in the matrimonial field that there was beginning to arise a reasonable hope that either she had subsided or her new husband was able to manage her. However, the hope was vain. She has broken out again in the same old place, and the burden of her plaint is that marriage is a failure. What she wants no one knows, but perhaps if she were as honest as a very small girl who had been indulging herself in tantrums, she would acknowledge that it is a spanking. According to the Stetsonian (or Gilmanian) view, love is not enough upon which to found a home. It is unjust, unfair, and un- several other things that a man should have his wife and the world too, while a wife must content herself with only a husband. He goes to his daily occupation and meets people, while she stays at home alone. She is dependent upon him for companionship, amusement, entertainment and all else. Her children take her time and strength and household cares absorb her energies. Meanwhile the husband, at work in office or shop, is, on the Stetsonian-Gilmanian method of reasoning, having a high old time independent of wifie and the chicks. And it is all wrong, so there! If matters really were approximately as this unbalanced reformer represents, women would indeed be having a sorry time of it, but there is only one grave fault to be found with her picture. It is absolutely and altogether untrue. The woman who marries a man of moderate means and does what her contract of wifehood binds her to do not only does not need "the world" in addition to her husband, but she has neither time nor inclination for outside affairs. If she prefers a business life, she has no right to marry. If she is not willing to oversee the housekeeping she has married under false pretenses. Marriage does not cut a woman off from friends of her own sex. A married woman has no moral right to make friends of men who are not the friends of her husband. Presumably, in marrying him she has specified that she prefers his society to the exclusion of others. Friends of the other sex she may have and keep, but escorts, gallants, lovers, she may not, if she cares to keep on a respectable footing. The woman who is going to write to the papers about it because after marriage she finds her husband objecting to lovers, is too much of a fool to enter into even the Stetsonian calculations. A business or professional man has as little time for enjoyment during the day, if he attends to his business, as his wife has if she attends to hers. The woman who complains of being tied fast to household drudgery in these days probably spends as much time lamenting her hard lot as she does in her work. There was a time when all the labor of the house fell upon the shoulders of the woman, who had no help but such as her children could give. When wool and cotton were dyed, spun and woven, and the family garments made; when all the meats were cured at home, and herbs gathered and dried for medicinal uses; when vegetables were stored for winter use, counterpanes pieced and quilted, spices ground, candles moulded, and a thousand and one other occupations carried on in spite of large families and little assistance, women assuredly had a hard time, but they were kept too busy to have time to lament their lot. The women of the poorer classes today have all they can do in their waking hours, but they do not complain, nor is Charlotte Perkins Stetson-Gilman taking up cudgels in their behalf. Lamentations set in with leisure, and it is the women who are doing all the complaining. They find themselves overburdened by their half-dozen club meetings in the course of the week and the perusal of the daily novel. They picture business life as a delightful experience which would take them among men, who, of course, could not resist their attractions, so that office or shop would immediately take on the aspect of a social function. Fortunately for them, there is little danger that they will ever seriously occupy themselves with any employment, for if they were to do so there would be speedy disillusionment. In spite of the funny column writers, the sporty typewriter and the frisky bookkeeper are the rare exceptions, and the women of the business world are held more strictly to their tasks than are the housekeepers who excite the Stetsonian compassion. Marriage is not a foretaste of Paradise and it is not designed that it should be, but there need be no more nor greater disappointments than in other walks of life. Making the best of things is as necessary there as elsewhere in the world, and if Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman is dissatisfied a second time perhaps she had better place some of the blame on herself as well as on marriage as an institution.

A magnificent display of creations by such famous Paris and Vienna modistes as Mme. Sarah Mayer, Maurice Mayer, Braunstein, Beer, Blanche Lebouvier, Driscoll, Pardoux and Blum-Gerson will be shown at The Emporium Opening Fall Exhibit, which begins Monday, August thirty-first.

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Negative Tragedies

BY HARRY COWELL

A cloak of appearances hides Life from the eyes of the ignorant. To the "mostly fools" the Realities are as the unveiled face of God: one may not look upon them and live. That cravens might survive and people the earth, the Devil invented the lie. Therein is the salvation of the weak. Now and then a man of culture, learned in the art of seeing "the object as in itself it really is," has the hardihood, not only to "do" undraped bodies of Life from the life, but also to make noble nudes of its souls—to the delectation of the Children of Light, who stand before the pictures mute with admiration; to the dismay of the Philistines, who, turning their backs upon the truth, flee as from white terror or crimson shame.

Now it requires neither the sinless sight of the cultured, nor the bravery that comes of looking facts in the face (nor yet any very great skill), to see and set forth, rough-sketchwise, the undraped souls of Life's Negative Tragedies. And because the world, bent upon the business of Mammon, criminally negligent of eye as it ever is, rides roughshod over them; and because those who have depicted once and for all time the souls of Life's Positive Tragedies have overlooked them: any seeing eye may direct any sympathetic hand to draw a rude figure with outstretched arms of the spiritual reality of Negative Tragedies, as a signpost to warn the careless or as a cross to ask a tear of the thoughtful.

That a certain fateful something looked forward to does not happen—here is the tragic element of a Negative Tragedy. It has, not so much "the tempestuous loveliness of terror," as a calm heart-breaking beauty all its own. The following is rough-sketched from life:

Imagine a maiden designed in one of Nature's happiest moods for love. Dolls are her childhood's one delight. Grown older, the shadowy lips of little spirits, of babes unborn, seek her budding breast o'nights and make her dream of motherhood. (Dear angular, cat-loving reader, do not denounce her as "unmaidenly." Her desires are purer and more strangely beautiful than the white radiance of the stars that smile upon her sweetly troubled sleep. If such dreams never came to you, asleep or awake, it is because of a defect in your original make-up, because you are none other than a mistake of Nature's—an old maid. And she, mind you, dreams of motherhood rather than of man.) Vague longings, with all the haunting beauty of things vague and mysterious, commove her, the daughter of ten thousand mothers, for many a long, indefinite day before they resolve themselves into one all-embracing word —Love. The cloistral silence of her soul is disturbed, now by some half-articulate whispering of the wind, again by a bird's song almost understood; and her sighs are mingled with those of the sea. For her the scent of flowers has she knows not what significance. Spring has a message for her, so has music; but listen she never so breathlessly, the purport of neither is clear.

The springs pass, hidden things are revealed, and more than once in imagination she is wife and mother. One ambition after another she shares for a day with her strong-minded sisters and her yet stronger-minded brethren; yet in her heart of hearts she is all the while aware that her one desire is, not to be famous, not even to be loved, but to love. Man, the means, is now more to her than motherhood, the end. And children are incidents (looked forward to with delight, it is true, but still incidents) in the life of love. Long ago she had learned that for her fastidious self motherhood without love was a spiritual impossibility. Many have wooed her—for she is beautiful, and her breasts, like May blossoms, give forth a perfume that lures from afar the honey-loving heart of man—but not the possible father of her little ones. He—her ideal—is of course somewhere in the wide world, seeking her. Circumstance, however, seems to be ever raising between them as it were a wall, adamantine, insurmountable.

Meanwhile the flight of time finds her the "woman of thirty." And only too well she knows that the loveliness of woman is but a twilight or two longer than that of the flower; that the days of her gold-green youth are even as the days of grass. Were Death to call for her today, he would find her ignorant of all that Love has to teach the soul of woman; and though he should keep his distance for ten, fifteen, or twenty years; to have seen forty, forty-five, or fifty snows—is not that as fatal to motherhood as Death himself?

In spite of a temptation that every day grows stronger, this woman of thirty is not a whit less fastidious than was the girl of twenty. The clock is ticking away her chance of acquiring the liberal education of Love, of knowing the joys and sorrows of maternity, of fulfilling the design of Nature. None the less is she faithful to her ideal, and more than once in imagination is she wife and mother. Men still come to woo, but among them is not found the possible father of her "dream children." As of old, the flesh and blood children of other women adore her, but now when she smiles on them I weep.

As I glance over these rough lines which were meant to suggest the soul, the real inwardness, of a Negative Tragedy, I know myself for a class-mate of that schoolboy who wrote under his drawing: "This is a horse."

Blanch Lebouvier, the famous Parisian modiste, contributes to the Emporium's Opening Fall Exhibit, which begins next Monday (August thirty-first) a color production of rare beauty, in the shape of a cloth gown of the fineness and finish of velvet, in the daintiest apricot shade.

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An Historical Theft

For nearly a century the Democratic party has managed to conduct its own party affairs without outside interference. Whenever it has entered National campaigns, fighting for real democracy, the rank and file of the party have been true, loyal and enthusiastic, and it has twice achieved success, since the Civil war, when fighting under the old banner of Jefferson and Jackson. In the Greeley campaign the managers, disheartened by defeat, led the Democratic forces into ambush; Greeley had been the lifelong foe of the Democratic party and Gratz Brown was his disciple, and his proper running mate. Acting under the delusive hope that these nominations would draw a large, dissatisfied Republican element to the support of the ticket, it was placed in the field and Jeffersonian Democrats were asked to aid in electing it. The Democratic voters, a large portion of them at least, supported the ticket in a listless, half-hearted way; they sat dejectedly down to the banquet prepared for them; they did not like crow but they ate it as though they enjoyed it. The Greeley-Brown combination drew no strength from the Republicans, and the inevitable result of this foolish experiment was the most disastrous defeat the party had ever sustained. Poor old Greeley lost his reason, and died a heart-broken man, and the Democratic party came near being crushed forever by the political mistakes of its leaders.

But democratic principles must triumph if this country is to remain a republic. Gradually the past was forgotten and the party again came together, recovered from its lethargy and lined up again, with the determination of giving another battle to its triumphant foe. Tilden was nominated against the will of "the bosses," and the slogan in this battle was "Clean politics, and turn the rascals out." He was elected by an honest majority, and his election was conceded for months by every one save Zachariah Chandler, Senator from Michigan, who claimed that fraud had been committed in Oregon, Louisiana, Florida and South Carolina, which if unearthed would give the Presidential office to Hayes.

Again were our leaders hoodwinked and deceived. The Electoral Commission was organized to settle the question, and after months of wrangling, Senators, Congressmen, and judges of the Supreme Court rendered a decision which placed in the Presidential chair a man who had been fairly and honestly defeated for that high office. The debates before the Commission were acrimonious, and the ultimate decision of that packed body is a lasting blot upon our national escutcheon. The Republicans were in full control of every branch of the Government, the Treasury, the Army and the Navy. Rather than plunge the country into another Civil war the Democratic party acquiesced in the decision (whether wisely or not, different opinions prevailed), and Rutherford B. Hayes was duly inaugurated President of the United States. The Republicans then began to question the patriotism of those who denounced the fairness of the decision and we Democrats were told, in effect, that we had been again caught in a cunningly devised trap. Jere Black, the sound lawyer, upright judge and brilliant essayist, voiced the sentiments of millions of voters in one of his speeches before the Commission when he said to the majority of the Commission that its decision was corrupt and prearranged. These extracts from his speech delivered on that occasion have not lost interest through the flight of years:

"But perhaps I, more than most others, have felt the consciousness that I have lost the dignity of an American citizen. I, in common with the rest, am degraded and humiliated. This nation has got her great big foot in a trap. It is vain to struggle for her extrication. I am so fallen from the proud estate of a free citizen, you have so abjected me, that I am fit for nothing on earth but to represent the poor, defrauded, broken-hearted Democracy. And because I suffer more, they think me more good for nothing than the rest, and conclude to send me out on this forlorn hope, judging, no doubt truly, that it matters not what becomes of me. I ought to go gladly if anything which I can do or say might have the effect of mitigating the horrible calamity with which the country is threatened; a President deriving his title from a *shameless swindle,* not merely a *fraud detected and exposed.* I know not how I would feel if called upon to suffer death for my country. I am not the stuff that martyrs are made of, but if my life could redeem this nation from the infamy with which she is clothed, I ought to go to the grave as freely as I ever went to my bed. I see, however, no practical good that I can do, and it is mere weakness to complain. * * *

"At present you have us down and under your feet. Never had you a better right to rejoice. Well may you say: 'We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement'; 'when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us; for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves.' But nevertheless, wait a little while. The waters of truth will rise gradually, and slowly but surely, and then look out for the overflowing scourge. 'The refuge of lies shall be swept away, and the hiding-place of falsehood shall be uncovered.' This mighty and puissant nation will yet rouse herself up like a strong man after sleep, and shake her invincible locks in a fashion you little think of now. Wait: retribution will come in due time. Justice travels with a leaden heel, but strikes with an iron hand. God's mill grinds slow, but dreadfully fine. Wait till the flood-gate is lifted, and a full head of water comes rushing on. Wait and you will see fine grinding then."

Since the fraud of 1876, the infamous 8 to 7 decision, there has been no device the Republicans would not resort to in order to continue themselves in office. Zach Chandler was not a lawyer, but he was a keen, unscrupulous machine politician. He alone is responsible for the Presidential theft. Conkling, and even Hayes himself, it is said, conceded the election of Tilden, and were willing that he should be peaceably inaugurated. But Chandler would not have it so; he claimed fraud, without a scintilla of proof, and intended to and did manufacture the evidence to sustain his fraudulent purpose, when the proper time arrived. The result was the organization of the Electoral Commission, and Mr. Chandler and his criminal confederates, closely allied by the cohesive force of public plunder, were on hand with their perjured witnesses, to make good their false claim, which had been conceived in fraud and carried on in iniquity. The infamous decision was rendered, the two houses of Congress met, the decision was given the approval of the representatives of the people, and Rutherford B. Hayes feloniously given the great office of President of the United States. Previous bargains were probably faithfully carried out. Key of Tennessee was appointed Postmaster-General; many of the iniquities practiced during the reconstruction period were

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modified or abolished, and the people of the poor, downtrodden South breathed a sigh of relief and were thankful for the favors extended them by the political freebooters who had robbed them of their sacred political rights. Occasionally some Democrat in one of the Houses of Congress would refer, in fitting terms, to the larceny of the the Presidential office, but such utterances were promptly denounced by the Republican press as an *impeachment* of the honesty and integrity of the Supreme Court, just as Democrats were denounced for putting a plank in the platform of 1896, favoring an income tax. Patriots throughout the land know that Tilden was defrauded of the Presidential office. To condone or justify this act is to encourage its repetition. When such political methods are approved by the people of this country popular government will cease to exist.

In the coming campaign the Democrats should make a determined, aggressive campaign. A real Democratic platform should be adopted, and Democrats only have the selection of candidates. Democratic principles ought to be acceptable to all citizens who are opposed to Republican methods, but the party of Jefferson, Monroe and Jackson should not become the tail to the kite of every ephemeral organization which springs up like mushrooms in a night, and withers and dies in the heat of one campaign. When democratic ideas cease to prevail, imperialism is the only substitute, and this seems to be the object of Republicans at this very moment. King Teddy I would suit Republican leaders today, as well as President Roosevelt. Cæsar, Napoleon, in fact all the great characters of history, who have made themselves kings, emperors or dictators, began by cajoling and flattering the people—obtaining public confidence only to betray it.

A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT.

The Saunterer

Hofmeyr and His Past

Dr. Adrian Hofmeyr, late of South Africa, has been cutting a very wide swath in local social circles for several weeks. He has been lionized with San Francisco's accustomed impetuosity and fervor, and naturally there has been some curiosity as to his past, for some people have wondered that they had never heard of the distinguished individual before. He has been the guest of honor of exclusive club functions, he has been wined by Bohemians and dined by Channings, and altogether he has been having a very pleasant time. Dr. Hofmeyr, or the "Rev." Adrian Hofmeyr as he is sometimes designated, is a man of wondrously pleasing personality. He comes from an old Boer family, the members of which have been very prominent for more than a century in South African pulpits and politics, finance and education. His father was for years a professor in the Stellenbosch College near Cape Town, and when quite young Adrian achieved a great reputation as an orator. He is a man with a very picturesque past, most of which is familiar to residents of South Africa, and as his sympathies and services were given to the British in the recent struggle for independence he is cordially disliked by the Boers. So intense is their bitterness that they have taken the trouble to communicate with people in this city to warn them against the gentleman who has been so ardently lionized.

His Career in South Africa

Local representatives of Boer families say that years ago Hofmeyr was employed by Cecil Rhodes as a secret agent to mold Dutch opinion to Rhodesian methods. In this city he has posed as a Boer convert to English justice and forbearance, and his lectures have been eloquent eulogies on the life, character and ambitions of his late employer, coupled with expressions of profound regret for the unreasonable stubbornness of his misguided compatriots. It has been remarked that the "Rev." Adrian Hofmeyr has never delivered a single lecture under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and it is more than probable that a letter which reached the hands of Secretary McCoy in January last is explanatory of the failure of that organization to invite the distinguished foreigner to avail himself of its prestige. According to the writer of the letter Hofmeyr no longer had any title to the reverendship because he was deposed by the church in South Africa where he had been a little too gay. The writer also recited that he was in Rhodes's pay when he was captured as a spy by the Boers. The author of the letter was T. N. de Villiers, a millionaire attorney of Pretoria who recently toured this country with his wife. He is one of the most prominent Boers in South Africa and he is also a devout member of the Dutch Reformed Church. During the late war he was held as a prisoner by the British, and used as a hostage on armored supply trains to insure their immunity from assaults by the Burghers.

Other Peppery Attacks

The letter from De Villiers was not the only one concerning Hofmeyr received in this city. He has been the object of epistolary attacks from people who were devoted to the Boer cause and who believed that he played a despicable part in the war. One letter came all the way from Schoennigen, Holland. It contained this paragraph: "Dr. Hofmeyr does not seem to be in a hurry to go back to his native land and relatives. I would not be surprised if he settled in America altogether as he is not known there as well as in South Africa." Hofmeyr has also been attacked by Captain Ollie Henry, a native son who fought with the Boers and who recently returned to California. He has been lecturing too, and has frequently denounced Hofmeyr from the platform as a spy and a traitor. But whatever may be said of the Dutch visitor he is technically neither a

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spy nor a traitor. Though a Boer by blood he is a British subject by birth. That fact is responsible for his presence in California, for when he was captured by the Burghers and threatened with death he lost no time in presenting the plea. It was received and recognized and before the war ended he was released.

Some Dinner Contretemps

Some funny things happened at the Bohemian Club dinner on Tuesday night. The dinner was the aftermath of the jinks and it was an oddly mixed-up affair due to the fact that William Greer Harrison brought in a number of war-horses from some G. A. R. banquet which he had been attending. The war-horses neighed and stamped all through the evening and quite threw the dinner out of joint. Instead of a jinks aftermath, the affair became a G. A. R. prelude and there were war stories and reminiscences all through it. General Miles took his hearers all 'round the world, depositing them at home finally, to their great relief; a certain gentleman from Connecticut discussed the advantages of Californian wines versus wooden nutmegs; and when Uncle George was assisted to his feet and began his speech it was late and a horn sounded outside. "What is that?" asked Uncle George.

"Gabriel's trump," answered a member.

"Then it's time for me to stop," said Uncle George, who does not always know his lines but who always knows when to stop. Even Joe Redding was off his feed, for he made a number of terrible puns—the like of which were never heard before in Bohemia. Finally, the dinner got back on the track and Neely O'Sullivan sang the "Star Spangled Banner" with great effect and, for an encore, "The Wearing of the Green," with even greater effect. After that Dr. Hofmeyr gave a truly thrilling word picture of the discovery of King Solomon's Mines in Rhodesia.

Oxnard Inquired as to the Cost

Speculation has been rife in political circles for some weeks concerning the probable candidacy of Henry T. Oxnard, the wealthy sugar magnate, for a seat in the United States Senate. When George Hatton, the gifted trainer, who groomed Senator Perkins for the Senatorial Derby, went South a few weeks ago, the rumor spread that he had been engaged by millionaire Oxnard to guide the latter over the hurdles in the next toga tournament. When Hatton returned I questioned him about the rumor, and he assured me that he had received no retainer from Oxnard and had not even been consulted about the next Senatorial contest. He said that he had been enjoying a vacation in the southern part of the State, and had not talked to a single politician about national politics. However there is no doubt that Mr. Oxnard would like to succeed Senator Bard. From an authoritative source I have learned that he has been consulting prominent politicans about the prospect of his achieving success in the event of his becoming a candidate. He was especially desirous of knowing what it would cost to make the fight. He was told that as he was a carpet-bagger, and as there would be great opposition, the seat would probably cost him more than one hundred thousand dollars, and he said he would not spend so much money for the honor. Yet there are many people who believe that he would, and consequently the politicians are anxious for him to enter the race.

The Hope of the Grafters

The legislative grafters are very eager for a lively Senatorial contest, and they would like to see a three-cornered battle with Oxnard, Bard and Grant striving for the toga. The financial market has been very dull during recent sessions in Sacramento, and Colonel Mazuma has been of a shrinking nature. Bargain counter prices have been the rule. George Hatton managed the Perkins campaign on an economical basis, and the grafters are looking for a little spirited competition such as stimulated circulation of the coin of the realm in the days of Stanford and George Hearst. They hope to see Mr. Grant of San Diego try again. He was badly gold-bricked a few years ago and it was humiliating to him to have his methods exposed, for as a consequence of the mismanagement of his campaign he was presented to the public in a very unenviable light. However he proved himself "a game sport" and won many friends by his candor and his sincerity. It was the opinion of many that his resemblance to his father was not confined to his physiognomy. He exhibited many traits that raised him in the esteem of the politicians of the State. With a good manager he would be able to give millionaire Oxnard a run for his money. The latter is said to have the support of the President, but Roosevelt would hardly care to be caught meddling in a Senatorial contest. That is rather dangerous business for a President to engage in.

What Pillsbury Wants

There is a possibility of a large sum of money being spent in this city in a contest over the assessorship. Some of San Francisco's most highly respectable citizens, gentlemen noted for their commercial integrity, for their interest in good government and for their aversion for practical politics, are desirous of a change in the Assessor's office. Dr. Dodge does not discriminate enough to suit them. He has assessed their property at too high a figure. Some of the big corporations are convinced that Dodge knows more

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about medicine than he does about property valuations. He is not sufficiently conservative. Hence they would like to beat him. E. S. Pillsbury, the attorney who represents more corporations than any other lawyer in town, is convinced that it is possible to beat Dodge, and I have heard that he has expressed a willingness to defray all the expenses of the Republican candidate providing he be permitted to name the man. In other words that paragon of civic virtue, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, would like to be San Francisco's Assessor by proxy. What a model officer he would be! The Republican managers would like to nominate "Honest John" Lackmann for the job, but that gentleman says he prefers something easy.

Fisk May Be Forced

According to the political newsgatherers of the dailies the Republican leaders are worrying themselves into nervous prostration over the task of selecting a nominee for Mayor. I am of the opinion that they have found their man and that the convention will force him to take the nomination. Arthur Fisk, the Speaker of the Assembly, is the man. Fisk does not want the nomination because he would rather go to Congress than be Mayor. He long since outlined his plans for the future, and they contemplate a legislative career, for which he believes himself to be fitted by reason of the fact that he is an attorney. He served two terms in the State Legislature, and each time he made a brilliant record, and now his ambition is to occupy a seat in Congress. But according to political ethics the Republican party has claims on his services for past favors, and if the municipal convention should decree that he must run for Mayor, he cannot refuse. If such should be the decree Fisk would be in a very happy position, for he would be comparatively exempt from dictation. If nominated he would undoubtedly arouse a great deal of enthusiasm, for he is an ideal man for Mayor. So far in his political career he has inspired the highest confidence in himself, and yet he has never posed as a purist or a reformer. As Speaker of the Assembly he was accessible to everybody who had business before that body, and even his enemies conceded that he was always conscientious in the discharge of his duties. He had the courage to espouse measures that demagogues would be afraid to support even though they knew them to be right, and yet nobody ever impugned his motives.

The Mayor and the Sour Grapes

However Mr. Fisk may prevail upon the Republican leaders to refrain from forcing him to accept the nomination. There is one man he will have no difficulty in persuading. I refer to Mr. Abe Ruef who would much prefer a more pliable Mayor than Fisk. He had hoped to secure the nomination for his protege, Mr. Schmitz, but last Tuesday night he counted noses and found that he could not control a sufficient number of delegates. He informed Schmitz, and together they planned a grand-stand play. It was a letter addressed to the delegates to the Republican convention informing them that he (Schmitz) would not accept the Republican nomination. He would accept an indorsement but only upon condition that the convention would endorse the Union Labor Party platform. In that way did Mr. Schmitz testify his allegiance to the Union Labor Party cause after he had learned that the Republican nomination was beyond his power.

End of Dazzling Career

Gay Madame Barrios, widow of the indefatigable Guatemalan patriot for presidential purposes only, is said to have come to the end of her ten million dollars, her gayety, her beauty and her theatrical ambition in New York. The police handled the episode so quietly that only a meagre paragraph in the daily prints chronicled one of the last dramatic incidents in a life filled with melodramatic situations. When a girl in New Orleans a gypsy fortune-teller prophesied some of the Monte Christo events that were to besprinkle her life and all her friends gathered about the campfire laughed at the prediction, but the fanciful gypsy might have romanced ten-fold more without rivaling the story of the lively girl's subsequent career. Soon afterwards Barrios ran across her in New Orleans, became madly smitten with her charms, married her and took her to Guatemala, where he soon surpassed the records of all the Presidents of the Central American republics by the splendor and magnificence in which he ruled the country. Madame Barrios lived a royal life in that country. In one of the turns of fortune in which Barrios almost lost his head, the revolutionists were on the point of killing Madame Barrios, when Minister Mizner, father of the Mizner boys, stepped in and saved her life.

The Other Story of the Famous Jewels

When Barrios fell she escaped with a load of gold and came to this city to live. I remember her very well, living quietly in a handsome residence in Webster street. She had turned thirty then, was still a very pronounced blonde,

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thanks to the dermatologists, and had lost those finer shades of beauty that distinguished her as a girl. With her was her private secretary, a handsome, dashing fellow some ten years her junior. Apparently he looked after everything, managed the cash and the household and took all the care and responsibility off her hands so that she could have the perfect rest and quiet she required. It was he who cleverly managed the landing in this country of the famous Barrios diamonds. Everybody knew they were coming and all the jewel mongers wanted to get a peep at them. But, lo and behold, when the awaiting custom house officers came to examine the jewels with a view to collecting duty on them, everybody was amazed to learn that the bulk of the apparently valuable collection was paste. The doleful widow paid the small duty with a long face and that apparently ended the story, but not the story that was quietly circulated thereafter, that while all eyes were concentrated on the paste jewls coming in open and above board, the real gems were quietly smuggled in through an underground route—a method the astute Guatemalans had learned.

End of the Barrios Loot

Madame Barrios left here for the East fired with a burning ambition to win success on the stage. Her youthful secretary accompanied her. How much money they had no one knows, but it was all that was left of the loot gathered by Barrios, besides her jewels and personal effects. While here her household expenses easily topped one thousand dollars a month and that was at a time when she was supposed to be in mourning and not adding to the enrichment of shopkeepers. After she reached New York, however, she gradually yielded to her old love of splendid surroundings and the glamour of gay scenes and from time to time stories reached here that showed the loot bags of Barrios were being upturned. Now comes the story of the episode in New York, from which it appears that the once rich widow is now in financial straits.

That Historical Durbar

My compliments to Mr. J. Hamilton Gilmour of the *Evening Post* of San Francisco, and formerly of Her Majesty's service in India. To him I earnestly recommend an abiding faith in that familiar aphorism, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Mr. Gilmour is one of the brightest journalists in town, and he is a good fellow, too, but he is impetuous and sometimes he goes off half-cocked. But he isn't to blame for that—it's his British blood. Last week I published an anecdote about George Titheradge of the Henry Miller company, reciting that when he was an actor in India many years ago, he was appointed a herald by Viceroy Lytton to read the proclamation of the bestowal of the title of Empress of India upon Queen Victoria. At that time Mr. Gilmour, who is now an editorial writer on the *Post,* was a prominent resident of Delhi, where the proclamation was read by a British officer. Mr. Gilmour attended that historical durbar, and he has always been proud of the fact. But he did not know that the Viceroy held another durbar at Calcutta, which is a more important city than Delhi though it was not the capital of the ancient empire. Being a stickler for accuracy in historical matters, especially when they concern his native India, he grew violently indignant last Saturday, when he perused his *Town Talk* and read the story about Titheradge. He resolved on the spot to impress a presumptuous American journalist with the virtue of accuracy. The result was a ponderous editorial paragraph in the *Post* that savored of the pomposity of a leader in the London *Times.* Mr. Gilmour denied that Mr. Titheradge had read that proclamation at the direction of the Viceroy. He asserted that it was read at Delhi and he published the name of the army officer who did the reading. He characterized the story about the actor as purely imaginative. Now the fact is that there were two durbars held by the Viceroy for the purpose of having that proclamation read. One was held at Delhi and the other at Calcutta. Mr. Titheradge officiated at Calcutta. Having vouchsafed Mr. Gilmour this bit of historical information I hope that hereafter he will be good. When you read it in *Town Talk* it is true.

Jones: Isn't Mr. Hostelry an ideal host? No one can beat him on giving the glad hand.

Brown: Yes, the left one. His right one is kept busy making out big bills.

Root Discovered Teddy

When Secretary Elihu Root's resignation from the Cabinet became public this week, it was discussed in one or two papers in a manner indicating the belief that the Secretary of War, who was appointed to office by President McKinley, had never been very friendly with President Roosevelt. The fact is, their personal relations were most intimate and cordial. Their friendship dates back for years. As far back as 1881, when Mr. Root was a rising member of the New York bar, he befriended and supported Roosevelt in the latter's campaign for the office of representative in the Legislature of a New York district. Root discovered Roosevelt, and it was his influence that sent Teddy to the Republican National Convention of 1884, as a delegate. Some years later Mr. Root induced Mayor Strong to place Theodore Roosevelt at the head of the Police Commission. It was Mr. Root who nominated Roosevelt for Governor of New York in 1898, and it was this same gentleman who was responsible for Roosevelt's acceptance of the Vice-Presidential nomination at Philadelphia in 1900. The McKinley forces led by Mark Hanna were anxious to give second place on the ticket to Mr. Root, but the latter knew that the overwhelming sentiment of the convention was in favor of Roosevelt. So he made a hasty trip to Washington and convinced McKinley that it would be bad politics to side-track Roosevelt. As a result of this historical interview Roosevelt was nominated by acclamation. I have been informed by a man in touch with national politics that Roosevelt has more confidence in Root's judgment than in that of any other man in Washington. Root has long wished to resume the practice of law and would have resigned from the Cabinet in January, 1902, had it not been for the assassination of McKinley. He remained longer on account of his friendship for Roosevelt.

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Peter Made Them Gasp

Peter Martin is surely "doing the grand" at Newport. When he married Miss Oelrichs the gossips of Newport said that she had not made a great match because he was not rich; that his mother held the purse-strings and that she had a pretty tight grip; also that she didn't have more than a few millions, a mere bagatelle according to Newport standards. But Peter is splurging just as though he were intent on proving those rumors false, and the Martin shekels are going at a much faster rate than they ever went in San Francisco. I saw a letter the other day, from a Californian who attended the entertainment given by the Martins at the Casino to mark the first anniversary of their wedding. "It was one of the swellest affairs of the season," says the writer, "and must have cost quite a pile of rocks. It made some of the swagger set gasp, for they didn't think Peter could do it. The scene of the entertainment was the lawn and the palm room, and the guests numbered nearly one hundred. Peter and Lily received their guests in a large tent on the tennis court. It was a Japanese affair. The tent was furnished with rugs and bamboo furniture and plants, and was lighted with electric bulbs. Later on the guests were escorted to the palm room where the dinner was served. There the Japanese decorations were on a most elaborate scale. The table was in the form of a Japanese pagoda, the poles of which were covered with lotus flowers and tiny electric bulbs. Japanese asparagus vines hung from the ceiling, and the walls were hung with Turkey red on which were Japanese silk panels. In the corners of the room were large bay trees studded with electric lights covered with yellow silk, giving the appearance of an orange tree in full fruit. A large Japanese parasol hung over the table, and the centrepiece of the table was of aquatic flowers. The menu cards were of Japanese wood paper and on them was the monogram of Mr. and Mrs. Martin in Japanese letters. It was a gorgeous affair. I hear that the decorations were designed by a young artist who was recently introduced in Newport by Harry Lehr, and who is quite the rage. I hear that Peter is anxious for his wife to accompany him to the coast, but that she says she is not anxious to make the trip. She has been told that she would be dreadfully bored."

He's the Object of Envy

The best evidence of the fact that Peter Martin is eclipsing the splendor of the ostentatious displays of the seasoned swells of Newport is that he has excited the envy of the aristocratic colony. An expression of this envy is to be found in the columns of a New York weekly in which the doings of the plutocrats are exploited, and which are devoted to the booming of the lime-light lovers of the 400. A recent issue contained this smash at Peter and his dinner:

For turbulent vulgar ostentation, the Peter Martin dinner at the Casino on Sunday night eclipsed any entertainment that Newport has seen in years. The ninety guests were plucked from the cream of the colony, and the thousand plebeian townsfolk who looked on, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, were afforded a treat indeed. * * * Never was there a clearer case of side-show than this blatant exhibition of Sunday night. All the townsman or casual visitor had to do was to pay his admission fee, walk down across the horseshoe piazza and witness a real live member of the 400 receiving with mamma in the striped tent. As the theatre was utilized for a cloak-room it gave the hostess and her guests a first-class opportunity to flit to and from the grill rooms and the multitude a chance to admire the finest feathers on the finest birds known to the natural history of a watering place. The whole thing could be analyzed without microscopic inspection. If the initial large function of the Peter Martins is a criterion of what is to be expected in the future, then my predictions regarding Newport need not undergo a revision.

Robbed in a Polo Game

It is surely late in the day for anybody to raise a protest against vulgar ostentation at Newport. Newport has become the synonym of vulgarity and ostentation and worse in this country. Newport is the parade ground of the spectacular rich. Its summer colony is composed of diamond-bedecked bounders of both sexes. For years they have been vieing with one another in the matter of extravagant display. They measure the success of a social function, whether it be an Astor ball or a Vanderbilt marriage, by the cost of the decorations. And because Peter Martin, an interloper from San Francisco, undertook to "hold his end up" after the conventional Newport style, he is censured for his "vulgar ostentation." The criticism is absurd. He chose a spacious lawn for his guests to flaunt themselves on to the amazement of the common herd, because he wished to cater to the cravings of the notoriety seekers of the social push. He knew that it pleased them to dazzle the townsfolk, and it was his breezy Western frankness that prompted him to make his private function a public show. If it had not been a great success it would not have aroused any envy. The Eastern snobs are no doubt sore over Peter's quick climb into the holy of holies, and they are annoying him. In that same New York weekly it was stated that Peter had been frozen out of a polo game one day, and that on another occasion when he made a clean, well-played goal, it was not allowed because the other side swore to a man that the ball did not roll between the posts. It was Mr. Martin's first goal of the season and some person said it was the first goal Peter ever made. No wonder Peter is anxious to return to San Francisco.

American Society

Now comes a tardy Eastern editor with a reply to Henry Watterson's charge that there is something rotten in



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Newport. He ridicules the idea that the numerous divorces and piquant performances of the fashionables are symptoms of social decay. He contends that so far from falling into decay Newport society has been continually freshened with new vigor. It has not kept up a feeble existence by the process of breeding in and in, but its vitality has been invigorated steadily by taking in fresh blood until now it is thoroughly transformed. He argues that it is not an aristocratic society in any sense, but is distinctively democratic. It is not decadent but is very much alive. There is no doubt that Newport society is continually having new blood infused into it. In that respect it resembles the so-called ton of every fashionable centre. The chief figures in Newport's swim, like those of San Francisco's smart set, were seemingly social impossibilities a generation ago. But while the ambition to get up in the world has given a peculiar vitality to American society, it has not improved its morals or its manners. If the new blood infused into it were good blood, it would not be decadent. The climbers keep American society from stagnating but they do not improve its moral tone. They have, as a rule, nothing but their wealth to justify their ambitious vaulting. They are not inspired by high ideals and their only purpose in life is to add to the gayety of a society usually commonplace, and of a compass so small that the members soon grow weary of the sight of one another. To vary the monotony they are impelled to invent new forms of dissipation, and to indulge in inane amusements that enfeeble the mind and lead to all sorts of excesses. It is not aristocratic and neither is it democratic, for it is accessible only to those who can afford to contribute to its amusement. It is essentially plutocratic, and it is exacting only in its demand that whoever would be of it must be a factor in the promotion of its gayety. It has the distinctly plutocratic conscience that is rarely inflammable but that usually smolders like punk.

Can't Depose Him

Ned is still Czar of Society. Other leaders have come, tried to conquer—and gone off with their colors drooping. Many's the time attempts have been made to oust Greenway from his post of social arbitre, but in vain. Ned stays on top. And he doesn't want to stay—dear no! He's grown so plump that anything but an easy-chair at the club and iced drinks means hard work. "If they would only leave me in peace," sighs Czar Greenway. But they will not; indeed, they cannot, for there is not another man in society here who could fill the place of social leader as Edward M. Greenway does it. He has been "in" so long that he knows how to steer clear of all shoals of discord. He knows how to weld opposing elements and keep everybody smiling and in harmony. He can weed out a cotillion list without hurting feelings. He can manage a cotillion from start to finish so there'll be not the ghost of a hitch in its mechanism. Mr. Greenway, therefore, will retain his job as McAllister II just as long as he wishes to tolerate the bother of it. He has already arranged his list for the season's Friday Nights, and Native Sons' hall has been engaged for the dances. The debutantes are not all figured out yet but there will be some beauties and some heiresses in the list. Mrs. Salisbury will have her Fortnightlies and La Jeunesse will be reorganized, but the personnel of Mr. Greenway's Friday Night Club will remain substantially the same as last year.

The Webster Romance

The death of Fred Webster the other day occasioned no surprise among his club friends. He had been a physical wreck for several years, and all his friends knew that he was making rapid strides toward the grave. Webster was a typical man of the world, and though he was in the wool brokerage business, he devoted more time to the pleasures of life than to the cares of commerce. At the Pacific-Union Club he was noted for his ability as a poker player, and in his time he has won a great deal of money from the millionaire members of that club. He was sufficiently skilled at cards to have made a living at the great American pastime. One of his biggest winnings was in a game in which Billy Bourn was a heavy loser. It was reported at the time that Webster won eighteen thousand dollars. The game was started in the Pacific-Union Club but at midnight the players adjourned to a lodging house where they continued to woo the fickle goddess until late the following afternoon. Mr. Bourn has been a very conservative business man ever since.

The Stetson Tragedy

For many years Fred Webster was the central figure in a romance that was the talk of clubdom. The tabbies took a great interest in the affair. They said that he was very much in love with Miss Jennie Blair but that he had involved himself in complications of an amatory character that deterred him from marrying her. The supposition was that they were engaged for a long time. Some years ago when Al. Stetson committed suicide society obtained a glimpse behind the curtain of the Webster romance. There was a woman involved in that tragedy to whom Webster had been devoted for many years. The sensational revelations made at that time afforded the gay broker a capital pretext to break off the relationship, and after that every one thought he would persuade Jennie Blair to marry him. But the predictions of the prophets went wrong. Webster's marriage to another woman, a few months ago, was a great surprise to his friends.

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The Last Sad Rites

The funeral of Fred Webster took place last Monday from his Pine street residence, and the popular clubman was followed to his last resting place by men prominent in almost all the activities of life. Before the funeral a vast throng of people surged through the home of the deceased to take a farewell look at the familiar features. There were in that throng many white-haired matrons prominent in the society of long ago, and I saw also aged men who were once numbered among the gayest of gay brokers in the days when fortunes were won and lost in a few hours in Pine street, but who are now among the has-beens and who are seldom seen outside of the Pacific-Union Club. The personnel of that throng was significant of the high character of the associations that Fred Webster enjoyed. He was a man of many fine qualities, and men valued his friendship. One of the best-beloved companions of his later years was Herman Oelrichs, and the latter, loyal to the last, made all the arrangements for the funeral and conducted proceedings at the house.

The Prince Nearly Lost an Arm

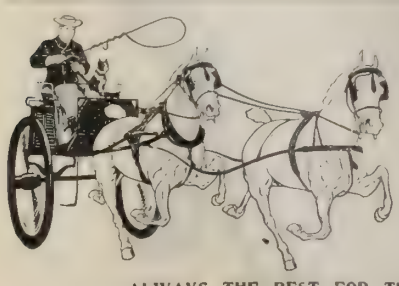
Poor Prince Poniatowski is represented by a morning daily as having become thoroughly disgusted with the failure of numerous business ventures, in consequence of which he is said to have resolved to ship his lares and penates to Europe, there to spend the remainder of his days. It is true that Prince Poniatowski has suffered some financial reverses, but it is not in consequence of them that he is going to Europe. The fact is that the Prince is the victim of a very serious malady that has puzzled many local physicians. Some weeks ago he was operated upon in a local hospital, and it was thought probable, before the surgeons began their work, that it would be necessary to amputate an arm. Fortunately it was found that the scraping of the bone would suffice. The patient was under the influence of an anaesthetic for a long time, and it played havoc with his constitution. He is now a very weak man. Poniatowski conceived some brilliant financial schemes during the last few years, but he was unfortunate in the execution of them. The one that promised the most successful results was the Blue Lakes power venture, but it went wrong by reason of the blunders of the engineers who, I am told, were graduates of Stanford University and who were lacking in experience and ability. The Prince will go to Europe with over half a million dollars, and that will yield an income sufficient to enable him to live in luxury on the continent.

All the Little Parrotts were There

An interesting spectacle was presented at the San Mateo depot last Wednesday, on the occasion of the departure for the East of the Jack Parrotts. The Jack Parrotts, be it known, are among the few representatives of our rich families whose conduct during their harmonious domestic career has been such as to controvert the theories of the race-suicide alarmists. As compared with Jack Parrott, Teddy Roosevelt stacks up no higher than the proverbial three dimes. Ten olive branches in less than as many years is a record of which even a Roosevelt might well be proud. But as to the spectacle. Well, the Jack Parrotts started away last Wednesday with their eldest son John, whom they intend to enter at Georgetown University, and all the other little Parrotts—nine of them—journeyed down to the train to bid good-bye to mamma and papa and big brother. Isn't it easy to fancy that the spectacle was an interesting one?

An Exceptional Society Matron

The Mountford Wilsons and the Walter Martins are very fortunate this week for they are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Tevis at the beautiful Tevis home on the shore of Lake Tahoe. The hospitality of the Will Tevises approximates more closely that for which California was famous in the days before the Gringo came than any of which I have ever heard. Mrs. Tevis, who was Mabel Pacheco, has inherited many of the traits of her distinguished father, Governor Pacheco, and the most conspicuous of them is cordiality. Here is a womanly woman, by the way, who does not figure often in the social gossip of the bavardes of the daily press, but who, if she desired could easily become the leader of the 400. But she is too sensible a woman to bother about social triumphs. She is more concerned with the rearing of her four sons, for she is a model mother as well as wife. And yet she loves to entertain her friends who, naturally, are quite numerous. She is a big-hearted, charitable woman, and refreshingly free from the affectations that obsess the fashionable herd. She is animated by the compassion and sympathy for less fortunate mortals that mark the true gentlewoman. I recall an incident of a few seasons ago that showed her keen consideration for the comfort of others. A barber at the Tallac whom she had employed to cut her children's hair failed to put in his appearance one day. Mrs. Tevis visited him and found him in bed. She felt his pulse, told him he had a fever, and an hour later sent him a trained nurse who took care of him until he recovered.



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A Case of Legal Wit

A bit of extremely happy repartee came out in court the other day. Brother Kelly of the African church was on trial for seduction. Attorney Sam Shortridge, in all his splendid dignity, looked after the colored brother's interests while ex-Judge Ferral did his best to convict him of the charge. During the course of his argument the prosecutor took occasion to remark that he believed money had been brought into the case for the use of the defendant. No sooner was this charge made than attorney Shortridge unwound himself, slowly arose in all his court dignity and, with nodding forefinger pointing straight at the speaker, rolled out in his most majestic tones: "It pains me greatly to interrupt the learned counsel for the prosecution at this critical stage in his exhaustive remarks, but I cannot refrain from correcting his last statement with the assertion that not only has no 'money been brought into the case for use of the defendant,' but no money has appeared in any way, shape or manner on our side. Indeed I may go so far as to state that as yet I have not received even anything in the shape of a fee." Ex-Judge Ferral apparently blanched at the last part of this statement. "Well," he said, after a short pause, "there must have been some reason for the counsel on the other side coming into the case, and as he was not inspired by a fee, the only one I can assign is the one set forth in a recent political campaign, namely, that under certain circumstances all gentlemen must stand together."

He Didn't Let Her Know

The Sargents gave a bull's head breakfast at their ranch near Monterey on Sunday and a number of Bohemian Club men were Charlie Dickman's guests for the end-of-the-week so as to take in the affair. Among them was a member of the Bohemian Club chorus who has not been long married. The tenor did not receive his invitation until Saturday and decided at once to accept it. He tried to get his wife by telephone but she was out. So he decided to go anyway and took the train for Monterey. From there he telephoned again. When he came out of the telephone room he had a very grave face. He wouldn't tell the other fellows what the message was but it was such a one as to have a quieting effect upon him for the rest of the day. The crowd returned Monday morning but the tenor came up on a Sunday afternoon train to make his peace.

The opening night of the new Lyric hall will have the importance of a society function. The twenty English players in "Everyman," the morality play, will make their San Francisco debut under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary. Among those who have secured seats for the first night are the J. D. Spreckels's, W. H. Mills and family, Horace Davis, M. H. De Young, John F. Merrill, Sigmund Stern and J. Hyman.

The Subject of His Hallucination

The news of the sad plight of Ernest Hastings in New York aroused the sympathy of many of his friends in this city who esteemed him highly for his manly qualities. According to the despatches he was a victim of the hallucination that a California girl with whom he was in love was imprisoned in a Pullman car. The name given was "Madge" Cummings. In all probability the young woman to whom he referred is a Miss "Madge" Chapman with whom he became acquainted while he was a member of the Alcazar company. She is a daughter of the late Dr. Chapman who was physician of one of the China steamers, and who died suddenly a few years ago. Miss Chapman spent nearly all her life in Oregon, of which State her grandfather on her mother's side was at one time Governor. She is a tall, lithe blonde and a striking beauty, and is not more than twenty-one years of age. At the time she met Mr. Hastings she was imbued with histrionic aspirations, and he took great interest in her, for he believed she possessed talent and would be a success on the stage. He left town with a road company a few months ago, and played a season of several weeks in San Jose. About that time Miss Chapman, accompanied by her grandmother, took up her residence in San Jose, and she there began her stage career in the Hastings company, playing small parts. She contemplated going East soon, and I believe that Mr. Hastings intended to secure her an engagement in New York.

Brigham's Service to France

Dr. Brigham, whose death occurred several days ago, was chief surgeon in one of the French field hospitals during the Franco-Prussian war, and he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. He was educated at Harvard and after graduating in medicine he went abroad for experience in European hospitals. His subordinates in the field hospital were jealous of him and hampered him in various ways, and one day he discovered that a patient who had been neglected was in a very weak condition. He picked the man up, held him out with one hand and then beat him on the back with a towel. The feat astonished the spectators but it had the desired effect; circulation was restored, and after that the French surgeons had more respect for their young American chief. The Brighams belong to the "old set" here, and it has always been their boast that they never attended a Greenway dance. There is a feud between the family and our Social Dictator. The Brighams are from Boston but they are related to the Duers of New York, the family to which Mrs. Clarence Mackay belongs. Kate Brigham's full name is Katherine Duer Brigham.



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To Discourage Race Suicide

Though alienists assert and confidence operators demonstrate that "a fool is born every minute" the supply has hitherto exceeded the demand, especially in San Francisco. The community therefore has a right to resent the advent of a Denver scientist (?) who, while old Mother Earth is groaning under her foolish feat of fecundity, is encouraging her to stimulate her efforts, increase her ratio and cut her time schedule. Still, if this community were given a satisfactory guarantee that he would fulfill his promise to transport the threatened over-production to St. Louis and dispose of it there no valid cause of complaint could be found. In the school of social therapeutics which "Prof." Carroll has established in San Francisco it is taught that the "pain of the world" will be relieved by increased speed in delivery—an incontrovertible argument when applied to ball tossing, but open to doubt in the direction and management of this mundane fool factory. To stimulate natural desires "Prof." Carroll prescribes and promises a life of sybaritic ease and luxury unhampered by marital limitations. And this he styles "the Vrill System of Industry," and himself the "Enacting Trustee." "The Vrill System of Industry" seems to have been designed for the development, propagation and perpetuation of the particular species of fool that is attracted by the alluring prospects—and for the profit of the promoter, which is expected to increase in a corresponding ratio. The local experiment station (for development) is at 519 Van Ness avenue; the proving ground (for propagation) is to be located at the St. Louis Exposition. The fee for development is ten dollars; other fees are not stated.

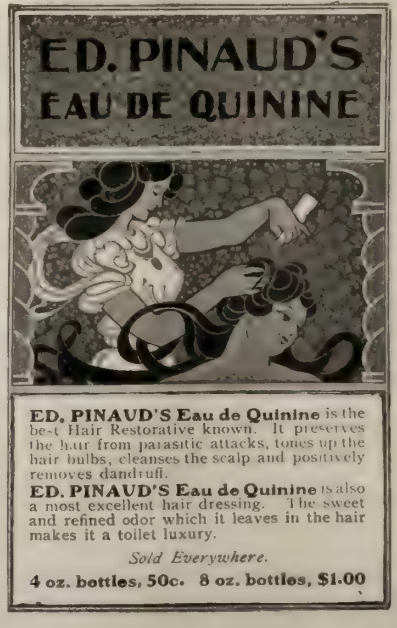
His Wonderful System

It was the late General Barnes who said: "Some people are born fools; some people are made fools; some people are just d——d fools for lack of sense." "Prof." Carroll does not differentiate in the selection of material. His judgment is unerring; any one who pays the preliminary fee (invariably in advance) is deemed qualified beyond question. A course of ten lectures is considered sufficient to develop an ordinary specimen taken at random from the most common type, and fit him for picturesque follies upon the highest plane of idiocy. The pursuit of "the Vrill System of Industry," as outlined by the "Enacting Trustee," promises to be as interesting as Professor Loeb's experiment that resulted in the production of a hybrid crustacean by mating a starfish and a lobster. To begin with, "Prof." Carroll guarantees that every fool will find his mate, for the search will be facilitated and the species perpetuated by free love; and no one, man or woman, can be committed irrevocably to any mistake that may be made in the matter of selection. Absolutely no obstacle is placed in the way of fructification and multiplication. The doctrine of natural selection and evolution is a logical concomitant, and the production of the perfect fool under "the Vrill System of Industry" inevitable. To support this infant industry and satisfy the natural but secondary desires such as eating and sleeping, the "Enacting Trustee" announces that he has acquired a large tract of land at St. Louis, where a large city is to be built and inhabited solely by his subjects; and there the altruistic colony is to dwell forever more in co-operative harmony and promiscuous polygamy or polyandry.

He Has Many Followers

The general scheme of social government, as well as the details of co-operation, evidently have been borrowed from "Looking Backward," "Equality" and "The Coming Race." Physical labor is to be limited almost wholly to the necessary exertion of reproduction, for the "Enacting Trustee" is the discoverer of a remarkable force known as Vrill power—a combination of radium and electricity—which is warranted to do anything but make fools. All a colonist has to do, when not pursuing "the Vrill System of Industry," is to press a button and Vrill power does the rest. "Prof." Carroll, who evolved this conglomeration of free love, evolution, socialism, radium and electricity to confound the foolkiller, has found followers enough to convince any statesman that San Francisco has more than her just proportion of births to the minute. He has just completed the instruction of his third class of fifty—men, women and foolish virgins—and conferred upon them the "Recruit Degree." They are now prepared to enter upon the work that will fit them for the rank of Captains of Industry. All have been impressed with the absolute necessity of profound secrecy, and at the close of every lecture have been warned that "we want no notoriety." The "Enacting Trustee" is a tall, middle-aged blond with weak grey eyes and the phonographic delivery of a Divine healer. It has been suggested that he himself is "playing hookey from some foolish house," but the way in which the Vrill power and the Vrill System of Industry are producing coin for their exponent negatives the suggestion too emphatically. Still there are some who are inclined to question the soundness of "Prof." Carroll's financial judgment in restricting his field of operations by surrounding his social system with a barricade of secrecy. Possibly he had not studied the birth statistics of San Francisco sufficiently to learn that old Mother Earth recognizes no class or condition in the selection of a father for her "touched" progeny. There are many features in "the Vrill System of Industry" that would have appealed to the local 400 as eloquently as to the residents of the Western Addition who

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see Nob Hill and Pacific Heights only from a distance. Had "Prof." Carroll been taken up by San Francisco society his system might have become a popular fad. What a picturesque petticoat it would make to cover bedraggled lingerie!

Family Jars of Faculty Members

Domestic scandals are becoming quite common in the faculty of the University of California. The latest, that of Dr. R. A. McLean, is being exploited in the daily press with details sufficient to gratify the most exacting tabby, and the case of Professor Soule, who is trying to have an alimony order rescinded, has its interesting features. Less than a year ago we were regaled with the sight of Dr. Wallace Reading's family skeleton. His cruelty to his wife evoked the condemnation of a court of law. The title to a chair in the university is usually regarded as a credential of good morals and high character, and it would certainly seem that some other qualification than mere technical proficiency should be demanded of those selected to instruct the college youths.

Theodore Wores writes from Grenada that he is painting busily in the land of the Moors. He will return to New York in December.

Brown's Effeminated Feet

There is a man in San Francisco whose feet are so small that the smallest of men's shoes are too large for him. Instead of having his shoes made to order, he wears women's foot-gear. This unique individual is Mr. I. I. Brown, the attorney of the firm of Vogelsang & Brown. Not long ago he was on a Pullman bound for New York, and on the first night of the journey he put his shoes under his berth. When he awoke in the morning the shoes were missing, and he concluded that the colored porter had polished them and forgotten to return them. So he summoned the colored man and asked, "What did you do with my shoes?"

"Why, suh, I never seen yo' shoes," said the porter, and he looked surprised.

"I put them under the berth last night," said Brown, and then he described the missing property.

The porter opened his eyes in amazement.

"Fo' de Lawd s sake, were dose yo' shoes?"

"Yes, they are mine; what did you do with them?"

"Why, suh, I put dem shoes down under the berth of the lady you was talkin' to all yesterday afternoon," said the colored man with a merry twinkle in his eye.

And the attorney understood why the porter had blundered.

Lieutenant-Commander Carter

Poor, well meaning, but hapless little Fidelio S. Carter! He has again escaped by the skin of his teeth. While the pitiless court-martial decreed his dismissal, he has wriggled through by the aid if clemency in higher quarters, and banishment to the wilds of the Pensacola, Florida, naval station is all he will have to suffer at present. Carter's naval career has been anything but rosy. His brother officers are wont to say that there is no *vernier* with graduations small enough to measure Carter's knowledge of navigation. His talents lie in other directions. When he undertook to navigate the little *Yantic* to Chicago through the St. Lawrence and the canal, the people suspected that he was conducting a Coast Survey reconnoissance for submerged dangers. One of the funniest narratives I ever heard was Carter's own account of that voyage. He got there, though, which puzzled many people quite as much as how he "got there" in his successive advancements to the grade he now holds.

Ho! for the Green Fields

I am glad to learn that Rear-Admiral Kempff, the balance of whose useful life is to be spent upon the retired list of the Navy, is to make his home in the West, upon a large ranch that he has purchased. Hitherto Washington, D. C., has been the Mecca of the retired officer, but Admiral Kempff's example, from what I hear, is to be followed by others. It is a curious thing that the average sailor's ambition, his idea of bliss, when he has abandoned the sea, is to settle down in the country, to go farming, the very calling traditionally regarded as the diametric opposite of the seafaring life. To call a sailor in active service a "farmer" is the bitterest reproach. He may endure some of the deadliest invectives which would evoke bloodshed from the landsman, but tell him he is a "haymaker"—or, nearly as bad, a "soldier"—and you may look for trouble instanter.



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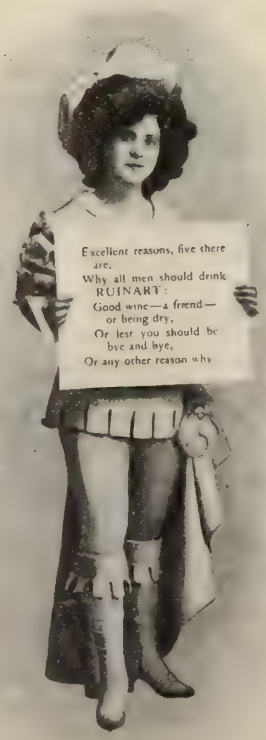
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The Spectacular General

General Miles's excessive appetite for adulation was amusingly exhibited one day last week. Always yearning and generally looking for the plaudits of the multitude at every move, the General, as he left the Grand Army convention, in the Grand Opera House, looked around him in the eagerness of a lost child in search of its parent. He passed through the lobby of the theatre with his head twisting in every direction, to see if some one would recognize him. None did. There was no applause, not even a nod. Before entering the rig—an open one—that awaited him at the curb, the General paused fully two minutes on the sidewalk, looking up and down the street, this way and that, but still there was nothing doing. His eagerness to attract attention was as unmistakable as his disappointment at his failure. He was driven off in silence. Miles's vanity is probably his most conspicuous trait. During his extensive European tour some years ago, his time was principally spent in "witnessing" reviews, "inspecting" arsenals, and performing other perfunctory acts that afforded opportunities for homage and honors. The principal fruit of this tour was a new uniform for himself which he designed on his return. I am confident that Miles has been photographed more times, and in more attitudes, than any man, woman or child in our broad land. No theatrical star has his or her comings and goings and doings more loudly and widely heralded than those of Miles.

Movements in the Service

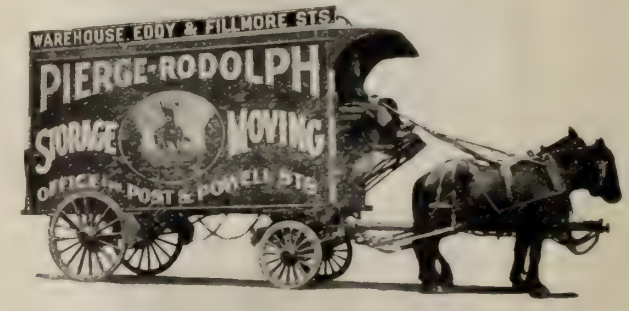
There have been so many changes at the Presidio of late it is not safe to bet on how long any officer will remain at that post. There is much regret felt and expressed at the approaching departure of the Seventh Infantry for the Philippines, the officers having done so much to make the Presidio a pleasant place to visit during the stay of the regiment at that post. In the meantime they and their friends are making an effort to soften the pangs of parting by arranging as many dances and other little gatherings as is possible to crowd into the intervening space. Brigadier General Robert M. O'Reiley, who is expected here in a few days on a trip of inspection, was very popular during his service here as chief surgeon of this department. Colonel C. Morris of the Artillery Corps has been ordered to the Presidio to take command of that post. Major J. V. White of the Artillery, who has been stationed at the Presidio for some time past, will sail for the Philippines by the transport leaving here October first, having been ordered there for duty in the Adjutant General's department. Colonel A. W. Vogdes, of the Artillery, well known in San Francisco during his long station at Alcatraz, has been ordered from San Diego, where he has been on duty the past year, to take command of the Artillery District at Key West, Florida. Major-General MacArthur, accompanied by Mrs. MacArthur, his son Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur of the Engineer Corps, and his aide, Captain Parker West, has gone on an inspection trip to San Diego.

Fred Gebhard Returned to the Turf

My New York correspondent writes me that "Freddie" Gebhard is evidently back on the turf to stay. Years ago, about the time Gebhard had his big crush on Lily Langtry, he was equally interested in horseflesh. His racing seemed a part of his social existence and Eole, St. Saviour and other fine mounts carried his cerise and gold spots. He used to give track dinners that were great affairs and to which invitations were at a premium. Then came that big Port Jervis wreck which almost completely destroyed the stallions and brood mares that Gebhard was shipping to his ranch in this State, near Middletown in Lake county. St. Saviour was one of the few to escape the wreck unscathed and Gebhard has retained the famous stallion ever since. Nothing could induce him to part with the horse, which has won him over sixty thousand dollars and which he loves aside from his stake merits. Haggin wanted to buy St. Saviour, which is now in Kentucky, but still owned by Fred Gebhard. The Californian ranch went on the market and it was thought its owner had left the turf forever. But he was not entirely out of it. Gay Boy has won him money but not with the blare of trumpets of the old days. He still buys horses and the other day he became the owner of Raglan, which immediately won the Spinaway stakes of eleven thousand dollars. Charlie Trevathan, who had an interview with Gebhard after his victory, says that for that one night he was "Freddie" again, "smiling, buoyant, enthusiastic, intense, sincere and, to his intimates, affectionate." But Fred Gebhard doesn't look a little bit like the man who was Langtry's lover. He is not so handsome, and he looks more like a quiet business man than a man of clubs.



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Guy Lochinvar Barham's Quick Work

Guy Barham always was a romantic chap and therefore I am inclined to give credence to a story that comes from the East to the effect that his marriage with Miss Baby of Detroit was in the nature of an elopement. It may be somewhat difficult to fancy Guy Barham in the role of young Lochinvar coming out of the West, swooping down on a millionaire's mansion, and carrying off the pride of his heart, but that is just what is said to have happened. Miss Baby's family is one of the oldest in Detroit, and her father is very wealthy. The old gentleman had no particular objection to the personality of the Californian Bank Commissioner, but it appears that he had long ago destined his pretty young daughter for a wealthy old crony who lives in Canada. However Miss Marie had no intention of marrying old moneybags. She met the gay bohemian wit of Los Angeles and San Francisco down in the citrus belt last summer, and she promptly well in love with him, and when she announced their engagement her father was furious. He tried to persuade her to break it off, and it is said that after ordering an expensive trousseau she intimated that she would do so, but merely to placate papa so that he would not shy at the bill. Just as Detroit society was beginning to gossip over the breaking of the engagement, the gallant Barham appeared on the scene, married Miss Baby in a hurry and whisked her off on a honeymoon trip.

Ethyl's New Coat

Not since the late Mrs. Charles Fair sported her beautiful Russian sables here has anything so absolutely swell in wraps been seen in San Francisco as Ethyl Hager's new coat. The cost, I am told, was nine hundred dollars. It is a combination of Russian lace and sable, and is decidedly French in effect. It imparts, strange as it may seem, a decided piquancy to the plump and stalwart society girl. Miss Hager is not the most stylish girl in society, but she does not consider the cost of anything in wearing apparel that strikes her fancy. The Hager girls are the best spenders in our smart set.

The Rucker-Lion Feud

That ancient feud between the Ruckers and the Lions of San Jose has broken out afresh. The Ruckers and the Lions are among the most prominent citizens of the Garden City, and they have long been rivals in business. But their enmity has not been confined to commercial affairs. It has occasioned discord even in social and political circles, for both families have their sympathizers, and factional strife has been fomented in clubs, lodges and political conventions. The latest disturbance occurred in the board of directors of the Hotel Vendome, and the police had to be summoned to restore order. L. Lion, who is president of the Commercial and Savings Bank of San Jose, and his son Gus, who is vice-president of the same institution, are heavy shareholders in the hotel stock company, and the disturbance was said to have been occasioned by the fact that Gus was not elected a member of the board. Another version of the affair was that Joseph Rucker, who is president of the board, sold a bunch of treasury stock with the understanding that it was to command a dividend at the next meeting of the shareholders, and that he received a commission for disposing of the securities. When the meeting occurred there was trouble over the dividend, and then there ensued crimination and recrimination between Rucker and the Lions. However Rucker was re-elected and Gus Lion was dropped from the board of directors. The Vendome, by the way, has had two very successful seasons under the excellent management of George Snell, and the profits of the corporation have been large.

ERUPTION OF MT. VESUVIUS.

Once more Italy's big volcano is spouting lava and thousands of sight-seers are going to the vicinity to witness the spectacle. California has a volcanic peak that draws more visitors annually than ever go to Vesuvius. The Lick Observatory on the summit of Mt. Hamilton is as great an attraction as Italy's spouting volcano, but the work it does is upbuilding instead of destroying. This is the best time of the year to visit Mt. Hamilton, spending a few days at Hotel Vendome, San Jose, and enjoying its many attractions.

One of the most elegant imported gowns ever brought to this city is the marvelous creation in white, by Beer of Paris, which will be one of the features of next week's Opening Fall Exhibit at the Emporium. It is a combination of real Duchess and Irish point lace, with a perfect shower of over five hundred dainty white silk pon-pons in relief.

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	1902 CASES	1903 CASES
Moët & Chandon "White Seal" and "Brut Imperial"	53,481	76,599
G. H. Mumm & Co.	70,654	75,838
Pommery & Greno	14,776	16,970
Ruinart, pere & fils	9,485	12,554
Vve Clicquot	6,915	8,684
Louis Roederer	7,124	5,158
Pol Roger	2,339	3,780
Piper Heidsieck	5,705	3,522

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At prominent society functions MOËT & CHANDON CHAMPAGNE is used almost exclusively

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Everywoman

A Morality Play of the Twentieth Century.

Characters:

Everywoman, Miss Birdie Gaygirl, soprano star of the Burlesque.
Fellowship, the contralto of the same theatre.
Kindred, chorus girls.
Goods, the manager.
Good Deeds, a college boy studying for the ministry.
Beauty, a society girl of bohemian tendencies.
Strength, an athletic clubman in love with Everywoman.
Discretion, a married man who admires feminine stage stars.
Five Wits, clever men-about-town, an artist, a newspaper critic, a playwright, a musician and a lawyer.

Argument:

Everywoman has been several times summoned to the telephone. She attempts to study her role for the next burlesque, confers with her modiste, and entertains the Five Wits and other callers, and makes strenuous outcry every time the telephone rings. However, having learned from experience that it is better to answer the 'phone than to miss a possible good thing, she never fails to reply. She talks to her callers, etc., to this end:

Discretion (at the 'phone.)
Ho, Everywoman, will you come with me
Automobiling this afternoon beside the sea?

Everywoman.
Oh, dear, I can't today engage in any sport
For other duties call me. I really hadn't ought
To do a blessed thing.
But study.

Discretion.
But I have bought that ring,
An amethyst with diamonds. Such a pity—
And tomorrow for a month I leave the city.

Everywoman.
Ring up later and perhaps I can arrange
With my understudy. Certainly I need a change
From this dreadful moil of work;
And an outing I am never known to shirk.
(*Hangs up receiver.*)

Five Wits.
Say, Birdie, will you go with us to dinner?
We'll ask Beauty, too, that pretty little sinner.
For today each of us feels that he's a winner.

Everywoman.
Now *please* do not tempt me for I should hate to yield.
Take Miss Beauty—she's a flower of the field,
But for me, you know to work I'm firmly sealed.
(*Phone rings.*)

Everywoman.
Hello! Good Deeds? Good morrow, little boy!
To dinner? Oh, 'twould be a perfect joy.
But unfortunately I can't go today.
Just hard work for me and not a bit of play.
(*Sighs.*)
Rehearsal's waiting—must report at four.
Well, yes, then—Thursday—stage door.
(*Hangs up receiver.*)
Oh, goodness! When I chose a stage career
I little thought 'twould be so hard.
(*To Modiste.*)
My dear
I think this band should be a trifle smaller.
(*To Callers.*)
Now don't you think this gown makes me look taller?
You'd better go now, boys. I really must
Go scan my role. Tomorrow night I trust
I'll make a dashing hit. You must come down
To clap me and
(*To Critic*)
tell all the town.
Make Fellowship tear out her long black hair,
Poor thing! A pity that she is not fair.
Then you and I, with Kindred to help out,
Will sup after the show. Now *please* get out.
(*Callers depart.*)

Everywoman.
To be a popular star, one must abjure
The lessons of one's youth. To be all pure,
Modist, reserved. Instead, all things to all men
One must be; cajole one here, flatter one there,
Ah me!
(*To Modiste*)
I'm really in woful despair,
Not one line learned, tomorrow night the show—
That ring Discretion has! Oh, I *must* go
With him; new jewels count for so much.
Then Beauty, too, with her to keep in touch,
Be idolized by Society, please the Swells—
(*Phone rings.*)
Oh, dear, perdition take those horrid bells!
Hello, hello! Discretion? You, again?
(How persistent are these old married men!)
Yes, yes; well, make it Monday. I will go
But you must have me back in time for show.
I can't throw my career upon the breeze—
Ha, ha! Cap—windmills? Oh, you naughty tease!
(*Hangs up receiver.*)
Sometimes I wish I'd never sought the stage,
Or of Experience had turned the page.
I might have stayed at home with Mamma dear—
But that would have been such a bore, I fear.
(*Phone rings.*)
I shall not answer—yes, I guess I will,
Perhaps it indicates a change of bill.
And then I can forego this horrid part
And follow out the dictates of my heart.
Hello! Beg pardon, I did not catch name.
Strength—who loves me just the same?
In spite of our quarrel the other day
When we had lunch *a deux* across the bay?
No, no, I cannot go today. Today I work.
Whenever, Strength, did I a duty shirk
Even for you? You're coming right up now?
You will not take no for an answer? How
Can you be sure that I will let you in?
Housebreaking you do not consider sin?
Well, come, then. (I adore a man of will.)
I'll send word, then, to Goods that I am ill,
And ask a day to rest in, shall I? Say?
And Fellowship can be the star today.
Ten minutes, dear, for I am not half dressed.
(*Hangs up receiver.*)
An hour ago I was horribly depressed,
But Love is sweet—and Strength's the dearest chap.
The others are not in it now; he's won the lap. —*The Josher.*



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Love's Span

The fleecy clouds in the heavens high
Beneath the light of an opal sky
Showed tints of morn;
The blush that over the landscape lay
Spoke tender hopes for a glorious day,
When love was born.

The sun's caress woke the slumb'ring glade
And turned the light to a deeper shade
On brook and mound;
No sign betrayed in the glowing west
The storm-cloud trembling with dark unrest,
When love was crowned.

The world was hushed when the sun went down;
It left the sky 'neath its threat'ning frown
An angry red,
And hope went out with the dying light
As day gave place to a starless night—
When love was dead.

MABEL PORTER PITTS.

Our Jolly Sea Dogs

Scene: Market street, San Francisco.

Time: the morning of a street parade.

There is heard the blare of a military band. Close behind it marches a portly warrior resplendent in the gold braid of a Commander in the Navy. He is followed by a Lieutenant-Commander, several gorgeous chaps with the stripes of Lieutenants, and a covey of Ensigns. Many of this gay array display upon their manly breasts medals and badges enough for a Field Marshal of twenty campaigns. They are flanked and followed by a brilliant, be-chevroned petty staff. A full color-guard comes next.

Behind all this pomp and panoply of war walk six privates. Fourteen more brass-bound officers keep them in subjection. A full hospital corps brings up the rear with stretchers, bandages, and other first aids to those who may be overcome by the perils of the march.

Two bystanders look on attentively.

First Bystander: Say, my friend, what have we here?

Second Bystander: That's the California Naval Militia.

F. B.: Ah, commanded, no doubt, by that jolly sea-dog in front?

S. B.: Oh, no. That's only Commander Smooth-Bore. Doesn't know a turret from a time-azimuth.

F. B.: Why, how is that? I supposed the Naval Militia contained mariners.

S. B.: 'Od's bumpkins and belaying pins! No! Mariners are not wanted in the Naval Militia. They would spoil the whole thing. They would ruin the graft.

F. B.: But the head of it must be a sailor?

S. B.: Not at all. Captain Sterny is the head of it. He was that fellow you saw marching with the United States Veteran Navy, wearing a white cap when the uniform of the day was blue, and waving and bowing from the ranks to the populace on both sides of the street.

F. B.: Quite so. A seasoned veteran. In what battles?

S. B.: None.

F. B.: None? Why, what is he veteran of?

S. B.: Salutes and target practice.

F. B.: Yet he was with the Veteran Navy.

S. B.: Never in the United States service. The Veteran Navy wears regalia. Sterny sells regalia. See?"

A smooth-faced youth with a lieutenant's braid stalks by, arms swinging.

First Bystander: Quick, who is that?

Second Bystander: That? Why, that's Lieutenant Camera, the navigator.

F. B.: Ha, the man who navigates ships, the expert in compasses, chronometers, sextants and logarithms.

S. B.: Wrong again. Expert in trousers. He's a tailor.

F. B.: But he surely understands about dygograms, parameters, meridian altitudes and lunar distances?

S. B.: I doubt if he can spell them. He navigates shears, principally.

The stripes of a lieutenant-commander dazzle the onlookers. Solemnity marks their wearer's visage.

First Bystander: Look! there goes our Coroner, Dr. See-Land.

Second Bystander: He's never seen anything else. He's surgeon-in-chief to the Naval Militia, though.

F. B.: But a good surgeon?

S. B.: Undoubtedly. They showed great judgment when they made the Coroner Bull-Surgeon. A coroner will be needed when that outfit undertakes to run a ship.

F. B. And who may that sailorly-soldierly little Ensign be, who is showing the men how to haul on the drag?

S. B.: That's Ensign Holystone. He's the only man-o-war'sman in the whole bunch. He'll always be an Ensign, though.

F. B.: How so?

S. B.: Because he knows more about guns and ships than he does about dancing and pink teas.

F. B.: But I thought you said this was the Naval Militia?

S. B.: I did.

F. B.: It's intended as a reserve for the Navy in time of war, isn't it?

S. B.: By the tay-payers, yes. But its officers, no. They intend it to boom them in politics and business.

The First Bystander is wrapped in thought. Suddenly he inquires:

"Why doesn't the Navy Department, or the Adjutant-General look into this thing a bit?"

"Search me."

The band strikes up "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The California sons of the briny shift their quids, hitch their trousers, and stand full-and-by up the street.

Exeunt omnes... —*The Jester.*

Grace Golden, who died last week in the East, was a very strict Catholic. She always crossed herself before going on the stage and invariably prayed before each performance, following Mary Anderson's example. Grace Golden was born in the Hoosier State, her mother being Welsh and her father Irish. She was a popular comic opera prima donna and was with Pauline Hall, Lillian Russell and others before joining Savage's organization.

G. H. MUMM & Co's Extra Dry. Importations for seven months ending July 31, were 75,838 cases, being greater than the importations of any other brand. The extra Dry of the superb 1898 Vintage now arriving is conceded to be the choicest Champagne produced this decade.

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Automobile Topics

Interest in automobiling in this city is increasing every day and this fact is clearly evidenced by the number of the motor vehicles that are being sold. Still with the increase of the modern chariots there seems an increased opposition by the owners of horses, but there is no doubt that in time this prejudice against the auto, a useful conveyance in every sense of the word, will pass away. People will soon realize that automobiling is not a mere fad.

Matters among the horseless enthusiasts all over the State are booming and no less than three race meets are to take place this winter. The Fresno Automobile Club is full of enthusiasm regarding the tournament which will be given in Fresno about the first of October. The Southern Pacific will give excursion rates to all those attending the Fresno race and fully ten thousand people are expected to attend the event. Then following this tourney a race meet is to be held on the Ingleside race track in the city, and this event will no doubt arouse great interest. The local autoists will probably see Barney Oldfield and Henri Tournier in the races here. Secretary E. P. Brinegar of the California Automobile Club is in correspondence with Barney Oldfield, "and it seems more than likely," said Mr. Brinegar, "that he will be on the coast this winter to drive his eight-cylinder Winton racing car, the one that competed in the Gordon Bennett races in Ireland." After this event one will in all probability follow in Los Angeles. Charles Heineman, one of the big automobile dealers in Los Angeles, was in town the early part of the week and said that nearly all of the autoists in the southern part of the State were "very anxious to hold another meet in the citrus belt this winter. Many of our boys will probably be up for the tourney here and it is more than likely that C. H. Merritt of Pasadena, who now owns Foxhall Keene's forty-horse power Mercedes, the chariot that broke all the world's records last year, will be among them."

Things are booming with the automobilists across the bay and a new club has been organized in Alameda to be known as the "Ireland Automobile Club." The members of this organization held a very successful run to San Jose last week. It was four o'clock in the afternoon of a week ago today that the Ireland Auto Club enthusiasts left Alameda for San Jose, to which place they went by way of Alviso and Mountain View. San Jose was reached in good time and the members remained at the Hotel Vendome, where preparations had been made for them. On last Sunday morning the autoists toured to all the principal points around San Jose. The party left the Garden City at four p. m., journeying home by way of Niles and Mission San Jose. Among the members who participated were Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Hanley in a Knox machine, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dana and Miss Hillyer also in a Knox, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dodge, W. E. De Barnardi and Eddie Dodge in their Toledo, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Smith in an Elmore and Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Scott and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Spear in their Knox's. Mr. A. J. Samuel, accompanied by his wife, drove a Knox and acted as captain of the run.

"Old Pacific" has completed her transcontinental trip. This ends the Packard touring car expedition planned by Harold Larzelere of this city and manager of the Pacific Motor Car Company. "Old Pacific" is a Packard automobile that left this city on the ocean to ocean trip last June. Mr. E. T. Fetch and Mr. C. Kramp were the occupants of the auto. They left here on June twentieth and arrived in New York a week ago last Tuesday. Mr. Kramp, speaking of the trip when he reached Denver after the hardest part of the journey, said, "If this motor had been an airship we wouldn't have had a fall. The trip has been an uneventful one, but it has been instructive to the highest degree."

Local automobilists who are very much incensed against the Supervisors of Marin county are anxious to see what action the Supervisors will take against M. H. De Young. Mr. De Young is now the possessor of a Winton touring car and last week took the modern chariot to his home in San Rafael. Now it is very probable that Mr. De Young will want to take moonlight drives in his horseless carriage. But the automobile law in San Rafael says no automobile is allowed to run between the sunset of one day and the sunrise of another. The restriction is absurd.

Some of the recent purchasers of automobiles are J. Sheldon Potter, a young capitalist of this city, Mr. A. A. Moore, who bought a four-cylinder gasoline locomobile touring car, C. S. Middleton, who has purchased a Franklin four-cylinder machine, H. H. Taylor of Oakland a Toledo and Benjamin Taylor a four-cylinder Franklin, and Thomas H. B. Varney a Toledo touring car.

That automobile endurance contests heretofore held in this country have been little better than holiday parades, is evidenced by the seventeen perfect scores made on the New York-Boston run last fall. But the run to be held in October under the supervision of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers will give the makers a chance to show the public what their cars are really capable of doing in the way of making long journeys over mountains and bad roads. This trip will in no sense be a race, but a good strong test of the durability of the cars. The route will be from New York to Kingston, over the Catskill mountains to Binghampton, Corning, Genessee, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland and Pittsburg, making in all a distance of eight hundred and twenty-five miles.

—The Chauffeur.

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STAGE

A Triumph for Davis

Though Richard Harding Davis is less addicted to the epigram habit than his British contemporary, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, he has nevertheless written a play far superior to "The Devil's Disciple." As playwrights both Mr. Shaw and Mr. Davis are in the tentative stage, for neither has succeeded in winning the confidence of managers to the extent of being assured of a production of anything that emanates from his pen. It is fortunate for the public that they have not, because meanwhile they will endeavor to do their best, and will refrain from turning out dramatic pot-boilers after the manner of Clyde Fitch. There are points of dissimilarity as well as resemblance between Mr. Shaw and Mr. Davis. The former poses as a mountebank. Mr. Davis has proved himself one. It was in the Spanish war, when the budding playwright was serving as a war correspondent, that he exhibited the traits of a faker. After the first conflict with the Spaniards he rushed up to the Associated Press correspondent and asked him to include his (Davis's) name among the newspaper men on the firing line. The fact was that he was in the rear and the Associated Press man told him that he did not intend to indulge in misrepresentation to gratify the vanity of anybody. Later on Davis enlisted the influence of Teddy Roosevelt in his behalf, and the future President asked the correspondent, from whose lips I received the story, that Davis be credited with having been on the firing line during the fighting. But even Teddy's influence was of no avail. The only newspaper correspondent who put Mr. Davis on the firing line was Mr. Davis himself. So if the inclination to play the mountebank is essential to play-building, it is evident that Mr. Shaw has no advantage over Mr. Davis. And though Mr. Davis is no hero to the Associated Press man who met him at El Caney, he has the ability to plan, plot and construct a comedy drama that is well worth the price of admission to the Columbia theatre. When you compare "The Taming of Helen" with "The Devil's Disciple" or with any of the Clyde Fitch dramatizations of social fads and foibles in Amelia Bingham's repertoire, it seems almost a wild and exhilarating success. It is a simple little comedy, with a simple little story for a motif, but it is peopled with human beings who arouse your interest in their ambitions and their struggles. Mr. Davis plays upon the audience as upon a gamut. He aims at effects a little too palpably, but he achieves them. There are no concessions made but the sense of reality in that last act is tremendous. And the beauty of it is its strong probability. The author takes you into the green room of a theatre where the hero playwright's life-work is receiving its initial production. It is a brilliant success. The house is crowded, and everybody is enthusiastic except the author, who believes he has lost the girl he loves. She is about to leave for America. The leading actress in the play, who is the devoted friend of both the author and his sweetheart, receives a note of farewell from the latter which contains an explanation of the misunderstanding between the lovers. The actress resolves to unite them, and without the knowledge of the stage manager or the playwright she starts for the steamer in a cab to intercept the girl. She has only fifteen minutes in which to accomplish the feat, and she is due at the end of that time to appear in the star situation of the play. The call-boy notifies the manager of her departure, and there is immediately consternation behind the scenes. The situation is tense. It is beautifully handled, and is not in the slightest degree improbable. Humor and pathos are daintily blended in the scene, and though you are certain that the leading lady will reappear in the nick of time you take a feverish interest in the proceedings, and by the time the climax is reached you are on the point of arising in your seat and shouting. Surely it is a triumph for the skill of an experimental playwright. It affords a thrill, and restrains the women in the audience from calling their hat-pins into requisition until the very moment the curtain begins to drop. Of course the play is not free from blemishes to solace the captious critic who resents perfection in anything, but "The Taming of Helen" is a refreshing comedy abounding in droll situations, told in sparkling dialogue and free from pulpit polemics and cafe æsthetics. Moreover it is a play that shows the company to much better advantage than they appeared last week. Mr. Morton Selten, for instance, proves himself a very droll comedian in the role of Reginald Herbert, and Miss Martha Waldron scores by her buoyant personality as Helen. Miss Anglin has not a great deal to do, but she appears in knickers and silk hose in the last act, and the impression is most agreeable. Mr. Miller is surprisingly juvenile in the role of the ardent lover, and he invests it with considerable breeziness.

The whiskey of the particular—Chapin & Gore.

One scene in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," which will be Florence Roberts's opening bill, shows a May-day party in Central Park, the stage crowded with children. "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" will be given at the first of the Thursday matinees, but on the afternoon of September tenth Miss Roberts will give a special performance of the famous Duse role in D'Annunzio's "La Gioconda."

A New Camille

The part of Marguerite Gauthier always offers strong inducements to the emotional actress, and I have never seen a Camille yet who acted the role in just the same way. Every one had her own little original touches. Eugenie Thais Lawton's impersonation at the Central is on the old lines, but she introduces business that makes it seem like a new Marguerite. In the scene with Monsieur Duval she draws tears from the most hardened Camille-goer. Mayall is an ideal Armand, and wakes up the few lethargics in the audience by his acting in the gaming scene. Shumer is De Varville and Webster Armand's father, both being acceptable in the roles. One could not ask for a more congenial Prudence than Georgie Woodthorpe.

Sam Edwards, who is a Mystic Shriner and a popular clubman all along the line, received the biggest kind of a glad hand on his Orpheum opening. Edwards used to be one of the stars of the companies Frohman sent this way, appearing in lively comedies of "All the Comforts of Home" order. He is a genial wit and his comedy, as shown in the farce "A Pass for Two" is of the unctuous order, and most amusing. The rest of the Orpheum's bill is above the average, especially good being Keough and Ballard's sketch, "A Vaudeville Surprise," and Larkins and Patterson, the colored stars.

The Old Morality Play

Last Sunday the "Everyman" company, twenty-two English actors and actresses, arrived in this city after making the unprecedented jump from London to San Francisco. Under the direction of Mr. Ben Greet, of the Elizabethan Stage Society of London, the company is now rehearsing at Lyric hall, where it opens its engagement on September second. The first actual performance will be given before the students and faculty at California University on September first, after which the company will open at Lyric hall. When the local engagement is finished, the "Everyman" company will give an out-door performance of "Twelfth Night" in the Greek theatre at Berkeley. This will be followed by performances of "Everyman" at Leland Stanford University and at Alameda—the latter for the benefit of the local high school and under its auspices. It is Mr. Greet's purpose, he says, to infuse into the performance more of the mediæval atmosphere than it has ever had before. There will be none of the environments of the modern theatre: no curtain, no footlights and no visible orchestra. The action will be continuous, lasting one hour and forty minutes and the audience will be requested to applaud at no time during the play. "Everyman" is essentially religious in character. It depicts the history of man from the cradle to the fixing of his everlasting destiny. God, looking down from on high, sees the wickedness of mankind. In wrath He bids Death summon "Everyman" (mankind) to take a long pilgrimage and make his last reckoning. Tears, entreaties and bribes avail not. The only respite is that the doomed man may be accompanied by whoever of his companions will follow him. But in vain does he apply to Fellowship, Goods and Kindred; all flee when they learn that the pilgrimage means death. None but Good Deeds abides with Everyman, for even Beauty, Strength,

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CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS
EVERYMAN
The Fifteenth Century Morality Play
Under the personal direction of BEN GREET
Beginning next Wednesday Night, September 2nd, at 8:30, and every night
(Sundays excepted) for a limi ed season
Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 3 o'clock
First night under the auspices of CHANNING AUXILIARY
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Discretion and Five Wits desert him at the grave. But Good Deeds remains at his side till the sinner sinks into the grave and the sound of singing angels tokens the passing of his soul.

To Gather Material and Ideas

George Lask, I hear, is soon to sever his connection with Fischer's to take a trip to Europe to study the latest wrinkles in stage management. I do not know by whom he will be succeeded, but I think the management will find it difficult to secure a man equally capable. Lask has a genius for handling choruses and producing effective stage pictures, and he is most valuable to a stock company because he keeps in touch with theatrical affairs all over the country and is always up to date. He was handicapped at Fischer's by the limited space on which he operated, but he succeeded in investing the performances with vim and color. Ferris Hartman is another stage manager who is soon to leave for a trip to Europe. He is going in the interest of the new Tivoli, and he expects to secure some new material for the next comic opera season. Among other things he will probably bring back a few new jokes and perhaps some new people.

The Tivoli grand opera season will open Monday night with "Aida" as the bill. The title role will be taken by Lina de Benedetto and Adelina Tromben will first be heard as Lucy Ashton in "Lucia," the alternating bill. Sig. Dado has consented to play the small part of the King in "Aida." The orchestra has been largely augmented and the operas will be put on with the most sumptuous dressing. The new company is one of the finest ever gathered together for an operatic season here.

Amelia Bingham devotes some of her profits every year to buying property in her native town, Hickville, Ohio. Miss Bingham says there's no beauty about Hickville but she's doing her best to absorb the town. "At first," she said recently, "I bought a feed store and, as the stock went with it, found myself in possession of sacks of grain, flour, oats and corn. My agent sold all the contents of my feed store except the flour so I bought a bakery to work that off. Then I began to buy Hicksville in by sections. One good way of making known your love for your native town is to buy it."

"That's a good idea," returned Maurice Levi, "I think I will buy Dublin."

Margaret Illington, Dan Frohman's beautiful fiancee, who made a hit here with Sothern, is to be the star of "A Japanese Nightingale" when Klaw & Erlanger put the Onata Watana novel on at Daly's. Miss Illington, by the way, hailed originally from Chicago.

Elfie Fay was a chorus girl in "Mam'selle Hawkins" when her peculiar humor began to be noticed. Her father, the late Hugh Fay, was master of a certain dry and quiet humor, and his daughter got her inheritance straight from him.

Dick Jose is heading a minstrel show with his name and contra-tenor. They appeared in Salt Lake City recently but did not get good press notices. One critic said of it, "All in all a fiercer company is seldom seen on the stage—unless it is going from Challis to Blackfoot."

William Lewers will support Bertha Galland in her starring tour in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Immense Audiences Go to See Tyndall

"How to Read Thought" will be the subject of Dr. McIvor-Tyndall's psychological lecture at Steinway hall tomorrow night. These Sunday night lectures on practical psychology are really doing a good work, in dissipating the ignorance of the principles of psychic science. Those who attended the lecture on "What is Thought?" (and the audience was both large and intellectual)

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Two Grand Popular Concerts will be given by Fritz Scheel and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Labor Day, Sept.7th, and Admission Day, Sept. 9th, at the Mechanic's Pavilion. Popular prices, 25c, 50c, 75c.

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Our "ALL STAR" Cast including Kolb and Dill, Barney Bernard, Winfield Blake, Harry Hermsen, Maude Amber, Eleanor Jenkins, Etc., Etc., Etc.
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Children at Matinees, 10c and 25c.

Seats now on sale for "The Con-Querers" and "The Glad Hand"
The next great double bill commences Monday night next
NOTICE—Special Matinee on Wednesday, Sept 9th—Admission Day

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O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

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Lew Bloom and Jane Cooper. T. Nelson Downs. The LaVine-Cameron Trio. Marguerite and Hanley. Sam Edwards and Company. Larkins and Patterson. The Biograph and Last Week of KEOUGH and BALLARD.
Matinees—Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
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In an entirely new production of
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Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Evenings
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Verdi's Great Opera
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Presenting Henry Arthur Jones' brilliant society play
"MRS. DANE'S DEFENSE"
Will be positively produced as announced
Special Notice—Thursday and Saturday Matinees "EAST LYNNE"
Next—Daniel Frohman's great Daly Theatre success, "NOTRE DAME"

were rewarded by a scholarly and scientific discourse. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall bases his deductions in regard to psychic phenomena entirely on practical, scientific research. He believes that there is nothing "supernatural" in any manifestations of what is usually termed "occult." All phenomena, whether chemical or spiritualistic, he believes to be a manifestation of the same force, electro-chemical energy. For the benefit of his audience the coming Sunday night, September the sixth, Dr. McIvor-Tyndall has arranged to have Dr. Albert J. Atkins give a short address on his recent discovery that oxygen is not life, as has been generally supposed by physiologists. What the substance is, that gives life through the atmosphere, will be the point of Dr. Atkins's remarks.

Features of Next Week's Bills

Margaret Anglin's wonderful Camille was one of the dramatic events of last season. The play will be put on next week at the Columbia and already the advance sale is enormous. "The Iron Master" comes next.

"Mrs. Dane's Defense" scored the expected hit at the California at the Thursday matinee. It will be given all next week, with Lillian Kemble as Mrs. Dane. On Thursday and Saturday of next week, special matinees of "East Lynne" will be given. The attraction for the following week will be the great Daly-theatre success, "Notre Dame," which has never been seen here. That will be the farewell offering of the Neill-Morosco company.

There will be a packed house at the Alcazar to greet Florence Roberts. Her play "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" is new to us, but Miss Roberts is one of the most popular stars that ever played an engagement in San Francisco.

"Aida" will be the opening bill of the Tivoli's new grand opera season. "Lucia" will be given on alternate nights.

The famous Pollard Lilliputian opera company, fifty in number, who scored so successfully at the Tivoli not long ago, will open their Grand engagement in "The Belle of New York." Daphne Pollard is the star and among the new people is Teddy McNamara, a comedian of exceptional ability and versatility. The performances by these little people are complete in every detail, and the talent they show is far ahead of that displayed in many adult companies. Saturday and Sunday matinees will be given from September fifth. During the Pollard engagement the following prices will prevail: night, fifteen, twenty-five, fifty and seventy five cents; matinees, fifteen, twenty-five and fifty cents.

The management of Fischer's having firmly decided not to run any of its shows longer than four weeks, "The Big Little Princess" and "Quo Vass Iss" will be taken off after one more week to make room for "The Con-Querors" and "The Glad Hand." For the new bill expensive preparations have been going on for three months, and the scenery, costumes and the paraphernalia will in every way excel all previous efforts. "The Con-Querors" is a burlesque of the Paul Potter play we saw at the Alcazar some seasons back, and in "The Glad Hand" will appear a new beauty, May Arlie, one of the famous George Edwardes Gayety company of London. She will do a champagne dance. Fischer's will have a special matinee September ninth.

"The Great Ruby," the Central's new bill, is a fine melodrama that was first put on by Daly in New York, the cast including famous stars. The production requires a wealth of scenery, and the cast of characters includes thirty-five speaking parts. The drama opens in a palace of gems, with the unfolding of an elaborate plot of the diamond thieves, who succeed in securing as booty, the ruby of fabulous price. Then follows a sensational pursuit of the robbers, the story concluding at a military tournament where some marvelous occurrences occur.

Lew Bloom, the great tramp comedian, and Jane Cooper, the talented actress, will reappear at the Orpheum after a long absence, in "A Picture from Life." T. Nelson Downs, the original and famous "King of Coins," comes direct from the Empire theatre, London, making his first American appearance in five years. Oliver LaVine, May La Vine and Tudor Cameron will appear for the first time here in "My Demented Friend." Marguerite and Hanley, hand balancers, will offer the novel act which has won them fame all over the world. Edwin Keough and Dorothy Ballard in "A Vaudeville Surprise," the Fleury trio, Sam Edwards and his company, and Larkins and Patterson will continue.

George Austin, who presents the most amusing wire-walking act before the public, will make his first appearance at the Chutes. The Olson brothers, expert banjoists who also play on other string instruments, promise a novelty. Spaulding, known as "the man with the cuff," will give a comedy acrobatic act and Lorain and Howell, "the elastic swells," will give a sketch abounding in singing and dancing. —*The Playgoer.*

Among the many charming creations to be shown at The Emporium's Opening Fall Exhibit, which begins Monday, August thirty-first, is a magnificent gown designed by Maurice Mayer, Paris, of point de esprit on mousseline de soie over white silk. It is a dream of loveliness.

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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

The Scheel Symphony

A French critic has declared that no man can really speak on Shakespeare, but only of himself in his relation to Shakespeare. And like the author of Hamlet, like the Bible, like Homer, Beethoven is big, universal, noble, written in the "grand style," truly heroic. There is no *one* interpretation of infinite music such as his. Nevertheless, to lead the "Third Symphony" as Fritz Scheel led it last Tuesday needs more than mere musical ability; it needs brains, largeness, imagination, knowledge of life. Thus to know Beethoven is to be liberally educated. With the remark of the French critic in mind, to say that Fritz Scheel reads the immeasurable composer aright is doubtless unwise, but there can be no doubt that he has something definite to express of himself in his relation to Beethoven—something delightful for music-lovers to hear. The second movement (marcia funebre) is my choice. The Mendelssohn "La Fileuse" was as happy as could be, and the audience had the good taste to insist on hearing it a second time. "The Swan of Tuonela" (Jean Sibelius), like Chinese monotones, led no whither and left the ear unsatisfied. The Berlioz beginning and the Nicolai ending were, to my mind at least, far from being the alpha and omega of the symphony. And why the "Valse de Concert" (Alexandre Glazounow), suggestive of champagne suppers and parquet floors? Oh, well—Herr Scheel knows men (and women) no less than he does music.

Why the Dates Were Changed

It was not any eccentric desire on the part of Fritz Scheel, or a freak of business manager Howard, that caused the dates of the symphony concerts to be twice changed. The idea was first to give them on Thursdays, and everything was arranged to that end. Then conflicting rehearsals and matinees made it seem more convenient for the majority of the musicians to make Fridays the dates. Notice to this effect went out when—presto! again theatre orchestra rehearsals came into play, and after much talk Tuesdays were found to be the only absolutely available dates. But Tuesday suits everybody, judging from the large audience gathered in the opera house at this week's concert. There was a large sprinkling of society, and many teachers with their pupils. Music students should not fail to attend these concerts, for nowhere else could they gain better instruction or a clearer idea of the best things in music. Scheel has grown too stout and unpoetic in appearance to magnetize the matinee girl, but the thoughts the impressionable feminine formerly bestowed upon the leader's looks she can now give to the work of his baton. There's no lack of poetry there. The program next Tuesday will contain two novelties, the prelude to the second act of "Zugwelde" by Max Schilling, and Edvard Greig's "Symphonic Danse No. 4." Other numbers will be Goldmark's overture "In Spring"; the Mozart symphonie in E flat major, Schubert's B minor (unfinished) symphonie and Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" overture.

What Krehbiel Said of Scheel

H. E. Krehbiel of the New York *Tribune* wrote of Fritz Scheel, when the latter was conducting the Philadelphia symphony orchestra: "Mr. Scheel is obviously a master of his craft—a disciplinarian who obtains results. He presents his demands plainly, unmistakably, and receives a prompt and ungrudged response. His men seem to yield willing obedience."

Mr. Joseph Greven has had to open a large down town office in the Murphy building in addition to his studio at his residence in Golden Gate avenue, near Fillmore, to satisfy the demands of his many pupils. The next costumed operatic recital by Mr. Greven's pupils will take place in Native Sons' hall in the beginning of October.

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A Quarter-Century of Existence

On September first the Bostonians will celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary. The company is the oldest one of its kind in the United States and there are few older in Europe. Henry Clay Barnabee and W. H. Macdonald still remain, of the original management, with the organization, also George Frothingham who not long ago boasted that he had appeared in over two thousand of the Bostonians' performances. When Barnabee was last out here he told how the company happened to be formed. It started as an experiment to fill a gap caused by the failure of a play at the Boston Opera House. "Pinafore" was then the rage and it was suggested that some Boston singers should produce it. One of the Boston papers referred to the selected singers as "an ideal" company, so they concluded to call themselves the Boston Ideals. in the original cast were Mary Beebe, Myron Whitney and Frothingham. The next season, the company then being regularly formed, Miss M. F. Ober and Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald joined, and several light operas were produced. It was in 1887 that the Ideals became the Bostonians, Henry Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* christening the infant organization. He has been called "godpapa" by the Bostonians ever since. "Don Quixote" was the first opera of the new company. It was given here but did not please the critics, though the public liked the Bostonians in any old thing. "Robin Hood," "The Knickerbockers," "The Ogalallas," "Maid of Plymouth," "Prince Ananias," "A Wartime Wedding," "The Serenade," "Rip Van Winkle," "Ulysses," "Rob Roy," "The Smugglers of Badayez" and "The Viceroy" came afterward. The first visit to San Francisco was in 1889 at the Baldwin, the same season Booth and Barrett were at the California. Among the singers who were included in the Bostonians at different times were William Whitney, the great basso, Eugene Cowles, Tom Karl the tenor, Edwin Hoff, also tenor, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Carrie Milzner Hamilton, Alice Neilsen, Geraldine Ulmer who married Ivan Carryll the London composer, Fatmah Diard, Adelaide Phillips the contralto, Helen Bertram, Marie Stone, who is Macdonald's wife, Nelye Giusti and others. Josephine Bartlett has always been one of the company's stand-bys.

Little Kathleen Parlow and her violin were the sensation of the Press Club jinks last Friday night, given in honor of visiting G. A. R. men and their wives. Little Kathleen rendered her numbers with rare skill and intelligence and was twice recalled.

Not Part of the Libretto

During a recent rehearsal in an Eastern opera house of "Faust," a scene not on the bills was enacted. The stage director was cross, the various imps, witches and goblins in very good humor. The merriment finally reached such a pitch that the stage director couldn't stand it. Swinging his arms viciously, and stamping his foot with a bang, he cried:

"Ladies and gentlemen, kindly remember that you are not at Whitefish bay, but in hell! I beg your pardon."

Money for Fun

Cash Prizes to be given for Riddles. A pleasing, instructive and entertaining Contest announced

"Riddles are the oldest extant form of humor, and riddle-making has always been recognized as the highest type of intellectual wit," says the D. Ghirardelli Co. manufacturers of Ghirardelli's Cocoas and Chocolates. This enterprising firm has announced a Riddle Contest, offering substantial cash prizes for the best riddles made from the "Story of Ground Chocolate," an interesting talk on Cocoa and Chocolate.

The sum of $1,000 divided into one hundred and ninety-one prizes, ranging from $2.50 to $100, will be awarded contestants.

This "Contest" is open to every one, and besides being highly instructive and entertaining is absolutely free from all purchase conditions or any of the irksome duties usually connected with prize contests. It is fully expected that the oddness of this competition, together with the unusual liberality of the awards, will involve people of all ages and tastes in the merry pastime of making riddles.

It will greatly assist contestants to read the "Story" of Ground Chocolate, and follow the simple rules of this Riddle Contest, which are now ready for distribution, and will be mailed free to any one, addressing Mr. F. J. Cooper, Advertising Manager, 36 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER
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The Difference in Sex

When a girl with the semblance of a voice goes East to study, with avowed operatic aspirations, there's always a lot in the papers about her "great career," "promising future" and that sort of thing. When a young man goes, one scarcely hears anything about the flitting. Two of Cantor Stark's pupils left this week for New York to continue their vocal studies in the American Opera School (Reginald De Koven's). Chester Rosekrans has a good lyric tenor voice and Hyram Page a fine basso cantante. The latter hails from Stockton. Both young men are ambitious and look forward to an operatic career.

The dailies contained brief mention, the other day, of the death in Paris of Rosina Stoltz at the age of ninety, but merely referred to her as a once famous singer. Rosina Stoltz was the woman for whom Donizetti wrote "La Favorita," and it was a tradition in Paris that no other woman ever sang the role as she did. But that happened sixty-three years ago. She has not sung since the '50's.

The Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of amateurs, Giulio Minetti, president and director, will give three evening concerts during the season of 1903-4, in November, February and May. Rehearsals take place Monday evenings at Curtaz & Co.'s hall, from whom further particulars may be obtained and in whose care applications for membership should be sent to the society.

Although it is a long way off to the Patti concerts inquiries for particulars are coming in from all over the coast. Patti brings a large organization of musical celebrities with her to San Francisco.

Madame Norelli, Colonel Savage's new soprano, is a San Francisco girl who has sung in Paris and London. She makes her American debut in "Lucia."

Arthur Pryor, the soloist of Sousa's band, is to start a band of his own. He will have fifty musicians, and will tour.

—*The Music Critic.*

Blum-Gerson of Paris will be represented by several beautiful gowns at the Opening Fall Exhibit of the Emporium which begins Monday, August thirty-first. One striking costume is of very fine Venetian cloth and point de esprit lace, strapped with white French broadcloth.

Designs by Sarah Mayer, Blanch Lebouvier, Maurice Mayer, Beer, Driscoll, Leroy, Braunstein, Pardoux, and many other famous modistes will be shown at this exhibit, which promises to surpass all previous displays made by the Emporium.

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LETTERS

"In the Guardianship of God"

This is a volume containing seventeen short stories by Flora Annie Steele, of which the initial tale gives the title to the book. It would be late in the day to attempt any characterization of this writer's work. She has been too long identified with literature, and too well known as chronicler of that strange land of which, though known superficially to many, yet retains its mystery for all but the very few of the elect. There is a charm and fascination about these stories such as is seldom met with. Mrs. Steele shows a sympathetic insight into the idiosyncrasies of the natives and she and Kipling supplement each other. After reading a book by either author we are convinced of the truthfulness and accuracy of the other. Most of the stories in the present volume are reminiscent of the Mutiny though there are a sufficient number in which no mention of the "Time of Trouble," as the natives euphemistically designate it, is made. It is difficult to select one or two, or half a dozen stories for special mention, since whichever ones are singled out will leave the remainder of the sixteen, just as good, unnoticed. It is seldom that one finds a volume in which all are of such uniform merit. That pathetic little creature, the English child in India, figures often, and in "Little Henry and His Bearer" we are given the merest glimpse at a member of that strange caste, "the stranglers, who, under the delusion that they are obeying the commands of Kali, used to travel about killing bands of travelers for no definite reason except to shed blood in the approved fashion." "The Shahbash Wallah" was at least as important a charcter as a walking delegate and infinitely more useful. "Surabhi" is a tale of famine and of the love of an old Hindoo for his cow. "On the Old Salt Road" is a story of the supernatural. The prevailing note is one of sadness but not of gloom, and the happy owner of the book will be apt to turn to it often. Mrs. Steele is acknowledged to be one of the best living writers of stories and this volume shows no falling off in her power. It is published by the Macmillan Company in a binding uniform with that of all her later works.

The Kempton-Wace Letters

Though published anonymously, the secret has been long known that the "Kempton-Wace Letters" are the joint work of Jack London and Anna Strunsky. Why there should have been any concealment is one of the mysteries of publishing ethics, for the youth of the authors not only does not detract from the interest but adds to it. The theme of the correspondence is love. Herbert Wace, a post-graduate student of economics at the University of California, has engaged himself to marry Hester Stebbins, a scientific student at Stanford. He communicates his intentions to his foster-father, Dane Kempton, an English poet, and between them the subject of love is thoroughly thrashed out in all its phases and bearings. Herbert Wace is logical, scientific and practical. He believes that marriage is designed for the perpetution of the race and that love, as ordinarily understood, is quite unnecessary. Since, in successful marriages, the parties settle down to post-nuptial affection and rational esteem, he thinks it is sufficient and much more sensible to begin there. Dane Kempton, on the other hand, maintains that romantic love is the only justification for marriage and that unless there is that to start with there is apt to be nothing at all later on. Of course it is not to be expected that when the two men hold such diametrically opposite views, either converts the other, but notwithstanding the plain speaking in which each indulges, there is affection enough between them to keep them from ever verging upon a quarrel. One might say that the Wace point of view throughout is masculine, while the Kempton presentment is feminine. The young lady in the case is kept in the background and the arguments are in the main impersonal, but in the final adjustment hers is the casting vote. Remembering that she is both a woman and a student of science, there is ample room for doubt as to what course she will pursue, and readers are kept in suspense till the last page. Only those who have formed the reprehensible habit of looking at the end of a book before they come to it will be able to foretell the outcome. There is small likelihood that the "Kempton-Wace Letters" will be named amongst the best-sellers. The book will not appeal to every one and least of all to the habitual devourer of fiction. There is too much matter-of-fact logic and reason about it for them, but for the select few who know a good thing when they get it there is both meat and drink. If lovers were ever amenable to reason one might prescribe a course of "Professor Wace," who, so far as argument is concerned, has decidedly the better of it. There is nothing in the book to shake the confidence that Jack London will go far in

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his literary career. Judging him by the evidence of the Wace letters alone, one would not suspect him of the ability to write romance, but his stories of the northland have proved him to be a master in that field. Now it would not be a bit surprising to find him writing poetry, and good poetry, too. [Published by the Macmillan Company.]

As a sort of postscript to the reports of the fabulous fortunes made by successful authors, the British list of Civil Pensions was recently enriched by the names of Rhoda Broughton and Justin McCarthy, who are to receive, respectively, seventy-five and two hundred and fifty pounds. Both have written exceptionally successful books and one would naturally suppose that they would be far above that condition of impecuniosity to which people are believed to be reduced when they apply for or accept public aid. Rhoda Broughton lived in what was described as a "charming house," at Richmond, next door to the one occupied by Lady Cook, who was Tennie C. Claffin, in a style which was far from suggesting the necessity for a civil pension. However, when it is a question of getting something out of the public purse without rendering an equivalent, there is no following the vagaries of minds or consciences. —*The Bookworm.*

Two Ways of Looking at It

"There's a big difference between the German and American methods of the higher education for women," observed the Professor.

"What is it?" asked the Co-ed.

"Well, the American trend is to make girls independent of marriage," said the Professor, "While in Germany it is to make them better wives. There they are trained with a view to making them companionable and useful to the men they marry."

"While here," said the Co-ed, "I suppose you think it is rather to show them that they are as good as any man they might marry." —*The Chaperon.*

One of the most elegant imported gowns ever brought to this city is the marvelous creation in white, by Beer of Paris, which will be one of the features of next week's Opening Fall Exhibit at the Emporium. It is a combination of real Duchess and Irish point lace, with a perfect shower of over five hundred dainty white silk pon-pons in relief.

"I don't believe he has a conscience."

"I think he has, though it is perhaps merely rudimentary."

"Why do you think so?"

"His wife caught him flirting the other day, and he appeared to be distressed."

HOTEL PLEASANTON.

Since the advent of Mr. de Wolfe as proprietor of the Hotel Pleasanton many unique and modern features have been added to this noted hostelry. The main dining-room, by its recent renovation, is today conceded to be the finest in the city. The color effect is of red and gold with cream-colored ceiling, white and gold window drapings. One hundred and thirty-two electric lights with white frosted ball shaped globes shed their rich soft rays on the matchless linen that covers the thirty-four tables in the large room. The tables and chairs are of weathered oak, the seats of the latter being red leather harmonizing with the surroundings. The small dining-room has been arranged similar to the main one except that a green effect is carried out in place of the red. On September first the main hallway will be carpeted with heavy red Wilton of Turkish design.

"I hear that Sir Thomas intends coming back next year to renew his efforts to lift the cup."

"With Shamrock IV?"

"No; with Derrick I."

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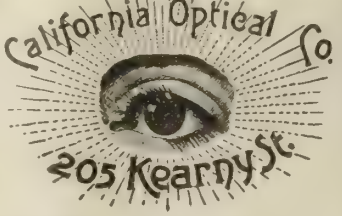
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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 86742.

BESSIE H. MITCHELL, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES MITCHELL, Defendant — Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

JAMES MITCHELL, Defendant

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect to provide for plaintiff the common necessaries of life because of his idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also on the ground of defendant's infidelity to plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of July in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk

LUTHER ELKINS, Plaintiff's Attorney
212 Sansome St., San Francisco

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9. Do not remain too long in the water, especially if not very robust.
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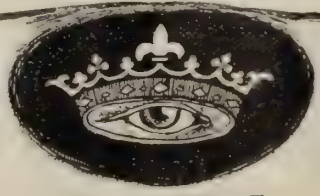
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TOWN TALK

Vol. 11 No. 575

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1903





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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, September 5, 1903

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Hearst on Roosevelt

Mr. William R. Hearst has the courage of his convictions. He is convinced that Teddy Roosevelt is unfit to hold the high office of President of these United States, and he doesn't hesitate about telling people just what he thinks. He considers it his duty as a newspaper publisher to inform the public on the subject of Mr. Roosevelt's delinquencies, and therefore he fulminates against the President editorially every little while, and in a most savage manner. People who do not understand the newspaper business, who do not esteem Mr. Hearst, and who know that he is booming himself for President in the columns of his own papers, grow wildly indignant over the bitter attacks on the nation's Chief Magistrate. They are laboring under the delusion that it is Mr. Hearst's personal ambition that prompts him to swat the President. In other words, they think that he is trying to enhance his own value as Presidential timber by depreciating that of Roosevelt. The assumption is quite natural, and Mr. Hearst as an intelligent man is certainly aware that the policy of his papers is bound to be misconstrued. Therefore it must be conceded that he has the courage of his convictions, for he is fulfilling his duty to the public in his newspaper capacity even at the risk of defeating his own ambition. The average strategic politician, were he in Mr. Hearst's position, would refrain from abusing his prospective opponent in a contest for high office. There is a popular prejudice against indulging in vitriolic personalities even in the heat of a campaign, but Mr. Hearst is a newspaper publisher first, and a candidate for President later on. However, there are those who believe that he is being advised by the same people who induced him to restore the slanderous McNab to political power, and to withhold his support from Schmitz in the fight against Casey. Probably that evenly-balanced and profound philosopher, Mr. Livernash, is managing Mr. Hearst's campaign.

Making Ready in China

Edward Clough, whose correspondence from the Orient is appearing in the *Examiner*, and some of whose letters have appeared in *Town Talk*, is the most intelligent newspaper man who has visited the Far East in many years. In addition to being a brilliant and incisive writer, he is a man of keen observational powers, endowed with a faculty for grasping the principles of government, and a rare ability for the discussion of practical questions. He is writing history from the Orient, and he has made the situation in China luminous to readers in the Occident. It is evident from what he has written that the Chinese are preparing to settle, in their own way, the problem that the Christian nations have long been discussing. The longer the partition of China is delayed the better able will the Chinese become to prevent the consummation so devoutly wished. From what Mr. Clough tells us it appears that the heathen has at length been converted to the belief that in time of peace it is well to prepare for war. There are some wise statesmen in China and they have imported foreign engineers, foreign gun-makers and foreign military geniuses to properly equip an army. Chinese arsenals are turning out big guns and ammunition, and judging from the volume of the output it will not be very many years before the vast empire is prepared to warn the Powers against trespassing in Manchuria or any other Chinese province.

Revival of Know-Nothingism

A revival of the old Know-Nothing sentiment of the middle of last century is threatened in New York and the New England States. The great flood of immigration of recent years from Southern and Eastern Europe is the pretext for agitating the "native American" spirit once more. But there is no longer the dread of a "Catholic invasion" to stimulate the sentiment which is once more asserting itself. The agitators are repeating the demand made by the Know-Nothings of the period between 1850 and 1860, that the time of residence preliminary to naturalization be extended to twenty years, and they further urge that an educational qualification be required in immigrants, on the ground that the great number of illiterates now arriving on immigrant steamers will tend to produce deterioration in the population of this country, and that our educational institutions, social and political, will be injuriously affected. At a recent meeting of the "Associated Republicans" of Kings county, New York, their president said that he would make an educational qualification for immigrants a leading Republican issue "in the near future," and under it he would raise the cry of "protection to American labor, protection to the American people, protection to American institutions and protection to the American future." There was the same talk of "national deterioration" when the original Know-Nothing movement was started in the middle of last century, but this country has made its most substantial progress since that period. However, there should be no objection to the requirement of an educational qualification with a view to the restriction of undesirable immigration. Indeed there is probably a strong public sentiment in favor of imposing such a qualification, but not through any fear of "national deterioration." The experience of this country has been that it is advisable to dilute the native blood with the alien fluid. The process preserves the democracy of the country, and stimulates public spirit. An enfeebled public spirit is

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always the result of the ascendancy of the aristocracy. Instead of worrying ourselves over the influx of foreign hordes we should be most concerned with the necessity of distributing the immigrants over the vast unsettled territory that awaits development. How to prevent the ignorant masses from concentrating in the large centres of population is the problem which is most urgent of solution at present.

Perplexing the Fair Sex

If woman were to give ear to all the suggestions made by wise men nowadays, as to what she should do and refrain from doing, she would soon be badly perplexed. Fortunately for her own peace of mind she does as she pleases. For a long time she was lectured by wise men on the evils that result from the use of the corset. She was told that it not only ruined her own health but that it played havoc with the health of her offspring. But she smiled pleasantly and laced a little tighter. Now the savants of Europe assert that the corset is indispensable; it supports certain muscles, and preserves the form without injury to the health unless improperly worn. She has been similarly warned about other matters, and subsequently advised that what she was doing was all right. Some time ago she was urged to remove her hat in church, it being the theory of certain clergymen that a display of millinery diverted the thoughts from spiritual matters. The only women that heeded the suggestion were the members of the congregation of an Episcopal church at Carlyle, Ill., presided over by the Rev. A. A. Cairns. They were advanced exponents of the new fashion, and as a consequence they scandalized the rector. Mr. Cairns is a newcomer and when he saw the women hatless at evening service he was shocked. After thinking the matter over he posted this notice: "Women and girls are requested not to attend church in their bare heads." To add weight to his own authority he presently recalled certain regulations laid down by Paul in I Corinthians XI, showing that it was unbecoming and shameful in a woman to appear bareheaded in church. But in calling attention to Paul's words he reminded his congregation of views that no longer appeal to the fair sex. The twentieth century young woman does not concede that man is her ruler and that she was made for him. Therefore the Rev. A. A. Cairns did not make a hit by quoting the words of Paul addressed to the Corinthians. The young women of Carlyle do not believe it is immodest to go bareheaded to church. Perhaps they think that a rector who is so easily scandalized is too good for this world. Since he considers it immodest for a woman to exhibit her uncovered head it would be interesting to note the effect on him of a ball-room filled with women in regulation costume.

The Bloodthirsty Christian

The false report that our Vice-Consul at Beyrout had been assassinated by the unspeakable Turk fired the fighting blood of many of our statesmen and some of our belligerent clergy. They were unanimously in favor of taking "summary action." Mr. Allan McDermott, Congressman from New Jersey, said, "The death of a million Turks would not atone for the assassination of our Vice-Consul." Mr. McDermott is a bloodthirsty statesman. He is evidently as much in need of a christianizing influence as the Sultan himself. The religion of civilization has not done much for him. He would be in favor of a war of atonement and revenge and the slaughter of innocents, for he thinks that by blood alone can a nation expiate the murder of the diplomatic representative of a foreign country. And some of our good Christian clergymen are disappointed at the attitude of the United States toward the Macedonian revolt. They think we should assist in driving the Turk out of Europe because the unspeakable one is discourteous to the missionary who insists on prescribing the precise route he should take to heaven. This country has no desire to undertake the driving out of the Mussulman. The fact is that we no longer approve of revolutions. We rushed to the rescue of the Cubans and the Filipinos, and now we have all the territory we can take care of. We have become conservative, and besides Turkey is far away and Russia will attend to her case at the proper time. It would be much easier to remove the Christians from Turkey than it would be to remove the Turks from Christian Europe, so why not adopt the simpler solution of the problem?

There Was Nothing In It

Another insidious lie nailed! Some months ago it was reported by cable that King Edward VII, the first gentleman in Europe, the arbitre of fashion, the most punctilious of royalties, the stickler for correctness in dress who always wears the right thing at the right time, had appeared in public with the crease in his trousers' legs coinciding with the seams, running, that is to say, down the side instead of the front. Instantly the news spread over the English-speaking world that the King had introduced a new fashion, and some few there were in this country who were bold enough to follow it. And now it turns out that the King had no more intention of introducing a new fashion than he did some years ago when he forgot one morning to utilize the last button of his waistcoat. The report of the side-crease fashion was hunted down by the London correspondent of the *Haberdasher,* and he declares it to be absolutely false and founded upon "a gratuitous ignorance of facts well known to all properly informed people." It had its origin in a simple circumstance. The King had dressed to inspect a new river launch, and in accordance with the best sartorial traditions, he wore a flannel boating suit. "Now every one knows," as the *Haberdasher* correspondent says, "that flannel trousers lose the creases put into them on purpose, and acquire new and undesirable ones by accident." Thus it was that King Edward happened to appear with his trousers creased sideways. So after all there was no occasion for the fashionable world to become agitated. It was all a mistake. The King is still wearing the old familiar crease down the front, and as he believes that it gives the impression that his pudgy legs taper, there is no probability of his instituting a change.

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Good Matches

Coupled with the announcement in a daily paper, some time ago, of the engagement of a young woman in society to the son of wealthy parents, was the statement that she had made "a good match." The young man is well known among his acquaintances as a prosperous rowdy. Though he is approaching his thirtieth year he never earned a dollar by honest effort, and though he is a college graduate, he is lacking in culture, in refinement and in mental poise. Yet the young woman has made "a good match" according to the standards by which matrimonial alliances are judged these days. The girl that marries a man old enough to be her grandfather is considered lucky by the world of society, if he be possessed of great wealth, and popular opinion is not affected by the knowledge that he is a vicious old roue. Under the absurd rule by which the most important facts of life are withheld from young girls many of them have not the faintest notion of the misery involved in a loveless marriage. Unfortunate indeed are many of those who have married in ignorance of the moral and mental and physical characteristics of those they have chosen for life partners. But society measures the fitness of a man who is about to take the matrimonial plunge solely by his financial status, and the only question it asks with regard to every marriage is "Is it a good match?" The answer depends on the amount of money involved. If the young man be poor, the world will most emphatically say that the bride married very badly indeed. He may be a genius or an Admirable Crichton, but unless rich in the world's goods, it is not a "good match." So afflicted is society with the greed of wealth that the daughters of multi-millionaires are expected to marry rich husbands and to multiply the family fortune. Their parents would be shocked if they fell in love with young men possessing nothing but good character and rare talent. It is seldom that an American millionaire is willing to render financial aid to a worthy young man who has won his daughter's fancy. The American millionaire doesn't seriously object to the purchase of a foreign title for his charming daughter even though it means that she must marry some dissolute and unprincipled nobleman. But he would never encourage her to fall in love with a poor young man on the threshold of a career. He much prefers to consolidate two fortunes and enhance family prestige, and he gives no thought to his daughter's future happiness when the opportunity for uniting money bags is presented. The American millionaire is a snob.

Teaching Animals to Think

One M. Pierre Hachet Souplet is occupying space in the scientific journals because of his wonderful success in teaching parrots to think. At the rate that children have been taught to parrot, to the satisfaction of their instructors, there ought not to be much difficulty about the reverse of the process. But one should like to know what benefit science is to derive from studying the "language" of monkeys and the thoughts of parrots? Why should any rational human being crave to play the part of Peeping Tom and Paul Pry on the lower animals? There is no question now but that monkeys and parrots are quite as capable of connected thought as the class who entertain them at dinners, but perhaps if the animals had freedom of choice they would select other society. No one doubts the intelligence of animals or their capacity to assimilate instruction up to a certain point, but beyond that it becomes a question not of the intelligence of the animal, but of the credulity of the instructor. Any one who has watched a little child at play with a favorite kitten or dog cannot fail to have been impressed by the understanding which seems to have been established between them, and one can often hear confidences imparted and conversations carried on in which the child speaks for its playmate, apparently unconscious that it is not the animal which asks and answers questions. These professors who spend laborious days and sleepless night interpreting the language of their monkeys and parrots are no further ahead than the child with its puppy and kitten. Each interprets the animal according to his own understanding and the creatures, learning by repetition and iteration that certain sounds or motions will insure some sensual gratification, adopt the means to the end. The process is identical with that of the fond mothers who attach meaning to the babblings of their infant wonders, repeat the sounds and give the child what it apparently wants. Children of a considerable growth frequently use uncouth expressions, and it has occurred time and again that their attempts at speech were unintelligible outside of the household because, instead of learning to speak properly from imitating their elders, the elders have taken to imitating the children. The frequency with which young birds have been taught to warble the air of some popular song demonstrates the possibility of developing their imitative faculties, but the fact that in their natural state they continue to reproduce the characteristic notes of their own species shows that imitation is scarcely a natural faculty. In these days, when it is a serious question whether there is wisdom in the universal spread of education—whether it has been a kindness to the mass of mankind to open to them new avenues of desire without corresponding opportunities to gratify it, it might be well for these sanguine experimenters to pause and consider the consequences, supposing that they should succeed in teaching the lower animals to think and to demand recognition for their wants.

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Nature Lore

BY HARRY COWELL

To lift a scornful lip at "book learning" is to expose more than a canine tooth. With the poet Yeats, to despise the printing press, or to make little of the machine in general, as does Ruskin, savors of ingratitude. Sublime sneers for modern progress, read in machine-made books carried by machinery to the uttermost ends of the earth, are a very short step away from the ridiculous. Modern progress is indeed a sacred thing, in that it may be of great service to the soul. Like the Sabbath, however, it exists for man, not man for it.

I am no reactionist, no ridiculous ingrate. I love my own day and am making the most of it. To say, therefore, that Nature lore is indispensable to a liberal education and must not be neglected is not to infer that "book learning" is a bad thing, deserving of scorn.

But I do think that it is necesary to remind men that the "manuscript of God" is now even better reading than it was when the young Agassiz was fifty years old and Longfellow was singing him a birthday song. To ears that have hearkened diligently to the words of Darwin, the "rhymes of the universe" come with a precious significance added to the wild, sweet beauty that was theirs of yore. Never before has the dear old nurse, Nature, told such wonderful tales.

Modern child, product of a machine age, leave the city awhile, forget your books, turn your back—politely, of course—upon civilization; hear what the hoary forests have to say to you; put your ear close to the mouth of the flower and listen; learn wisdom of the old wind, of the gray wave; the books of the running brooks are worth your while, and there is an awful eloquence in the sermons of the stones. The black-robed friar, Night, would have a word with you; he has a profundity of knowledge, various voices and a silence that is finest gold. Sit at the white feet of the ancient sea; she will tell you things of your own soul full of wonderment, unbelievable from lesser lips.

The world stuff is very wise. Scarcely a speck of dust but has by this time kept company with the soul of man. Surely the clay that was once called Socrates has not quite forgotten how to ask a great question and to answer it. The grass that grows over some graves has the power of speech. How like intelligent eyes the stars are—"speaking eyes," as the phrase is! They have secrets to communicate to you that may not pass from mouth to ear. Though you should down on your knees to receive the message of the morning sun, God would not cease to smile. Unless the moon has taught you her lore, you are a dull lover. You have never, you say, adored one of those daughters of hers, white women of mystery, who set up in the hearts of men strange longings which this world can never satisfy, no, nor the next, for they are infinite?—Never; then will your coffin be filled with a clod.

Can your historian say of you a thing to match this that Fiona Macleod said of St. Bride: "The beauty of the world was her daily food"? No, not that either. Well, I am full sorry for you—and for myself: a starveling is a piteous sight.

My boulevard friend, interminably footing the dull pavement, do you know the call of the country, the call of the country in spring? No! I don't believe a word of it. Of course you do—better than I, it may well be. But you hate to be catechised—and rightly. The significance of summer is not hidden from you; of that I am fully persuaded; you have lifted the veil of its gold and green. Many a brown study have you fallen into of autumn evenings; and winter has laid bare to you the structure of ten thousand things. You have lain on your back for hours together watching the ever-changing clouds go wind-blown between you and the blue, until the sad law of the infinite flow of things was as evident to you as it was to Heraclitus of old. You have mined the purest pale gold out of the evening sky and clothed you with its purple, and felt sorry for the millionaire. You have observed the ways of butterfly and bee, to your endless delight and edification. Right well you know how they run, the rune of the sap and the song of the leaves. The mountains have made you modest; you have learned humility of space. The heart of your forebear, the cave man, has ere now been revealed to you in a storm; and fear has lent you, my upright friend, astonishingly prehensile hands and feet. To your still Pagan soul the piping of Pan is sweet or terrible—never meaningless. Did you not drink deep knowledge yesterday from that lonely woodland spring? and the wild berries that you gathered and ate—were they not food for thought? Has not the rain instructed you in the sorrow of the world? If anything is so insignificant that it has for you no lesson, be assured that it is your studentship that is at fault.

The schooldays of the true student are never over. He is taught of all things. Nature lore and Art lore are alike his. Man is the interpreter of Nature, and Nature is the interpreter of Man. The poet is right; to know through and through the little flower in the crannied wall would be to know God and man. Pursue the study of the little flower far enough and you come inevitably to whatever of Reality and Infinity lies back of this phenomenal world.

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Satan's Toast

Here's to the sins ye do and ye wish to do;
Here's to promises never kept;
Here's to lips that deny with the morning light
Tender words that they whispered at dead of night;
Here's to hearts that have died unwept.

Here's to pages ye seal when the deeds be done;
Here's to hopes that ye crush and kill;
Here's to treacheries hidden in love's caress;
Here's to times that ye're silent lest ye confess;
Here's to mem'ries that shame, and thrill.

Here's to lips that breathe love when the heart is dead;
Here's to all that I claim as mine;
Here's to ye who repent as the daylight starts
And succumb to your passions when light departs;
Here's to woman, and love, and wine.

September, 1903. MABEL PORTER PITTS

The Saunterer

Strategic Pardee

As a political strategist Governor Pardee was a great success in Oakland, but he lacks the subtlety and adroitness for successful achievements in the broader field of State politics. Even in Oakland his cunning was transparent at times, but he managed to retain the confidence of many of his associates. But his work as Governor, say the politicians, "is very raw." They consider him a very slippery individual. One of the first to find him out was Charles Wesley Reed, who although a Democrat, was sure that he was manly and upright because he was a graduate of the State University. Charles Wesley is an enthusiastic alumnus, and he thinks that if a man is a graduate of Berkeley all the presumptions of virtue are in his favor. And yet he knows Abe Ruef. Well, Charles Wesley, being a public-spirited citizen, took a deep interest in the bills passed by the Legislature which empowered the Spring Valley Water Company to double its stock for the cinching of the ratepayers. He took the trouble to go to Sacramento and point out to Governor Pardee the purpose of the bills. The Governor appreciated the service of the public-spirited citizen and vowed that he would never approve such measures. And he kept his word so far as those particular bills were concerned. But later on a third bill was passed which gave the corporation all the power of the other two and considerable more, and the Governor signed it. Thereupon Mr. Reed stopped singing the praises of the man from Berkeley.

The Double Cross

After the Republican bosses sat down together, and entered into an alliance for the capture and distribution of the municipal patronage, Governor Pardee was communicated with and invited to join. He replied that he would be very glad to support the organization, and he notified the allied bosses that he had appointed his factotum, Charley Spear the Harbor Commissioner, to represent him. The Republican bosses were very much pleased to have the State Administration behind them, but when preparing for the primary election fight against Martin Kelly they did not receive any assistance from Spear. However they were sure that they had the Governor's sympathy and his moral support. They supposed that he was reluctant to take an active interest in the fight. But on election day they learned that the whole crew of a water-front dredger appointed by Charley Spear were out working for Martin Kelly. Thereupon it dawned upon them that the Governor was doing Oakland politics. They have had nothing to say publicly about the double-cross but they are awaiting developments. Meanwhile Charley Spear is acting as the boss of the water-front, and people who are familiar with the ways of the Pardee politicians of Oakland are wondering to what extremes he will go. The water-front is a fertile field for the political grafter and it looks as though it is going to be exploited as it never was before.

Pardee Politics in the Normal School

There is considerable uneasiness among the teachers and laborers connected with the San Jose State Normal School. Dr. Dow, a personal friend of Governor Pardee, was appointed a member of the Board of Trustees, soon after the latter became Governor, and since his appointment he has been taking a very active part in the management of the institution. At his instigation the head gardener and night watchman had to seek new positions, and the unions of San Jose trace the recent strike of the carpenters and painters who were at work on the Normal building to Dr. Dow's management. Now there is a rumor afloat that Dr. Dow is desirous of placing one of his friends on the faculty of the school, that friend being none other than Professor Childs who was formerly principal of the institution. To this, Principal Maurice R. Dailey strenuously objects, as he says there is an abundance of teachers in the school to properly handle the number of students in attendance. As the trustees do not appoint teachers until they have been nominated by the principal, Dr. Dow may be unable to land Professor Childs on the faculty. It is rumored that Childs is training for the principalship of the school. Professor Dailey was to have asked for a leave of absence for a year in order to study and travel, but recently some one whispered in his ear that if he left he might not return, so he has changed his mind and will remain at the institution.

Patronizing Stage Stars

The predilection of the local smart set for the society of the stars of the stage is becoming more and more pro-

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nounced. It appears that the glamour with which women of the stage are invested is beginning to appeal to the feminine as well as to the male theatregoer, and it is quite natural that their companionship should be sought, because the woman who succeeds on the stage is always interesting. But as a rule the talented actress does not care for the society of society women; they bore her. The actress that accepts the patronage of society does so either because she is exceedingly vain, or is a climber by instinct. Society's change of attitude toward the women of the stage is due to the fact that of late years almost every stage recruit is heralded as a society woman. There are a few actresses such as Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Potter, and Elsie de Wolfe, who mingled in really smart society before going on the stage, but nearly all the others are pretenders. Many of them have learned the higher graces of social intercourse from some polite stage manager. They may have mingled in nice, conventional church circles in Oshkosh, or St. Paul, but they were not "society women" in the usual acceptation of the term. However they have brains, to which they owe their stage success, but which would never gain them the entree to the inner circle were it not for their reputed social past.

Anent Amelia Bingham

When Amelia Bingham was here she was lionized by society, and she liked it. She is an actress of commonplace talent, but she is a very successful manager, and as she bears her husband's name on the stage the supposition is that she is the very essence of respectability. And no doubt she is, and that was why society felt confident that it could make no mistake in entertaining her. But Miss Bingham was never a society woman. Her mother kept a boarding-house, and Amelia rendered her valuable assistance. That was before she went on the stage. I believe her maiden name was Swilley, which of course would never do for stage purposes. Though a successful actress Mrs. Bingham is more accomplished as a milliner and she prides herself on her skill in fashioning stylish hats. One day when she was going to a swell tea in this city she did not have a hat that suited her, so she sent her maid out for a large flat blue straw and some blue velvet. With these and a large baby-blue feather which she had in her trunk she made what was the handsomest hat at the function.

Other Ex-Society Women

Margaret Anglin is an actress who has a keen appreciation of the attentions of society folks, and there are several of our smart set who delight in lionizing her. She has frequently been written up as an ex-society woman, which means, perhaps, that she did not go straight from a nunnery to the stage. In other words she spent some little time with her family in a far-away town in Canada, and mingled with very nice people who would probably be shocked if they knew they had been referred to as "society." Martha Waldron of the Miller company is also in the category of society actresses, and I have heard that she is quite the correct thing off the stage. She hails from Boston, and it is said of her that she could really be of the real smart set there if she wished; also, that she is an heiress, and that her family objected to her going on the stage. But Miss Waldron bids fair to become such a good actress that I cannot believe she was ever in the smart set of Boston, for of all smart sets Boston's is probably the dullest. One of San Francisco's real society girls went on the stage a few years ago, and she did not make a great success. Her family was shocked by her for choosing a stage career and prevailed on her to abandon it. She did so reluctantly and she explained that her reluctance was principally due to the fact that she had to return to be bored to death by San Francisco society. And by the way it was one of her shocked sisters who gave a tea in honor of Miss Anglin the other day.

Margaret Anglin's Sister

The talented Margaret Anglin has a younger sister, Ailene, who is engaged to Bertram C. Henry of the Henry Miller company. Much of Mr. Henry's success has been due to the influence of Miss Anglin, who has taken a great interest in him. Ailene Anglin is a beautiful girl, and at one time she was very badly stage-struck, but all her family, including Margaret, refused to encourage her. The sisters came from Toronto, and they are members of a very estimable family.

Maxine and Nat United

The domestic affairs of Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott have excited a great deal of interest of late. The rumor that they had parted company forever would not down, but despite the prognostications of the wise, Maxine has returned to her Nat, and stories of the separation have gone glimmering. These stories were founded on a private letter from London, in which it was stated that the beautiful American actress was the rage of the smart set of the metropolis. It was immediately concluded that she was ambitious of social conquests. Her friends said that though Nat Goodwin was a stepping-stone to histrionic distinction, he was only a stumbling-block so far as social success was concerned. But the popular comedian insisted that there was no foundation to the rumors, and when they were first published he assumed the air of one who was confident that he held the affections of his spouse. At the Bohemian Club midsummer jinks, he wanted all men to take notice that he was there, because, he said, it might be necessary some day to prove an alibi to Mrs. Goodwin. He had been worried by the stories in circulation and wanted his friends to know that they were groundless.

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Her Interesting Past

It seems but a few years ago that the talented American actress whose surpassing pulchritude caused a sensation in London, was a resident of Oakland. She was then pretty Jessie McDermott, the daughter of a retired sea captain from Maine. There were two sisters, and the younger, Gertrude, who is now the wife of Forbes Robertson, the distinguished London actor and manager, attended Snell's Seminary. One day Jessie McDermott married her cousin, a ballplayer, and with him she went to New York, where for a short time she kept a boarding-house. Presently she drifted on the stage, and obtained an engagement with the Daly company. She played small parts for a short time, and then joined the Frawley company of this city. When she first met Nat Goodwin she was playing with the Frawleys at the Columbia. Goodwin was playing an engagement at the Baldwin. The comedian fell in love with her at first sight. One night, when he was entertaining the beautiful Maxine at dinner, he was so reluctant to part with her that he kept a Baldwin audience waiting until nine o'clock, and for a time the management thought that he wouldn't appear.

She Saved Her Money

Goodwin was then en route to Australia for a professional tour of the country, and Blanche Walsh was his leading lady. But he couldn't think of tearing himself away from the fair Maxine; so he paid manager Frawley a large sum of money to release her from her contract, and she joined the company for the Australian tour. Upon her return to this country she obtained a divorce from her husband, from whom she had been long separated, and married Goodwin. Since then she has made rapid strides in her profession and has also accumulated a fortune, for she not only received a salary, but also shared in the profits. A few years ago, when she visited this city, she told a friend that she had saved sixty thousand dollars, and that she had in addition two homes presented to her by her husband. She is a very sensible woman, and her manner is as pleasing as her beauty. The stories of her separation from Goodwin may have been started by people in the profession, who believed that she was never very much in love with the red-haired comedian, but her presence in London was of course due to the fact that she wished to be with her sister. The devotion between the two is of exceptional intensity. Those who know Maxine Elliott best say that while she may enjoy social conquests, she is not likely to have her head turned by the prospect of a match with one of the nobility. They recall that when Gertrude Elliott first went to London it was rumored that she had captured a Duke. When spoken to on the subject Maxine said she hoped it was not so; that she would regret very much a marriage between her sister and one of the degenerate nobility. She would prefer to see her sister marry an honest American. But Gertrude preferred an honest Englishman.

Capitola is still thronged with visitors, and the hotel cottages are all rented for September, and for next season. The Briares contemplate some improvements which will render the place even more attractive.

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Kuhne Beveridge's Latest Venture

The cards received by Kuhne Beveridge's friends in this city last Saturday, in which Baron and Baroness von Wrede announce the marriage of their daughter, refer to the bride as "Mrs." Beveridge. This has led to a deal of discussion of the Coghlan bigamy, but the general opinion is that the "Mrs." was all right. Nine out of ten divorcees nowadays call themselves "Miss," and it is not easy to distinguish the married woman from the maiden in this sophisticated age. Kuhne Beveridge was married to Mr. Branson of Johannesburg at Trouville. She will probably now retire to private life in South Africa and cease to furnish material for Sunday supp. writers. She was a great favorite in South Africa during the period preceding the Boer war, and made a great deal of money out of her art. Her bust of Cecil Rhodes is one of the best things she ever did.

The Press and the Drug Trust

San Francisco's daily newspapers have been put into a very humiliating position by a representative of the Patent Medicine Trust. They have signed a contract with one of the patent medicine manufacturers, by which they are prohibited from announcing the price at which the cure-all nostrums of that particular firm may be purchased at a local drug store. How is that for a smash at the boasted liberty of the press! Once more has the all-powerful business office of the great, free and independent daily asserted itself. The joker in the contract into which the dailies have entered is designed to crush the Owl Drug Company, against which the Trust has been waging war for several months. First the Trust undertook to put the Owl Company out of business by declining to sell it any patent medicine, but to accomplish that purpose it would be necessary for the Trust to quit selling its pink pills and health restorers, for the purchasing agents of the tabooed store have ways of securing stock that its enemy has been unable to fathom. Moreover the Owl people have kept right on buying patent medicines through their agents at prices which enabled them to cut prices as of yore. They spent a lot of money advertising their mysterious patent drugs and the cut rate prices at which they could be purchased, but now their ads. no longer appear in the daily papers.

Hearst's Possible Predicament

The explanation of the failure of the Owl Company to advertise its price-list in the dailies is to be found in the contract which the papers entered into with the Miles Patent Medicine Company. It is stipulated in the contract

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that while it is in force no person shall be permitted to advertise its goods at less than the standard retail prices. The purpose of this proviso is to prevent the Owl Company from including the Miles' Medicines in its cut-rate price-list. The dailies sought to persude the Owl Company to eliminate that one item, but the management decided that if it could not advertise all the goods that it desired to sell at cut-rate prices, it would advertise none of them. The Owl Company has been spending a lot of money in advertising ever since its rivals undertook to drive it out of business, and now it will probably resort to methods that the dailies have long tried to discourage. The Drug Trust has been very anxious to deprive the tabooed store of the privilege of publicity, and unless the dailies experience a change of heart all the patent medicine manufacturers will hereafter insist on inserting in their advertising contracts clauses similar to the one formulated by the Miles Company. But it is believed that when Mr. Hearst comes to town and learns about the Miles contract he will have a conniption fit. If he is serious in his Presidential aspirations he will surely balk at the prospect of having the story circulated that he "stood in" with the Drug Trust in its effort to drive men out of business for insisting upon making less profit on their goods than is made by their rivals

Political Renascence of Phelan

James D. Phelan was banqueted the other night by a committee of the Native Sons, and when called on for a few remarks he said it was the most enjoyable affair he had ever attended. Since the banquet I have been told that it had some political significance, but as it was a Native Son affair I do not give the report credence. Everybody knows that the Native Sons are out of politics. However, Mr. Phelan was hailed at the banquet as the next Mayor of San Francisco, and he smiled approvingly. Some of the gentlemen present were somewhat displeased that the banquet should have been made the occasion for the launching of a political boom, but they attributed the enthusiasm of the ex-Mayor's political friends to an irresistible impulse to maintain their availability as job-chasers. Mr. Phelan has no desire to test the fickleness of the San Francisco public at the next election, but he is eager to promote reaction in popular sentiment. There has been so much dissatisfaction with the Schmitz-Ruef Administration that in some quarters, especially in the mercantile community, regrets over the downfall of Phelan have been voiced, not that he is loved more but because he is despised less than the protege of thrifty Abraham. There has been some talk in club circles and among bankers and merchants, of running Phelan for Mayor again, but artful Jimmy has no intention of making a target of himself just yet. He always did have sense enough to "stand from under," but he knows that money is a potent factor in shaping public sentiment, and he is encouraging his touts to sing his praises. He has political aspirations but they do not press for immediate fruition. Having made his peace with Hearst he will be satisfied to go to the National Convention next year, there to lick the hand that smote him.

Lask Joins Belasco

As soon as the report, which I published last week, that George Lask intended severing his connection with Fischer's theatre, reached New York, David Belasco wired him an offer to join his staff in October, and it was accepted. Lask is to take charge of the largest and most sumptuous of all the Belasco productions, "The Darling of the Gods," in which Blanche Bates is to star through the principal cities of the East. Dave Belasco is recognized today as America's premier play-producer, and a stage manager could receive no higher endorsement of his ability than to be engaged by him. I have long been an admirer of George Lask's proficiency in the technique of the stage, and I have been amused at the booming which second-rate visiting stage managers have received at the hands of local critics who never realized that the modest little man who served his apprenticeship at Morosco's in the heyday of melodrama south of the slot, and who subsequently imbued the choruses at the Tivoli and Fischer's with life and grace, far surpassed all of them. Only a few months ago, when Charles Jones came out with the Rogers Brothers shows, he was heralded as the king-pin of stage managers by the dailies. He was given as much space as some of the principals in the company. It was the same Jones who made such a miserable showing with that awful Southwell opera company at the Grand a few years ago. He staged the Rogers Brothers shows as he had seen them staged in the East, and he was credited with having accomplished great things. He was never in the same class with George Lask.

The Message That Went Too Soon

A gentleman who lives in Oakland and who was out for a little lark, outwitted himself the other night. He didn't want to go home and he didn't want to be interrupted and so he wrote out a message which he left at the telegraph office with instructions to forward it at twelve-thirty, which is five minutes after the departure of the last boat. The message said, "Have missed the last boat. Very sorry. Home early tomorrow." But the telegraph operator, wishing to clear up the business, despatched the message at ten o'clock. By eleven an answer was waiting for the man and this is what it said: "You have two hours yet. Better make that boat." Fortunately the clerk of the man's hotel knew to which French restaurant to forward the message. The man was on the last boat.

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Hofmeyr in Bohemia

My paragraphs of last week in reference to the past of Dr. Adrian Hofmeyr were read with a great deal of interest in the Bohemian Club, for the ex-divine from South Africa has been looked upon by some of the members of that organization as a mysterious personage. They suspected that he was on a secret mission of some sort, and many inquiries were made about him without satisfactory results. They had never heard of his mix-up with the church authorities in South Africa, or of his being employed by Cecil Rhodes, but they knew that he was a cultured man from foreign parts, and so they lionized him within an inch of his life. Every tuft-hunter in the club from Jimmy Phelan to Jack Wilson stroked the mane of the African lion. Every one in Bohemia was blinded by the glitter of his eloquence, with the exception perhaps of Neely O'Sullivan whose sense of humor is never in abeyance. He gives a very clever imitation of Hofmeyr's lecture "For Clubmen Only."

At Wilson's Dinner

One of the funniest incidents of Jack Wilson's dinner to the Africander was the entrance of W. W. Barton and Richard Hotaling. Barton entered the Red Room accompanied by an old woman. Jack Wilson, the host, affected great displeasure and told the steward to order them out.

"Johnson, Johnson," said Mr. Wilson, "didn't I tell you to reserve this room for me? What does this mean?"

Johnson, who was not in the joke, rubbed his hands in great distress and went up to Mr. Barton, whereupon the old woman in grotesque make-up drew forth a hatchet and as Carrie Nation made it very lively for a few minutes. Later, the old woman peeled off her make-up and proved to be Dick Hotaling. The entire scene had been arranged because the dinner was impromptu and neither Mr. Hotaling nor Mr. Barton had the proper raiment on this side of the bay.

Phelan Didn't Think It Was Funny

Dick Hotaling has been doing a great many funny stunts lately. Recently President Phelan entertained a number of guests at luncheon at the Bohemian Club and among them happened to be ex-Supervisor Joe Tobin and one or two others whose ancestors came from the Emerald Isle. As the guests filed in past the small table where Mr. Hotaling was lunching that gentleman said, in a rich brogue which he well knows how to affect, "Well, God save ould Ireland." Mr. Phelan's guests all laughed, but their host maintained an impassive countenance. During the late jinks, when President Phelan was bathing one day he seemed to be in distress and the professional swimming teacher who was kept there for the purpose started out to his assistance. Simultaneously came a rich Irish brogue from the bath house, "Don't save him. Let the shpalpeen drown." This sort of thing is trying to men with sensitive souls, but then, if one can't take a joke and a good many of them, one had better not belong to Bohemia.

The Pace That Kills

The long expected report that James G. Blaine Jr. and his wife, the daughter of Rear-Admiral Hichborn, have separated will not surprise our jeunesse doree, who tried to keep pace with that "2 min. flat" young man on his last visit here. He broke more than one record the time he shot through this city on his way to the Philippines. Indeed he is said to have kept up that gait ever since he laid aside knickerbocks. His only pause was the year's penance imposed on him by his fiancee before she would consent to join him at the altar. He got through that all right, abstained from liquor and all the rest, but shortly after the marriage he is said to have lapsed and—well, the wife's return to her parents at Brattleboro and his own return to his mother's home tell the closing scene in that story. From the very start young Blaine cut out an unenviable career. He first attracted attention by eloping with the daughter of Representative Palmer and deserting her three weeks later. His friends finally rounded him into a well-known gold-cure establishment in New York. No sooner was he out than he began to pay attention to the well known Miss Beveridge but she treated him so brusquely that he endeavored to rehabilitate himself by going to the war. That brought him out here on his way to Manila. He evidently had an idea that the campaign ought to open up in this city, for he cut loose here, and made several mad dashes through the tenderloin.

His Escapade in Honolulu

From here he went to Honolulu and the hospitable islanders, under the impression that he was the son of his great father, threw open their doors to him. He had a merry time for a little while, but one night at a social function he kept the champagne corks popping at such a rate that he lost his head and was caught in the act of embracing one of Honolulu's best known matrons. The husband was enraged. He fell upon young Blaine and—well, after it was all over his friends carried him on board a vessel and he was hurried away to Manila. He proved too fast for the exceedingly fast military set then stationed in the islands and he was ordered home for conduct unbecoming an officer. It was in Washington, after his return, that he first met Miss Martha Hichborn. Notwithstanding his record she fancied him and imposed a year's probation, after exacting a promise to reform. She was a great catch and he gave the promise readily enough. The sporting friends of the young blade were sure that he would not keep his promise, but he held out for the year and led his bride to the altar just fifteen months ago.

Orrin Peck was in Marienbad at last advices. He is picking up ideas for canvases in Germany.

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A New Culture Club

The very lastest thing in culture clubs is the Polyglot, which Professor L. D. Ventura is organizing. This club has a really serious object and membership in it is worthy of consideration. Its chief object is to render popular the modern literature of France, Italy, Germany and Spain, and for students of these tongues to exchange ideas among themselves on social, scientific and literary topics by conversing in the language whose literature is under discussion. Professor Ventura, whose idea brought the Polyglot Club into being, was a University professor not long ago, and he lectured in French and Italian here before the Channing Auxiliary and other organizations. He has written some good books, too, and is also a contributor to magazine literature. The first entertainment of the club will be held on Thursday evening, September seventeenth, in Steinway hall, and the program arranged is certainly out of the common. Signor Domencio Borghesi, Cantor Stark and Cantor Davis will sing; Signor and Signora Ursomando will give a piano duet and the former a solo; Miss Grace Llewellyn Jones will declaim an episode from Dante, and others who will take part are Max Vanze, Senorita Alicia Cuenca, Senor Rafael de Zayas Enriquez, Signor D. Locapo, Signor Martinez and Professor Ventura. Nothing of such admirable quality has been announced in the culture club world for a long time. Among the patronesses of the affair are Mesdames Hearst, De Vecchi, Bixler, Will Crocker, Morbio, Llewellyn-Jones, Arnold, Lane and St. Goar, and Miss Murison.

"I heard an idle rumor today about ——."
"Some scandal?"
"Yes."
"A rumor about a scandal is never idle."

The Unconventional Miss Sperry

To be unconventional in society is to be presumed to have intelligence as well as individuality. The conventianal woman is always a bore, for conventionality implies mediocrity and contentment with the commonplace. One of the most unconventional young women in society is Miss Elsie Sperry, and she is therefore interesting. She has the breeziness and independence of the American girl of the most attractive type. I am constantly hearing stories about the doings of Elsie Sperry. The latest is that she has learned how to operate a street car. She has spent a lot of time riding on dummies of late, even on the windiest days, and she mastered the tricks of the motorman's trade. Miss Sperry is a capital mimic and she could win fame on the stage as a character actress. She is skilled in the art of make-up. Some time ago a New York man visited her with a friend. He was anxious to meet her because he had heard of her beauty. When she presented herself she resembled a feminine Mr. Hyde, and the young man was terror-stricken.

Jilted a Millionaire

Miss Le Breton, who the despatches tell us has just jilted one Ham, a millionaire, is a cousin of the beautiful Alanna Marmion who recently wedded "Joe" O'Sullivan, a brother of Denis, in Paris. Miss Le Breton and her mother are said to be now on their way home from the French capital, where they have been sojourning many years. The former was engaged in vocal study. Mrs. Le Breton was "Nopie" MacDougall, the prettiest of the old Commodore's daughters. With her husband she lived in Paris after her marriage. He was the private secretary of Major Rathbone, when the latter was the United States representative in France.

The Kip-Robinson Engagement

Three years ago, when Mary Kip returned from the Philippines, her friends expected her to announce her engagement to Dr. Robinson, U. S. A., now a practicing physician of Kansas City. But they had to content themselves with mere rumors until a few days ago. Mary Kip is a distinguished looking girl, tall and brunette and resembles Lawrence in looks. Lawrence Kip was the handsome scapegrace of the family, who capped several startling escapades by becoming a Roman Catholic and thereby causing his Episcopal forefathers to turn in their graves. Mary Kip is a woman of stern dignity and *hauteur*, and it has been said of her that she would have made an admirable Bishop's wife. In the family circle her judgment is always respected, and her will generally prevails.

Wiltsee Back

Ernest Wiltsee arrived in San Francisco this week. He has lost no flesh or color over the episode in which he and Lieutenant Edie figured, with Mrs. Baxter Tevis and her sister as the picturesque accessories. And he does not look like the rejected suitor of a millioned widow, either. Wiltsee is not a man to lose his head to any extent over a woman. His mind is full of schemes. He is a born promoter, and he has had fairly good fortune in all his mining ventures.

Return of the Wilsons

Mr. A. W. Wilson left for New York last week to meet his wife and their daughters, Bessie and Bernice, who were due to arrive on the *Kaiser Wilhelm*. The daughters have been studying music in Paris, where they were joined by their mother some months ago, and with her they visited Italy and Switzerland. They will visit Bar Harbor



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and other watering places in the East before returning home. The Misses Wilson are very charming young women of rare culture, and they are expected to become quite active in social circles during the winter.

Joaquin Miller's Protege

Yone Noguchi has brought out another volume of poems entitled "From an Eastern Sea." This time it emanates from a London publishing house, and is attracting as much attention as did the volume produced by Mr. Doxey in this city some years ago. Yone Noguchi is the protege of Joaquin Miller. There was a story printed somewhat extensively, to the effect that the so-called poems were the outcome of practical joking on the part of Gelett Burgess, who was represented as having a grand time all to himself looking on while the literati of two continents tried to read some sense into his nonsense. If I remember rightly, it was Vance Thompson who gave currency to that story, on the strength of Burgess's own acknowledgement, but then, it doesn't follow as a matter of course that it was either true or false just because Burgess said so. Poetry is as much a matter of the reader as of the writer, and if people really like the Yone Noguchi productions, they were good enough poetry for the money.

Burgess Was Too Realistic

Gelett Burgess is making a short tour of Europe, and it is said that he crossed the ocean to escape Mary McLean, who thought she discovered in him the red devil of her dreams. A Californian writing from Trouville says that Burgess was there recently, and that he has been up to his old tricks. Hearing that Maeterlinck was summering in a cottage near the town he decided to visit that distinguished writer. Maeterlinck was taking tea on the lawn with his wife and her two female cousins when Burgess appeared on the scene and introduced himself as a literary genius from America. Maeterlinck was delighted to meet him and invited him to join them at tea. The author of the Purple Cow gladly joined the tea party, and he was soon engaged in amusing the ladies. When he thought that he had established sufficiently cordial relations he began to imitate a monkey by scrambling up a tree and leaping from branch to branch, chattering the while like a Simian who had been robbed of his mate. Suddenly the ladies took fright. It suddenly occurred to them that the eccentric individual was probably insane, and they rushed into the house followed by Maeterlinck, who had misgivings too. Burgess tried to get into the house to explain matters, but the affrighted inmates would not open the door. So Burgess footed it back to Trouville, where he related the story of his experience.

Indians Will Be Barred

There was a quarrel among the members of the Woman's Club of San Jose, the other day, which came near disrupting the plans for the big Indian pow-wow to be given under the auspices of the club. It was understood among the members that the ladies, both old and young, were to don Indian costume. Last week it was rumored that a certain group of the ladies headed by Mrs. W. C. Kennedy, president of the club, did not relish the idea of acting the part of Indian squaws for three days and nights; they would rather be witnesses than participants. They had taken up a subscription and funds had been raised to import a group of real Indians from one of the Government stations, to act as substitutes for the timid ones. When this became known matrons, belles and young gentlemen joined in an indignant protest. They said that it would be lowering their dignity enough to play Indian with other white folks, but when it came to playing Indian along with the genuine red man the indelicacy of the proceeding would appall them. Mrs. Kennedy and the other members of her committee were severely criticised for altering the plans, and for a time it looked as though the conference would degenerate into a ghost dance. But after a heated pow-wow Mrs. Kennedy and her associates decided to abide by the original program.

"Now that you are married," said the bachelor to his friend, "I suppose your charming wife expects you to live up to your ideals."

"No, she doesn't," replied the Benedict gloomily.

"I'm surprised, but I suppose you're glad."

"No, I'm not," said the newly married man, "she expects me to live up to hers."

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Burkett of Honolulu are at Byron Springs. Others at Byron are C. B. McCarthy, Miss McNamara, Mrs. M. M. Sampson, Mrs. J. Becker and Mrs. F. T. Young of Berkeley, Charles D. Pierce, Dr. Morris, Mrs. A. O. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Stephens.

The Handiwork of a Tyro

When a document purporting to be the last will of Charles L. Fair was put on record some days ago, many people began to speculate as to whether Colonel Henry I. Kowalsky would bob up as the attorney for the legatee mentioned therein as the son of the dead millionaire. It was idle speculation. The mysterious will that made its appearance in Judge Murasky's court is too unsubstantial to receive the backing of the noted benefactor of illegitimate heirs. Nobody but a tyro in the art of juggling with justice would think of presenting a dubious will for probate that purported to have been witnessed by two dead men. The experienced juggler with justice knows that it is just as easy and much more convincing to have a will

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witnessed by live people ready and willing to swear to any old thing. If it were impossible to secure such witnesses then it would of course be necessary to summon the dead, but witnesses for any purpose are to be had for the asking and a small retainer.

Mamma Didn't Know

The marriage of Duke Coleman and Miss Ada Arnold, which took place at Redwood City last Friday, was spiced with a soupcon of romance. Mrs. Ingalls, the mother of the bride, never had the faintest suspicion that her daughter entertained thoughts of marriage. Mr. Coleman had conducted his courtship clandestinely, and Mrs. Ingalls was not taken into the confidence of her daughter until the latter wired her news of the marriage. The progress of the affair excited the interest of the guests of the Hotel Cecil, where Mrs. Ingalls and her daughter resided.

Mabel—Her mother appears to have a large income.
Madge—Yes, she is collecting alimony from three ex-husbands.

Another Duke Captures an Heiress

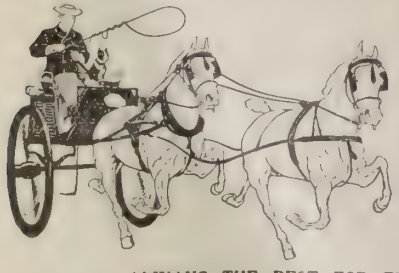
So England is to have another American Duchess! The British nobility is rapidly becoming Americanized. The Duke of Roxburghe whose engagement with May Goelet has been announced has been anxious to marry an American heiress for a long time, and Miss Goelet has been on a still hunt for a Duke, so both should be felicitated on having satisfied their respective heart's desire. It was May Goelet to whom Duke Boris paid considerable attention when at Newport. Her mother entertained him at dinner, and it was thought at the time that there was a possibility of a match being made. The Duke of Roxburghe was very devoted to Pauline Astor about three years ago but she did not give him any encouragement. It was just eight summers ago, at this time, that Mrs. Ollie Belmont, who was then Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt, imported the Duke of Marlborough and gave him a series of entertainments which culminated in the announcement of his engagement with her daughter. A little later she married Ollie Belmont, and as Mrs. Goelet has been following her procedure it may be her intention to espouse a certain New York millionaire who has been very devoted to her.

Those Gay Hawaiian Princes

Matteo Sandona, the artist, has gone to Honolulu to paint the portrait of the Princess Kawananakoa. The day that announcement was made I received a letter from a correspondent in Honolulu informing me that the large fortune which the two princes, David Kawananakoa and Jonah Kunia Kalanianacle inherited from their aunt, the Queen Dowager Kapiolani, is in a badly tangled condition. The German Savings and Loan Society of this city recently notified the tenants of certain property belonging to the princes covered by a mortgage for three hundred thousand dollars to pay no more rent to any one except the agents of that corporation. This action was taken under a clause in the mortgage bestowing the power in the event of default in the payment of principal or interest. The Queen Dowager Kapiolani was a chiefess of high rank and was possessed of broad acres. She was also a thrifty soul. King Kalakaua may have had enough of the proverbial extravagance of the Hawaiian for both of them, but she never allowed him to be extravagant with her money. She inherited from her grandfather, the last King of Kanai, land on every island of the Hawaiian group. About two years before her death, which occurred six years ago, she conveyed to her nephews, the two princes, all her land, reserving for herself out of the income twelve thousand dollars a year for life. When she died she confirmed this gift to them by her will, and bequeathed in addition all her personal property. The princes then organized the "Kapiolani Estate Company, Limited," and turned the management of it over to J. F. Colburn, a very shrewd half-white.

An Unsuccessful Enterprise

While Colburn managed the estates the princes spent money with lavish hands. Prince Kalanianacle and his wife took a trip around the world and made a great splurge en route. During the trip he acquired a menagerie large enough to serve as the nucleus of a circus. The animals accompanied him on the trip and the menagerie was therefore a very expensive luxury. Prince David remained at home and took an interest in politics. When the craze for big buildings struck Honolulu the princes decided to erect one, and for that purpose they mortgaged nearly all their land to raise sufficient money. They gave their note for six years, and this year they failed to pay the interest. The big building is finished but it is occupied only by the manager of the estate and two or three other individuals. Meanwhile the princes have had to curtail expenses, and the wife of Prince David, who was Abigail Campbell, daughter of


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GENERAL AGENTS

the late James Campbell, has brought suit in San Jose to break the trust clause in her father's will so that she may turn her share of the property into ready money. She has for her attorney Joseph Dunne, formerly of this city and a brother of Peter F. Dunne. He has also been appointed attorney for the minor children of James Campbell. The appointment was made by Judge George D. Gear, whose father and brother in this city have been retained to contest the Campbell will in San Jose.

The "Girls" Scared Her Away

Mrs. "Gus" Costigan is a bride of recent date and she is already experiencing the troubles of brides as they are told us in the funny columns. The other day she visited a Sutter street intelligence office to engage a maid-servant for her new home. One by one the "hired girls" passed in review, and the pretty little bride's brow wrinkled with the effort of selection. Suddenly she turned to the head of the office, with a wave of her hand toward the assembled applicants: "Oh," she exclaimed, "I don't know which one of them I want. You select one for me," and then ran down the stairs as if the whole bunch were in pursuit.

The Experience of Another

Another young bride of a few months, who is noted for her haughty demeanor and who is therefore not very popular, had a very unpleasant experience in an intelligence office not long ago. She too was in quest of a maid-servant, and a buxom young Irish woman was recommended. The bride proceeded to tell the woman what services she would be required to render, and it took her quite awhile to enumerate them all. Her hauteur evidently aroused the displeasure of the Irish woman, for when the bride finished the Abigail proceeded to catechise her in a somewhat insolent tone and in the presence of about a score of women who were seeking employment, all of whom apparently regarded their companion as a great wit.

"Ar-re you th' lady iv th' house?" she asked.

"Yes, I am," was the reply.

"An' it's you that wants th' survint?"

"Yes."

"Do you give her th' ordhers?"

"Yes."

"Then I don't think I want the job," she drawled, and the bride blushed.

On Del Monte's Veranda:

He: No, I can't drink unless you send to the links and get Miss Bachelormayde to join us.

Second He: Why—wager?

He: No, but I promised her yesterday never to take a drink except with her.

Second He: By Jove! There's a finish for one of you. Either you'll go back on your word or she'll be a drunkard inside of the season.

Symphony Discords

The symphony concerts have produced the usual number of rows. Musicians never could live in harmony. To begin with the Italians and the Germans are at loggerheads over the merits of Mascagni and Scheel. The Italians say that the two men cannot be compared and the Germans admit ironically that that is quite true. Little Pietro Marino, with his lovely, waving, poetic hair, is not in the orchestra this year. He was engaged, but he didn't fiddle to suit Scheel. The latter made a few suggestions to him and the little Italian grew indignant. He fiddled to suit Mascagni, and he wouldn't take a suggestion from Scheel. So he went home with his little fiddle under his arm. Scheel is very much stouter than he was when last here and he looks prosperous. Perhaps the commercial atmosphere of America has affected his artistic temperament and sharpened his business eye without dulling his musical ear. If so, his admirers could present him with another laurel wreath without fear of his pawning the golden token.

The American Land and Trust Co., of which C. W. Wright is president, has removed its offices to 708 Market street, Mutual Savings Bank building. This company is the owner of Larkspur, which is now the most sought after residence district in Marin county.

Clever Artist Gone

Harry Raleigh, the clever young artist who made the cartoon for the last low jinks of the Bohemian Club, has gone to New York to open a studio and devote himself to magazine illustration. Raleigh is one of the most talented of the younger artists who have recently come to the front in this city. He has done some very striking landscapes that are refreshing in their boldness and their individuality. For several years Raleigh has been connected with the *Examiner's* art department. And by the way, I am reminded that the newspaper artists of this city are preparing for an exhibition of their pictures. There has lately developed a great demand for their original drawings made for newspaper reproduction. The wash drawings are especially valuable since they are akin to the regulation water color. The walls of the Family Club are covered with the original drawings of Opper, Davenport, Edgren, Igoe and other noted newspaper artists, and in some private residences there are some splendid specimens of the modern art of illustration. Mrs. Charlie Baldwin (Ella Hobart) has a collection of black and white drawings including original Gibsons, Wenzells, etc., that cannot be duplicated in the United States.



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Stanford May Abandon Co-Education

Every little while something is done at Stanford University to jar the academic world. It would be hard to predict just what is going to happen next, but from an authoritative source I learn that there is a jolt in store for the advocates of co-education. The question of the advisability of excluding the gentle sex from the penumbra of the lamp of knowledge at Palo Alto has been under serious discussion among the trustees of the university, and they are expected to arrive at a decision in the near future. This news comes to me from a source with which Mrs. Stanford is in such constant touch that I am constrained to give it credence. Just before leaving for her trip around the world, last June, Mrs. Stanford told the trustees that the question was one for them to decide, and she hoped they would reach a decision at an early date. It is known that she has never warmly approved of co-education. The university was dedicated to the memory of her son, and she thought that it should be devoted to the education of men. It has been remarked that though she frequently referred to the students as "my boys," she never spoke of "my girls." She built for the young men a permanent dormitory, and is now building for them one of the finest gymnasiums in the country. The young women are still occupying Roble Hall, a temporary frame structure. These are circumstances that are regarded as significant.

Jordan a Partisan

When Stanford University was opened co-education was favored as an experiment only, and that was why no permanent provision was made for the skirted sex. Now the trustees are called upon to decide whether the experiment has been a success. President Jordan is an ardent supporter of co-education, and he will no doubt try to influence the trustees in its favor. But S. F. Lieb, the ex-president of the trustees and Mrs. Stanford's attorney, is opposed to the present system. Mrs. Stanford's brother, Charles G. Lathrop, who is treasurer of the institution, agrees with Mr. Lieb, and both exercise a powerful influence in the board. Down at Palo Alto there is scarcely any doubt that the decision will be against the present system. It is presumed that the trustees will settle the matter by refusing to permit any more women to enter, and agreeing that those already entered shall be permitted to complete their course. The male students are unanimously opposed to co-education. They think that it lowers the standard of the university, and that the institution can never attain the high position occupied by Yale and Harvard while women are admitted. Knowing that Berkeley as a State institution will always have to provide for the education of women, they feel that Stanford will receive new impetus by the exclusion of the co-eds.

Talent Recruited From Abroad

Local academicians are greatly amused over what they regard as Berkeley's patent pretensions in undertaking to produce Racine's masterpiece, "Phedre." The purpose of the production is to exploit the attainments of the French scholars, but the leading role, Rachel's part, is to be played by Grace Llewellyn Jones, who learned her French in Paris where she lived for years. She never attended Berkeley but to give verisimilitude to the pretensions of the faculty she is to be entered as a post-graduate. The burden of the play will of course be on her shoulders, which is no doubt fortunate for the other members of the cast, who learned their French from Professor Paget.

"I see that Rockefeller was again conscience-stricken the other day."

"How do you know that he was?"

"He gave some more money to Professor Harper's university."

Well Pedigreed and Endowed Buds

Most of the buds who will bloom this winter in society are gifted with lineage above the average. They have so many relatives that they are sure to be entertained right and left. There are two Christines among the prospective debutantes—Christine Pomeroy and Marie Christine de Guigne. The latter would have been among last winter's debutantes but for family affliction. She is the granddaughter of Mrs. Abby M. Parrott. Her mother, Minnie Parrott, was that lady's eldest daughter. With her sister, and her cousin, the daughter of Joseph Donohoe, also a granddaughter of Mrs. Parrott's, all coming out together, it is safe to assume that the large connection of both the Parrott and the Donohoe families will do a lot of entertaining. Not a little curiosity is felt regarding a second pair of cousins who will grace the debutante circle this winter. They are the daughters of Mrs. Wilfred Page and Mrs. George Page. The mothers of both young ladies were noted as beauties in their day, Mrs. George Page as Georgie Hammond and Mrs. Wilfred Page as Emma Adams. Both families have made their homes in the country for many years, and the buds are therefore comparatively unknown in our social world.

Doctors' Daughters to Debut

Another pair of cousins among the coming buds are Elsie Dorr and Florence Gibbons. Elsie is the daughter of Dr. Dorr. She is petite in figure with a most vivacious manner. Miss Gibbons is the third daughter of Dr. Henry Gibbons and is by some considered the handsomest of that handsome family. She is tall and willowy, blonde in coloring, resembling her eldest sister Ida. Her second sister, Marjorie, is a sparkling brunette. Helen Bowie, another of the buds who will bloom, is a petite brunette. She is the daughter of Dr. Hamilton Bowie of Redwood City, a niece of Allan St. John Bowie and granddaughter of Mrs. Louise Barroilhet, who not long since inherited a large estate from the late Charles Mayne, an early day pioneer merchant of San Francisco. Mrs. Charles Josselyn will introduce her daughter Marjorie, who strongly resembles her sister Gertrude. They are nieces of Fred Greenwood.

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McCalla's Practical Test

Captain McCalla, commandant of the Navy Yard at Mare Island, is said to represent in the military world just about what Roosevelt does in the political; he is "the disturbin' element." The story has been told of how the captain took off his military coat to afford a fighting opportunity to a disgruntled private who didn't dare hit his commanding officer. Well, the captain has been taking off his coat again, only, this time without bellicose intentions. Up at the Navy Yard the mechanics have been in the habit of quitting in time—in a trifle too much time to catch their evening boat. The captain being a bit inquisitive, decided to find out how much time was necessary for the men's ablutions and their walk. Consequently, when he suddenly appeared in the works one evening with his coat off, the men gathered about for what they thought was to be a little prize-fight. But just then the quitting time came and the captain turned on his heel and struck off at a brisk walk for the wash-room. He doused his hands and face in the water, rubbed them on the towel and putting on his coat started for the boat. When the men arrived, he had his watch on them. "Hereafter," he said sternly, "all mechanics will quit work eighteen minutes later." For a moment the men were dumbfounded; then one brave spirit spoke up. "Captain," he said, "you've been timing us."

"Yes," said the captain.

"You quit when we quit," said the man, "and you went to wash."

"Yes."

"But, Captain," urged the mechanic, "our hands were greasy with a whole day's work, and yours weren't even soiled."

His Quick Wash

Then it was the captain's turn to be staggered. "By Jove, you're right," he said, but the next night he was at it again, and when quitting time came, he was alternately rubbing his hands on the iron work and dipping them into grease pots. That evening he was again at the boat with his watch out. "Let me see your hands," he said to the former spokesman. The man turned up his palms. They were the hands of a mechanic—rough, but clean. The man hesitated a moment; then with a twinkle in his eye, "May I see your hands, captain?" he asked. Ruefully, the captain turned up his palms. They looked as if they had been dipped in oil and sprinkled with coal dust. "The difference in time," he began diffidently, "is not eighteen minutes, as I mentioned last night. According to tonight's corrections, it is fourteen minutes and a half. But"—and he glanced again at his hands—"I'm afraid the specifications of the wash-basin will be rejected by my immediate family." He turned on his heel. "Hereafter," he said, "all mechanics will quit when they please."

A Joke on Darling

For some time past, the United States trainingship *Adams*, which is lying in San Francisco harbor, has had for her navigator "the statistician of the Navy," Lieutenant Robert E. Coontz, better known in the service as "The Senator." Coontz earned his nickname from his remarkable familiarity with politics, national, state municipal and ward. His memory is something marvelous. I remember that years ago Coontz could answer, off hand, pretty nearly every question bearing on political elections of any kind. He could tell who led the Republican ticket in the 'Steenth Ward of St. Louis in 1879 as glibly as he could give the Democratic majority in any old county in 1884. Nor does his store of statistics end with politics. He could tell the age of every member of his class at Annapolis and knew the genealogy of the House of Hapsburg as well as he did his multiplication table. I am told that he remembers today the date of retirement of all his seniors and many of his juniors. "Senator" Coontz's memory stands him in good stead at all times, but it is related of him that his first question to the first man he met when emerging from his entrance examination at the Naval Academy was: "Where is Beyrout?" That is one of the questions often asked of the candidates for admission to the school, as it is a leading seaport of the Mediterranean. I was reminded of the incident by the joke that Charles Hial Darling, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, perpetrated upon himself when he cabled to Admiral Cotton, last week, "Vice-Consul at Beyrout reported assassinated. Proceed immediately nearest port. Report." He was doubtless as ignorant as "Senator" Coontz was twenty-two years ago that Beyrout is its own "nearest port."

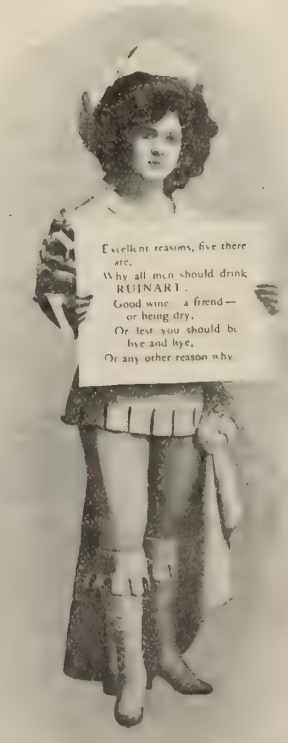
Barker and His Pull

Rear-Admiral Albert S. Barker, at present commanding the squadron off the New England coast, is keeping up his record for getting his ships into trouble. Within little over a fortnight two of them, the *Massachusetts* and

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the *Olympia,* have been damaged by running upon rocks or shoals. It was Barker who commanded the *Newark* when that vessel ran into the *Dolphin,* on the north coast of Cuba, during the Spanish war. Barker, who has always had a tremendous pull, was never officially blamed for that mishap, notwithstanding the fact that he was on the bridge of the *Newark,* and therefore in charge of her when that vessel diverged from her course, approached and endeavored to cross the bows of the *Dolphin,* which never swerved from her course until the collision. By some official jugglery the blame was virtually passed up to the officers of the deck of the two vessels, both young junior lieutenants, although the one on the *Dolphin* strictly obeyed the rules of the road, and the one on the *Newark* was under the immediate supervision of Barker, who was on the bridge by his side throughout the manœuvre. Try as these young officers might to secure a court of inquiry to exonerate them, they were unable to do so. "Not in keeping with the best interests of the service," etc., were the excuses given from the Department for refusing them the inquiry which might have placed the blame upon the pull-possessing rank-holding Barker.

The Wild Ideas of Miles

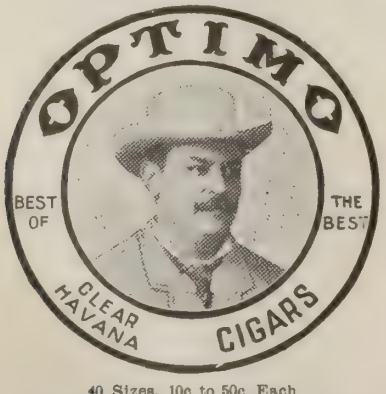
General Nelson A. Miles thinks that cavalry are becoming obsolete and he recommends that automobiles be substituted for horses. This is quite in keeping with other of that spectacular warrior's fancies. It is true that he also recommended the construction of smooth roads for the automobiles to travel upon, but I have a vague suspicion that the enemy would not always stick to the road, nor would it take less than a few thousand years to construct roads enough for the automobile campaign in the hostile country. Miles has caused the expenditure of thousands of dollars of the nation's money in just such experiments as he suggests in his automobile theories. Fort Myer, Va., and other government reservations, are stacked up with piles of old, costly junk, monuments to some of his wild ideas. I recall, for instance, the scheme he had for supplying the army with a stock of armored shields on wheels, for the men on the skirmish line to shove ahead of them as they advanced on the foe. He actually had some of these built, and they performed beautifully—on paper and on a smooth asphaltum field. How useful they would be over fences, up hills, in bogs, rice-paddies, through woods, and in the other usual places of field operations, may be left to the imagination.

The Turk's Viewpoint

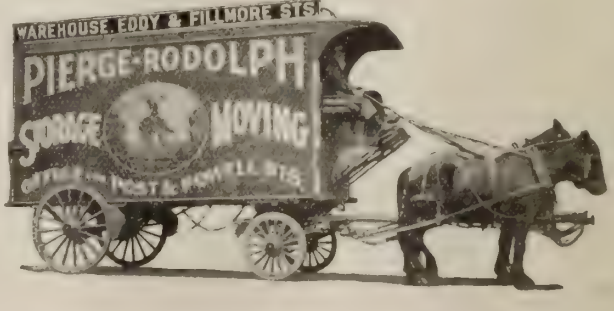
While the attempted assassination of an American Vice-Consul is something demanding immediate and energetic action on the part of our Government, we should not let our frenzy get the better of us to the extent of damning the entire Turkish people. Protection of diplomatic and consular officers is one of the fundamental requirements of international law among civilized peoples, but until the nation in which any crime upon a foreigner has been committed is guilty of dereliction, either in the prevention or the punishment of such crimes, it is presumptuous to clamor for that nation's disruption. The murderous acts of individuals are always liable to occur. They occur in our own country, but, should a Turk be murdered in San Francisco, it is not necessarily a *casus belli.* There is something to be said on behalf of the Turk. If Americans go to Turkey to live, they must conform to Turkish laws, and this is precisely what a great many of them do not do. There was much truth and hard sense in a recent statement given to the press by Chekib Bey, Turkish Minister to Washington. "I am advised," said he, "that certain missionaries, when they go to Turkey, are constantly arousing the Armenians against the Moslems. They even talk to the Armenians about exterminating us. Is that not inciting the Armenians to rebellion? Suppose I should establish a school for negroes in Washington, and my teachers should tell the negroes attending that school that they ought not to submit to lynching and should rebel. Do you think I would remain long in this country, or that my school would flourish? It is merely justice that when the missionary comes to Turkey he should confine himself to the religious and intellectual training of his pupils, and not endeavor to make them dissatisfied with their present form of government."

Frank Mrs. Black

Mrs. Black, the wife of the Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, is a clever woman. She is a Bostonian of good family, and a woman whom travel and several winters of official life in Washington have broadened and cultured. She told some good stories at a Presidio luncheon in her honor the other day—stories which would make the W. C. T. U. women sit up and take notice. Mrs. Black will never be elected president of a temperance or-



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ganization, nor does she aspire to that honor. Her hostess at the Presidio luncheon asked, "Well, Mrs. Black, have you enjoyed your stay here?"

"Most decidedly I have," said the frank lady. "We got what we came for, and that always adds to one's enjoyment of a place."

A Few of Her Stories

But that was only a prelude. During the progress of the luncheon Mrs. Black said: "During the great war some one sent to a prisoner in one of the Southern prisons a bottle of brandied peaches and in his note of thanks the soldier said, 'I not only enjoyed your peaches but I appreciated the spirit in which they were sent.'" She spoke of the wineless days of the Hayes Administration, telling of the poor, thirsty diplomats who, condemned to cold water throughout the deadly long and dry White House dinners, used to call the Roman punch which, even under Mrs. Hayes, came after the roast, the "life-saving station." Another prohibition story which she related was of a man who had never tasted liquor but who, on partaking of some Roman punch, passed his glass back for more of "that fine custard." She also related the familiar story of the preacher who, on tasting brandied peaches for the first time, passed his plate back with the remark that he didn't care for any more peaches, but he would like "some more of the juice."

Service Gossip

Lieutenant "Phil" Andrews, of the Navy, is rejoicing over the birth of a fine son. Mrs. Andrews was formerly a belle of Honolulu. The lieutenant is now here on a brief leave of absence from his duties as flag-lieutenant on the staff of Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, commanding the Pacific squadron, and will rejoin the *New York* upon her arrival here in a few days.

Army circles here are preparing to give welcome to the latest bride. The marriage of Captain Arthur Conklin of the Coast Artillery and Miss Eleanor McCasky, eldest daughter of Colonel W. S. McCasky, took place on Wednesday last at Fort Sheridan, where the bride's father is in command. It was an *al fresco* ceremony, performed on the lawn by the Reverend Frank Millspaugh of Topeka. Army people are known to be exceedingly hospitable, and no doubt San Franciscans will soon have an opportunity of viewing the handsome silver service that was presented the bride by the officers and ladies at Fort Sheridan. Two of the officers of the Seventh Infantry who expected to go to the Philippines are not, it seems, to sail on October first. One is Lieutenant-Colonel T. C. Woodbury, who has been transferred to the Thirteenth Infantry and will probably remain at the Presidio, although his predecessor, Colonel Duncan, was quartered at Angel Island. The other is Major J. M. T. Partello, who has exchanged with Major Wright of the Fifteenth Infantry, and with his family will soon leave for Monterey where his new regiment is stationed. Captain F. A. Millar, Artillery Corps, left last Monday for Washington, D. C., where he will be attached to the staff of General Wallace Randolph, chief of the Artillery branch of the service. Major Charles W. Hobbs has been ordered from the Presidio to Jackson Barracks near New Orleans. Captain F. H. Hardie, Fourteenth Cavalry, who sailed for Manila on the transport *Thomas* last Tuesday, was guest of honor at a stag dinner given by Captain Parker W. West last Monday evening.

"Reggie" Nicholson made a flying visit to this city last week, and it was all too short for his friends, as well as for the family of his wife, whom he visited while here. It was Commander Nicholson who rendered brilliant service as navigator of the battleship *Oregon* during her notable trip around the Horn. Coming from an old naval family, "Reggie" has inherited the best traditions of the service. It is truly said of naval officers, that "some of them make the Navy, others are made by it." Nicholson belongs to the former class, the class that preserves the high principles and ideals of the service. He now holds the important position in the Navy Department at Washington of assistant to the Chief of Bureau of Navigation and Office of Detail. It is his duty to detail the officers of lower rank than himself to their stations as required.

Uncle George Chases a Car

"Uncle George" Bromley, aged eighty-seven, was observed the other day madly chasing a car up Clay street. Two wags watching him were amazed at his agility and swiftness and were also amazed that he should put such a tax on his muscles at eighty-seven.

"Gee, I shouldn't think Uncle George would run after a car at his age," observed one Bohemian.

"Oh, well, when one is eighty-seven," said the other, "I suppose every minute counts."

Mr. Denis O'Sullivan will be heard once more in recital before his return to London. On Friday evening, September eleventh, at eight-fifteen o'clock, he will give a recital of some twenty-six songs of which one-half at least will be entirely new to his San Francisco audience. Mr. Fred Maurer will be the accompanist. Of a recent recital in London the *Times* says: "It is difficult after yesterday's success to assign him any position lower than one among the illustrious singers of the world. There is only one word to express the union of a technical perfection with the complete power of realizing every dramatic suggestion in the songs he sings and that word is genius."

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My Tearful Tunes

My tearful tunes and morbid verse—
The red erotics I rehearse—
A calmer judgment ne'er deplores.
Though—like a Lazarus—my sores
The tongues of critic curs absterse.

Of all these mongrels none is worse
Than Aristarch, who doth asperse
My pure poetics, while he scores
My tearful tunes.

He must have had a mangy nurse,
Who did his puppy lips immerse
In drivelled doggerel Art abhors.
The vapid verses he adores
Have made him competent to curse
My tearful tunes.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Go-the-Pace-Space Letters

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Letters from Jack Go-the-Pace, a clubman, to Mary Space, a literary lady of sporty tendencies.

I.

My dear Mr. Go-the-Pace,

I wonder if I shall ever see you again? If you are short-sighted, probably not. Was it you that rang up yesterday when I was out? My maid said "the gentleman would not leave any name, but he had a mighty nice voice." Have you "a mighty nice voice?" I confess I can't remember its dulcet tones very well, for we didn't talk much—after the first ten minutes. There seemed to be no time. I did not believe it could be you, because you said you were leaving for San Francisco on the early train. A week is a long time. I'm sorry you'll be away that long—for I have a wretched memory for faces. I remember episodes; sometimes when they are especially pleasant, but identities are apt to get mixed. I am striving to fix *your* face in my memory, so I won't forget. What a pity it would be if I shouldn't remember you next time we meet. That would be a death-blow to sentiment, wouldn't it? Try and avoid the contingency by coming back to the Glen.

Sincerely. *Mary.*

II.

My dear Mary,

(I *can't* call you Miss Space, you know.) I regret exceedingly that circumstances over which I have no control prevent me from joining you in your retirement from the gay festivities of this wicked city. Poverty is tapping at my door. If you could see my purse which I clutch in the morning with a lonely nickel sliding from end to end, and note the grasp of my fingers, you would not suggest my taking even a trip to the park. I wish to confess that I might pawn my watch and come—only that is already in repose. You know, dear Mary, that man cannot live on love alone, nor woman either when she has the cocktail habit. Write to me every day. All that about forgetting makes me long for you the more. But when, my dear, are you going to tell me the great secret about yourself? You said, I remember, "I am afraid you won't love me any more when you know." Know what? Are you married, Mary? Do you belong to another?

Your expectant *Go-the-Pace.*

III.

Dearest,

No, I am not married, but I feel sure you are. I know fate intended love's path for me to be covered with rocks—not the right kind of rocks, either. I am a fatalist. If—and if—and if—*if* I had not been on the boat at that precise moment, and *if* I had not dropped my purse, and *if* you had not picked it up! It was love at first sight, wasn't it, darling? I never in my life spoke to a strange man before—unless the butcher or baker or candlestick maker. But *you* did not seem like a stranger. I feel sure you are married, though—all the nice men, I have found, are. Is your wife *en rapport?* It must be positively painful for a man of intellect to have to look on and see his wife make a fool of herself. I suppose it is the penalty they pay for marrying them. Getting used to people is a pretty euphemism for forgetting them. You know Matthew Arnold's saying, "We forget because we must, and not because we will." I won't swear it is Arnold, for my memory is so poor. And that brings me to the old wail—I long for you passionately now but if you don't hurry I'm afraid I won't know you when we meet. Have you a short memory for faces? Mine is wretched. A man once said to me that if I married I'd have a fine excuse for my indiscretions, for I could tell my husband I forgot how he looked and mistook the other fellow for him.

Your devoted *Mary.*

IV.

Sweet Mary,

I cannot come to you but I love you just the same. I plead guilty to a few outings, but I always chose a ruddy-haired *vis-a-vis*, because of your dear Titian locks. A man can do that, you know, be true in heart though he has somebody else before his face. It's a delicate flattery, I think, to the object of his love. She is always in his mind when he's talking to the other woman. I suppose if I had married—I am *not* married, Maybell—propinquity would have kept my heart at home. It counts with all of us, but one can cultivate inconstancy. I think a good many men do the perfunctory love-making because tney think women expect it. Though the "good fellow girl" may be an unusual role women must be glad to play in it occasionally at least. It saves life from monotony and breaks no fences. I am glad, sweetheart, that no one ever kissed you but me. I like to think you are mine, all mine. Though sometimes I have a weak misgiving that you have deceived me, that you are married. By the way, dear, don't ask me if your letters bore me. I can read the national events in the newspapers, but no one but you can tell me of yourself. When are you going to reveal that dreadful secret?

Go-the-Pace.

V.

Darling,

If either of us ever cares to marry, we can marry each other. Arms and the man—arms and the woman; it's a try-out, isn't it? Pasts are nothing (to women of short memories); presents fill the bill; the future is only a guess. 'Tis a good thing to know there's always someone one can count upon to wed at a moment's notice. Saves the man the trouble—and expense—of extended wooing, and the woman the nervous strain of unnecessary wiles.

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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND OPTICIANS

But you and I, love, must never marry. It would be the end of romance, and I am absurdly romantic. I feed on sentiment—except occasional heavier food. You are the same. You can't love one woman; the universe isn't sufficiently peopled with feminines to satisfy your mormon taste. By the way, you *must* tell me your secret. "You tell yours and I'll tell mine," as the children say. Let's both agree to write at the same time. That will be best.

Mary S.

P. S.—By the way, two lovely new men came to the Glen yesterday. One reminds me of you. I thought at first it *was* you—my memory for faces gets worse and worse.

P. S. No. 2.—Be sure and wear the same clothes when you come up, that you wore last, so I can be sure of not mistaking some one else for you. It was a light check suit, and a Panama hat, wasn't it? *M.*

VI.

Dear Mary,

Business is so pressing I've not been able to write before. However, I love you just the same. Give my regards to the "lovely man" who looks like me. I wish him luck in the chase. Will write what you want next Tuesday, by first mail, and shall expect you to reciprocate.

Y'rs, *G. t. P.*

VII.

My dear Mr. Go-the-Pace,

I told you you wouldn't love me any more when I tell you my Awful Secret. No, I'm not married; I'm not a divorcee; I'm not a widow. I am simply an Old Maid! Face creams, peroxide, and all the aids to beauty transformed me into a sweet young thing, and I thought you lots of fun—*pour passer le temps.* You don't mind, do you? I am wedded to my career and not looking for a change yet awhile. But how disgusting in you to deceive *me*—your letter is just at hand. A bachelor—a married man—all sentiment is woven about such. But a widower, twice over, with grown children! And one of your sons the "lovely man"! I really *can't* forgive you.

Cordially yours, *Mary Space.*

—The Josher.

STAGE

Mrs. Harrison's Play

After seeing "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" one is inclined to doubt that Dave Belasco ever seriously set up the claim of joint-authorship. I am firmly convinced that Mrs. Burton Harrison wrote the play, and that Mr. Belasco rendered her no service until he boomed it by pleading guilty to having been implicated with her in its construction. The second act, presenting the scene in Central Park, is one that Dave Belasco with his deftness of touch and marvelous skill could no doubt render realistic. His success as a playwright has been largely due to his faculty for investing scenes of that sort with striking realism. But there is no evidence of the Belasco touch in the second act of "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch." The whole act is a bald and unconvincing narrative, lacking in finesse and verisimilitude. It is painfully artificial, and moves along in jolts that jar. The play is interesting only in that it depicts the intensity of maternal devotion, and the poignant grief of a woman who has been deprived of the company of her child. But it is unconvincing from the start. The meeting of the husband and his wife in the first act, the manner in which it was brought about, the stipulation entered into regarding the child, are all highly improbable in the play, dramatic though those episodes were in the story. The fact is that though Mrs. Harrison writes a fairly good story, she has not perfected herself in the handicraft of the playwright. Nevertheless she manages to develop her plot in a way that prepares her audience for the thrill that comes in the third act, with its "East Lynne" motif. This is the only act that gives opportunity for strong emotional acting. The bride-elect is displaying her wedding-gifts to the six prospective bridesmaids and then she tries on her wedding gown so that the modiste's assistant can place the finishing touches. There is a pretty little prelude where Gladys Lorimer talks sweet nothings over the 'phone to her fiance, the six friends meanwhile listening in amusement to the one-sided dialogue and afterward good-naturedly mocking it. There are other touches that suggest Clyde Fitch. The heart interest centres in the visit of Mrs. Hatch, disguised as the modiste's assistant, and her meeting with her daughter who does not know her mother is even in existence. Agnes, the old servant who managed this peep of her former mistress at her old home, hovers around nervously, fearing discovery. Mrs. Hatch struggles with the heart-hunger that bids her reveal her identity and clasp her daughter in her arms. She takes a few stitches in the lace on the bridal costume, then the needle falls from her grasp. She is on the verge of fainting twice, but each time recovers herself, the young girl being sweetly solicitous of the poor woman's condition and overwhelming her with kindness. The title role of the play is one that Florence Roberts plays with her usual enthusiasm, and she succeeds in arousing deep interest in her misfortune. Her temperament lends itself to the portrayal, and she is at times intensely emotional. She even triumphs over the shortcomings of the play to such an extent as to move her audience to tears. Her support is adequate but some of the members of the company do not appear to advantage. Mr. William Yerance as the lawyer is painfully ill at ease, and Mr. Howard Scott is far from satisfactory as the husband. A capital piece of character work is done by Marie Howe in the role of the Irish nurse.

Among the flowers Florence Roberts received on her opening night were many rare orchids. Such a showing of orchids has never before been seen here among the floral tributes to a star.

Florence Roberts to Interpret D'Annunzio

To the serious student of dramatic literature, as well as to the habitual theatregoer, Miss Florence Roberts's forthcoming matinees of D'Annunzio's "Gioconda" should be of absorbing interest. It is perhaps difficult to classify exactly D'Annunzio's position as a literary artist. To a degree he combines the realism of Emile Zola with the symbolism of Maeterlinck, and belongs to that group of writers who, taking their rise in France during the last quarter of a century, have become popularly known as the Decadents. "Gioconda" and "Francesca da Rimini," both produced originally by Duse, the great Italian actress, are D'Annunzio's chief contributions to the drama. In "Gioconda" he symbolizes, in a way, the tragic struggle between two powerful and opposing passions, the Love of Art and the Love of Home. But starting with this somewhat symbolic theme the development of the drama is on intensely natural lines. The characters are human and real, passion and emotion are skilfully blended, and the drama reaches its climax in a situation of startling and thrilling power. "To Eleonora Duse of the beautiful hands" is D'Annunzio's dedication of "Gioconda," and the heroine of the drama is a woman with hands as perfect as a sculptor's dream. This may not have influenced Miss Roberts's selection of the play, but she too has been gifted with a hand of



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rare symmetry, strong, nervous and expressive. The atmosphere of the play is that of modern Bohemianism, the chief scene being laid in a sculptor's studio in Italy. To add to the realism and effectiveness of this scene Miss Roberts has invoked the aid of Mr. Robert I. Aitken, the well-known California sculptor, whose models and drawings will insure artistic completeness of detail. Literature is a rare quality in the modern drama and Miss Roberts is to be congratulated on her enterprise in giving the first production in the West of this poetic and powerful play, while San Francisco audiences are equally to be congratulated on this opportunity to see and judge one of the latest products of a powerful and original dramatic genius.

The Morality Play

Into a materialistic and worldly age, whose goals are money and success, comes a breath from the middle ages, namely, the morality play of "Everyman." It is said to have been written in the latter half of the fifteenth century;—its spirit is older even than that. It is a Pilgrim's Progress, but a mediæval and Catholic one, and belongs to a time when the office of the drama was to inculcate reverence for the Church. When we read in cold print the old morality plays, with their personifications and abstractions, we dub them off-hand stupid and wooden, and we wonder how any audience even in that age of simplicity and piety could tolerate them. But to see "Everyman" performed by flesh and blood actors is to realize that the old moralities and mysteries were very live things after all, and must have gone straight home to the souls of the people. We hear much in our day of the stage as a teacher of morals, and much discussion centres around questions of the last new problem play. "Should we forgive her? Can we overlook her past?" How trivial and idle seem all such questions when face to face with the real problem of Everyman. The soul shall be called to her final reckoning and nothing but her own worthiness shall save her. That was how the older stage was a teacher of morals, and the lesson was like a hit straight from the shoulder. Then, too, we have run mad in our day over realism, scenery, and the personality of the actor. Is all our painstaking superfluous and unnecessary? Mr. Greet's stage had neither curtain nor footlights, neither orchestra nor change of scenery, and his players have no personality at all outside of their several parts. From the time when the two monkish apparitions glide out of the doors until the Doctor pronounces the lesson of the play the stage is never empty. The actors come and go among the audience, and the pilgrimage of Everyman and his attendants goes half-way around the auditorium, yet, far from being absurd, the effect is most intensely realistic. There is absolutely no pose, no affectation, nothing seems out of place or out of key. Grim and gristly Death, with his skeleton limbs and his grin, does not provoke a smile, and when Cousin says that he has a cramp in his toe we receive the statement like solemn gospel. The entire performance while unconventional is consistent, simple and moving. As to the acting, one hardly thinks of art at all, yet art there is and atmosphere. I do not know the name of the actress that played Everyman, but her rendition was instinct with life and feeling. In the first part of the play the interest was human. A young man in the full pride of life learns that he must die. As his worldly friends desert him, the theologic element comes in, and Everyman is resigned to the spiritual domination of the Church. The acting of the character demands a subtle combination of dramatic art and allegorical simplicity, for "Everyman," be it remembered, stands for all humanity, and his problem is the universal one. His bright and worldly spirit seems to age and grow gray as he yields his individual pride and will and from the rebellion of desire passes to the humility and obedience of religious faith. The costumes are said to be copies of fifteenth century Flemish tapestries. They certainly remind one of old prints and pictured windows. There is a stained-glass effect about them, a stiffness and richness of line, an iridescence of brocade and a sombreness of dull velvet such as the early painters loved for their saints and virgins. They gratify without distracting the eye. It was a wise arrangement, that of placing Adonai, or Deity, behind the scenes. Any visual representation might have conveyed a jarring impression and marred an otherwise flawless performance. As it was the lines were doubly impressive from the invisibility of the actor, coming as they did from some mysterious background. The audience was fashionable and late. It belonged on Wednesday night to the Channing Auxiliary and was a good turn-out. It listened intently during the hour and forty minutes of the performance, and did not even put in its hat-pins until the conclusion of the Doctor's exhortation. Old B'nai B'rith was newly swept and garnished and afforded a fresh and pleasing entourage. In color it is light and cheerful, and its method of illumination, from the ceiling, furnishes a soft, diffused radiance instead of the usual glare. Mr. Greet is especially anxious that "Everyman" be seen by students of schools and colleges on account of its great educational value. Special performances will accordingly be given for any such at reduced prices if application is made to Ben Greet, Lyric hall. As next Monday and Wednesday are legal holidays, the sale of seats will be transferred from Sherman and Clay's to the hall.

Margaret's Camille

The Miller revised version of "Camille" was received with enthusiasm last season, and is again packing the Columbia. Margaret Anglin's two thousand dollar gown has attracted many curious women, but if a gown were the only incentive the Emporium would afford a strong counter-attraction. This city is filled with "Camille" enthusiasts and Margaret Anglin satisfies their yearning, for her Marguerite is one of her greatest creations. Indeed her emotional work surpasses anything that she ever essayed in comedy drama. Henry Miller's Armand is somewhat out of drawing, but he acts the part with consummate skill. In the old days of Clara Morris we used to look upon Armand as the hero and the Count as a despicable creature. Now all that is reversed. Armand becomes a foolish boy, caddish even in his treatment of the woman who sacrificed so much for him. De Varville, on the contrary, takes his place as the gentleman of the world of clubs, the man who pays as he goes, forgives his *bel ami* when she entreats him, and is her champion when the young lover hurls insults at her in a public place. Nothing could indicate so clearly the trend of modern public opinion as this.

Italian opera is once more in full swing at the Tivoli, and the house has been crowded all the week with genuine music lovers. Several of the singers of last season's company were in the casts of "Aida" and "Lucia," which were given on alternate nights, and they were given very cordial receptions.

MR. DENIS O'SULLIVAN

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Miss Kemble's Artistry

In the Neill-Morosco company, at the California, there is an actress of rare personal charm who is not being rushed by society, but she has exceptional histrionic talent and an abundance of temperament, and though she is unknown on Broadway she is destined to arrive. I refer to Miss Lillian Kemble, who is doing brilliant work as a stock actress. This week she is playing in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" in the role admirably exploited in this city some years ago. At this particular time comparisons might be invidious, and therefore I shall make none, but Miss Kemble is surprisingly effective in the play. She is sufficiently emotional to accentuate all that Henry Arthur Jones sought to express, and during her passionate moments the reflection that she is merely acting never obtrudes itself. Therefore I consider Lillian Kemble an artist of considerable worth. Mr. MacVicars does excellent work in this production. His Sir Daniel Cartaret is worthy to place beside his fine Cardinal portraitures. Miss McAllister is especially good as the society tabby.

The Daly Melodrama

It was in "The Great Ruby" that both Marcia van Dresser and Blanche Bates made such hits with New York audiences, when they successively filled the role of the adventuress, that Ada Rehan's vanity was wounded. The part offers great possibilities to a clever actress. Genevieve Kane is the adventuress in the Central's production of the Daly melodrama, and she plays it with vigor and brilliancy. Mayall as Prince Kassim has a strong part that fits him well, and Miss Lawton does her usual finished work as Lady Garnett. Of course the role of Longman, chief of the diamond gang, falls to Henry Shumer, and of course he does full justice to it. There has never been Shumer's equal in a local stock company in the portrayal of villains' roles. With forty speaking parts this is easily the most ambitious production the Central has staged under its new management. "The Great Ruby" abounds in sensations, not the least of which are the race scene and the great battle for life in the balloon scene.

Clever Juveniles at the Grand

There are a few new children in the Pollard company, but for the most part the organization is the same as that which played such a successful engagement at the Tivoli a few seasons back. The bright principals are all there and it is hard to believe that they are really only children, so clever is their work. "The Belle of New York" abounds in music and comic situations, and the Salvation Army Lassie is as charming as ever. The little Pollards grasp the spirit of their lines and music in a most delightful manner. Among the new children are the McNamaras who are admirable additions to the company. But it is the Pollards, particularly the little comedian, who make the most pronounced hits. Of a theatrical family, bred to the stage almost from the cradle, these Pollard children seem to understand their parts by instinct. The costumes and staging are handsome and effective, and "The Belle of New York" goes well on the large stage of the Grand.

At the Orpheum

In spite of the fact that the other theatres are presenting bills of unusual interest this week the Orpheum does not seem to suffer at all by the competition. There is sufficient variety in the program to make it entertaining to every one. Among the newcomers are some of the cleverest people in the profession. T. Nelson Downs, King of Coins, a gentleman of distinguished appearance and suave manner, manipulates coins and cards in a way that completely mystifies the audience. Lew Bloom does the

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Another great double bill of extremely funny burlesques. Chock-a-block with New Songs, Dances and Specialties. Everything new from start to finish.

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COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATRE Monday, September 7th Fourth Week

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best hobo impersonation seen here in many a day. The two Levines, in their skit "My Eccentric Friend," tumble about the stage in a most reckless manner and added to these vaudevillians *par excellence* are Professor Schindler, who plays the most difficult arias on the harmonica, and Marguerite and Hanley, sensational acrobats. Marguerite is a strenuous lady with a powerful left arm, and though Hanley is an athlete of considerable cleverness Marguerite handles him as though we were an Indian club.

Tyndall's Sunday Nights

Those who know something of the facts of thought-transmission, and also some who believe that all psychic manifestation is due to legerdemain, were out in force last Sunday evening to hear Dr. McIvor-Tyndall's lecture on "How to Read Thought." Steinway hall was packed to the doors and those who had neglected to secure reserved seats in advance were unable to gain admission, so great was the attendance. Tyndall went into the principles underlying the phenomena of thought-transference, from a scientific standpoint. He gave it as his opinion that the present manifestation of the phenomena is but the beginning of what may be expected in this line. He gave some interesting and valuable hints for the development of the faculty of receiving thought-vibrations, and modestly disclaimed any special or supernatural power. Tomorrow night Tyndall will again entertain with experiments in the power of thought, while the lecture preceding the demonstrations will, by invitation of the famous telepathist, be given by Dr. Albert J. Atkins, whose recent discovery that it is not oxygen that gives life has been heralded all over the world. What this vital spark is, and how he discovered it, will be the subject of Dr. Atkins's remarks. The coming Sunday night, September thirteenth, Tyndall will talk on "Divorce: Its relation to Psychology."

Features of Next Week's Bills

The Tivoli will have "Faust" and "Rigoletto" as its bill, the former on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings and the latter on alternating dates. Tina de Spada, who was such a favorite last season, will sing Marguerite and Agostini will be Faust. Zanini will be Valentine and Dado Mephisto. A new face will be seen as Siebel, Eugenie Barker, an American girl, recently with the Carl Rosa company in London. Miss Deglow, a clever contralto, will sing Martha. In "Rigoletto" Alfredo Tedeschi will make his debut before an American audience. He is said to be the youngest tenor on the operatic stage of today. Gregoretti will be the jester and Travaglini the gypsy. Adelina Tromben will sing Gilda and Cleo. Marchesini will be the gypsy girl. Special new scenery has been prepared for both productions.

There has been a change in the arrangements for the remainder of the Miller-Anglin season at the Columbia and a rearrangement of bills is announced. It was the original intention to offer a repertory for the fifth and final week, but as the demand for "The Devil's Disciple" and "The Taming of Helen" has been so great, the two plays will be offered during the week commencing next Monday night. "The Devil's Disciple" will be seen on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and at the matinee on Wednesday. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights "The Taming of Helen" will be staged for the last times.

Frederic Bond, the legitimate actor, will make his first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum in a brand new sketch, "My Awful Dad." The order of human nature is reversed in it so that the son looks after his father, who at fifty has not stopped sowing his wild oats. Almont and Dumont, the "instrumental hussars," will be heard on saxophones, cornets, trumpets, coaching horns and all kinds of wind instruments, and in costumes as striking as their music. Fischer and Wacker, comic Tyrolean duetists, imported direct from Berlin by the Orpheum Circuit Company, will make their first appearance in America. They have been a feature in the Wintergarten for several seasons and promise an act utterly out of the ordinary.

Tomorrow night the Neill-Morosco company begins its farewell week at the California, after seven weeks of exceptional success. The farewell offering will be "Notre Dame," a dramatization by Paul Potter of Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame." This enjoyed a big run last season at Daly's theatre, New York. The story deals with the love of a beautiful gypsy girl for a King's archer and the unfailing devotion of a hunchback who saves her from the fury of an angry mob who have accused the girl of being a witch and a sorceress. She finally dies at the burning stake just as her lover arrives with a pardon from the King. Thursday night closes the engagement in order to allow the company time to reach Portland for Sunday night. The regular "bargain" matinee will be given on Thursday as usual. Following come George Barnum and Alice Johnston in the new farce, "A Friend of the Family."

At the Grand the little Pollards will appear in that jolly military musical comedy "A Gaiety Girl," and everybody will be humming "Tommy Atkins" again. There will be extra matinees next Monday and Wednesday. These opportunities will doubtless be largely availed of by children. It should, however, be distinctly understood that this entertainment is not exclusively contrived for juveniles. It is even more captivating to adults.

"Whose Baby are You?" the Central's bill, is as full of ludicrous complications as the understanding will permit. The time of the first act is morning; the second, noon; the third, night; and in this short period the excitement over the mistaken identity of a baby rises to fever heat, causes tears, agony, wailing and gnashing of teeth, and then the excitement gives place suddenly to the extreme of mirth over the discovery of the error.

"The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" will be the Alcazar's bill, as the demand for seats is great. On the afternoon of September tenth Florence Roberts gives the first of a series of Thursday matinee performances of D'Annunzio's poetic and passionate "La Gioconda," a dramatic event of the highest value. We all know how Duse, in her infatuation for the morbid Italian author, refused to appear in any play save the product of his pen. Her "La Gioconda" gave New York a distinct nervous shock. But Florence Roberts will provide the first rendition by an American actress and in the English language. The art souvenirs to be bestowed are beautiful. "Magda" will follow.

"My Cocoanut Girl," 'sung by Winfield Blake, "My Pauline," Maud Amber, "Who's Your Lady Friend?" by Eleanor Jenkins, "McIlhenny's Cake Walk" by Harry Hermsen, "It Was the Dutch," by Kolb, Dill and Bernard, "Honey send home for more money" by Hope, Emerson and the chorus, and "Honey, will you miss me when I'm gone," by the quartet, will be among the new songs to be rendered in the next big double bill at Fischer's, which goes on next Monday night. It includes a funny travesty on "The Conquerors," called "The Con-Querors" and a new burlesque on the order of "Twirly Whirly" called "The Glad Hand," a conglomeration of selections and novelties from a lot of the Weber & Field's plays. There will be the usual original specialties and new features galore. The action of "The Con-Querors" takes place at Ingleside and on Telegraph Hill and not only is the entire cast in this play, but the chorus has been augmented to forty singers and dancers. There will be a special matinee on Admission Day. Following this production will come "The Paraders" which will have its first presentation here.

The Leandro brothers, comedy acrobats, will reappear at the Chutes. George Austin, the comedy wire walker, will continue, the Olson brothers, "Banjo Kings," will change their selections and Spaulding, "the man with the cuff," will vary his eccentricities. Lorain and Howell, "the elastic swells," promise many novelties and May Williams, contralto, will be heard in illustrated songs for the first time in this city. There will be special features on the two holidays. —*The Playgoer.*

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Sunday Evening, Sept. 13th

TYNDALL ON "DIVORCE: ITS RELATION TO PSYCHOLOGY"

MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

The Masterly Scheel

If Mr. Scheel is not having a good time here, it is not because of any lack of appreciation on the part of the music-lovers of San Francisco. Every bit of applause he received last Tuesday he earned as a musician and a leader of musicians: there was no hysterical glove-splitting due to breadth of back or witching magnetism of hand-over-heart bow; nor was the program cheaply popular. It opened well with a "Symphonie Dance" by Greig. It is not for me to decide whether the reading of the "Symphonie in E flat major" was such as would meet with the approval of the noble shade of "Mozart the eternal," but I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Scheel made of it music, delicate, beautiful, joy-giving. The "Fantasy from the 'Rheingold' and 'Gotterdamerung,'" arranged by Cyril Kistler, might, as it seems to my ear, be "remolded nearer to the heart's desire"; but the Schubert! The unfinished "Symphonie in B minor" is, as all the world knows, music for all time, music that leaves the soul exquisitely unsatisfied, dreaming of endings such as never mortal man composed. This Fritz Scheel knows, feels, expresses. The result is art. What more can one say? We are happy in having with us a leader who is *en rapport* with his music, and men who are *en rapport* with their leader. Once or twice, it is true, a wind, for instance, blew where it listed and one heard the sound thereof, but no one grudged the orchestra the praise passed on to it so generously by Mr. Fritz Scheel.

The program for next Tuesday's symphony concert will be interesting, and novel in many features. The numbers chosen are: Wagner, "Kaiser March"; Dvorak, symphony, "The New World"; G. F. Handel (first time), "Grand Concerto"; Hector Berlioz, "Damnation of Faust" (first time), "Dance of the Sylphs"; B. Godard (first time), "Ancients and Moderns," mazourka; A. Thomas, overture, "Mignon." The Scheel orchestra of seventy-five musicians will give two popular concerts, popular programs at popular prices, in the Mechanics' Pavilion next Monday (Labor Day) and Wednesday (Admission Day). The public will thus have a chance to hear some good music at easy prices, and the attendance promises to be enormous at both concerts.

H. B. Pasmore gave the first musicale of the nineteenth year of active work in teaching singing at his studio last Friday evening. Those participating were Miss Anna Obermuller and Miss Julia Kinsey of Haywards, M. E. Scott of Stanford University, and Miss Rose Cafejean, Miss Elizabeth Sandman and Raymond Dean of San Francisco. Miss Obermuller, being the most advanced pupil, delighted the auditors, while Miss Sandman, Mr. Scott and Mr. Dean, all of whom sang for the first time, created a most favorable impression. Miss Cafejean and Miss Kinsey showed marked improvement. Dorothy Pasmore contributed to the enjoyment of the evening by playing David Popper's "Vito" and as an encore a gondolier song by Mendelssohn.

Miss Bertha Altenberg's musicale in Byron Mauzy's hall on Wednesday evening of last week was very largely attended, and the following program warmly applauded: Lucia di Lammermoor, Donizetti-Smith, Hannah and May Rohde; Polonaise No. 1, Lichner, Georgie Smith; Rondoletto, Burgmuller, Olga Nicholson; Tarantelle, Heller, Henrietta Rosenblum; Hunting Song, Spindler, Carrie Renz; Valse de Concert No. 2, Godard, Goldie Samuel; Dorothy, Smith, Ella Stade; L'Amethyste, Leduc, Willian Nicholson; A Happy Meeting, Sartorio, Anna Green and Victoria Steinbock; Valse de Concert No. 1, Wieniawski, Stella Crosthwaite; Rosen Fee, Dewitz, Flora Morris; Diavolina (etude), Bendel, Leah Cohn; Il Trovatore, Verdi-Dorn, Josephine Horn; Dreaming and Awakening, Oesten, Nell Harkins.

Fischer's theatre has a new orchestra leader to succeed Harry James. Robert Hood Bowers is a composer of note, having written many successful musical comedies and light operas. He is only twenty-six years of age and yet he already ranks among the big lights among American composers. He has directed the

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orchestras of several large Eastern and mid-West theatres and was for two years director of music at the Cheltham Military Academy of Ogontz, Pennsylvania.

The Repartee of Berlioz

Hector Berlioz was very quick at repartee. While in Vienna Prince Metternich said to him, "Is it not you who compose music for five hundred musicians?" "Not always, monseigneur," replied Berlioz, "I sometimes write for four hundred and fifty." After one of his concerts an admirer rushed up to him and seized his left hand, exclaiming, "I beg permission to grasp the hand that wrote the symphony of Romeo. You understand Shakespeare!" "Certainly," answered the musician, "but you are mistaken in the hand, I always write with this one." One evening while in company the conversation turned upon the discontent felt by every one for his condition. A clerk of the Ministry who was present was not at all dissatisfied with his. "I would rather be what I am," he remarked, "than anything else." "For my part," remarked Berlioz, "I am not like you. I would rather be anything than what you are."

As to Piano Practice

A Berlin physician has come to the rescue of a long-suffering public in declaring against piano practice for girls under sixteen. He produces statistics to prove that the piano, undertaken before that age, is the cause of innumerable nervous disorders, and unless amongst those who earn their living by the thankless task of teaching music to unmusical minds, there is little danger that any one will go to the trouble of proving him in the wrong. Practicing music is the greatest waste of energy ever devised. Not once in twenty times does the child take the slightest interest in the task of mastering what is set before it. Not only is there the natural disinclination to close application, but there is often a specific loathing, and many a parent who has made heroic sacrifices in order to provide Mary Jane with an "instrument" and pay for lessons, while her mother emancipated her from household tasks in the interest of her lily white hands, has had the mortification of discovering not only that his daughter made no progress in her music but that as soon as she reached the age to assert herself the piano lid was closed for good and all. There is no more reason why every girl should strum the piano than why every boy should study law. Some are as incapable of mastering music as they are of writing poetry. Why not let them alone? The nerve-racking din of the practicing hours is justified only by the ultimate perfection of the performance, and if the child is foredoomed to failure out of temperamental deficiency, it might as well be put into a treadmill. Music is not like reading and writing, a daily necessity. It is an accomplishment which the majority of people can enjoy as they do painting or sculpture, without any mangling attempts of their own. If irritability, ill temper and inattention are rated amongst nervous disorders, the German physician has proved his claim. If the effect on those who are compelled to hear, whether they listen or not, the endless banging of keys, in private houses, apartments, and hotels is taken into consideration, he has earned his right to stand on equality with the discoverer of the latest microbe.

Gerard Barton, the organist and composer of so many charming songs, will leave San Francisco soon to accept a position in Honolulu which guarantees him twenty-one hundred dollars a year and expenses.

Emma Calve is suffering from heart disease superinduced by popular flesh-reducing methods. She was too strenuous. She exercised violently and starved herself at the same time. She lost her flesh and also her health.

Mrs. E. S. Bonelli, who has been seriously ill from an operation for appendicitis, and was at one time at death's door, is slowly recovering.

Denis O'Sullivan will sing the offertory at St. Dominic's church tomorrow morning at the eleven o'clock mass.

Next Monday afternoon in Fraternity hall, Palo Alto, Mary Pasmore will give an invitational violin recital, assisted by Miss Beulah George, soprano, and M. E. Scott.

—*The Music Critic.*

A car-load of the wines of the Mont Rouge Vineyard was shipped to New York early this week by Chauche & Bon. New York club men are beginning to appreciate California wines, and the products of the Mont Rouge vineyard have contributed greatly to their enlightenment.

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Automobile Topics

It is always interesting to note the enduring qualities of an automobile. People generally are more or less inclined to be fearful of an investment in an automobile, as they do not believe it has the lasting or serviceable qualities necessary to take it over a long trip and back again. An unusually trying experience of a "White" touring car is just reported. Mr. Frank Albrecht, a resident of Cincinnati, Ohio, has recently made a trip from that city to New York and back again. The Pittsburg *Dispatch* states that the car arrived, "travel-stained and requiring some attention here and there, but sound of body and limb as at the beginning of a journey of something like two thousand miles over some of the toughest roads encountered anywhere." A test like this is even more praiseworthy than the endurance contests where cars are handled by experienced men furnished by the makers of machines.

Mr. James B. Dill, the adviser and counselor of J. Pierpont Morgan, is an enthusiastic admirer of the "White" touring car. With his daughters he is making a trip from Boston to the Maine woods, and return, on a wager. Mr. Dill said before starting: "Nothing but a steam car could do the work, and that is why I have taken three steamers. A gasoline car could never climb those steep hills, but a steamer can do it as gracefully as a launch gliding over the water. With five or six hundred pounds of steam behind it those cars could climb the side of a house, almost. We shall stop in the Rangeley lakes district till the first of September, and when we return we will probably come another route. I am taking this trip to show that the best and most honest test for an automobile is not to run it over the macadam roads of New York city, or up the Hudson, or from New York to Boston, such as the manufacturers do, but to put them where they will have to stand work and show what they are good for."

The great advancement made in automobiling in California, and especially in San Francisco, is more noticeable every day, and the number of machines now being used and being sold is something phenomenal. During the past week three automobile men from the East were here and each one expressed surprise at the great enthusiasm being shown on this coast over the horseless carriages.

Mr. C. E. Linaker, formerly of this city but now of the Olds Motor Works Company and an automobile dealer of Detroit, returned to the coast last week after an absence of six months, and he was amazed at the growth of the automobile business during that period. He said that he thinks it will not be long before the automobile in San Francisco, and for that matter all over the state of California, will be on an equal footing with the vehicles driven by horses. Mr. Linaker says the automobile factories are scarcely able to meet the demand for machines all over the country. The Oldsmobile factory at Detroit turns out thirty-eight cars daily, the factory at Lansing, Michigan, turns out four dozen each day, and yet they are one thousand carriages behind in orders. Mr. Linaker brought with him a sample tonneau seat for the Olds runabout which takes this modern chariot out of the runabout class and puts it in a class with higher priced touring cars. He says that the long expected Oldsmobile delivery wagons and touring cars will be ready for shipment in about a month.

Mr. W. E. Wright, vice-president of the Knox Automobile Company of Springfield, Massachusetts, was several days with the coast representative, the National Automobile Company, last week. Mr. Richvine, manager of the Autocar Company of Vardmore, Pennsylvania, was also in California and like Mr. Wright the guest of the National Automobile Company. Both are enthused over the interest shown in automobiles on this coast.

A great number of machines have been sold by local automobile dealers during the past week or two. A week ago last Thursday the Pioneer Automobile Company received a carload of sixteen Oldsmobiles and four days later every one of these modern chariots had been sold. Last Tuesday another carload of twelve Oldsmobiles reached here and nine of them were immediately disposed of. Eight big Stevens Duryeas reached the Pioneer Automobile Company during the week. All of them had been ordered by individuals.

Mr. Ivan Treadwell recently purchased a new Packard car. Doctors Stinson and Kugeler have bought Cadillac automobiles. Mr. A. J. Dodge, a member of the Island Automobile Club, has added a Rambler car to his stable. Mr. Duncan McKinnon of Salinas last week added another auto to his possessions by purchasing a Franklin machine. Mr. P. George Gow of the Bohemian Club has ordered through the National Automobile Company a Knox double cylinder touring car. Dr. J. T. Jones of Grass Valley is one of the late converts to the ranks of physicians using automobiles. He spent several days in San Francisco last week and after looking at all makes of machines decided that the "White" Steam Stanhope was the best for his purpose, as the rough roads around Grass Valley require a substantial machine and one with sufficient power to take it over all sorts of hills.

While at the Pioneer Automobile Company's store the other day I noticed a big French car, a very expensive looking vehicle, being fixed up and put into commission. On inquiring I was told that this modern chariot from France was being put in shape for William Randolph Hearst, who is expected to arrive in San Francisco in the course of a week or so with intentions of touring the coast in his horseless carriage. A few recent tours are here noted. Ivan Treadwell made several trips to the garden city in his Packard last week. Mr. P. G. Gow and wife recently returned from a trip to Webber Lake in a Knox machine. Dr. and Mrs. Russell Cool went to Los Gatos in a Knox last week. Mr. Thomas H. B. Varney, wife and their son Walter and daughters Eva and Maud, left Thursday morning for Aetna Springs in an automobile. —*The Chauffeur.*

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LETTERS

The Muse of Scheffauer

"Of Both Worlds" is the title of a book of poems by Herman Scheffauer. The dedication is, "To my good friend, Ambrose Bierce." Bierce, it will be remembered, was the one who first called attention to Scheffauer's merits as a writer of verse. The young poet, however, does not need to climb upon the shoulders of Bierce or any other, being well able to stand upon his own feet and be judged according to his own merits. The more or less fanciful imitations of Poe which hold a place in the volume, and which are said to have first called forth the admiration of the older writer, are far less significant than many of the other pieces which express the poet's own individuality. Mr. Scheffauer's work as a whole is characterized by boldness of thought and expression, an unusually good sense of rhythm, and not infrequently by those lightning flashes of phrase wherein a word is made to express what a volume could hardly detail. "The Song of the Slaughtered" is the opening poem of the volume. It was originally published in *Lippincott's*, and attracted no small amount of attention at the time. It shows many of the writer's most characteristic qualities, and proves that his fancy flies on no uncertain wing. "Pickett's Charge" is an unusually good lyric also inspired by the theme of battle and sudden death. While a spirit of pessimism lurks in the background of very many of the poems it rarely speaks forth in such a decided note as we hear in "The Night Bells of Noel." This poem first appeared in the last Christmas number of *Town Talk*, and has undergone some slight changes at the hand of the writer. The first line originally read, "Hear the *grim* bells in the steeples," and has not been strengthened by the change into "Hear the bells in *all* the steeples." Worthy of special attention are the verses entitled "Sea Change," "De Profundis," "Murad Ali unto Dalja," "Shagalon of the Pole," and "Hurkalem the Hunter." It will be seen that Mr. Scheffauer's muse can sing to more than one tune. Some of the shorter poems are veritable little daggers, polished like silver and sharpened to a stiletto point. "Complaint" is one of them, "Past and Present," "The Second Thought," "Manikin and Maidkin" are also good examples. Scheffauer is best when he is most himself and can well afford not to imitate Poe or anybody else. Many of the lines could be quoted, but as Mr. Scheffauer is well known to the readers of *Town Talk* quotation is unnecessary. The volume is well gotten up by A. M. Robertson of 126 Post street. It is bound in dark green ornamented with an elaborate cover design. Mr. Scheffauer, besides being a poet, is himself a very clever artist and designer, and I wonder if the cover was his own device.

San Francisco's Bohemia

Frances Charles has chosen San Francisco for the scene of her second novel, and Bohemia for its environment. The characters around whom the interest is chiefly centred are Jameson, a newspaper man, and Julian Joy, an artist, and if the story emphasizes any special theory, it is that there is nothing so futile as the effort to regulate the life of another. Jameson and Julian were each only sons, but with diametrically opposite environments. Jameson's mother died when he was a child, and his father, elegant and exquisite, shifted the responsibility of not only the child's subsistence but his own, upon the father of Julian Joy, who was a rugged, energetic and successful man, without any of the exterior graces. When the elder Joy died Julian was about fifteen years of age, and Jameson literally took the lad from his mother, bent on developing his artistic leanings. Jameson has a fatherly love for the lad and really does his best for him. It is at this point that Miss Charles begins her story. Nearly every incident of importance takes place in a terrace over in the North Beach direction, where Jameson and Julian remove in order to escape from the social whirl into which they have permitted themselves to be drawn. There is the usual—one might say the conventional—complication of the bad woman. Jameson, whose creed is that love is only a factor in development, and ambition the real, satisfactory passion, interferes to save Julian from Antonia Vlor, but in the sequel he might just as well have saved himself the trouble, for when later on he again "saves" his friend from Ludwiga Strong, from what he persuades himself is interest in the youth's career and a desire to see him become a great artist, and not merely the husband of a nice girl, but which is in reality a much more human motive, the desire to win the girl for himself, it results in bringing Antonia and Julian together where there is no one to head matters off. And then, after Jameson has interfered between Julian and Ludwiga, even to the extent of bringing about Julian's dismissal from his position in the art department of the newspaper; when he is morally satisfied that the girl is really in love with himself, he walks off and leaves her, to satisfy a Quixotic notion that, having deprived Julian of a possible hapiness, now he must not secure it for himself. There is a comedy courtship carried on betwen Deborah Murphy, the Irish girl, a teacher of the higher branches, and by far the best character in the book, and Alfons Strong, brother of Ludwiga, but one cannot but wish Deborah had had better fortune than to have drawn a comedy husband in the lottery of marriage. Considering that Mrs. O'Byrne, the landlady, was a Catholic; that "ould Casey," frequently referred to, was a member of the same church; that Deborah Murphy was a regular attendant at the services, and that the mother of the Strongs had been a Catholic up to the time of her elopement with Dr. Strong, it is surprising that every one refers to the "Romish" church, and even when there is occasion to mention St. Mary's hospital it, too, is the "Romish" hospital, a designation which I will make bold to claim was never heard outside of this book. Though a distinct advance in construction upon the author's first novel, "In the Country God Forgot," Miss Charles has yet much to learn of the art of novel writing. One cannot say that there is anything improbable in her story, for it is a part of probability that many improbable things will happen, but it is far from convincing. It does not impress one with the idea that the author herself believed in her tale. Though it ends with the peal of wedding bells and the implication that "they lived happily ever after," one cannot help casting forward a few years and seeing picturesque scandals and divorces looming up in the near future. The book is neither good nor bad. It leaves one with a hopeful expectation that the next effort of the author will be better. [From Little, Brown & Co., Boston.]—*The Bookworm.*

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Positive Tragedies

In last week's *Town Talk,* that entertaining essayist and poetic philosopher, Mr. Harry Cowell, discoursed in his graceful way about "A Negative Tragedy," that of an attractive woman full of maternal instincts who failed to achieve her desires. Reading it I was reminded that life is full of tragedies—negative and positive. I thought of the tragedy of the Small Man and the Large Woman linked together by the bonds that are so often unholy. In the land of Somewhere lived this midget creature, a featherweight biped, with a mild blue eye and a retreating face. His wife was a large, muscular female, a naturally dominant personality who would have been a leader among men if she had been built that way. He was docile and even lethargic. She was aggressive and active. She was irritable and peremptory. He was nervously apologetic. I have watched them in public and shuddered to picture them in private. One day I heard them talk.

"My dear," he began timidly, "I beg your pardon but you are not quite—"

"Who wants your opinion, you little fool?" she muttered in a fierce aside, and her brow was corrugated as she turned to me again.

The little man subsided.

Of course it is easy for the little man to "call down" the bullying woman, but the poor little fool never suspects that liberty is within his reach. Surely that is a tragedy—a Positive Tragedy.

Then in the land of Everyday there lived the Widower who, in marrying a second time, takes unto himself a Girl young enough to have played the part of daughter to the Wife of his Youth. He lives to appreciate his first wife, which he never did during her life. His young wife is beautiful and high-spirited and she likes admiration. She enjoyed life immensely. He found himself attached to a butterfly whose one idea was to seek life's sunshine and scatter with her delicate wings the pollen of his fortune. Wasn't it a tragedy for him?

On a farm, far from the madding crowd, lived a Beautiful Girl. Educated beyond her station, refined and charming, in all the circle of farm-houses round about there lived no Mate for the Beautiful Girl. She could not satisfy herself with a Boor, no matter what his wealth. She could not yoke herself to a Clown however rich his heart in love. Doomed by fate to pass her life in such an environment, with her heart longing for the companionship of a kindred soul—is not that a Tragedy?

A School Girl of sixteen was married when fresh from her studies, and unlearned in life and lore, to a rich old man. She did not know what was the compact into which she had entered by her parents' wish until—well, the honeymoon (miscalled term) over, she understood a little. In a few years she understood better what she had lost, for she met her soul's mate. It was too late. She was a good woman, a faithful wife. When her husband died, she was too old for aught but to wish herself in the grave with him. Another Positive Tragedy!

—*The Dramatist.*

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Other People's Ideas

Our English cousins use "left off" for "cast off" as applied to second-hand garments. The following ad. recently appeared in a London paper: "Mr. and Mrs. Hardy have left off clothing of all kinds. They can be seen any day from three to six p. m."—*Lippincott's.*

"If men knew all that women think, they would be twenty times more audacious. If women knew what men think, they would be twenty times more coquettish."—*A. Karr.*

To travel, whatever we may say to the contrary, is one of the saddest pleasures in life; when you begin to feel yourself at home in some foreign land, it is because you have already begun to make it your country.—"*Corinne*," *De Stael.*

From "Anne Carmel," by Gwendolen Overton:

Nature does not love the past. She builds upon it and covers it up, absorbing it into always renewing life. It is only man who lots off as sacred ground the spot of a tragedy and commemorates it, who marks the lying places of dead bodies. Nature obliterates quickly the traces of the struggles for life and death and the uncounted numbers of *her* dead, little and great, leave no token. The pathway of man is marked with the mound and the cairn and the headstone; there is rarely a bone by the trail of the wild thing, rarely the tiny, fine, ant-swarming skeleton of a bird beneath the tree where thousands have sung. The dead of Nature buries her dead and life comes forth—a better sign of Faith and Hope than man can show, and a better charity.

There is always a sense of finality, of putting a definite line between the past and the future, when one destroys anything closely connected with a part of one's life.

There are many faiths and convictions that vanish when we bring them into the air of controversy and argument, like the genii of the fairy tales that, once freed from the bottle, melted away like nothing.

Most of us think at the time that we do well to sell the birthright of contentment for the red pottage of a short felicity—and it is not until later that there comes the bitter cry. (*Jean.*)

There are so many fashions of saying "Neither do I condemn thee," and most of them are more humiliating than to be stoned. (*Anne.*)

Talking down to a lower understanding is always much more exhausting than any amount of striving upward toward a higher plane.

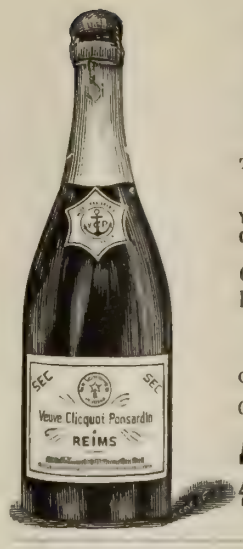
—*The Gleaner.*

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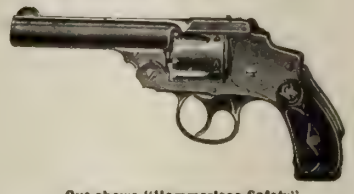
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Vol. 12 No. 576

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ASSETS, June 30, 1896 $324,522.07
Profit and Reserve Fund $41,231.87

ASSETS, June 30, 1897 $562,919.34.
Profit and Reserve Fund $66,157.71

ASSETS - June 30, 1898, $986,401.30
Profit and Reserve Fund $107,777.45

ASSETS - - - - June 30, 1899 $1,321,845.14
Profit and Reserve Fund $169,769.93

ASSETS - - - - - June 30, 1900 $1,705,687.53
Profit and Reserve Fund $201,384.53

ASSETS - - - - - - - June 30, 1901 $1,915,786.70
Profit and Reserve Fund $251,045.97

ASSETS - - - - - - - - - June 30, 1902 $2,197,285.34
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, September 12, 1903

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THEODORE F. BONNET - - Editor
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Ruef's Strategy

Two years ago, when Eugene Schmitz was a candidate for Mayor, he had the support of a faction of the Republican party composed of disgruntled politicians and their followers. At the head of that faction was Abe Ruef, an adroit practical politician who is engaged in politics for revenue only. There was a strong bond of friendship between Schmitz and Ruef, and upon the election of the former his political sponsor became his mentor. Ruef has directed the policy of the Administration, and he is responsible for nearly all the suspicion and odium that has been cast upon it. Now Mayor Schmitz is a candidate for reelection but he is no longer identified with his thrifty friend Ruef. The latter has become one of the select coterie of bosses engaged in managing the affairs of the Republican party. Whatever odium is attached to Ruef as a political leader must now afflict the syndicate which was organized to nominate the Republican ticket. Moreover every man nominated on that ticket will be daubed with tar from the same brush with which Abraham Ruef was smeared. So after all Eugene Schmitz is not leading such a forlorn hope as some of the wise practical politicians imagine. Of course Mr. Ruef is still the confidential adviser and friend of Mayor Schmitz, but the public, which is so easily fooled, regards him as one of the Republican bosses, and will no doubt be led to believe during the campaign that Eugene Schmitz is divorced from the arch-schemer who has tuned the Executive fiddle during the last two years, and that he is free from all entangling alliance. If Schmitz were to receive the Republican nomination he would be much worse off than he will be in a three-cornered fight, for then people would be reminded of the fact that he was still the protege of Ruef, and besides he would lose the vote of a large element in the Republican party by which he is regarded as a political mountebank, not to mention that conservative commercial element which is opposed to labor unions. The vote thus alienated would naturally go to the Democratic candidate. As the candidate of the Union Labor party, Schmitz will receive a large share of the votes of the disgruntled in both the other parties, and he is therefore in a very happy position. Perhaps when the campaign is over it will occur to the Republican bosses that Mr. Ruef played a very shrewd game when he joined them to temporarily relieve Mr. Schmitz of a fatal burden.

The Futility of It

Grover Cleveland is very enthusiastic over Joseph Pulitzer's generous donation to found a Department of Journalism in Columbia University. "I see in its success," he writes, "the ultimate extinction of the vexatious antagonism between the hap-hazard conduct of newspapers, and a large section of the public, and the release of public men from annoyance against which it is now hard to defend themselves. The high standing and conscientious conduct of the press is one of the most important agencies for the preservation of the best elements of our national character, and one of the surest guarantees of our national integrity and perpetuity." It is unusual for Mr. Cleveland to have much to say without knowing, or at least, appearing to know what he is talking about. He assumes that a successful Department of Journalism would turn out men who would revolutionize the newspaper business; that they would conduct ideal newspapers devoted solely to the dissemination of honest and intelligent opinions. He appears to be unaware of the fact that the working journalist has absolutely nothing to do with the policy of the paper by which he is employed. Nowadays many of the leading newspapers are owned by millionaires who know nothing about the technique of journalism, and who conduct newspapers to subserve their own selfish interests. They do not care anything about the preservation of our national character or of our national integrity. They are more deeply interested in the promotion of private enterprises, both political and commercial. The salutary influence of a Department of Journalism could never reach them.

More Federal Frauds

If Mr. Roosevelt were as aggressive as he is strenuous, as eager to wipe out official corruption as he is to discourage race-suicide, what a record he would make! Scarcely a day passes without some new revelations of corruption in high places, and unfortunately there is no person in Washington with the necessary courage to prosecute the crooks. The latest revelations of fraud concern the Interior Department, and they indicate the existence of a startling amount of corruption. Swindling schemes have been carried on openly by high officials, and Mr. Hitchcock has been as complacent in the face of proofs of misdoing as was Postmaster-General Payne when the rotten condition of affairs in his department was first exposed. Surely it behooves Mr. Roosevelt to quit Oyster Bay and devote a little attention to the affairs of the Government at Washington. He is said to be reluctant to assume an aggressive attitude toward the men involved in the various frauds that have been brought to light, because some of them exercise great influence in the field of national politics. However it would be less dangerous to antagonize them than to arouse the distrust of the nation, and if the guilty are to be dealt with leniently because of their political pull, Mr. Roosevelt will find that discreet forbearance is not always good politics.

Clark's Objection

Senator Clark, when interviewed abroad, said that he objected to government ownership of railroads because it would increase the number of men employed by the Gov-

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ernment, and render it more difficult to affect a change of Administration. That has been the serious objection for years to any increase in the field of governmental operations, to any combination of economic with political powers. Twenty-five years ago it was said that when the nation's service ceased to be partisan, through the operation of Civil Service, it would then be found practicable for the people of the United States and of the several States to do many things for themselves which were formerly left to a few individuals with the result of building up vast private fortunes out of which the community gets little or no good. Within the past twenty-five years Civil Service has become pretty general, but the political influence of Federal patronage is still great, and undoubtedly it would become much greater if all the railroads were operated under the direction of a department at Washington. However the cry for government ownership is becoming louder and more insistent every day, and the indications are that an economic revolution is impending. Indeed it has already begun. Many enterprises that, a few years ago, were carried on by individuals, are now controlled by the community for its benefit, and the reformers, the workingmen, the anti-monopolists and the socialists who are all in favor of extending the scope of government ownership, are showing more and more political strength. But there is no occasion for alarm. There is nothing in the most revolutionary social programs that can seem to us much wilder than the political axioms of our forefathers seemed to the subjects of kings who ruled by divine right. The political republic is not anarchy and an industrial republic will not be chaos. Let the reformers and the socialists have their say. The advisability of letting them have their way is another matter, and it will be determined at the proper time.

A Professor's Prescription

There is something in the atmosphere of the University of Chicago which has the same effect as absinthe upon the mind. It unduly stimulates the imagination and causes a temporary aberration during which the victim is inclined to become oracular and give expression to opinions that are syptomatic of great mental excitement. Consequently some very queer and ridiculous sentiments have emanated from that university, and its professors have contributed quite frequently to the gayety of nations. It appears to be impossible for them to become acclimated, though they do enjoy lucid intervals, and it takes but a short time for a stranger to feel the effects of the bracing atmosphere. The other day Mr. John Quincy Adams, of the University of Pennsylvania, lectured at the Chicago University on the labor problem, and he explained that to solve it "we must make labor more interesting. We must give the laborer something to relieve the monotony." Then he went on to suggest that "the walls of working rooms in factories should be adorned with oil paintings by the masters; the hallways should be lined with statuary, the masterpieces of the great sculptors; and the manufacturing company should provide a band or orchestra to furnish music for its employes while they toil." Professor Adams was of course intoxicated by that same treacherous ozone that has played havoc with the minds of so many Chicago pedagogues. He was in a blissful state of unreason. His fancy was taking poetical flights, and he was unconsciously idealizing the laborer, and picturing him as an esthete yearning for soul-food, and sighing for the raptures of dreamland and the rose-tinted diversions of the idyllic art-lover. Professor Adams's suggestions are not likely to appeal the employers of labor in this golden age of industrial turmoil. If the labor problem cannot be solved except by adding an art gallery and a symphony orchestra to every manufacturer's plant we are destined to an eternity of strikes, boycotts and walking delegates.

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Dr. Briggs on Change of Name

There is an article of considerable significance from the pen of Dr. C. A. Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, in *The American Journal of Theology*. It is significant of the trend of that noted divine's thought, and may give rise to speculation as to whether he is contemplating a change of religion once more. The article is a discussion of the proposition of the Episcopalians to adopt the name "Catholic." He contends that the name "Catholic" always stood for three essential things: the vital unity of the Church in Christ, the geographical unity of the Church extending throughout the world, and the historical unity of the Church in Apostolic tradition. He contends that those who would have a just claim to the title must possess the triple unity. During the course of his article he states that "It is mere perversity not to return to Rome if the conscience is convinced that Rome is right in all her great controversies with Protestantism." This statement has reference to the Ritualists. He also says, "There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church of our day is the heir by unbroken descent to the Roman Catholic Church of the second century, and that it is justified in using the name 'Catholic' as the name of the Church, as well as the name 'Roman,'" and he adds, "If we would be Catholic, we cannot become Catholic by merely calling ourselves by that name. Unless a name corresponds with the thing it is a sham and a shame." This is pretty strong language, and the argument is not easily answered.

Disorganized Labor

Organized Labor was in a badly disorganized condition last Monday. It paraded to show its strength, but it only exhibited its weakness. In union there is strength and division bespeaks impotency. Organized Labor was divided last Monday. It made a public exhibition of the disintegration that has set in, of the worm of discord that is gnawing at its vitals. It could not unite for a single day and for the purpose of impressing the public with its strength. The unions were numerically strong, but they did not parade in harmony. In consequence of the jealousies of the union leaders the public was treated to the spectacle of two processions of the sons of toil moving in opposite directions. One procession was conducted under the auspices of the Labor Council and its most conspicuous

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feature was the Mayor of the city, representing the Musicians' Union. The Teamsters' Union belongs to the Council but it was not represented in the parade, owing to the political differences existing between Michael Casey and Mayor Schmitz. Andrew Furuseth and his powerful water front federation were also absent, a circumstance of considerable significance. The rival procession was that of the Building Trades' Council, which is under the control of Mr. Pin Head McCarthy. The processions were watched by a large concourse of people, but there was no enthusiasm along the line of march. If it were not for the music and the exuberance of the men in the ranks the silence of the populace might have given the impression that funeral processions were en route to a cemetery. Two years ago the labor parade evoked great enthusiasm, but it appears that there has been reaction in public sentiment. Have the sympathies of the great unorganized majority, which has suffered from the recurring clashes between labor and capital, and from the industrial unrest provoked by professional agitators, been alienated from the men who have permitted themselves to be used, at times, in the furtherance of the selfish interests of pestiferous demagogues? A few years ago there appeared to be a widespread sentiment in favor of improving the condition of the workingman, and he was encouarged to organize to that end, but in the pursuit of his own happiness he has been indifferent to the peace and comfort of others. That vast throng which witnessed the parade, and which was much more numerous than the marching workingmen, was dominated largely by those whose peace and comfort have been disturbed by industrial agitation.

Those Indignant Book-Lovers

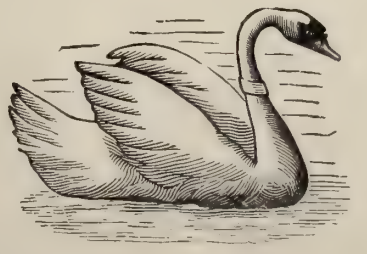
Now that the teacup tempest over the sale of old books from the Mercantile Library has subsided, it is in order to ask why these scholarly persons who imagine they have a grievance, either in not having had the volumes preserved for their use, or because they were not invited to make private bids at their own figure, did not patronize the library when it was located in its own home in Van Ness avenue. The Mercantile was then an ideal scholar's retreat. The spacious room, with its numerous alcoves and reading desks, invited reader or scholar, but where were they? The quiet and freedom from the noise and bustle of the commercial centre ought to have been an inducement to patrons, but evidently the "reading public" of San Francisco was bent on getting the latest boomer without paying a fee, or else considerd the library with its privileges a sort of side issue to a shopping tour, or a convenient rendezvous. When books lie on the shelves year after year, without ever being taken in hand for even a cursory examination, when reference volumes are never inquired for, and pamphlets and reports accumulate and other books become waste paper, either because later researches and discoveries make them useless or because new editions, in better type and handier form, replace them, there is no good reason why they should be retained to occupy much needed space, nor why the accumulations should not be disposed of for what they will bring. It is one of the problems of the British Museum, how to unwind sufficient red tape to enable the trustees to dispose of some of the accumulations which are not today worth housing. These people who are roaring lustily over the "vandalism" of the Mercantile Library trustees would not have bought in the books for their own private use if they had been solicited to do so. The chances are that they did not so much as know that the treasured volumes were in existence, much less had they any idea of ever referring to them.

Civilization to Blame

Recent statisticians have discovered that the birth-rate in all English-speaking countries is diminishing. The stationary population of France has long furnished a subject for sermonizing, but the Anglo-Saxon can no longer point fingers at the Gaul if the above statement be true. When analyzed it will be seen that the increased cost of maintaining a family counts for much in the problem. Even in the early part of the last century the wife was to some extent an industrial partner in the family concern and the children were helpless. Cloth was spun and woven at home; bread, beer and candles were of domestic manufacture; tailoring, dressmaking, cobbling and barbering were not infrequently done in the family. The outlay in time and labor was doubtless great, but in money, small. A wife and family in these days can do little toward saving money and very much toward spending it. All the requirements of life mean an outlay of coin. The wife no longer pickles and preserves; she makes neither bread nor clothes for the family, she does not cut her children's hair or doctor their infantile ailments. Civilization has increased our wants and our expenditures and we look with horror on the simple living of our grandfathers. We demand more exemption from toil, more amusement, better clothes, daintier food, more comfortable surroundings, ease and pleasure when we are well, trained nurses and skilled doctors when we are sick. The spirit of the age exacts that a man provide such things for his family according to his means, and indeed, often above them. The poor man who cannot do so is told that he has no business to marry and raise progeny. The fact is that a modern civilized individual is a very expensive person, and quite often costs more to raise than he is worth. If ever it should come to a desperate struggle for existence between Europeans and Orientals the more expensive race would go to the wall. It would be sadly ironical if at some future day our very material civilization, of which we boast so much, should lead to our undoing.

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Our Strenuous President

BY A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT.

[Though the views and sentiments of "A Jeffersonian Democrat" do not coincide with those of the Editor of *Town Talk*, they are given space in these columns because they reflect in a measure the opinions and impressions of not only a large element of the Democracy, but also of many influential Republicans.]

Phineas T. Barnum was not only a great showman, but something of a philosopher, possessing a profound knowledge of average human nature, as evidenced by his reply to an inquiry why his shows were such a great success, "The American people like to be humbugged," he said. Since his death, his idea has been capitalized, so to speak, and those who became stockholders in the "humbug trust" have reaped a rich reward.

It will perhaps be denounced as treason to remark that the most conspicuous example of the success of the humbug trust is the accidental President of the United States—Theodore Roosevelt. The Republican admirers of President Roosevelt (and it must be conceded that this includes a large majority of the G. O. P.) will doubtless consider one who honestly entertains this belief as a political heretic and not a true American; and yet I think I can demonstrate that our national hero is about as big a political charlatan as any one who ever aspired to a nomination for the Presidency. That President Roosevelt is a mere political accident, no well-informed man will pretend to deny. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, to his credit be it said he avoided the follies and extravagances of youths of his class; he made only a respectable figure at Harvard, and being endowed by Nature with a healthy body, naturally drifted to the mighty West, and played the role of cowboy for a few years. Returning to his native State, he was made a Police Commissioner, and endeavored to reform that corrupt body. At the outbreak of the Spanish war he was made Assistant Secretary of the Navy—not that he possessed any knowledge of warfare, but to placate the warring political factors of the Empire State. Soon tiring of this place, he organized a regiment of Rough Riders, which he was unfitted to command, and therefore turned it over to his political chum and parasite, Doctor Leonard Wood. The regiment proceeded to Cuba and participated in the charge at El Caney, where it would have been totally annihilated but for the timely arrival of the colored regulars, which perhaps in a measure accounts for the President's fondness for the sons of Ham. Returning to New York, the newspapers made him a hero; the picturesque costumes and the wonderful horsemanship of the cavalry from the "wild and woolly West," captivated the usually stolid citizen of the East, who had perhaps never witnessed anything in the equestrian line more exciting than the wild riding of the "gilded youth" in imitating the antics of the English aristocracy in the sportsmanlike and dangerous pursuit of the "aniseed bag."

Roosevelt was promptly nominated for Governor of New York, and of course, triumphantly elected. History contains no record of the defeat of a military hero immediately upon the conclusion of a successful foreign war. But whilst this election brought him to the front as a probable candidate for the Presidency, it has, and will prove, his political undoing. Roosevelt had always been ambitious and in his own estimation was a modern Cincinnatus, as well as a great military hero, and his success entitled him to believe that his opinion was shared by the great body of the people. The disease which he had contracted in a mild form, soon took on a more virulent type, and gradually developed into the most pronounced case of "swelled head" which has inflicted any statesman of modern times. He began at once to scheme for a second term as Governor of New York, which would doubtless place him far in the lead for the Presidential handicap; but "Me, too, Platt" and other astute manipulators determined that he should be shut out of the Presidential race, by giving him the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, which would effectively dispose of his aspirations.

Roosevelt vigorously protested; he wanted a nomination for Governor and would have nothing else. It was then that the political wire-pullers made this strenuous young statesman see and believe, that if he declined to be nominated for Vice-President, he would be defeated for the Governorship, and all his dreams of power "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." Seeing nothing else worth striving for, like one of Byron's heroines, "whispering, she would ne'er consent, consented," Teddy was duly nominated for Vice-President, and notwithstanding vigorous protests, accepted as a "patriotic duty." It was a drastic dose but Roosevelt took it like a little man, and became a mere figure-head, to slumber and snore during the delivery of Senatorial speeches.

Such would have been his fate had it not been for that terrible tragedy that shocked the American people and the civilized world—the assassination of President McKinley. As a result of the insane act of a dastardly assassin, Roosevelt became President of the United States. Platt and his associates were dumbfounded, and the good Marcus Aurelius Hanna was shocked beyond measure, but they realized that the "best laid schemes of mice and men aft gang aglee." Roosevelt announced that his policy would be that laid down by his predecessor and that he would follow in the footsteps of the lamented McKinley, a promise that he has violated whenever he thought his personal ends would be subserved by so doing. From the moment that he took the oath of office until now, he has considered himself the whole show; the man on horseback, the Political Moses who was to lead his people across the Red Sea, and defeat the pursuers of his countrymen. One of his first acts was to humiliate General Miles, the Commander-in-Chief of the American armies, who was gallantly leading American soldiers to victory when Roosevelt was wearing swaddling clothes. His pursuit of Miles has been unrelenting since the very day he took office. He next turned his attention to the Navy, and undertook to blacken the character and belittle the deeds of Winfield Scott Schley, the real hero of Santiago. Every means which he could employ to defraud Schley and elevate his detractors was used without scruple. A packed court undertook to make Schley a mere machine to execute the orders of Sampson, and he was unscrupulously condemned by the President's pets, only to make him the most popular hero of the war. Schley uttered no words of protest, but contented himself with the sententious remark that the only trouble was that there was not glory enough to go all around.

The President's next effort was to secure, if possible, the negro vote in the South. Booker Washington was privately entertained by the President, and this raised a storm of protest, not only in the South but in the North as well. Concede the fact that the Anglo-Saxon prejudice against the social equality of the negro race is not founded in reason, yet no one will deny that it exists. But the Booker

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Washington incident may be overlooked, although it had a powerful effect. Roosevelt was so much pleased at this strategic move that he overplayed his hand. He appointed Dr. Crump—no doubt a very respectable negro physician—Collector of the Port of Charleston. Then there arose all over the country a most vigorous protest. The merchants of Charleston sent a dignified document to the President asking that he withdraw the nomination, not on account of Dr. Crump's color but owing to his unfitness for the office. There was not a negro importer in Charleston, and surely the Collector of a great commercial metropolis was entitled to have for its Collector a person who knew something of the duties which he was selected to perform. But Roosevelt was persistent; "the King could do no wrong," and so, in the face of reasonable objections, Dr. Crump was appointed and a Republican Senate refused to confirm him. But what cared Roosevelt for Senators when they opposed his wish? Crump was re-appointed *ad interim,* and so the matter stands today. Teddy has deliberately placed his foot in a powerful trap, and he will have to extricate himself alone. No fair-minded man can conscientiously approve the President's course. Suppose any President—Republican or Democrat—should appoint a Chinaman Collector of the Port of San Francisco, what would the citizens of our city do? How would they receive such an appointment? and how would they regard a President who insisted upon humiliating them time and again? The question furnishes its own answer, and yet it would not be so unreasonable to appoint a Chinese Collector in this city as to appoint a negro in Charleston, for our city contains many large Chinese importers and they are thoroughly familiar with the duties of the office.

Roosevelt is undertaking to conduct the Presidential office entirely in the interest of himself and his friends. Charges were preferred against Dr. Wood for his administration of affairs in Cuba. He was charged with being interested in schemes for money gathering, by himself and friends, and also with receiving presents from those engaged in fraudulent enterprises to rob the Cubans. The charges were not even considered, for Doctor Wood was Teddy's fencing partner in Washington and therefore could do no wrong.

Congressman Littauer of New York was admittedly a partner in government contracts, in violation of law and all the canons of common decency, but he too was the President's "personal friend" and therefore entitled to eat at the Republican "pie counter" without let or hindrance.

Machen and Beavers were detected in stealing from the Post Office funds, but the two were the President's friends and must not be molested, for they were also potent factors in New York politics, and they were permitted to resign; and the fact that they have been indicted has not severed cordial relations with the President. Similar instances might be multiplied indefinitely. The American people will stand such things for a time, but the end is bound to come.

The Tragedy of the Ugly Woman

BY HARRY COWELL

I have seen a homely peasant girl with eyes that were intended by Nature for a great poet—eyes that had the properties of magic crystal. You needs must look into them, and did you but look long enough the imagination was sure to make features to match them; so that among those who knew her well this plain young woman passed for a rare beauty. She had no lack of lovers, and strangers who thought her ugly were put down as persons of the worst possible taste. The witchery of a smile may transfigure a face and cause even the most critical to forget its undeniable irregularity. Or a glory of hair may occasion a glamor in the beholding eye and give an appearance of general good looks. This relieved homeliness has for me unending charm. It is strange, suggestive, moving. Like flowing wind or fancy-provoking moonlight, it haunts the heart; a touch of it is worth more than all the mere prettiness in the world.

Then there is the refreshingly plain girl who tosses a tangle of red hair to the breeze and wears her freckles frankly—often without a single redeeming feature, but so careless of the humiliating fact, so unconscious of her ugliness, that you cannot well keep it in mind. You can even imagine the little heathen, Love, in his blindness bowing down to her, garlanding her with all the womanly graces and then worshiping the work of his dimpled hands, offering on suppliant knee the gift of gifts. Women adore her; to them she is "the dearest little fright imaginable," and no possible rival. As for men, they chum with her, and hear of her having a lover without the least envy. The news, in fact, is a fresh occasion for fancying themselves; they smile their congratulations in a superior way and go to where Beauty is awaiting them.

Last, and least, there is *the* ugly woman, that monstrous contradiction in terms, that ornithorhynchus unhappily not confined to Australia. Whenever I see her I am reminded of a saying of Renan's—"Even Divinity has its off-days." In face of the facts that thought is less irreverent than it reads. Surely All-Compassion did not design her. Is she conceivably the work of Omnipotent hands? Or did God make her of malice aforethought? She is rare not because Heaven is merciful, but because man has eyes. With me the ugly woman leads to more disbelief than all the arguments of the atheists. No Deity other than Chance could have created her—no, not even the Devil. Yet so perfect at times is the imperfection that the mind, baffled, falls back on Design. But would not beneficent Design have had a care for necessary correlations and made her indifferent to man? And we find her with a woman's heart, hungry for love, and a face that Love flees. Tragic is her lonely life and beautiful withal. It has for men a fascination such as she has not. To her fair sisters man's love is a thing easily won and, it may be, little prized. To her it is unattainable and has the beauty of things beyond reach. Her poor misshapen ears are ever alert for the "I love you" which more fortunate women hear and heed not. Vainly the repellant mouth awaits a lover's kiss. Her heart, it may well be, is as dripping full of sweet tenderness as is a hive of honey; but no man seeks to taste it. Gifts has she in abundance and a sore need of giving; a beneficiary, however, is not forthcoming. The very word Love sounds incongruous, almost grotesque, upon her lips, yet her soul knows its sacredness. She is capable of a devotion undreamed of by Beauty. Greatest of all love is that of the ugly woman. "Handsome is as handsome does," she quotes pathetically. "True," answers the logical sex, and marries to please the eye. Professional beauties make poor wives. Accustomed to obtain adoration on too easy terms, their conduct seldom matches their faces. Not infrequently are they wholly selfish, incapable

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of the least loving sacrifice. What matters it? Men marry them, and leave the mere doers of handsome things to die in loveless virginity. Seven times seven invisible cardinal virtues cannot offset the ugly woman's one sin against the sight. In sadder plight is she, for truth, than sinners in ordinary. Offer to God what man has, in effect, declined, she will not—that were meanness. What, moreover, are the consolations of religion to one who must perforce forego the delights of love? To sacrifice a here of earthly bliss for a hereafter of heavenly is at least heroic; but where is the merit in giving up a happiness that is not within one's hope, much less within one's hands?

Of a thousand womanly ways of making love by means of lures consciously or unconsciously used, not one is open to her. Coquetry is out of the question. An unattractive sincerity of manner is her necessity. She tries to make a virtue of it and pitiably fails. She will be your sister because you won't have her for wife; she defends Platonic affection and desires romantic love; she dare not be emotional, so goes in for cultivating the intellect; she is a blue-stocking who reads in secret Aucassin and Nicolette, Paul and Virginia, Romeo and Juliet, Paolo and Francesca. If a man pays her more than passing attention, her black beast, Pity, confronts her, and she resents the unwonted gallantry more than she would the rudest neglect.

Were some blind man, or one with spiritual sight, to penetrate that hideous mask of hers and behold the white beauty of her soul, and dream because of her the dream of dreams, there is every reason for thinking that she would never bring herself to believe that what she had so longed for, prayed for, despaired of, had at length come to pass. Highly probable it is that her lifelong tragedy would be brought to a logical conclusion. This in short would be her story: She was an ugly woman. All her days she sought love diligently. Once he offered himself to her. She did not take him. She never found him more.

The Saunterer

Regents Consummate a Patronage Deal

When Charley Snook was appointed attorney for the Board of Regents of the State University last Tuesday, it was not because the gentlemen who voted for him believed that he was pre-eminently qualified for the position. Mr. Snook is probably competent to perform the duties of the office, but his appointment was unfortunate because it was the result of political wire-pulling. It is popularly believed that the State University, which the taxpayers of California maintain with commendable liberality, is as far removed from the polluting influence of politics as an ideal wife is from suspicion. The supposition is that the Regents of the State University administer the affairs of the institution with an eye only to its elevation, and that their virtuous indignation would be aroused if an attempt were made to inject politics into their deliberations. There is no higher position of trust and honor in this State than that of Regent of the University, but it has been demonstrated that the University Regents are not free from political influence. The appointment of Charley Snook proved that they are within reach of the tentacles of the political octopus. That appointment was made in pursuance of a patronage deal made by Henry T. Gage just before he retired into the obscurity of a Los Angeles law office.

How Gage Took Care of Foley

The story of that deal and of the transactions leading to its consummation is one that illumines the methods of patronage chasers, and that reveals some of the dips, spurs and angles of the political pasture. It dates back to the appointment, by Governor Gage, of Francis Foley to fill the vacancy on the Supreme bench caused by the death of Justice Temple. The daily papers have said that it grew out of complications over the appointment of the attorney for the Harbor Commissioners, but the dailies erred. The complications involved the higher office of Justice of the State's highest tribunal. Gage had made arrangements for taking care of his executive secretary, Will Davis, by exacting a promise from the Harbor Commissioners to appoint him to the attorneyship, and then he looked around for a job for his private secretary, Francis Foley. At first the announcement was looked upon as a joke. Foley had been a clerk in Gage's law office in Los Angeles, and nobody believed him to be qualified to become a Justice of the Supreme Court. Powerful influences were quickly brought to bear on Gage to dissuade him from making the appointment, and then Foley submitted a proposition which solved the problem.

Snook Gracefully Withdrew

Foley said that he did not care to become a Justice of the Supreme Court. He would be just as well satisfied to become the attorney for the State Board of Health at about one-third the salary of the more exalted position. But no vacancy would occur in that position until Governor-elect Pardee took office, and it was understood that his Oakland friend, Charley Snook, was slated for the job. Thereupon it dawned on the people who were anxious to keep Foley off the Supreme bench that that very important position was being used as a lever to lift the Los Angeles law clerk into a berth commensurable with his ability. However it was a case of urgent necessity and thereupon influence was brought to bear on the Governor-elect to persuade him to withdraw Snook from the fight for the

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attorneyship of the Board of Health. It was a complicated situation but satisfactory arrangements were made whereby Snook withdrew, with the understanding that all hands, including Gage, would secure for him the appointment to the Board of Regents. Thereupon Foley ceased to worry the people who objected to his becoming a Justice of the Supreme Court, and later on he was appointed attorney for the Board of Health.

End of a Lively Fight

Then came the fight in the Board of Regents. Colonel John Mhoon had long been the attorney for that body, but through negligence in his office some time ago the university lost fifty thousand dollars out of its endowment fund. It was a serious blunder that could not be overlooked, and as a consequence Colonel Mhoon sent in his resignation. Immediately there were two candidates for the vacancy, one of whom was Warren Olney, a young attorney, a graduate of Berkeley, who had distinguished himself as a professor of the law college. Several of his friends in the board, prominent among whom was Mrs. Hearst, thought that he would be the right man for the place, and they expected to procure his appointment without any trouble. But that was before they knew anything of that little deal by which Mr. Francis Foley wormed himself into the job of attorney for the State Board of Health. Ex-Governor Gage had some influence in the Board, having appointed several of the regents, and the politicians who kept Foley off the bench had, in the vernacular of the professional job-chaser, a powerful "drag." So the fight over the attorneyship was a very lively and protracted one. Governor Pardee, who graduated from Berkeley and who loves his Alma Mater dearly, kept "hands off" as he always does when he doesn't care to be mixed up in a nasty fight, but at the same time he overlooked no opportunity to secure the job and the salary for his friend Snook. Pardee wouldn't mix his Alma Mater up in politics for the world, but a vote was taken last Tuesday and Charley Snook won out.

"Hands-Off" Pardee

The Governor kept his hands off the attorneyship fight, as he did in the late primary election, when Martin Kelly's handy men were given jobs on a dredger. The future historian will in all probability dub the present Governor "Hands-off" Pardee. He announced that his hands were off the fight over the wardenship at San Quentin, though subsequent events made it appear that his hands were very much in evidence. When the investigation of the prison-break at Folsom was under way he again declared that his hands were off, and also referred to himself at the time as a "rank outsider." Evidently he loves to pose as a passive Executive, or else he imagines that he was elected merely for ornamental purposes. In political circles it is thought that he is nursing the delusion that he may escape responsibility for the acts of the various commissions by pretending to place implicit confidence in them.

Center's Little Joker

Since the return of Mr. William F. Herrin, the chief counsel of the Southern Pacific Company, and the man before whom all the small-fry political bosses, Democratic and Republican, bend the knee, the controversy over the Mission tracks has been renewed. The controversy has been raging for several years, and one of the most persistent of the property owners who are demanding that the tracks be removed is George Center, the real estate agent, and son of John Center, the capitalist. Ostensibly his interest is identical with that of other Mission property owners, but when the history of the right of way held by the Southern Pacific Company is considered, the suspicion arises that Mr. Center is actuated by motives of a more personal nature than those by which his associates are inspired. When reference is made to the history of that right of way a new light illumines the controversy. In its effulgence Mr. Center looms not as a blatant reformer of the type of his associate, Mr. Max Popper, but as a sensible, shrewd business man who is engaged in turning an opportunity to advantage. Of course he is primarily interested as a property owner in having the tracks removed, because as they are now maintained, on the surface, they are somewhat of a nuisance, but if ever that right of way should be abandoned Mr. Center would be considerably enriched.

What Will Probably Be Done

The right of way which Mr. Center is desirous of having closed was at one time the property of his father, John Center. It was deeded by him to the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad, in the early sixties, and the deed contains a clause to the effect that if ever it should cease to be used for railroad purposes the title would revert to the grantor or his heirs. The strip deeded by Mr. Center extends from San Jose avenue to a point near Twelfth street, and if it were divided into lots and put on the market it could be sold for about one hundred thousand dollars. Mr. John Center is taking no part in the controversy over the tracks, and it is doubtful, if he did, whether, in equity, he could take advantage under his deed, of a condition for which he was responsible. But his heir, Mr. George Center, was not a party to that deed. It is possible that the Centers have no notion now of recovering the property, but if the tracks were removed they would surely not remain insensible of their rights very long. When the controversy over the tracks was first started the agitators insisted that the railroad company should not be granted the Bay Shore franchise until it agreed to relinquish the right-of-way through the Mission, but the authorities are no longer making that a condition precedent. They realize that the Bay Shore franchise is of urgent necessity owing to the development of traffic between this city and the southern part of the State. The mercantile houses are as eager for

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that franchise to be granted as the Mission property owners are for the removal of the Mission tracks. I have no doubt that before long those tracks will either be depressed or raised. That is now the alternative accepted by railway companies in many large cities.

Lamas Disagree

The lamas of the Republican League have not yet agreed on a candidate for Mayor. They say they have abundant material from which to choose, but there are differences of opinion as to the relative strength of the men whose names have been suggested. Sheriff Lackman has been favorably considered by one or two of the lamas, but he is *persona non grata* to editors De Young and Spreckels. John Lynch is in favor of nominating Treasurer McDougald on account of his popularity in Labor Union and Native Son circles, but Abe Ruef is as strenuously opposed to McDougald's nomination as he is in favor of the endorsement of Schmitz. The nomination of McDougald, it is thought, would prove fatal to Schmitz. Henry J. Crocker has been touted persistently by many politicians, and there has been some talk of running Dr. McNutt, but the latter is averse to becoming a candidate. His present political ambition is to become a delegate to the National Convention. It is evident that the Republican lamas are far from harmonious these days, and it is predicted that a split will occur before long.

Phelan's Malapropisms

President Phelan of the Bohemian Club is noted for his absent-minded breaks. He is a male Malaprop but his mistakes are not those of ignorance—only of carelessness. The other evening at the club, when introducing Ben Greet, manager of "Everyman," as an after-dinner speaker, he said: "Gentlemen, I take great pleasure in presenting to you Mr. Ben Greet, manager of the Mortality Play." The funny part of it was that the break was so pat, for the play deals almost exclusively with death and the smell of mortality is rank through it. It savors far more of mortality than of morality. This break reminds me of another which Phelan once made before the Chamber of Commerce. He was Mayor at that time and he was called on to introduce Lord Beresford. In introducing His Lordship Mr. Phelan said: "I take pleasure in introducing Lord Beresford, and if the Lord will tell us what he knows of China I'm sure we shall know all about it." A smile rippled all over the room and Mr. Phelan colored and said, smilingly, "Of course I meant His Lordship, but a good democrat must be pardoned for occasionally tripping over these titles of aristocracy." Lord Beresford appeared to enjoy it.

The Heir Presumptive

Ned Greenway has his successor in training, I hear, and in the course of time we shall hail a scion of one of our best old families as McAllister III. The young man is none other than Milton Latham, son of the late United States Senator, and related to any number of blue bloods far and near. Greenway some time since took young Latham as his assistant in business and one of the first things the latter did was to make peace with the Hotel Rafael management. After Baron von Schroeder's cut by San Francisco's prudish elite, it will be remembered, the Baron retaliated by cutting Czar Greenway's wines from his hotel wine-card. But Milton Latham, who is a genial chap and a master of diplomacy, made the matter right and now the wines are on the card again. Apropos of the Von Schroeders, I hear that one reason why they returned to Germany was that they have not nearly so much of an income as they had, and cannot live in this country in the style they enjoy. In Germany everything costs less and one can cut quite a dash on a moderate income.

Mrs. Martin's Recipe

Before Mrs. Eleanor Martin departed for Newport it was remarked how well she was looking, and some one asked her what was her Ponce de Leon secret. It was suspected that the local leader of society had discovered a new beauty doctor and was keeping the discovery to herself. But Mrs. Martin has not been emulating Sarah Bernhardt or any other Ninon d'Enclos of modern times. The secret of how she manages to keep up, go the round of society and take trips to Newport, is a very simple one. She sleeps between meals. Mrs. Martin has lately taken siestas three or four times a day and she pronounces the medicine most refreshing.

Mrs. Oelrichs's Protege

In Madame Bavarde's chat the other night I read that Miss Chandos-Pole is desirous of paying a visit to the Pacific Coast of which she has heard so many nice things. It was generally supposed out here that the Miss Chandos-Pole who was in San Francisco last June and who startled the diners at the Palace Grill by smoking a cigarette before them all, and the Miss Chandos-Pole who has been electrifying Newport with her eccentricities, were one and the same person. My New York correspondent writes me that Miss Margaret Chandos-Pole is really the reigning sensation at Newport this summer. She came over from Europe to visit Miss May Van Alen, who was her bosom friend. She is a daughter of Lady Anna Chandos-Pole, whose father was the fifth Earl of Harrington. Her sister,

A car-load of the wines of the Mont Rouge Vineyard was shipped to New York early this week by Chauche & Bon. New York club men are beginning to appreciate California wines, and the products of the Mont Rouge vineyard have contributed greatly to their enlightenment.



Lady Claude Hamilton, is prominent in the London swim, and her brother, Samuel Chandos-Pole, was the hero of a salacious divorce suit four years ago. She is a representative of that London smart set whose social modes are pictured with photographic truth and sculptural distinctness in the plays of Pinero. She has changeable eyes, chameleon-like, thick brown hair which she wears on the nape of her neck, and in a way she affects the style of Mrs. Pat Campbell. Newport's smart women are copying her hats because they are so "extremely stunning," but nobody cares to copy her gowns because they are "sloppy looking." She wears rattlesnake-skin slippers and she is considered altogether the most picturesque woman who ever visited Newport, not even excepting Lady Constance MacKenzie, who went to a luncheon in riding trousers with no skirt to conceal them. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs chaperoned Miss Chandos-Pole over from Europe and the latter is "Margie" to "Tessie." This English girl calls herself a bachelor maid and prides herself on her icy heart. But my correspondent informs me that she is suspected of having designs on a widower, who is none other than Jimmy Van Alen, the father of Miss May. Indeed, it is said that May Van Alen grew suspicious some weeks ago and left home on that account. On her last visit to this country Miss Chandos-Pole was reported to be engaged to Chauncey Depew.

A Colored Social Lion

A South Carolina negro is supplying the latest thrill to fashionable Newport's jaded emotions. His name is Joseph Loftin and he is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones. He is described as being remarkably handsome and of impressive appearance. Newport has made a pet of this distinguished looking colored gentleman. At all social functions, theatre and yachting parties, he is the central figure. He is a cultured man, talks several languages, and has many social graces, but he is admired by the fashionables of Newport principally for his striking physique, which is in pleasing contrast to the effeminate frame of the insipid Lehr. There is strength in the lines of his lusty limbs, there is beauty in the contour of his graceful torso, and there is a charm in the glister of his Senegambian hair. He has been pronounced the handsomest "coon" that ever came out of the South, and even though he possessed no scholarly attainments, the novelty of his pulchritude would appeal to the craving for variety of the Desdemonas of Newport.

A Marvel of Industry

The success in the East of Theodore Kremer continues to surprise his friends in this city. Kremer is a handsome young German who spent several years here writing bad plays. They were cheap melodramas and he appeared in them for the purpose, it was supposed, of proving that he could act worse than he wrote. He produced at the old Bush street theatre a rehash of "Magda" called "The Church or Stage," with Jeffreys Lewis in the leading role, and it was a failure. He couldn't act and he couldn't write, and his only capital was a perfect profile and unlimited assurance. He went to New York in despair and there he found his metier. His plays were accepted by a a firm of managers who send out endless companies to produce cheap melodramas on the road. Kremer writes the plays and rehearses the companies. The papers have been writing him up as a wonder, and they have been telling how he was recently rehearsing in one day four "Fatal Wedding" companies, two "For Her Children's Sake" companies, one "Evil That Men Do," one "Wedded and Parted" and one "Rachel Goldstein" company. His profits are sixty thousand a year but he is threatened with nervous prostration.

The Guessing of the Gossips

Knox Maddox is becoming an enigma to the smart set. Nobody imagines that he prefers bachelorhood to wedded bliss, and yet he appears to be a laggard in love. All this summer the gossips have been kept guessing as to whether his engagement with Miss Suzanne Blanding would soon be announced, and they are still speculating. Some years ago they expected him to win Miss Elena Robinson, but they were disappointed. He was one of her most devoted cavaliers when she made her debut under the protecting wing of Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Miss Blanding is a very charming young girl. Owing to the numerous bereavements in the Tevis family she has not been seen much in local society, but she spent much time in the social whirl of the East. She is a daughter of the Gordon Blandings and a niece of Dr. Harry Tevis.

The Postleys are Going

The Stirling Postleys are to leave for the East in about a week to visit relatives. Mrs. Postley will spend a deal of time with the Allan Wallaces. She is a great friend of Mrs. Wallace, and is said to have made the Wallace match. Mr. Postley's sister came out last winter in New York, and the senior Postleys are taking a great interest in society on her account. They were abroad all summer, and now they are preparing for the winter social campaign. Mrs. Postley Sr. was a Miss Singer and she inherited a large fortune. As Mrs. Postley Jr. is the lady who is said to have been pronounced by Duke Boris the most beautiful woman he had seen in America, she will no doubt be the object of considerable interest in New York.

Mrs. Parker Whitney is at "The Pines," Upper Dam, Maine, for the early fall season.

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Kelly Exposes His Own Fake

After many years Allen Kelly has confessed that he didn't capture Monarch, the big grizzly who has for many years been one of the most attractive features of Golden Gate Park. In a book which he has recently published he proudly admits that the "capture" of Monarch was a fake which he helped to perpetrate at the instigation of the editor of the *Examiner*. Evidently Mr. Kelly regards the fake as a very creditable achievement, and in repudiating the confidence reposed in him by the man by whom he was employed he suffers not the slightest qualm of conscience. He is probably guided by a code of ethics of his own creation. He relates that the newspaper first sought to obtain a grizzly by purchase, intending if successful to fake a story of his capture, but no captive grizzly could be found. Then "the enterprising journal was constrained to resort to the prosaic expedient of laying a foundation of fact and veritable achievement for its self-advertising." After some months of ineffectual attempt to trap a bear he bought one from a Mexican and sold it to the San Francisco editor, who presented it to Golden Gate Park. The newspaper account of the capture of Monarch, says Mr. Kelly, "was elaborated to suit the exigencies of enterprising journalism, picturesque features were introduced where the editorial judgment dictated, and mere facts, such as the name of the county in which the bear was caught, fell under the ban of a careless blue pencil and were distorted beyond recognition." Mr. Kelly is not a veracious chronicler. He did not sell the bear to the editor of the *Examiner*. During the months spent by him in trying to trap a bear he was a salaried reporter of the *Examiner* and he purchased the bear with Mr. Hearst's money. It is easy to understand that in exposing the fake Mr. Kelly should not like to present himself in his true light. I believe that he also wrote the story of the capture, and at any rate I know that for a long time after the metropolitan debut of Monarch, Allen Kelly posed as a hero even among his intimate friends, all of whom believed that he trapped the grizzly.

"Why do you think she is bourgeois?"

"Because I heard that she objected to her husband's flirtations with other women."

It Won't Be Spectacular

Miss Kip has received an unusually large collection of engagement presents of all sorts. The time and place of her wedding have not yet been determined, but the friends of her girlhood are hoping that it will occur here. However as the Kips are in mourning it is not likely to be a spectacular affair, and consequently there will be much disappointment, for society dearly loves a splurge.

They're After Him

The French naval officers in port are being rushed by society as they were never rushed before. It will be hard for them to break away from this port. Miss Genevieve King is one of the most popular of society girls aboard the *Protet*. The Frenchmen like her because she speaks their language so fluently. She has studied several languages and speaks them all well, and I believe that she loves books more than society. The commander of the *Protet* is the most interesting of all the French officers because he is a widower and therefore an eligible. The girls have made a great fuss over him, and he likes being lionized.

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Separation of the McLeans

The divorce of Dr. Robert McLean was a great surprise to his many acquaintances. Mrs. McLean was a widow from the southern part of the State, and she bore a striking resemblance to the doctor's first wife. He was nearly dead when he fell in love with her but his marriage seemed to give him a new lease of life. Though he was suffering from a stroke of paralysis he regained strength rapidly, and appeared to be on the road to complete recovery. His domestic trouble is said to have been due to his eccentricities.

"With what weapon did David slay the Philistines?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

Little Tommy made quick reply: "With the axe of the Apostles," he said.

Quit His Father's Firm

Ben Upham has wearied of a prosaic mercantile career, and has drawn out of the firm of Payot, Upham & Co. His father paid him ten thousand dollars for his interest in the business and now he contemplates buying a cattle ranch. I believe it was Whitaker Wright, the great financier, who said that a man with ten thousand dollars may do anything in a financial way. But it was from trying to do too much that Mr. Wright landed in jail.

She's Now a Light-Weight

The metamorphosis of Helen Dean is the subject of much comment. She is now being admired for her lithe, beautiful figure. It has leaked out that when she went East it was chiefly for the purpose of separating herself from large rolls of superfluous flesh. Though tall, she carried too much weight. She tipped the beam, I believe, at two hundred. In the East she resorted to a flesh-reducing treatment and now she has a graceful figure. There are doctors in the East who roll you in cold sheets and reduce your flesh at a great rate, but it is said to play havoc with a woman past thirty; it produces wrinkles. I hear that Athol McBean is the latest ardent admirer of Miss Dean.



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An Expected Announcement

Fred Greenwood has evidently determined that there is no hope of his ever gaining Miss Katherine Dillon's favor, for he has definitely determined upon a trip to China and Japan this fall. I have it on excellent authority that at some not far distant day Miss Dillon's engagement will be formally announced. The happy man is said to be that gallant naval officer, Emery Winship, now on duty at the Union Iron Works superintending the work on the new war vessel for the Government. Miss Dillon was expected home yesterday. Her new home is nearly complete, the carpets having been laid and only the finishing touches of the furnishing being left for the supervising eye of the fair owner.

"What! two dollars and a half for a dish of frogs' legs?" exclaimed Mrs. Globetrotter, "why, in Toronto I can get them for thirty-five cents."

"But, madame," deprecated the garcon, "think how much the railroad fare to Toronto would be!"

A Match That Caused Surprise

Mrs. Georgia Kelsey Terry caused a great sensation in Stockton when she sprung a surprise on her friends at a tea last Saturday, by announcing the engagement of her daughter, Miss Bernie Terry, and Frank Allen West, the wealthy vineyardist and wine maker. The interest in this engagement is not confined to society circles, for Frank West is a genial, generous business man whom all classes respect and admire. The announcement of the engagement was a surprise because the gossips thought that West's affections had been won by another Stockton girl. Indeed, the gossips believed that the match had been made. However there are a few who remarked that he had lately been quite devoted to the Terrys, though they thought it was the mother of his fiancee in whom he was more interested. Mr. West is a mature man and a widower. His first wife was Miss Evelyn Sperry, a cousin of Mrs. Will Crocker and of the Princess Poniatowski. She was an invalid and was most tenderly cared for by her husband. The West home at El Pinal is the handsomest country place near Stockton, and is presided over by Mr. West's widowed mother and a bachelor sister who is one of the most interesting and lovable women in the county.

She Is One of the Famous Terrys

Miss Terry is a slender, graceful girl, blonde, spirituelle and pretty. She is the only child of the late Reel B. Terry and only grandchild of the late famous Judge David Terry. Her mother was one of the charming Kelsey girls who became severally Mrs. Van R. Paterson, Mrs. Reel B. Terry, Mrs. Eugene Wilhoit, Mrs. Frank Lane and Mrs. Otto Grunsky. By the death of her latest husband Mrs. Terry was thrown on her own resources and she came back to Stockton, where her widowed mother lives, and opened the Kelsey home to a number of friends as a select boarding house and has thereby maintained herself and daughter ever since. The old Kelsey house in El Dorado street, with its fine background of majestic trees, is one of the most attractive of Stockton homes. It has sheltered as fair and interesting a bevy of girls as ever graced a California town, and this latest romance is but one of many that had their inception therein and the memory of which linger about it like the scent of roses.

When West and Weber Fell Out

George West, who was the father of the present big vineyardist, was one of the early pioneers who shared with Captain Weber and others the distinction of laying the foundation of the present city of Stockton. It is related that the two hardy pioneers once disagreed about some business matter and that for a time they did not speak as they passed by. One day it became necessary to have a conference on some matter of importance and the two men met in the office of Lewis Cutting, the agent of one of them. Never a word did they speak as they glared at each other, after the fashion of "Buck" and "Spitz" in Jack London's tale. Presently old Captain Weber, stubborn and bristling, said, "Mr. Cutting, ask Mr. West if he agrees to these terms," and painstakingly Mr. Cutting repeated the request and the terms. With equal dignity, Mr. West responded, "Mr. Cutting, please inform Captain Weber that I do not agree—no, sir!" And again Mr. Cutting repeated the words, the two men standing not more than four feet apart, but refusing to speak to each other except through a third person, and in their anger wholly unconscious of the humor of the situation.

Social Career of a Seamstress

The despatches, a few days ago, contained a brief announcement of the marriage of Mrs. Anna Agnew Davis, of Minnesota, to Hunter Doll of Knoxville, Tennessee. This is the same Mrs. Davis who conducted a strenuous campaign for social recognition in Washington some years ago, and who, despite the most bitter opposition and persistent snubbing, never faltered for a moment and finally succeeded in getting through the portals. She endured much humiliation and amazed people by her courage and tenacity. Five years ago she was a plain seamstress employed in the Davis household. She had been married to a printer but was divorced from him. She was then a beautiful young woman and she had many admirers but none received any encouragement. Governor and Mrs.

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Davis lived unhappily and shortly after the handsome seamstress entered their household they were divorced. A year later Davis married the humble grass-widow, who was promptly cut by the smart set, it being the theory of some of the social leaders that she was the cause of the estrangement between her husband and Mrs. Davis No. 1. A little later Davis was elected to the Senate, and then his wife took up her residence in Washington and opened her social campaign.

A Cruel Snub

The atmosphere of the capital congealed as soon as Mrs. Davis betrayed symptoms of a social ambition. Wherever she appeared society wore its most freezing aspect. Senator Davis did not care for society, but he was very fond of his handsome wife, and he gave her money with which to entertain in royal style, but she had no opportunity to extend the hospitality of her beautiful home. The wives of the Senators, ignoring the rules of social intercourse which have governed the Senatorial set since the days of Jefferson, refused to make the first call on the wife of the new member. The bitterest experience of Mrs. Davis was at a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Wanamaker. All Washington society was there and when Mrs. Davis put in an appearance the assembled fashionables drew away as if to avoid contamination. Mrs. Davis—tall, beautifully gowned, and with a smile on her face—advanced a few steps into the principal drawing-room, and at that moment a hush fell upon the assembled guests. The women stared coldly, their escorts tried to look indifferent. It was a critical and thrilling moment for the young woman from Minnesota. It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Wanamaker were in another drawing-room at that moment, and nobody advanced to greet the newcomer. She seemed to fully comprehend the significance of the situation, and a deadly pallor overspread her face. There was a frightened look in her lustrous eyes and she seemed as though she were going to sink to the floor.

Her Triumph

Suddenly the tense situation, so full of dramatic interest, was broken. First Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson happened to enter the drawing-room with his wife just as the lonely woman was about to collapse. They took in the situation at a glance, and advancing quickly to the side of Mrs. Davis greeted her warmly. Mr. Clarkson gave her his arm, and led her to the other drawing-room where he presented her to the host and hostess. They in turn introduced her to many friends, and thus was the misery of those first few moments, when she was made the victim of as cruel a snub as was ever witnessed, assuaged by cordial attentions that completely restored her composure. Mr. Davis rose to such importance in the Senate that in time his wife triumphed socially, and later on, when he was appointed a member of the Paris Peace Commission, she visited the gay French capital where she made a great social hit, and was voted one of the most beautiful women that had ever come from America. Now she is the wife of a man fifteen years her junior, a fine looking, athletic fellow who served through the Spanish war as a volunteer in Cuba.

Shy of a Shirt

Duval Moore, son of George Moore, the wealthy merchant, is something of a wag. He was expecting some friends from the East recently, and was to have met them at Sacramento, but at the last moment he wired briefly his excuse for not putting in an appearance. This was the despatch: "Can't come. Haven't a clean shirt."

Miller's Successful Bluff

Henry Miller, the student who kept the teachers of the San Jose Normal School and the "push" politicians of the town on the anxious seat for the past four years, has shaken the dust of the Garden City from his feet. He left last week after having scored a triumph over his enemies. Many people heaved a sigh of relief when he left. His future home will be Yuma, Arizona, where he has secured the principalship of a school. He was out on bonds pending a trial for criminal libel and when it became known that he was going to leave some of his enemies informed him that his bonds would be forfeited. A few days later he spread the report that he was going to revive his paper, the *Crucible*, and start another crusade against those who were opposing him. He promised that it would be the "hottest sheet" that ever left a printing press, and he threw out a few hints as to the character of the articles he had prepared for publication concerning the inside affairs of the Normal School, and of the doings of corrupt politicians. He soon received word that the libel case would be dismissed, and then he decided not to issue the paper. The night before his departure an entertainment was given in his honor in the parlors of the Unitarian church.


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Garden City society was surprised the other day over the announcement of the engagement of Miss Lizette Howard, daughter of Mrs. Bertha A. Howard, one of San Jose's fairest, with Glenn Cobb Barnhardt of this city. The wedding is to take place in Trinity Episcopal church, September sixteenth. Miss Howard and Mr. Barnhardt were very good friends about three years ago and they were supposed at that time to be engaged. Then there came an estrangement and it was rumored that the young couple had decided that it was best for their paths to lead apart. The recent announcement of their re-engagement came quite suddenly and was of course a surprise.

Notable Achievements of Two Girls

Far out among the pines of Laurel avenue, in Pacific Grove, where one can catch a glimpse of the whitecaps as they flash in the sunlight, two young women clad in short skirts of coarse material, and in leggings and broad brimmed hats, have been toiling day after day during the long summer in the construction of a cottage. And their work is now complete. A handsome three-roomed cottage with all modern conveniences stands as a monument to their industry and skill. All the work was done by their fair hands, save the building of the chimney. Even the furniture was made by them, and is in the latest Roycroft patterns, and on the whole they have done very artistic work. A week ago they rented their cottage for thirty-five dollars a month. The two young artisans are Miss Lillian Palmer, daughter of Don Palmer, a well known capitalist and mining man who resides in San Jose, and Miss Emily Williams, daughter of Mrs. E. D. Williams, a society and club woman of the same town. Miss Palmer is a former Stanford co-ed and later studied journalism under Morrow. Miss Williams is a favorite in society circles in the Garden City. Some time ago she studied architecture in a San Jose office. The plans of the cottage were conceived last winter and Miss Williams drew them up and last spring she went to work with her friend. They have reason to be proud of their notable achievement.

In Nature's Garb They Hurried Home

Two girls who went bathing in the surf at Monterey a short time ago found themselves in a dreadful predicament after their swim. The scene of their swim was far from all human habitation save the tents where they were camping for the summer. As they had never seen any one pass that way, and as they preferred to swim without incumbrance, they took their plunge in the altogether, leaving their clothes on the shore under a tree. They went far out into deep water, and were swimming around for nearly an hour. When they emerged from the water they were horrified to find that their clothes were missing. There was little time to think, for though there was not even a fig-leaf in sight the fact that their clothes were missing made it evident that strangers were in the neighborhood. There was nothing to do but to run for the tents, some distance away, and that is what they did, and one of the girls relates that her only impulse was to conceal her identity, and that during her home run she concealed her face with her hands. When she thought of it afterwards she felt that she had the instinct of the ostrich. The next day both girls found their clothes a short distance from where they had disrobed. They would now like to know who the practical joker was that had a little fun at their expense.

Peeping Dames Used Field Glasses

The Monterey incident reminds me that the curiosity of women is sometimes aroused by fleshly exhibits of the masculine sex. Though the nude in art does not shock them it is an infraction of the penal code to confront them with some forms of the nude in nature. Yet here in San Francisco and in fashionable boarding houses there are women who use opera glasses and powerful field glasses to bring the nude in nature close enough for their inspection. The spectacle that these women appear to relish is presented almost daily on the roof of the Olympic club where a solarium was recently constructed to enable the athletes and health-seekers of the institution to take a sun bath. It is so situated that the windows from which the occupants may be observed are too far distant for objects to be clearly discerned. But the members have discovered that opera and field glasses are employed by women in distant windows to render the sun-bathers more distinct to the peeping dames.

Frank Leslie's *Weekly* recently mentioned Mrs. Fremont Older's "The Socialist and the Prince" among the dozen books of fiction that one should read this summer. The list opened with the latest book from the pen of Henry James.

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The Ways of the Bounder

One of the Daughters of the Confederacy is telling a story about the bad manners of a woman who is rather prominent just at present in the social world. The latter was calling on the Daughter, with whom she was but slightly acquainted, with another woman. Hardly were they admitted to the house when they began an inspection of the bric-a-brac and other articles scattered about the rooms. Finally the sideboard in the dining-room was reached when, with the remark from one of them, "Just look at these," it was pounced upon and every piece of silverware taken up for examination, weighed in the hand and an estimate made of its probable value. Among the articles was a rather large piece of plated ware. The hostess's disgust was intense when she was accosted by the lady less known to her with:

"I say, why don't you sell this? You know you'd get more for it than if it was the genuine thing."

A House With a Past

The Crocker, which so narrowly escaped destruction by fire the other day, is one of the few remaining of our early day homes that are now so rapidly giving way to more modern buildings. It was originally a modest little house, and was for a time occupied by the family of the late Major Hensley. When the upheaval of the Bonanza mines brought wealth to so many, among the fortunate ones was Ned Hall, a broker who purchased the property, rebuilt the house on a larger plan, furnished it elaborately, and for a time with his wife rode upon the top wave of society. But the fortunes of those days in many cases did not last. Ned Hall was not long in coming to grief. From what was then considered a palatial abode he walked out with only the clothes on his back, and with three other male friends occupied the little cottage which stood at the southeast corner of California and Franklin streets. Mrs. Hall went to Europe, residing in Paris for several years, where she had some startling experiences. After Hall's failure his home became the property of the late Colonel Fred Crocker, and on the latter's marriage with Jennie Easton it was there he brought his bride. He resided there until his death. Afterward the house was enlarged and converted into a family hotel.

Bent on Certain College Reforms

Just now student life in Berkeley is in the throes of a particularly lively moral drenching. This moral shower-bath is not to be escaped in the college halls or in the privacy of the boarding houses. In the one place the most conspicuous show card is the presentation of great morality plays, the kind supposed to instil in the spectator the higher ideals of life and living; in the boarding houses the enthusiastic members of the Young Woman's Christian Association are engaged in an active crusade to impress the conviction on the students that it is possible for the sexes to study together without the young men going to the rooms of the young women for that purpose. With that end in view they have got numbers of the boarding house keepers to set aside parlors and sitting-rooms for the use of the young women who expect visitors of the other sex. The crusade is not meant in the slightest degree as a reflection on any one but simply as an effort to remedy certain college conditions.

Boarding-House Keepers Will Help

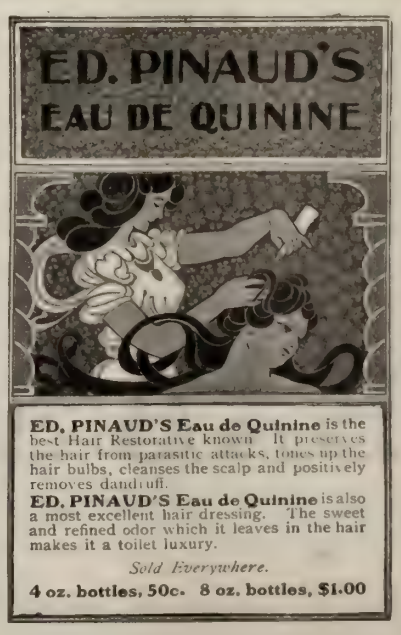
So very rapidly has the student body grown in the last few years that conventional customs have been in some measure crowded a bit. In order to meet the increasing demand for rooms the boarding house keepers have been forced to use everything in the shape of four walls. In this wise many of the parlors set aside in each house for the reception of visitors have been refitted and used for sleeping apartments. There being no general room therefore for the reception of visitors, the custom has gradually slipped in of a caller going directly to a student's room. Most of the girls had the bedsteads removed, hunted for bizarre effects, and gave their apartments the air of general utility that betokens a hall lounging room. There they received their callers, studied with such men student friends as occasion demanded and entertained classmates in general whenever they could afford it. Hearst hall and the Library corners had been provided for these "meets" but those places weren't always convenient, especially in the evening. But everything is going to be satisfactorily arranged now that the members of the Young Woman's Christian Association have got the boarding house keepers to promise to fit up reception rooms for the benefit of male callers so that there will be no further occasion for the men students to study in the rooms of the women students.

"My dear," said the disgruntled husband, "I wouldn't object to your talking so much if the volume of your utterances was not altogether out of proportion with what you say."

Condolences Out of Order

There were two couples who had been very intimate in Oakland society. One man with his wife went abroad and before many months the news reached them that the wife of the man who remained in Oakland had died. The pair abroad sent letters of commiseration to the bereaved husband. Less than a year afterward the traveling Oaklander

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returned to California and on the street he encountered his old friend. He put his arm affectionately about the other's shoulder and said, "My dear fellow, I can't tell you how sorry I was to hear of your bereavement."

No tears welled up in the other's eyes, though the eyes of the sympathizing friend were moist.

"Well, yes, of course," he stammered with some embarrassment, "but you see, my dear fellow—I thank you very much, I'm sure—but you see, I am married again."

Nina Wants Company

Nina Farrington, the actress, with a record as a home-breaker that long since shadowed her histrionic achievements, is threatening to cast a bombshell right into the centre of New York's social Holy of Holies. It appears that Miss Farrington has at length grown weary of playing the part of co-respondent without an understudy. She was recently named as co-respondent in the Johnstone divorce case, and she says that at the proper time she will divulge the fact that the defendant was also criminally intimate with the wife of a prominent yachtsman, the daughter of a noted millionaire and a woman prominent in Newport's social circles. It is said that this woman is known to Mrs. Johnstone, and was at one time her friend. For this reason her name was not mentioned. Mrs. Johnstone thought that as Miss Farrington had no reputation to lose she would be willing to play the role of co-respondent once more, but the actress knew that she did not enjoy a monopoly of Johnstone's affections, for she had obtained a packet of letters written to him by the society woman in a cipher code which he had also used with her. So she has decided, she says, that if she is to endure the ignominy of being publicly pilloried she will at least be in good company. She has placed the packet of letters in the hands of her lawyers, and all Newport is on the *qui vive* for another salacious sensation. But I doubt that the letters will ever be produced. They are as good as gold to the actress and her lawyer, and the millionaire father will probably be able to negotiate their exchange for bank notes.

Enlightened selfishness is a good thing for people who have formed the treat habit.

Why He Was Episcopalian

Mrs. Hittell told a good story at the Pioneer Women's meeting last Wednesday. It was about a man who was asked what religious denomination he belonged to. He said he was an Episcopalian.

"What church do you belong to?" he was asked.

"Oh, I don't belong to any church," he answered.

"Well, what diocese, then, are you located in?"

"No diocese that I know of," he returned.

"Have you been confirmed?"

"No, I can't say I was ever confirmed."

"Well, when were you baptized?"

"I don't remember that I was ever baptized."

"Well," was the emphatic observation, "if you were never baptized and never confirmed, how does it happen you call yourself an Episcopalian?"

"Well," answered the man, "It was this way. One day I dropped into an Episcopal church. There was one part where they all said, 'We have done those things we ought not to have done, and left undone those things we ought to have done.' When I heard that, I said to myself, that's my case exactly. And since then I've been an Episcopalian."

"Jimmy the Ramrod"

Within a few days we shall have a visit from Commander Sidney A. Staunton, U. S. Navy, otherwise known in the service as "Jimmy the Ramrod," a sobriquet he earned years ago from the circumstance of his being slenderly sparred with a decided rake aft. This is an age of specialism, and nearly every officer in the navy has his special line of activity. Staunton's specialty, until reaching command rank, was the duty of flag-lieutenant. He has been a professional flag-lieutenant. He served as such under Rear-Admiral S. R. Franklin, on the European station; under Rear-Admiral John G. Walker, in the famous squadron of evolution, better known as the "white squadron"; later on, in the squadron collected for the naval review in 1893, and finally, he was Sampson's flag-lieutenant on the *New York* in the West Indies during the Spanish war. He is regarded as one of the brainiest officers of the navy, and the manner in which he has performed the duties, always delicate, as a member of an admiral's personal staff, has set a standard which others are glad to reach. He has been detached from the command of the gunboat *Helena,* on "Fighting Bob" Evans's Asiatic station, and ordered to return to this country, where, I believe, a good shore billet is awaiting him. He will stop for a few days in this city on his way to his home in the East.

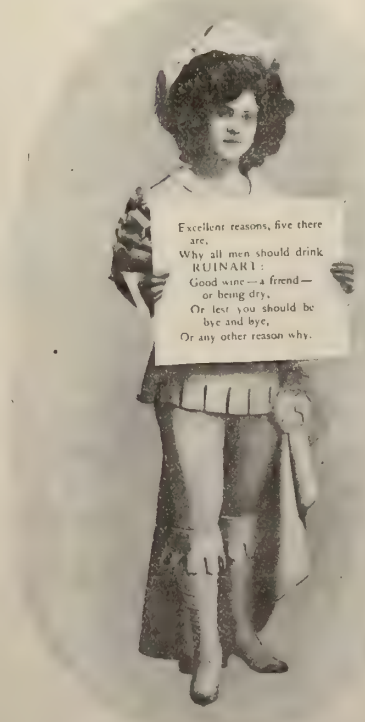
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Ignorance of the Law

One needs but spend a little time in the courts of this city to become impressed with the surprising ignorance of the law that is to be found in the legal profession. There are lawyers galore practicing law in this city who do not know the most familiar of the rudimentary principles, and yet they are exacting fees from clients every day. Of course, in so doing, they are obtaining money under false pretenses, for to employ them is to divert justice from the cause which they are hired to espouse. The other day the trial of a divorce suit was started in one of the courts. It was a simple default case, the husband not caring to resist. The attorney for the plaintiff called her to the witness stand to introduce the proof of desertion, that being the alleged cause of action.

"Your husband deserted you, did he not?" asked the attorney.

"Indeed he didn't," was the emphatic reply, "I left him."

The lawyer looked nonplussed. "But didn't he leave you, as you allege in your complaint, on the date mentioned therein?"

"No, sir; I left him. I wouldn't live with such a man."

"Hadn't you better take a continuance?" suggested the court, sympathetically, as he glanced at the rows of grinning lawyers in the rear. The young barrister eagerly adopted the suggestion, and walked out with his client, looking very crestfallen. A veteran attorney took pity on him and followed him into the corridor.

"Wasn't that awful," said the young attorney.

"Yes, it was pretty tough," assented the other, "but don't you know that it's desertion on the husband's part if by his cruel acts he compelled his wife to leave him?"

The young attorney didn't know, but he was very much pleased to learn that such was the case, and he thanked his instructor for the information.

The Lucky Bruguieres

Fortune has been smiling on the Bruguiere family lately. They sold a mine in the northern part of the State for more than a million dollars, and Emil has made a lot of money out of oil wells in Dakota. Besides he has had his opera accepted by the Bostonians. The opera is to be tried on the dog in some Middle West town, and then if it has merit it will be taken to New York. The marriage day of Vesta Shortridge and Emil Bruguiere has, I hear, been again postponed. Louis Bruguiere has been making conquest after conquest in Newport, and is said to be a pet of Mrs. Astor, and Pedar Bruguiere is about the only member of the family who hasn't been distinguishing himself. But he has shed his luxuriant locks and now he looks like an ordinary mortal.

Will Irwin and Gelett Burgess have collaborated on a novel which has a distinctively new plot. The main story deals with a California flower fiesta in which, just previous to the coronation, the queen disappears, and her maid of honor is crowned in her stead. There are plots and counterplots, half earnest and half mockery, with a bit of real mystery surrounding the disappearance of the queen. In every chapter one of the characters relates a story, which, though complete in itself, bears a vital relation to the main romance. These flower fiestas have given such a chance to exploit modern chivalry and romance that the wonder is some one has not utilized them before.

They Can Smoke Again

After a theoretical abstinence of over a score of years from the solace of nicotine, the West Point cadets are to have the privilege of tobacco-smoking restored to them, and I understand that the Annapolis midshipmen will be similarly favored before long. Smoking was prohibited in the academies in 1881, prior to which date the sturdy pipe, the fragrant cigar and the dainty cigarette furnished soothing relief from the arduous work of those institutions. The average age of a cadet or a midshipman is about twenty years. To deprive him of the privilege of smoking was always considered by the students as a high-handed bit of paternalism. Many a cadet has acquired a formidable array of demerits for violation of the anti-smoking regulations and his conduct has thus been made to appear bad for doing something which nearly all youths, especially students, do without punishment. And many a good officer has been compelled to leave the academy because of the demerits accruing from his infractions of the onerous restriction.

An Industrious Naval Officer

I am sorry to learn of the serious illness of Lieutenant-Commander John B. Blish, U. S. Navy, who has been relieved of his duties as executive officer of the training ship *Alert* and sent to the Mare Island hospital for treat-



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ment. John Blish is one of many naval officers who do not content themselves with the mere routine duties of their ranks. Many people think that an officer in the Navy has a pretty easy thing of it in time of peace, and so he has—in the leisure moments off duty when lying in port entertaining guests. That is about the only side of it that the average visitor sees. But social affairs do not occupy all the time of the naval officer. He spends much of his time in hard study, not only to keep up with the advances in his profession but in seeking to better the equipment of the service. Blish is one of the energetic sort. He has recently made two notable additions to the navigator's outfit, one of which, known as "the navigator's prism," eliminates one of the most annoying sources of error in navigation, and is greeted as a boon by seamen the world over. Nor is Blish by any means alone among the naval officers who have thus turned their leisure moments to the profit of their fellow sailors.

One of the Real Heroes

While the marital incidents in the life of Doctor Blue follow in quick succession, I am reminded of the calm that hovers nowadays about his brother, Lieutenant Victor Blue, of the Navy, the man who performed one of the most daring, sensational deeds of the Spanish war in his lone reconnaissance around Santiago. Blue is a modest hero, and a real one. He is unlike the spectacular, gallery-playing Hobson, who did perform a gallant deed, and Schley, who did not. While these two were filling the columns of the press, exchanging greetings with the throng, and otherwise exploiting themselves, Blue remained silent in comparative obscurity, and attended quietly to his business, as though he had never done anything out of the ordinary.

They Salute "Captain Bill"

Up at Fort Flagler the idol of the post is the little son of the Percy Kesslers (Lottie Cunningham). The little fellow is known as "Captain Bill" and he is full of military spirit, which he gets from two lines of ancestors. All the warships that come into the harbor know "Captain Bill" and never fail to give him the salute.

The Captain's Romance

Captain Arthur Stewart Conklin, who was recently married and who is soon to be stationed at the Presidio, figured in a romance a few years ago that supplied army circles with an entertaining topic for discussion. Conklin was a lieutenant then, and stationed at Ponce, Porto Rico. He began a flirtation with a beautiful native girl, Carmen Antonsanti, which was only *pour passer le temps* on his part but which the passionate Porto Rican took more seriously. When the lieutenant was ordered away, the Ponce beauty followed him to New York, thence to Washington and other cities, never however succeeding in overtaking him. Tiring of the fruitless pursuit Carmen returned home and some months later married a native widower with a family.

Service Gossip

There is a rumor to the effect that the Thirtieth Infantry is to be stationed at the Presidio. As some of the officers have been on duty here before they would be warmly welcomed back. The regiment is on its way home from the Philippines and is almost due. General MacArthur, who is on tour of inspection in Southern California accompanied by Mrs. MacArthur, is expected back next week. General Robert M. O'Reilly of the Medical Department has been spending the week here and has been extensively entertained by his brother officers. He was accompanied from the East by Major William C. Borden. Colonel W. S. Patten is expected to arrive from the East the end of next week to assume the duties of chief quartermaster of the Department of California. Colonel Palmer H. Ray, Fourth Infantry, and Mrs. Ray, left for Manila on the *Logan* last Saturday. Major J. M. T. Partello, late of the Seventh Infantry, will join the Twenty-ninth Infantry at Fort Niobrara, Nebraska, instead of the Fifteenth Infantry at Monterey, as was expected. Captain Austin F. Prescott, Twenty-first Infantry, has been ordered to Fort Lincoln, North Dakota, where he will be accompanied by Mrs. Prescott. They expected to go to Fort Snelling. Major George O. Squier, chief signal officer of the Department of California, has gone East, where he will pass his two months' leave. Captain and Mrs. Langdon (Ruth Dunham), who have been abroad since their marriage, arrived a few days ago and are in quarters at the Presidio. Captain Charles W. Exton, Twentieth Infantry, has received orders to leave Monterey, where he has been stationed with the Fifteenth Infantry for some months past and on special duty with the rifle competition at Benicia Barracks, and proceed to West Point to resume the duties of instructor.

Lieutenant and Mrs. G. W. Winterburn have gone to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Lieutenant Winterburn has been ordered to attend the General Service and Staff College there.

Mr. Louis Eaton will resume the series of organ recitals at Trinity church on Thursday evening, September seventeenth, at eight o'clock. The program at the seventeenth recital will be Fugue in G major, book ix, Bach; Concert Overture in E flat, Faulkes; Seventh Sonata (new), Guilmant; Caprice, Wolstenholme; overture, Tannhauser, Wagner.

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Letter to Mrs. Hannah O'Hara, of the Ready Rèliable Employment Agency.

Monday.

Mrs. Hannah O'Hara—Dear Madam,

I understand that you can furnish me a cook. Before placing the order, however, would say that we are extremely fastidious, my husband and I, and that your task will not be an easy one. A girl, you know, that would please ordinarily, would for us prove quite incompetent. Trusting, however, that you will be able to surmount this difficulty, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,

Mrs. Arthur Henry Leslie Jones.

Tuesday.

Dear Mrs. O'Hara,

I wrote you yesterday, but owing to the press of social engagements, did not take time enough to tell you exactly what I wanted. We like German girls, with a decided preference to blondes. The girl we employ must be neat and willing, of tractable disposition and not to be given to sulks. She must, of course, be strictly virtuous and under no circumstances will we tolerate beaux. That she must be a good cook goes without saying—preferably a cooking-school graduate.

She may have one night out every two weeks. Or if she prefers that night in, she may entertain her friends in the coal cellar.

As to wages, we are very rich as you doubtless know, so will be able to pay anything for—say, an A-1 girl.

Please let me hear from you at once.

Mrs. Jones.

Wednesday.

Mrs. O'Hara,

Don't send a dressy girl, please—that is, one who has any aspirations above frilled aprons and gingham gowns. And, too, see that her hair doesn't pompadour.

She must, of course, be graceful, Mrs. O'Hara, especially, now, about entering and leaving the dining-room; not inclined to sliding the parsley into the gravy, don't you know.

Have I covered the ground, and will you send me a cook at once?

Yours very much, *Mrs. Jones.*

P. S.—Don't send more than one girl at a time, please.

Thursday.

Dear Madam,

I have written you three times and telephoned you twice. What on earth can be the matter?

Do you realize what an honor I'm conferring upon you—I, Mrs. Arthur Henry Leslie Jones? Why, my very name on your order book is prestige enough! I trust you appreciate this fact and will send me a cook at once.

The Jones millions, too, are not to be sneezed at. I shall pay you handsomely for your trouble. *Mrs. J....*

Monday.

Dear Mrs. O'Hara,

I got your letter by the very first mail today. How horrid of you! Hard to find, you say, can't fill the bill, and don't want the job anyhow? Why, Mrs. O'Hara! Now, there, just to think of such a thing! Make an extra effort in my behalf—now do. Think what a card it would be for you to be able to say you furnished a cook for Mrs. Arthur Henry Leslie Jones!

Thanking you in advance, I am

Very gratefully yours, *Mrs. Jones.*

Wednesday.

Mrs. O'Hara,

I'm almost crazy. I've been ringing you up for an hour. What is the matter with you, anyhow? Are you absolutely inidfferent to the appeals I am daily, almost hourly, making you? Don't you know I need your sympathy, and need it badly? In addition, my dear Mrs. O'Hara, to the absence of a cook, I am now *sans* housemaid, *sans* coachman, *sans* nursegirl, *sans* everything. Think of me if you can—Mrs. Arthur Henry Leslie Jones—in this palace of a home without a piece of a servant left. Arthur Henry Leslie says, too, that my cooking would kill a mule; and as for baby, he's had just one spell of colic after another until I'm—.

There's the door bell now, Mrs. O'Hara, and the baby's crying, and the steak's burning, and the telephone's ringing. Whatever—shall I—do?

Don't like what I said about beaux? Will take it all back—every single line. She can have a dozen beaux—she can entertain them in the parlor—she can have the reception hall, and the Turkish room, and the library, and the smoker, and Arthur Henry Leslie, if she wants him—the horses, too. *The place is hers!* Any color, any nationality, —just any old thing, Mrs. O'Hara, *but for God's sake send her.*

Mrs. Jones.

BESSIE L. RUSSELL.

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STAGE

The Massive Benedetto

On the whole the Tivoli grand opera company is a very well-balanced organization, and it contains several good singers. It also contains a very attractive woman in the ample person of Lina de Benedetto, who is really large enough for the Chutes. When you see her you get a great deal for your money. The critics of the dailies say that she is roly-poly; she is more than that—she is huge, the greatest Aida you ever saw. She has voice, too, and she knows how to use it, but when she falls or faints one trembles for the tenor who has to lift her. Grand opera requires a deal of imagination but de Benedetto makes the well run dry. She turns tragedy into comedy.

A Marguerite Without Temperament

There is atmosphere on both sides of the footlights at the Tivoli nowanights, for the singers from sunny Italy are once more regaling the Latin colony of San Francisco. But the representatives of the Latin colony are not the only enthusiasts that quench their musical thirst in the local temple of melody. Italian opera has a great fascination for local music lovers of all nationalities, and so grateful are they to the Tivoli management for gratifying them, that they are disinclined to be captious. On Monday night of this week they heard Signorina Tina de Spada sing Marguerite in "Faust," and they could not have manifested much greater satisfaction if it had been Melba in the role. The Signorina is an artist, but she is no Marguerite. That is one role which demands the quality of temperament with which this talented young woman is not endowed. She is one of the most pleasing and accomplished lyric sopranos that ever sang in Italian opera at popular prices in this city, but as Marguerite she is painfully unreal. The sensuousness of the Gounod music is never expressed by her, either in voice or manner. Her singing of the jewel song was colorless, and the whole garden scene was lacking inpoetry and passion. The ability to produce limpid notes is not the alpha and omega of artistic vocalization. Signorina de Spada proved herself a Marguerite of adequate comeliness, grace and simplicity of manner, and while she sang with great purity she failed to catch the spirit of the role. There was missing the true note of childish ecstasy at finding the jewels, and of the subsequent feeling of alarm that she is, perhaps, doing wrong. The gradual awakening to the power of love, and finally the unspeakable agony of sorrow and temptation, are themes beyond her powers of portrayal. True to operatic and dramatic tradition, the Signorina wore the hay-rope braid down her back to proclaim her Margueriteishness. Patti, whose complexion was of the same shade as this young Italian, had the courage to break away from tradition in that role. She looked like herself, with her own black hair braided down her back, and I always thought she should have been congratulated for doing so. The most satisfactory feature of the performance of "Faust" was the spirited singing and acting of Agosto Dado. This virile basso plays the devil as though he revels in the role, and his singing, despite the notes of the lower register that go to protest, has the full, deep-toned resonance that delights the ear and stirs the emotions. Mephisto is one of his impersonations, grimly sardonic, yet with brilliant touches of humor. Agostini is singing with even greater purity than his lusty tenor possessed last season, but he seems to lack inspiration in "Faust." Perhaps he needs a more responsive Marguerite.

Floral Pieces at Fischers

The bill at Fischer's was changed Monday night, and as usual on the opening night of new productions at the burlesque house many floral pieces were passed over the footlights. The florist business would be stimulated greatly if there was a change of bill once a week at Fischer's. The new burlesques are "The Glad Hand" and "The Con-Querors." They are bubbling over with nonsense and they are as melodious as any of their predecessors. Kolb, Dill and Bernard are the principal fun-makers, and Winfield Blake and Maude Amber contribute the serio-comic features, and the most pretentious of the songs, while Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson entertain with their fantastic terpsichorean stunts. The new burlesques are very amusing, and are interspersed with some sparkling dialogue. The chorus is as busy as ever, and there has been no diminution in the number of shapely girls.

Not Margaret but Lizzie

The little children of the poor who appear in the May-day park scene of "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" at the Alcazar are the real, real thing. There is a boisterous realism in their merry-making, but artistic results were not attained without much sacrifice of stage director Butler's time and patience. One frowsy, tousle-headed Miss of eleven was particularly trying at rehearsals by her persistent attempts to monopolize the centre of the stage. Finally the usually serene and mild-spoken Butler became irritated. "I say, Margaret Anglin," he remarked sarcastically, "get back in the bunch and don't spoil the situation." Thereupon the freckle-faced brother of the refractory one bridled up and made haughty and ferocious reply: "Aw say, her name's not Margaret Anglin; it's Lizzie Foley."



DR. ALEXANDER J. McIVOR-TYNDALL
The famous Scientist, whose Sunday night lectures on Psychic Phenomena are attracting immense audiences

Victor Hugo in Drama

The Paul Potter version of "Notre Dame," though not so effective as the one Margaret Mather used, was sufficiently moving to draw large audiences to the California this week, to the end of its run. MacVicars is by no means at his best as Quasimodo. It takes an actor of peculiar intensity to play a role that must inspire alternate repulsion and attraction, to be true to the author's creation. Wyngate, late of the Alcazar stock, is fairly

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in the spirit of Phoebus, but Miss Andrews does not put the right French touch to Fleur-le-Lys. The gypsy is played by Miss Kemble, who succeeds in retaining the audience's sympathies from the opening scene to her sad death. Oberle as the priest and Sumner as the poet are particularly well cast.

The little Pollards are doing a banner business at the Grand. "A Gaiety Girl" goes with lots of vim and Daphne Pollard as Lady Virginia Forrest is amazingly clever. Fred Pollard's songs are a feature of the production. The patriotic ballad, "When Old Glory Waves," sung by Alice Pollard with the chorus, arouses enthusiasm and Jack Pollard's "Sally in the Ballet" is bright.

A Good Stock

The change from melodrama to lively farce came very appropriately at the Central this week. "Whose Baby Are You?" is sprightly enough for a Manhattan Beach attraction, and the company seems to enjoy this brief rest from heavy work. The Central, by the way, has a remarkably strong stock company just now, and it is hard to say where it could be in any way bettered. Miss Lawton is a handsome and magnetic woman. She hails from the South, I believe, and has lots of temperament. She came to San Francisco with the Frawleys, but has now been for some months at the Central. Herschel Mayall is one of the most popular and versatile leading actors we have ever had here. Edwin Emery is a very clever comedian and "all round" actor. Ernest Howell excels in character roles. Henry Shumer's villains are above par. Miss Vane is a bright and charming soubrette, who never thrusts her personality forward to an unpleasant degree, but acts with discretion. The others in the company, which is a large one, were chosen for their all-round ability, and George Webster is an admirable stage director.

There's a French bull at the Chutes this week which is cleverer than many humans. Though the canine is a debutant, he acts with the aplomb of an old stager. He does high and low jumps, goes through hoops and punches a bag. He will likely be a hit on the circuit and acquire shekels for his master, who is also a remarkable high leaper.

The new Alcazar stock company, engaged in New York for Belasco and Mayer by general manager E. D. Price, will open the regular fall and winter season October twelfth, in a powerful Pinero play that has never been seen in this city.

Arthur Donaldson, who made a great hit in the original production of "The Prince of Pilsen," appears here with the organization which also includes the celebrated Trixie Friganza. This will be the first appearance here of this actress, of whom so much has been read and heard. Nick Long and Idaline Cotton have splendid parts in the comedy.

Society Supes in Salt Lake

When Henry Miller tried "The Devil's Disciple" on the canine, it Salt Lake City, it so happened that the McCornicks, leaders of society there, were giving a ball on the same night. Miss Mamie Read, one of the Salt Lake belles, was anxious to see the play, but she could not bear to forego the dance. Louis Nethersole, however, managed the matter for Miss Read. George Topliff, a prominent clubman and cotillion beau of Salt Lake, knows Nethersole, and he begged the latter to permit Miss Read and himself to attend the dress rehearsal of the Shaw play. Henry Miller's orders are very strict about non-admittance of outsiders at rehearsals, but Nethersole suggested that his society friends engage as supers in the mob scene in the last act. Miss Read and Mr. Topliff agreed, and were in the dress rehearsal, seeing the play from the inside, but Mr. Miller did not know two of his supers were from smart society; not until afterwards when Nethersole told the story to a newspaperman and it was passed around.

Theatre-goers have a great treat in store for them, for Ben Hur will be here in November. Over one thousand performances of this play have already been given in this country and its third year's run inNew York will shortly commence. It has been slow in reaching this city because it is such a big production. Its settings will tax the capacity of the Grand Opera House stage. It is said to be a drama in every sense worthy of the great novel from which it was taken. Of course the great feature of the play is the chariot scene, which is presented by means of panoramic stage settings, the horses running on treadmills. The incidental music, by the way, was written by our Edgar Stillman Kelley.

"Kronstadt," in which Effie Shannon and Kerbert Kelcey will appear next season, is a dramatization of Max Pemberton's novel. It is an exciting tale of how a woman secured the secret of the fortifications, and should make a strong play.

Paul Arthur, Mrs. Langtry's leading man, was once the husband of Katherine Gray, of San Francisco, who later married Jack Mason.

The Alcazar's special Matinee performance of D'Annunzio's "Gioconda" by Florence Roberts and company was too late for criticism in this week's issue.

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The Latest in Press Notices

Formerly actresses and actors were press-agented; press agents now devote some of their space to themselves, judging by this, in my Monday mail-bag:

"A recent addition to the Liebler & Co. forces which will attract unusual attention in newspaper circles throughout the United States, is that of Mr. Frank C. Reid, who for the past twelve years has been conspicuously connected with the dramatic department of the *New York Herald* and for the greater part of that time recognized as Mr. Thomas W. White's right-hand man, and main reliance, his mantle falling upon Mr. Reid's shoulders during Mr. White's temporary absences, and especially during that gentleman's occasional sojourns abroad. There are few better known, more thoroughly capable, or more universally beloved newspaper men in America than Frank Reid, and while the New York newspaper boys will greatly miss him, yet they will all be glad to know that he has been permitted to escape the irksomeness of all-night work on a big city daily, the wear and tear of which is terrible, even under the most pleasant surroundings. As an evidence of the regard felt for him in the *Herald* editorial rooms, Mr. Reid now carries a handsome and artistic cane, the metal head of which bears an inscription which Mr. Reid prizes very highly, as it constitutes an evidence of esteem and affection and regret at separation which, as the reward of long and faithful service, is ever held priceless. Mr. Reid will have charge of the press work for Miss Eleanor Robson's tour."

Miss Eleanor Haber's monologue recital will occur on September twenty-ninth. All new monologues, most of them especially written for the occasion, will be given.

A store in which Richard Mansfield worked as a clerk before he went on the stage is pointed out to visitors as one of the sights of Boston.

It is said M. Coquelin wants to come over to America and found a conservatory to teach American actors and actresses how to act.

Christie McDonald (Mrs. Willie Winter Jefferson) will appear in a new piece by Seymour Hicks, "The English Daisy," in October.

Agnes Mahr is a New York girl who is being much discussed because she can cakewalk on her toes. Arnold Grazer of this city was, I believe, the first to introduce the toe-dance cakewalk.

Tyndall's Psychic Evening a Feature

It begins to look as though we will soon discover that we are each and all electrical machines, and that if electricity does not run the universe, at least it supplies the motive power for doing so. At Dr. McIvor-Tyndall's Sunday evening lectures and demonstrations of psychic power, this theory is receiving substantial proof in the manner with which the electrical force of thought is transmitted from one mind to another. The lecture last Sunday night was given by Dr. Albert J. Atkins, at the invitation of Tyndall, the subject being "Human Electricity." The discourse was a scientific exposition of his theory of electro-chemic energy as the life principle, and was well received by the large audience. Dr. Atkins paid a high tribute to Dr. Tyndall, saying that he deserves the co-operation and support of every person of advanced thought, for the pioneer work he has done in bringing to the world the great truths that are at present receiving attention. After the lecture Tyndall presented some of the experiments in thought-force which have made him world-renowned. Tomorrow evening Dr. McIvor-Tyndall will again lecture at Steinway hall, on "Divorce: Its Relation to Psychology," and on the Sunday

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HENRY MILLER AND MARGARET ANGLIN SEASON
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evining following he will speak on the subject of "Hypnotism: Good and Bad." Each lecture will be supplemented by experiments and manifestations of psychic power.

Features of Next Week's Bills

For the last week of their season at the Columbia Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin will appear in an adaptation of George Ohnet's love story, "Le Maitre des Forges," entitled "The Aftermath." Henry Miller prepared the dramatization for the stage. The play will be superbly staged. Miller as the ironmaster should prove highly effective in the many strong scenes afforded by the play. Miss Anglin as Claire promises to make an even greater success than she has yet achieved here. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. "The Prince of Pilsen" comes next.

Many famous women of the stage have essayed Sudermann's "Magda"; it will be interesting to study Florence Roberts's conception for she is, above all else, a brainy actress, with splendid command of all the artifices of the stage. Although she has given "Magda" many times on tour she has never played it in San Francisco. There are those reviewers who have placed Miss Roberts's "Magda" even higher in the artistic scale than her fervid and sweepingly passionate "Zaza." Next Thursday afternoon will be given the second of the special "Gioconda" matinees, an undertaking carried out in rare artistic spirit. These performances of the famous D'Annunzio play are of the highest intellectual value and are notable as the first ever given by an English-speaking actress. To follow, September twenty-first, is Anthony Hope's charming romance, "The Adventure of the Lady Ursula."

"The Lady Slavey," which the little Pollards will produce at the Grand on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, will be remembered as having been given by the Southwell opera company. It is a very bright musical comedy. Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee "The Geisha" will be given. The production will be a unique one. All the scenery was painted by a Japanese artist in the town of Kobe, Japan, while the company was touring that country. The costumes were also made there. Alice Pollard will be the Geisha, Oscar Heintz, the Marquis, Connie Pollard the French maid and Daphne Pollard Mollie Seymour. Attention is called to the fact that the only matinees will be given on Saturdays and Sundays, and that at each of them souvenir pictures of the Lilliputians will be presented to all the ladies and children in the audience.

At the Tivoli will be given "Il Trovatore" and "La Somnambula," which will almost be new to San Francisco, it not having been produced for some time. In "Il Trovatore" Ischierdo will appear as Manrico and Gregoretti as Count di Luna. Travaglini will sing Ferrando, De Benedetto Leonora and Marchesini Azucena. In "Somnambula" Dado is to have the role of Count Rodolfo with Tedeschi as Elvino. Tromben will be Amina and Marie Welsh will sing Lisa.

Fischer's new bill has caught on with vigor and will go all next week.

"The Cherry Pickers," at the Central, is the work of Joseph Arthur, who wrote those money-winning melodramas, "Blue Jeans, "Still Alarm" and "Lost River." It ran for one hundred and twenty consecutive nights at the Fourteenth street theatre, New York. "The Cherry Pickers" is the nickname of an English regiment in India, so called on account of their red trousers. The insurrection of the Eurasians and the British-Afghan war of '78-'80 figure in the drama. There is a powerful plot in which figure a British officer, a half-caste and a beautiful Eurasian girl. The piece will be staged with the accuracy and splendor for which the Central is noted.

E. Rousby, who comes direct from the principal European amusement centres, will present for the first time in this country at the Orpheum his latest spectacular novelty, "In Paris," consisting of an electrical review in four tableaux showing the most interesting features of Parisian life during the Exposition of 1900. The first tableau shows the main entrance to the grounds, by day and night, the second represents a Swiss village during a thunderstorm, the third is entitled "The Palace of Illusions," and the fourth portrays a night festival in front of the Chateau d'Eau. Arnesen, the incomparable gymnast, also comes direct from Europe. James Richmond Glenroy, "the man with the green gloves," returns after several seasons' absence with an automobile full of original stories and parodies. The Princess Losoros, a prima donna of royal lineage, will sing for the first time in this city, her selections including popular and classical numbers. The biograph, which has been resting for two weeks, will show a complete change of motion pictures.

At the Chutes will be John LeClair, the artistic and refined comedy juggler, Anderson and Wallace, travesty artists of renown, appearing here for the first time, as will also Henry Clive, an Australian magician, with several novelties from the Antipodes. George Schindler, the world's greatest harmonica player, will play operatic and classical selections on his seldom-heard instrument, and Mr. and Mrs. Morton will present a unique comedy sketch. The Reese brothers, gun and spear manipulators and May Lamson, the contralto, in new illustrated songs, will remain.

—*The Playgoer.*



IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87209.

ADELAIDE C. SHADE, Plaintiff
vs.
WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of September, A. D., 1903.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

MILTON S. HAMILTON, Attorney for Plaintiff
Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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Automobile Topics

It is gradually dawning upon the farmer that the horseless carriage is a pretty good thing. It stimulates an interest in roads, and causes agitation in favor of improving the suburban highways. As a consequence even the man who drives horses is getting over his prejudice against the horseless vehicles. He and the farmers are beginning to realize that the influence making for improved highways is for their benefit. It will be easier to get crops to market when the country is opened up, and the heavy roads are metamorphosed into smooth ones where going is easy, winter and summer. So after all the horseless carriage is beneficial to the general public as well as to those fortunate persons who can afford to keep their own devil wagons.

On August twenty-third C. C. Eib of the Pioneer Automobile Company left this city in a Stevens-Duryea, for the express purpose of proving the worth and enduring qualities of that horseless carriage. Mr. Eib spent six days in touring the northern portion of the State. After reaching Stockton the local automobilist, with W. W. Westy and Fred M. West, cashier and president respectively of the Stockton Savings Bank, and W. Hansel of the firm of Merrill and Hansel, left on a run from the Terminal City to Modesto. This trip, covering thirty-five miles of some of the worst sand in the State, was made in two hours and six minutes. From Modesto the return trip to Stockton was made by way of Oakdale, which is a longer but much better route. This distance of forty-seven and three-quarters miles was covered in the remarkable time of two hours and six minutes. A few days later, accompanied by Messrs. John Woods, Smith Woods and W. H. Woods, a distance of eighteen and one-quarter miles (from the former's ranch from Stockton), was made in fifty-four minutes. On the return trip to Stockton through Woodbridge, a distance of twenty miles, the elapsed time was one hour and thirteen minutes. Five miles on this trip, over a good road, were made in exactly thirteen minutes. On Friday, August twenty-eighth, Mr. Eib, accompanied by Mr. Hansel, drove the Duryea from Stockton to Sacramento, a distance of fifty-three miles, in two house and twenty minutes, while the return trip was made in one hour and fifty minutes.

Mr. Eib, in speaking about his trip, said that Stockton was becoming quite an automobile town and that already fifty-five of the horseless vehicles are in use. They are chiefly Wintons, Knox's, Oldsmobiles and Locomobiles.

In connection with the placing of a recent order of one hundred automobiles with a Michigan factory, by a Los Angeles dealer, a good story is told at the expense of a Detroit justice. The Los Angeles man, Fred Stamm, who placed the order for the Southern California firm, was making a test run of one of machines when he was gathered in by the police and charged with scorching in a public street in the residence section. When he was placed on trial he set up the defense that he was trying a machine of Detroit manufacture and did not realize the speed he was making. He added that the trial was so satisfactory that he had given an order for one hundred machines. The police judge looked wise, thought hard for a few minutes and then rendered the opinion "that a Los Angeles man, a Californian, a man with money to buy one hundred auto runabouts, was entitled to some latitude in Michigan." He then dismissed the case against Mr. Stamm and proceeded to the next on the docket. By a singular coincidence, there was also a case of scorching against a son of Governor Pingree, but as he was not from Los Angeles in California he was fined twenty-five dollars and costs, which he paid.

It is something new in the automobile world to pace a trotting horse with an automobile. An automobile running mate presents a feature which few people have ever thought of, and yet why should not an automobile be used for such a purpose? Arrangements have been made to have one of the most famous trotting horses of the country, Croesus, paced in his trials against time this fall by the "White" Steam Touring Car. One difficulty of achieving satisfactory results with a running mate is that it is difficult to rate him along in proper time and to put just the requisite spurt into his work at the proper moment; and yet a good, speedy automobile could do this work perfectly. The silent, noiseless motion of the "White"; its condensor which takes up exhaust steam, and the great speed the "White" car has shown, all insure the success of the plan.

On a recent trip to Portland, Mr. C. A. Hawkins, manager of the White Sewing Machine Company, established a new record over the worst grade in Oregon. The run over three miles to Portland Heights was made in a White touring car in nine minutes flat. The previous record was thiry-three minutes.

Quite a few horseless vehicles have been disposed of by local automobile dealers the last week or so. J. C. Ainsworth, president of the United States National Bank of Portland, has bought a "White" touring car, J. Brock Jr. of Lodi a Stevens-Duryea, Dr. E. H. Parker of Portland a White touring car, Albert Moore of Stockton a Stevens-Duryea, W. B. Ayre, president of the Eastern and Western Lumber Company of Portland, a "White" touring car, Henry Nichols of Oakland an Autocar, Joe Eastland a Peerless and P. George Gow has ordered a Knox touring car.

The new Edison battery has been perfected and will be placed on the market in about one month. The Waverly electrical machine is equipped with this battery, and Mr. Cuyler Lee of the Western Automobile Company has secured the agency for this machine. A great many people of California have long been waiting for the arrival of an electrical machine equipped with such a battery, and I predict that within a short time these machines will be seen in numbers on the streets of the city and roads of suburban towns. An electrical vehicle equipped with the Edison battery will run one hundred miles on one charge; thus it will be seen that a person making the run from San Francisco to Oakland via San Jose can do so without any bother or inconvenience.

Mr. John Rush Baird and Dr. Louis C. Deane of San Francisco and Dr. D. E. Blackburn of Pescadero have purchased Cadillacs.

The first and only passenger bus ever brought to this coast is soon to arrive. It was ordered by the National Automobile Company. The vehicle will be put in service in this city and can seat twenty persons. —*The Chauffeur.*



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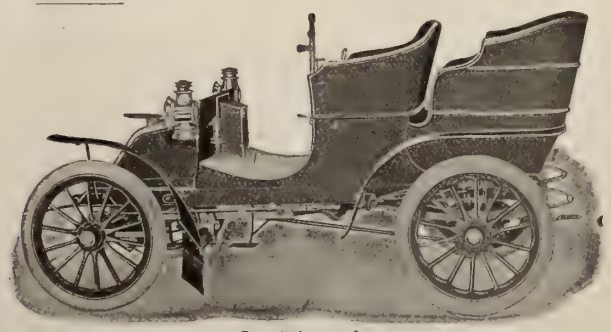
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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

The Scheel Symphony

By far the most satisfactory program that Scheel has given us was the one presented on Tuesday last. Beginning with Wagner's inspiring Kaiser March it went with great spirit to the end. Scheel has done wonders with his orchestra in the short time that he has been with us, until now the ensemble is about perfect. Every part of the program was beautifully shaded and there was a refreshing absence of slovenly playing. The piece de resistance was of course the Dvorak symphony, "From the New World." This beautiful work has been given here only a few times, and never so well as by Scheel. Dvorak's composition has steadily grown in popular favor since its first rendition a few years ago. Now it is always a favorite on every program both in America and Europe. Handel's "Grand Concerto" followed and its rare classic beauty was exquisitely brought out. The trio in the fourth part for two violins and ine cello was skilfully and delicately given and was so well received that it had to be repeated. Hector Berlioz's "Dance of the Sylphs" from the "Damnation of Faust," a dainty trifle, was well handled and was enthusiastically encored. Godard's mazourka, "Ancients and Moderns," proved to be a beautiful work. The program closed with the ever lovely "Mignon" overture.

The Leader Who Lasts

In music, as in every art, the pleasure-giving effects of mere brilliancy are in inverse ratio to repetition. Brilliancy creates but a one day's wonder. The first hearing delights you, the second leaves you indifferent, the third bores you to death. With mastery, on the contrary, the effects are cumulative. Beethoven heard for the hundredth time is more beautiful than when first heard. The true test of him who reads the music, as of him who writes it, is time. Few leaders last the season out. One of the few is Fritz Scheel. Those who now question that opinion are, for the most part, disgruntled musicians. The difficult task of maintaining a high standard of art and at the same time meeting popular demands Mr. Scheel performs with admirable grace. Tuesday's program was a good example of his method. The Handel "Grand Concerto" gave us the same Fritz Scheel that led the Schubert last week, the Fritz Scheel that endures. Therein was to be heard the rare note of "distinction." Music to suit any man's ear was to be found in Anton Dvorak's "The New World Symphonie," and the audience was mighty desirous of having "Faust" damned all over again. The "Kaiser March" is by no means the best of Wagner, but the wise leader made the best of it.

Our Child Artist

Nothing, not even reading the biographies of the great deathless dead, is more beautifully fascinating than watching the development of a young artist. And Kathleen Parlow is a young artist. She is not a child wonder. Her destiny is to grow into an adult artist. Unhappily child wonders have a far other fate in store for them. Had the word genius not been so abused, its noble features so disfigured, I might be tempted to apply it to her. On the evening of Thursday, September 17, in Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, she will give a violin recital and the public will have an opportunity of deciding what word best befits her exquisite artistry. Miss Parlow is but twelve years old, yet the program includes Schwedische Tanze (Max Bruch), the Paganini Capriccio in A minor, and the big Mendelssohn Concerto in E minor. Mrs. M. E. Blanchard will sing, and Mr. Fred Maurer will be at the piano.

The departure of Mrs. Grace Morei Dickman for New York last week removes from our midst one of our very best contraltos. Mrs. Dickman, had she conquered her disinclination toward a stage life, could long since have made name and fame in opera, but she prefers to sing in concert and oratorio.

William C. Carl, organist and choir director of the First Presbyterian church, New York, who arrived here last week and

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registered at the Palace, gave two organ recitals during his recent visit to Dawson, Y. T. They were given in St. Andrew's church and were largely attended. The programs included works of Guilmant, Bach, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Wagner, Handel, Rubinstein, Dvorak, Callaerts and others.

The Controversy Over Parsifal

As soon as Manager Conreid, the successor to Maurice Grau, determined to produce Wagner's great opera, "Parsifal," at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, a great storm of objections swept over the ocean from Bayreuth. Conreid was denounced as a mercenary creature who had no respect for the wishes of the dead or the noble sentiments of the living. It was known that the great master desired that "Parsifal" should never be produced outside Bayreuth, and that his widow and son had firmly resolved that his will should be obeyed. But Conreid and his friends, and even the New York papers, attributed their objections to mercenary motives. They said that the widow and the management of the opera house in Bayreuth kept "Parsifal" for home production in order to attract rich people to that city and extort fancy prices from them. But there are two sides to the story. Frau Wagner's legal representative has arrived in America intent upon preventing the production of the opera and he tells the Wagner side of the story. To an occasional correspondent in New York he said that Frau Wagner has never made one cent from the productions at Bayreuth, a fact that is easily susceptible of positive proof. As a matter of fact she has been robbed right and left, for the Wagnerian operas have been stolen and royalties are seldom paid. Frau Wagner is not a business woman. She has devoted herself to carrying out Herr Wagner's wishes. Nothing has been changed in the big house at Bayreuth since he died. The very books on the library table remain as he left them. To Frau Wagner the production of "Parsifal" outside of Bayreuth seems a sacrilege. The opera is a sacred drama embodying the sacred story of the Holy Grail and in it appear Christ and his disciples. It should be produced in a proper atmosphere with religious devotion. It should not be put on as a money-making scheme. There is the same objection to its falling into the hands of the commercial manager as there is to the production of the Passion Play for revenue. Frau Wagner's legal representative says that she will be heartbroken if this great religious play of her husband gets into the hands of the money-grabbers and that he intends to defeat them.

So many of Mr. Emil Steinegger's pupils living across the bay have desired to have their lessons at his home that Mr. Steinegger has decided to teach in Fruitvale, but in the forenoons only.

There is already demand for reservation for seats and boxes for the Patti concerts, not alone from this city but nearly every city in the State.

The Paris *Gaulois* credits Pietro Mascagni with the remarkable feat of simultaneously beginning the composition of four grand operas, the books by prominent Italian librettists. The titles given are "Vestilia," "Stella," "Frou Frou" and "Marie Antoinette." —*The Music Critic.*

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LETTERS

A New Juvenile

"Andy Barr" falls a long way short of being an ideal boys' book, though the intention is good and there are many good things in it. It starts well, with that delight of boys of all ages and climes, the arrival of the circus, and there are plenty of wholesome adventures. The story is located in Illinois at the breaking out of the Civil war and extends to its close. Andy Barr, the principal character, is one of the class without whom no story of rural life would be complete in these days, and in the main he is well enough. He is the village cobbler, and is a veteran of the Mexican war, having lost his leg in one of the battles, and is called "Uncle Andy" by the boys, whom he regales with stories, songs, and bits of wisdom. Naturally all the boys become excited when the declaration of hostilities is made, and they are all eager to enlist. "Uncle Andy" does them a good turn in giving them drill instructions, and teaching them the military value of an order and a promise. The youngsters are as serious about it all as children always are in their play, and eventually their juvenile battalions are sworn in as home guards and some of the older boys do enlist for regular service. Andy Barr is the soul of truth and honesty, and so far, good. When in the sequel it develops that the apparently impecunious cobbler is really a rich man who has been hoarding his wealth; that he was a malingerer who feigned insanity in order to be discharged from the army, though he was shamed into enlisting again under another name and redeeming himself, and that during the years while he has been posing to the boys as a miracle of honor and modesty, he has been all the time collecting a pension that he did not need, from the government, one is fain to consider that the author, Willis B. Hawkins, might have done better by his hero. Andy Barr is the son of people in comfortable circumstances, who had not felt it incumbent upon himself to do anything especial in the way of earning a livelihood in his young days. His principal occupation is writing poetry to the girls, so one has a natural right to expect better and more grammatical English from him, as well as abstention from profanity, for the example to the boys. It is doubtful if boys of the age of Fred and Jimmy, at the beginning of the story, would have been so easily imposed on by the burlesque enlistment and swearing in by Corporal Maginnis, or that they would be simple enough to think their old horse and cow were also mustered into the service of the United States, and it is very certain that the little lads who would be entranced by the story of the Widget, the Curleykew, and the other quaint fancies, would not care at all for the love story with which the book winds up. Neither is it at all probable that Andy Barr would have been able to enlist such a company as the he is credited with, or that he would lead them into battle on foot—literally on foot for him, since he had but one. A good juvenile story is the rarest thing to be found in contemporary literature. Mr. Hawkins has done exceptionally well in places but he evidently forgets that boys do not grow as fast as books are printed. We would suggest that he bear it in mind in his next venture, and leave love-making aside. Also that he remember the faculty of imitation which is so well developed amongst juveniles and omit profanity altogether. "Andy Barr" is such a mixture of good and bad that the best use to be made of it is for the adults to keep it in their own hands and read selections to the little people. It would be as much of a pity to deprive them of the entertaining parts as it would be to put the rest before them. The Lothrop Company, which is making a laudable effort to furnish good, wholesome juvenile fiction, is the publisher of this volume, which appears to be the author's first venture in this field.

Stories of Jewish Life

"Idyls of the Gass" is a sympathetic study of the Jew as he appears at home, in his quarter of a European city. More specifically, it is the story of one little Jewish boy and his grandmother. Shimmele, as the little fellow is named, is a wonderfully bright little chap, but being the fifth born, his parents, poor and hard-working farmers, are not so keen to discover his talents. It remains for his grandmother, Maryam, to call attention to him as a prodigy when she discovers him reciting the long Hebrew graces at the age of three years. Immediately she sees in Shimmele the continuation of the long line of scholars from which she has descended, and schemes to attach the child to her, so that when she proposes to the father that Shimmele be given into her care the child is delighted to go. Maryam is no ordinary woman. In her girlhood she had studied with her brothers and the other students under her father's supervision, and now she is regarded by her neighbors and co-religionists as almost as wise and learned as the rabbi himself. She is the baker for her little community, and in her bake room much of the innocent gossip of the "gasse" is exchanged. Shimmele, in accordance with the designs of Maryam, who intends her precocious little grandson to be, in time, a high priest, is sent to attend all the religious services at the Schule, and we have a picture of the tiny child trotting off at half-past two in the morning to open the door for the worshipers, and reading the long prayers from the big prayer-book, too heavy for his little hands to hold, so that it is little wonder that he has his own opinion of prayers, and determines that in course of time he will be a baker or a carter rather than a rabbi. But Maryam proves her title to be regarded as a wise woman in her methods of dealing with this small handful of animated interrogation. When he boldly asks questions that one more ignorant or less sympathetic would answer by punishment, Maryam either answers wisely or leads his thoughts aside, and when he starts an independent investigation of mysteries and reports the result she leads him to confide in her and to keep his secrets between themselves. And if there is much learning of prayers and attending of services, there are also stories, and treats of sugar buns and dried plums to tempt the little scholar, and other lessons of justice and charity and forbearance taught without words. The last three stories tell of that strange fanati-

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cism which breaks out every now and then in a persecution of the unfortunate Jews, who are subjected to the utmost cruelties on any flimsy accusation. A new boy, a Christian, drifts into the Jewish quarter and inaugurates a new game of stoning the children whom he accuses of being "Christ-killers." Our little man of course is specially selected for attention; later on a general persecution takes place and we leave little Shimmele reciting the Hebrew prayers for the dead over the bodies of his good, kind grandmother and his blind uncle, murdered by the mob. A sad recital, but a convincing one, and a timely book in view of the Kishinev disasters. Martha Wolfenstein is a comparatively new name in the literary world. Within its limitations "Idyls of the Gass" could scarcely be improved upon, and probably no other writer has shown as much insight into Jewish life, with the exceptions of Israel Zangwill and Emma Wolf. Just now the reading world shows a disposition to go mad over "Wee Macgreegor," but Wee Macgreegor is to Shimmele as skim milk is to strong meat. [Published by the Macmillan Company.]

A Good Juvenile

"Defending the Bank" is a lively juvenile story well told and not altogether improbable, as is apt to be the case with boys' books. Jack Talcott and Tom Reynolds are the heroes. Jack, the son of the banker, is an imaginative lad of about twelve years, and Tom is his chief crony. Jack is convalescing from an illness which has kept him in bed for a month, and when he is able to sit up his couch is placed near a window from which he can command a view of the principal street and the entrance of the bank. As he lies there he sees a strange man standing on the opposite corner, and with his little noddle filled with detective lore, pirates and such other delights of the penny dreadfuls he has read surreptitiously, he begins to weave a romance in which the stranger figures as a robber with designs on the treasure vaults. Soon another man joins the first for a brief conversation and he is allotted a role. After school hours Tom comes to call on his sick chum and is introduced to the plot. He is enlisted as a detective and sent to "shadow" the mysterious stranger, a task which he joyfully undertakes, in half-joke, whole-earnest fashion. His zeal outruns his discretion and he does many things which would not receive the sanction of his parents if they had been consulted, for Tom soon forgets that it is only a game he is engaged in and begins to suspect there is something more than appears on the surface. The two boys enlist fourteen year old Kate Talcott and for awhile they have plenty of fun, but it turns out, singularly enough, that they have stumbled on a real plot of bank robbery. Instead of reporting to their parents or to the authorities, the over-confident youngsters resolve to bag their own game and actually succeed in doing it. This is the kind of a story that healthy boys and birls have always reveled in. It is briskly told, with no long pages of moralizing or chapters of history and biography. The two lads are clean-minded, well behaved little fellows, and though they indulge plentifully in slang and vernacular, there is nothing vulgar about them. In fact, they are just such boys as we would choose for companions for our own youngsters, and parents who have an eye on the kind of books their children read need have no qualms of conscience if they find them deep in the pages of "Defending the Bank." Edward S. Van Zile is the author of the volume, which is one of a number of boys' books recently issued by D. Lothrop of Boston. —*The Bookworm.*

Locomotion By Elevation

I walked, when I first came to San Francisco, from my room in the Mission to the theatre, twice a day.

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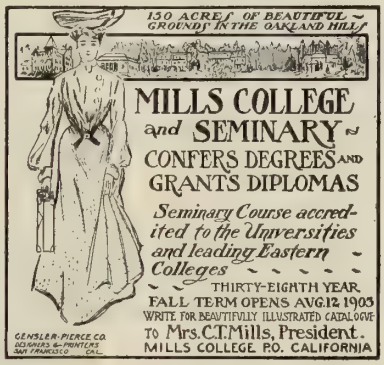
It was a hired cab until after I met Johnny Clubman. He had my monogram placed on the doors.

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—*"Mr. Meeson's Will," Rider Haggard.*

From "The Intrusions of Peggy," by Anthony Hope:

Airey Newton: Life isn't taking in only, it's giving out, too. And it's not giving out only work or deeds or things we've made, it's giving ourselves out, too—freely,—freely, to other people. Giving ourselves in comradeship, in understanding, in joy, in love.

Newton: Men who buy love get the sort of love that's for sale.

Society is exceedingly charitable toward people who are definitely and finally out of the running. Those in the race run all; they become much more popular when it is understood that they do not compete for a prize.

Could anything be dull so long as one had brains to see the dullness.

A Mistake of the Wire

One of the most ludicrous mistakes ever made by the telegraph was caused by the loss of a single dot in a telegram from Brisbane to a London news agency. As it reached London it read thus: "Governor-General twins first son," which the news agency "edited" and sent around to the papers in the following form: "Lady Kennedy, the wife of Sir Arthur Kennedy, Governor-General of Queensland, yesterday gave birth at Government House, Brisbane, to twins, the first born being a son." The telegram arriving in the small hours of the morning, there was no time to refer to any books, and it was published in most of the newspapers of London and the provinces and caused an unexpected sensation. Sir Arthur's friends pointed out with conclusive force that someone had blundered, as there never was a Lady Kennedy, Sir Arthur being a bachelor. The repeated message which followed read: "Governor-General turns first sod," referring to a railway ceremony.

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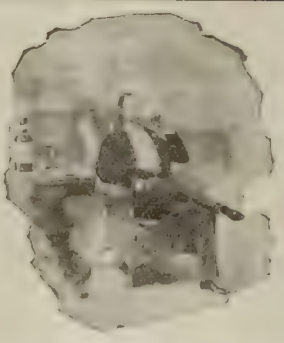
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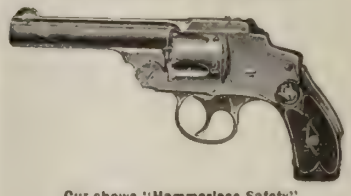
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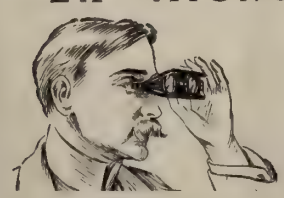
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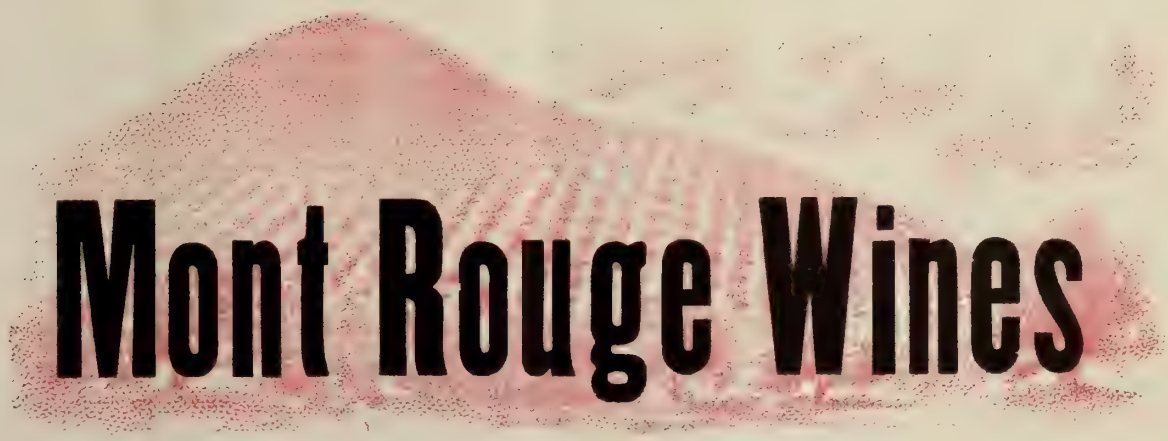
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, September 19, 1903

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The Local Post Office Scandal

Postmaster Montague is involved in a very bad scandal which the Federal authorities have had under investigation for some time, and there appears to be a disposition on all sides to treat him with great leniency. It has been shown that Mr. Montague and several of his subordinates are stockholders of a corporation engaged in selling a certain postal-box device to the Government. The business is a perfectly legitimate one, and the device is no doubt of considerable value, but it is something worse than a gross breach of the proprieties for the Postmaster and his subordinates to exercise their official influence for the promotion of their private enterprise at the expense of the department by which they are employed. Mr. Montague is said to have been greatly agitated by the scandal, and there has been talk of his resigning. His connection with the matter appears to be regarded in some quarters as a mere indiscretion due to an error of judgment. Mr. Montague is an old and respected merchant of this city, and he has always been ready to lend an air of respectability to a boss-ridden convention. He has rendered valuable services to the political powers and the Postmastership was his reward. Sentiment demands that he be treated leniently and no doubt he will, for he is a rich man with a great deal of influence, but the scandal is one that promises rich returns if properly exploited. The program is to make it appear that Montague has been pretty much in the hands of thrifty people in whom he reposed implicit confidence; that he was a mere figure-head used by the money-grabbers to dignify their illegitimate enterprise. Whatever may be the general opinion regarding Montague's connection with the postal device corporation, there is not the slightest doubt that as Postmaster he has been concerned principally with the drawing of his salary. The local post office has been managed in a very discreditable manner. A few months ago *Town Talk* had occasion to complain of the wretched postal service in this city, and immediately letters came from all parts of town approving the criticism that had been made, and reciting the experience of people who had suffered through Montague's mismanagement. There is urgent necessity for reforms in the local post office, and it is to be hoped that no time will be lost in instituting them.

A Suggestion to the Governor

Though Governor Pardee has been in office over eight months he has not yet instituted any of the reforms that were promised during the late gubernatorial campaign. Since his election he has probably discovered that the machinery of the State government is in fine working order and that there is no great need of repair. It is wonderful what a lot of room for reform is disclosed to the view of the candidate for office, and how quickly his vision is obscured after his election. But perhaps Governor Pardee has not yet thoroughly familiarized himself with all the multifarious affairs of State that have been entrusted to his management. For several months his time was occupied by the Legislature, and then Teddy Roosevelt came upon the scene, and the Governor was kept busy extending official courtesies. So arduous was this work that when it was over he retired with his family into the privacy of the redwoods in the Big Basin for rest and recreation, and it was only a week or so ago that he emerged from his sylvan retreat. So the Governor has not had much opportunity to go about reforming. However, it is to be hoped that in devoting a little time to the State Fair last week, he picked up some information about the abuses that thrive under the mismanagement of the political hacks who dominate the State Agricultural Society. There is an institution that has become moribund through mismanagement If the Governor thinks it worth his while to promote the agricultural interests of this State he should prosecute a searching inquiry into the affairs of that society.

Teddy's Latest Resolution

President Roosevelt is reported in the despatches to have adopted, in executive session with himself, another good resolution. It is to appoint better men to the United States consulships. He has resolved to name men who are already in the service, and who have had that experience and training in minor positions to render them more capable of filling places of higher grade and greater importance. This is an excellent resolution, fully as good as some of the best that Teddy has determined upon since entering the White House, but which, alas, he has not always found it expedient to keep. Good resolutions are sometimes like bad promises; it is advisable to break them. President Roosevelt has found it advisable to break several of his best resolutions, because to keep them would mean political disaster. It would greatly improve the consular service to maintain it on a sort of civil service basis. It would give reasonable assurance to the manufacturing and commercial interests intent upon the extension of the country's foreign trade, that in time all important consular positions will be filled by men of character and ability, but the President is bound to find it extremely embarrassing, if not impossible, to resist the importunities of Senators who desire to reward young men who were instrumental in securing the toga for them. The President cannot ignore the wishes of Senators who represent States that send large delegations to the National Convention. President Roosevelt means well, but he will find it hard to adhere to his commendable determination. It is unfortunate that Consular appointments are open for Senatorial spoliation, for

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as a consequence we send men unworthy and unfit, and a disgrace to the nation. That President Roosevelt will institute the much needed reform is quite beyond reasonable expectation.

The Past Is Buried

The fact that a wife failed to disclose her unchastity before marriage does not afford ground for the annulment of the marriage, is the decision of a referee acting under the direction of the Supreme Court of New York. The referee reported that some foreign law-writers of note have deemed marriage vitiated by error regarding the woman's ante-nuptial chastity, but that he had been unable to find that such a rule ever obtained in any common law jurisdiction. It is probably fortunate that the rule does not obtain in this country, for if it did the looseness of the marriage relationship would become a trifle more pronounced. What is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose and dissatisfied wives would, under such a rule, have less difficulty than ever in breaking away from obnoxious husbands. It is bad enough for the courts to be called on to take cognizance of current events in the family circle. If they were empowered to pry into the past of both husbands and wives their researches might involve no end of unpleasant personal history. It has been wisely held in this country that a higher degree of fraud is requisite to void a marriage contract than suffices to vitiate any other. Marriage can only be void by such fraud as relates to the essence of the marriage relationship and to those qualities of the contracting parties necessary for the consummation of the fundamental purposes of marriage as an institution. The policy of the law is to refuse to grant divorce for any ante-nuptial misconduct. It regards marriage as a gateway to repentance and virtue. If a woman enters the married state reformed, and continues faithful to her marriage vows, every consideration of justice and humanity demands that the past should be considered forgiven and forgotten.

The Philosophy of Marriage

Dorothy Dix is of the opinion that happiness in marriage would be more often found if people sought their mates in their own class, but a local writer takes exception. He thinks it is not happiness but offspring which is the object of marriage. If people always married in their own class the bright minds would mate together, and the frivolous fools would seek each other out, so that we should have distinct classification of all sages on one side and all idiots on the other, while under the present system, the children begotten of the union of the soubrette and the Puritan combine the qualities of both parents and we have a blend which, presumably, is better than one though worse than the other. This philosopher imagines that the offspring of any marriage partakes of the qualities of both parents in practically equal proportions. Unfortunately this is not the case. There is no calculating results. Not only is there not an exact proportionment of the qualities of the immediate progenitors, but there is more or less of the grandparents and great grandparents, and collaterals. The brilliant scientist or jurist who marries a frivolous wife to please his fancy will not be any the less inclined to blame her when his son, destined to succeed him, displays the maternal characteristics instead of the paternal, and similarly, he will not love his daughter the more because instead of being pliant to his will she opposes it with all the strength that she has inherited from him. The good miller of Dorlcote is not the only character in fiction or in life who, having deliberately selected a wife for her amiable stupidity, in the expectation that his sons would take after him, and his daughters, in turn, please other men with his own views, finds that in this puzzling world his plans have got twisted and that it is the sons who take after the mother while the girls are endowed with brains for which he can see no use. When Mademoiselle Millions elopes with the coachman, the presumption according to the local sociologist's way of reasoning, is that the children born to them will be midway between the extremes. They will inherit the social graces of mamma and the democratic simplicity of the coachman. But Mademoiselle was not thinking so much of the veritable driver of papa's horses as she was of some idealization of her own. It is not John or Patrick that she marries, but a fairy prince in disguise, and she half-unconsciously expects a grand transformation such as winds up the Christmas pantomime, and when it does not take place she is not backward about voicing her disappointment. Similarly, when her brother levants with the cook, he is not satisfied to find that she will remain the cook to the end of the chapter, and the children, along with their misfortune of not pleasing the parents either way, because of things which they cannot help, grow up in an atmosphere of bickering and recrimination. The ex-heiress will not be slow at reminding her coachman of all she gave up for him, nor will he often restrain his tongue from reminding her that she was remarkably anxious to secure him. The Simple Simon son of the man of parts will not go unrebuked because he takes after his mother, nor will the over-brilliant daughter fail of reminders that she is "all Jones." Apart from this, there is the matter of social etiquette and small observances. They are second nature to one member of the family and an untranslated book to the other, and as Herbert Wace tersely puts it in "The Kempton-Wace Letters," "Many a home has been broken because of a disagreement as to the uses and abuses of couch cushions, and more than one divorce induced by the lingering of tobacco odors in the curtains." If, when people from widely separated classes marry, they would be content with their selections, and not demand that the cook should likewise be a countess and the coachman a cavalier, all would go well, perhaps, but there are a thousand inevitable pin-pricks inflicted every day by one who is utterly unable to comprehend why they should cause annoyance, and so far from the children of these mesalliances enjoying special privileges, they are crushed between the upper and the nether millstone. If marriages are entered into with an eye single to the welfare of children,the fewer causes there are for friction the better for them.

Our Ridiculous Education System

When President Roosevelt sent his son Archie to a public school great was the self-laudation of the public educator. Here was proof most positive that the system

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was the acme of perfection and that the humblest tenement dweller had at his pleasure as much as the highest in the land. Now it is discovered that Master Archie has learned as much and as little as any other youngster of his years, and is henceforth to be put under private instruction, and the same class of writers who glorified the public school before because of its perfections are now finding reasons why less should be expected of the "system" than of private institutions. Chiefly, of course, it is because the private schools have more money to spend. But the failure of the public schools is not one to be remedied by more money. Rather would they benefit by a reduction of expenses and strict attention to their legitimate business. The complaint which President Roosevelt has voiced with regard to young Archie is identical with the objection raised by Tim O'Brien with his Patsy. It has been echoed from every quarter of the United States for the last ten years, and the only response thus far vouchsafed has been to add one more fad to the curriculum. President Roosevelt finds that his boy can give an accurate scientific description and classification of the grasshopper, but he cannot spell simple words, write legibly, or perform simple operations in arithmetic correctly. No doubt the boy can make mud pies and draw caricatures in colored crayon, too, and perform a variety of other esthetic stunts which are in the nature of blowing soap-bubbles as compared with the essential groundwork of education. The trouble with the public schools is not in shortage of funds but in spending so much foolishly. There is no fad too fatuous to be foisted upon the school department, and teachers dread the advent of every visitor lest he prove to be some hobby-rider with a pull. Let a bugologist drop into a kindergarten and discover that the lisping infants are not conversant with lepidoptera and coleoptera, though Heaven knows it is little that is spared them, and immediately he must write to the papers about it. After him comes a charming lady with a passion for birds, and her kettle boils over because the youngsters are not expert ornithologists. If she is sufficiently plausible and insinuating, bird lore is wedged into the course of study. Along comes some embryo botanist, and straightway they are set to pulling blossoms apart and making copies of scientific terms, learning to "tell the wild flowers." Next comes a professional musician, and all his fat is in the fire because the children cannot read music at sight, and close in his wake follow seamstress, cook and some manual handicraftsman, each of whom lays a straw on the pack. All this while the poor babies are struggling with what one of them described as "that silly little Indian named High Water," and they are memorizing poems, and examining Pussy's claws under the supervision of teacher, and playing "Simon says thumbs up" to develop their powers of observation, and growing more muddled every day. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is howling because the children do not breathe her way, and some one else is lamenting the evils of vertical penmanship, and a new crank, imagining all the world is as stupid as himself, is gnashing his teeth because geography is taught from wall maps instead of from relief maps constructed on the class-room floor and laid true to the points of the compass. Meantime, the children are like a flock of sheep harried hither and yonder, up hill and down dale; there is just as much of a chance for them to get an education as there is for the sheep to get fat. But the "system" flourishes apace.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

Peary and the Pole

The Navy Department has granted Lieutenant Peary a three years' leave, and he is to renew his attempt to reach the North Pole, backed by the Peary Arctic Club, with ample funds. Peary has conducted his explorations heretofore at a disadvantage owing to an insufficiency of funds to provide an adequate supporting party and a satisfactory base, but he will be fully equipped for the next trip which he is to make in the spring. Arctic explorers are now more sanguine than ever of the accessibility of the pole, and though Peary did not reach the highest point north, he has done more than all others toward solving the problem that confronts the adventurous spirits who are intent upon reaching the prize. Captain Cagni, of the Italian expedition, reached the highest point ever attained within a month after leaving his ship or base of supplies, and Nansen with the second highest record, reached his northermost point within twenty-four hours after leaving his ship. Owing to lack of means Peary was compelled to establish his base of supplies three hundred and fifty miles to the south of the point at which he should have begun his journey, and when he reached the great unknown region of ice the season was too far advanced. However he kept on to within sixty-five miles of the highest point ever attained. He now purposes establishing his camp on the shore of the frozen ocean, or the northern coast of Grant Land, and making the trip over the ice between sunrise and the late summer, when the conditions are favorable for sledging. The round trip from that point is not as great as the distance Peary has covered on several of his sledge expeditions, and therefore his backers have great confidence in his ability to win the glory that awaits the pole finder. Mrs. Peary will not accompany her husband to the polar regions as she did before, much to the discomfort of the men in the party. But she is not deterred by reason of any awakening of a sense of delicacy. A new baby arrived in the Peary home some days ago, and that is why she has decided to stay home. One of the Peary children was born in the Arctic.

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The Gospel of Gladness

BY HARRY COWELL

One course at least in the sweet uses of adversity seems indispensable to complete culture. Nothing can disguise the boorishness of those who have never had Sorrow for master. They are inevitably crude—gold it may be, but unfinished, lacking the work of the file. "Pain," as poor Heine has it, does indeed "spiritualize the limbs." In little need, however, of having this truth emphasized is a world that for nineteen hundred gray years has been worshiping the cross. Rather it needs to hear reiterated that by laughter is life more severely tested than by tears; that it is easier to bear grief nobly than nobly to bear joy; that by means of happiness the hero is known; that one must learn the sweeter uses of prosperity before one is fit for heaven. Surely it is success, not failure, that tries the soul. Are not men proved more by riches and power than by poverty and dependence? Many a peasant can weep with dignity, but he is more than a lord who can be merry and not vulgar. The *nouveau riche* should never jest. The lesser gods do well to be serious and distant; not one of them can afford to be jovial save Jupiter Olympus himself. Countless lovers have been "lost by a laugh." The friendship that survives the "funny mood" of its object bids fair to be eternal. The angels weep over the laughter of men. Where is now the poet great enough to sing in adequate numbers the gladness of the world? Who dares to be joyous in prose? Mirth remains to be said and sung.

Let no one, therefore, think that the new gospel of gladness, with its pleasant apostles, and their sayings of sunshine, requires little of men. On the contrary, it asks great things: the childish heart, the perfect love that casts out fear, the elimination of cruelty and vulgarity, neither of which is compatible with laughter. It is vice that grins and makes all manner of grimaces; virtue alone knows how to smile.

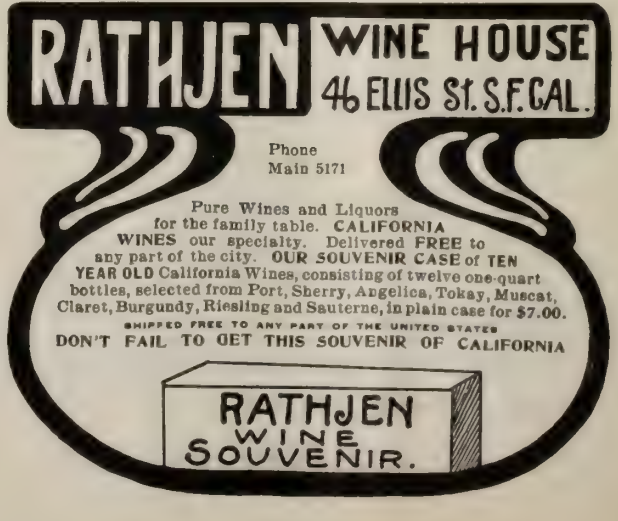
I am not of those who deny the existence of evil and rejoice early and late because all's well with the world. In the world as I see it much is to mend. If everything were indeed good, there would be no need of affirming the fact by day and by night. I resent being treated as doctors treat sick folk, and told only news nice to hear. It is not optimism at all but the lowest form of pessimism and the most reprehensible, that is constrained to lie about the state of things, to whistle down churchyard fears; that is forever inferring that if one were to look facts in the face life would not be worth the living. No, the laughter that is born of the dogma that whatever is, is right is of sadder sound than the wailings of broken-hearted women; the whistle of the dogmatists about as cheerful as a storm wind in the fire-forgotten chimney of a deserted hut wherein a lone traveler seeks shelter at dead of night.

There is, however, a soul of truth in things erroneous which is seldom far to seek. Evil does in sad truth exist; but one would just as well not make much of it, not give it house room or countenance. It is a mistake to deny the presence of evil, it is a crime to be forever affirming it.

But there are high priests of "Happiness-here-and-now," who preach a gospel of gladness worth any man's ear. Their very voices caress you like spring sunshine; in their smiling presence pessimism is impossible. With impeccable instinct they take hold of everything by the happier handle. If Evil does at times force his uninvited company upon them, he is at once induced as if by magic to be upon his best behavior—a behavior inconceivably good. Delight attends their downsittings and remains with you long after their uprisings. With the air of an interloper, Pain retreats before them. They sow smiles broadcast and from even the stoniest places reap incredible harvests. While they keep you company, ten thousand reasons for being happy undreamed of before they came occur to your mind, and that without the least prompting on their part. Or else you find yourself unreasonably happy. Man, you begin to surmise, was made for joy, and sadness now seems to you little short of blasphemy.

All this that they do for you is done without effort, without a counting of cost. They give forth their gladness as flowers do their perfume, because in the nature of things they must. Thus they fulfill their destiny. You never dream of thanking them. You may even enjoy the benefits of their friendship for years before awakening to the fact that goodness of a very exquisite sort is theirs. Let an ordinary person do a noble action, and forthwith you hasten to give him full credit for it; but with them nobility is to common to be noticed; the very finest conduct is taken as a matter of course. Over the least lapse of theirs you would make more ado than over the crimes of others. 'Tis a high compliment you pay them, though unintended. Where they are, a sullen look seems out of place, and no matter what has gone wrong, you perforce must match them smile for smile. They are philanthropists without pose, and the beneficiary takes their gifts without loss of self-respect; high priests they are who cause in the layman no uncomfortable feeling of spiritual inferiority. You hardly believed yourself capable of such sublime emotions as you happened to experience during one or other of their occasional visits. To connect their presence with your unusual exaltation of spirit would be to make a quite uncalled for use of coincidence. The uplift that they leave behind them in the hearts of men is as the flower of mythology that sprang up in the footsteps of earth-going immortals. Whenever one of them comes my way, like music, through my mind runs these lines of Shelley's:

"Lamp of Earth, where'er thou movest,
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness."



A Yesterday

There's a land I know,
  Its beauties lie
  'Neath a tropical sky.
There the cacti grow;
There the red-lipped, sun-kissed cacti grow,
  And glow, and glow.

There's a face I know;
  Two red lips set
  Round a cigarette;
There's a promise low,
There are raven lashes drooping low
  O'er eyes that glow.

There's a spot I know;
  A face lies white
  In the moon's cold light,
And the cacti grow—
And the red-lipped cacti, blood-red grow,
  And glint and glow.

MABEL PORTER PITTS.

The Saunterer

Another Pretty Mess

The hoodoo which has long haunted the Hotel Rafael is still doing business at the old stand. He has been somewhat apathetic this season but just at its close his invidious spell is felt once more. Another scandal has broken out in the baron's summer hostelry. Everything was running along smoothly, and the management was becoming very well satisfied with itself when, like the proverbial thunderbolt out of a serene sky, the guests were thrown into a panic through the sensational disclosures of one of the waitresses in the dining-room. The scandal was precipitated by her refusal to serve two of the male guests who occupied a table within the limits of her domain. The men are of some prominence in this city; one is an architect and the other is a broker. The latter is an enthusiastic golf player. The waitress went on a strike, she explained, because their conversation at the table was such as to mantle her cheeks with blushes.

Tar and Feathers Suggested

She related that they carried on their conversation in a way that convinced her that it was intended for her ears, and that it usually related to feminine guests of the hotel. Of course it was not long before the other guests learned of the complaint made by the waitress, and since then the matter has been the subject of much tittle-tattle. Moreover some of the men were very indignant, and there was actually some talk of tar and feathers. The accused men were interviewed by the manager of the hotel, and they stigmatized the story of the waitress as a malicious falsehood, but later on it was reported that some months ago another waitress who had served the two men went on a strike, too, because she objected to their highly spiced dialogue. However the management took no action, being in doubt as to how the question of veracity should be resolved. So there the matter rests. It is an unfortunate predicament for the men to be in if they are innocent, because of course they are viewed askance by many of their fellow boarders. It happens that one of them is an inveterate story-teller, and therefore a terrible bore to people who go to San Rafael for peace and quiet. Those who have suffered from him are naturally inclined to believe the charges. However it is a very nasty mess, and the baron is blamed for not having had sense enough to employ men in his dining-room instead of modest maidens who shy at salacity.

Hayward Leaves His Old Home

The story comes to me from San Mateo that the old home of Alvinza Hayward has been vacated by the aged millionaire, and on its heels comes the rumor that his departure was due to fresh differences with his wife from whom he has been separated for several years. It appears that some years ago, when Hayward was seriously ill, he conveyed the bulk of his fortune to his wife, and that when he recovered, differences arose between them owing to the interest which he was taking in spiritualism and spiritualists. Mrs. Hayward refused to deed back the property, fearing, it was said, that the spiritualists would get it. A few years later, however, when Hayward was in financial straits his wife came to his rescue, and since that time he is supposed to have made a great deal of money.

As To His Wealth

Hayward is now popularly believed to be a very rich man, but there are some who say that his operations of late have been conducted largely on borrowed capital, and that though he has a good income he is not as wealthy as he is reputed to be. Since the closing down of the Utica mine, from which he derived the greater portion of his fortune, his income has been largely reduced, but the old man has lost none of his cunning as a financier though he is eighty years of age. He lately showed that he still possessed great vitality when he pulled through a severe attack of pneumonia. It was remarked that during that severe illness his wife, and his daughter, who is married to a New York broker named Roe, failed to come to his bedside. Now the story goes that since his recovery his daughter came to this city to get some money from him and was refused, and that thereupon orders came from Mrs. Hayward in New York for the closing of the old home at San Mateo, which stands in her name. This is the gossip to be heard at the suburban resort.

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They Had Money to Burn

In ye olden tyme, when the waters of the bay laved the sands of this growing metropolis at Montgomery street, and the red-shirted miners came down from Jack Ass Gulch to paint the village red, it was not unusual for them to sprinkle the stage of the old Bella Union with the coin of the realm to signify their appreciation of a pioneer show-girl. History tells us that Lotta picked up many a coin that clinked on the stage in those days. But Lotta was young then. In later years she would probably have resented the offering as an insult. Something of the spirit that imbued those horny-fisted miners was transmitted, it appears, from sire to son, for two of the sons of pioneers gave a spectacular exhibition of their prodigality the other night at Fischer's, that was reminiscent of the days of '49. But whereas the miners of old were inspired by the grace, beauty and talent of the sex which was very sparsely represented in those days, the sons of pioneers had their enthusiasm aroused by the masculine biped. Kolb, Dill and Bernard were on the stage playing on the risibles of their audience, when Walter Magee and Joe Eastland began emptying their pockets over the footlights. The comedians were at first astonished, but they soon understood the situation and entered int othe spirit of it good-naturedly. Bernard picked up one of the coins and invited his German friends into a saloon set on the stage, saying, "Let us have a drink with some of Walter Magee's foolishness." A little later Maud Amber appeared, and some coin was thrown at her, but she was content with her salary.

An Indignant Correspondent

The activity of the Daughters of the Confederacy these days has aroused the indignation of a correspondent, who gravely asks me the question if I think it well "for the rising generation to see and to know that a traitor to his country has as much respect and honor bestowed upon his memory as has a loyal man?" This is surely waving the bloody shirt with a vengeance. I have been of the opinion that all the animosities of the late unpleasantness had been buried, and that we of the North had actually grown to admire the misguided grit of the heroes of the Lost Cause; that we had become convinced that they were imbued with something of the same spirit that inspired our Revolutionary sires, and that they were completely vindicated a short time ago, when the sons of the Gray joined hands with the sons of the Blue and marched against the common foe. But it appears that I have been laboring under a delusion, for my correspondent is one dissenter who fairly writhes in indignation in contemplating the activity of the Confederate Daughters. I am asked why they were not in evidence during the G. A. R. festivities; why they did not entertain the association of army nurses, composed of women whose ministrations were bestowed on the Gray as well as on the Blue. All of which I am unable to answer.

The Ardent Dr. Scott

Furthermore, I am asked upon what does Mrs. Kittle, who recently entertained the Daughters, base her claim of lineal descent from a representative of the Confederacy. I have never heard that Mrs. Kittle claimed to be the descendant of a representative of the Confederacy, but I do not believe it necessary to prove such descent in order to enter one of the chapters of the society. Mrs. Kittle is the daughter of the Rev. W. M. A. Scott who, though he was not in the Confederate army, proved conclusively that his sympathies were with the South. He preached and prayed for rebellion in the old Calvary church during the war, for which loyal service to the Confederacy he was burned in effigy, and shortly after departed from the city. He returned when his son-in-law, Harry Newhall, built St. John's Presbyterian church for the venerable gentleman. But while Mrs. Kittle's father was preaching rebellion her brother, Robert, was an officer of the Federal army, and he was afterward engaged in writing the official history of the war. Moreover Mrs. Kittle's husband, Nick Kittle, was a loyal Northerner, so after all she can take to either side of the fence that is most congenial.

The Voorhies Boom

And, by the way, I am reminded that the question of veracity which arose some time ago when Mrs. Salisbury undertook to explain the why, the wherefore and the how of the rivalry between the local D. C.'s, has not yet been adjudicated. Indeed it appears to have been regarded as a matter of no importance, and yet when it was first sprung there was great indignation among the ladies. Since then Mrs. Salisbury has treated the rival chapters with great consideration, and has given them no end of social booming. And in a recent issue of the *Bulletin* she launched a political boom for Mrs. Voorhies in these words: "I hear there is some talk of making Mrs. Voorhies president of the Albert Sidney Johnston chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, which strikes me will be a very wise thing to do, as from the very first organization on this coast she has been a most active member," etc.

Merely a Rumor

Somebody started the rumor early this week that Jimmy Phelan had bought the *Call* from John D. Spreckels, and it spread with great rapidity. Moreover it was given credence by many people who pride themselves on being hard to gull. Some said they believed it because they knew Mr. Spreckels had become tired of the newspaper business and wanted to sell, and others said that they didn't doubt it because they knew Mr. Phelan wanted a paper with

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which to boom himself into the United States Senate. They also recalled that the ambitious young millionaire was negotiating for the *Post* just before the railroad sold that paper. Intimate friends of Mr. Spreckels say that he has no intention of selling the *Call;* that he thinks running a newspaper is as much fun as sailing a yacht. He gets as much amusement out of one as the other. When Mr. Phelan was asked if he was thinking of buying a paper he said that he had troubles enough. It was suggested that like Mr. Spreckels he might want one for a toy, and he said that he never cared to play with explosives. He was then told that it was rumored that he wanted a paper with which to boom himself politically. "Not after observing the boomerang effects on men in high towers," he said.

The Cocos Island Treasure

The story of hidden treasure in Cocos Island which was believed by several capitalists who backed a futile expedition to the South Seas whence they recently returned filled with indignation, is very old. As early as 1855, the schooner *Julius Pringle* left this port for Cocos Island with a party of treasure-hunters lured by that same yarn about treasure that had been stolen from churches in Peru, and buried in that far-away land. After several months they returned in disgust. Some Stockton people backed a similar enterprise several years ago. A Captain Gessler was the promoter. He secured a concession from the Costa Rican government and spent about two years in making excavations on the island in search for hidden gold. He merely wasted his time.

Drown-Boardman Engagement

Nobody was surprised that Miss Hibernia Drown should make the biggest matrimonial catch of the season. Bernie is a great favorite, and she has had many suitors since her "coming out" several seasons back. At one time a rumor went the rounds that she was in love with a poor army officer, and that her parents would not approve of a match between them. But as she went about with her usual cheery, smiling countenance it was not really believed that the worm was pining in the bud. Sam Boardman has been angled for by managing mammas for many years. He has been reported engaged at least a dozen times. For an entire season San Rafael gossips had him the fiance of Edith McBean, who is now Mrs. Kierstedt. The match is in every way an admirable one. Mr. Boardman has lots of money, and Miss Drown has fairly good looks and a charming disposition. The sycophantic gushers of the dailies report her to be a beauty but she is not. But she is a sensible, good-natured girl with many fine qualities of heart and mind.

Now for Tom Driscoll

There will be few eligible bachelors left for flirtation with the buds who are to come out this winter. It has been suggested that Seniors from the university will have to be imported from Berkeley to help out the lists of dancing men. But there is still one bachelor at large, though rumor says that big-hearted, generous Tom Driscoll has developed matrimonial intentions during the last few months. I was the first to point the direction in which his fancy lay. The young woman whose name Mr. Driscoll's has been coupled with is Miss Eleanor McEwen. She is quite a stunning looking girl, a demi-blonde and has taught school since she graduated from the local Normal some years ago. Driscoll's Burlingame friends rather discredit the rumor of his engagement.

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To Match Her With a Nobleman

Miss Azalea Keyes has been visiting her step-grandmother in the south of France, and it is said that the latter contemplates arranging a match for her with a nobleman. Miss Keyes has a fortune of a quarter of a million, and she has expectations of a large inheritance. Mrs. Keyes is the mother of Alexander Keyes who married Miss Salisbury. Her sister married Dr. Edward Keyes of New York. She has never visited California since becoming a widow. She had a daughter who married a French officer of high rank. Some years ago Alexander Keyes was placed in a French monastic school but as soon as he had his own say he returned to California, and he has not been away since. His fortune will some day be greatly augmented for Mrs. Keyes of France is very rich.

The Scapegoat Dodge

At this stage of the proceedings relating to the post office scandal, it looks very much as though certain conspirators are intent upon making a scapegoat of Mr. James W. Erwin, the least culpable of all the local officials involved. Erwin is one of the most efficient men ever connected with the postal department, and he is a man who has filled many positions of trust, and handled large sums of government money. He was sent to Cuba and to the Philippines to establish the postal system of this country, and his work has always been highly commended. He is a man generally admired for his scrupulous character, and for his zeal and ability. It is significant of the esteem in which he is held that when the news of his indictment was published it was generally discredited. Mr. Erwin was for several years president of the Camera Club, and as soon as the members of that organization learned that he had been indicted, a meeting was held and resolutions expressing confidence in his integrity were adopted.



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Leeds and His Wives

The domestic affairs of W. B. Leeds continue to occupy the attention of Sunday supp writers, who appear to be mostly interested in the rivalry between Mrs. Leeds No. 1 and Mrs. Leeds No. 2, which reached a white heat at a winter resort in Florida, when the two women tried to excite each other's envy by means of gorgeous frocks and costly gems. Very little has been said of the incidents leading up to the spectacular duel or of the man who was responsible for it, and yet both the man and his career possess considerable dramatic interest. He is president of the great Rock Island railroad system and he is a multi-millionaire who is recognized as a great power in industry and finance. His first start in life was given him by his wife, a Miss Gar of Richmond, Ind., who possessed some means and rare physical charms. With her money he went to the top in the tin plate business, and a little later became a railroad magnate. His domestic life appeared to be a happy one until a few months ago when his wife sued for a divorce. The suit created a great sensation because it leaked out that Leeds gave his wife one million dollars to apply for the decree, and that he was in love with another woman. The object of his affections was encumbered by a husband and she, too, applied for a divorce so that she would be free to marry Leeds. She was Mrs. Nannie May Stewart Washington, wife of George E. Washington of Cleveland, Ohio. This suit was bitterly contested, and cost Leeds a lot of money, for he was backing the fair plaintiff. The wedding that followed was a gorgeous affair and it has been estimated that the wedding and the honeymoon cost at least two million dollars. Among Mr. Leeds's costly gifts to his wife was a string of pearls said to be worth eighty thousand dollars. Now it is said that Mrs. Leeds No. 1 is to marry again.

"I know she's ugly, my boy, but don't let that worry you; ugliness is only skin deep."

"That may be so, but how do I know she'll shed her skin?"

She Knew

I heard an amusing story the other day about Dr. Genthe, the photographer, who recently returned from Moki-land, and who loves to thrill society belles with tales of hairbreadth escapes. Genthe was imported from Germany by Baron von Schroeder to become the tutor of the nobleman's sons. Some time ago a society matron who had been abroad several years was surprised to learn that the photographer had the entree to her set.

"Is it possible," she asked one of her friends, "that you allow him to call on you? When I was in San Rafael some years ago he was Von Schroeder's coachman."

"Impossible!" exclaimed her friend.

"Oh, no, I am quite positive, because I distinctly remember hearing the Baron say what an excellent 'coach' he was."

Her Misfortune

Though Mrs. Julius Kahn is a charming and talented woman, she has the misfortune to be related to people of prominence into whose identity her own is merged. Not long ago when she was at a reception the hostess, in introducing her to one of the guests, said:

"This is the wife of Congressman Julius Kahn."

A little later, she introduced Mrs. Kahn to somebody else as "the daughter of Mrs. Mary Prag," the well-known Girls' High School teacher. With a pout, Mrs. Kahn observed:

"I wish somebody cared to know me for my own sake. I'm always being introduced as my husband's wife or my mother's daughter."

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo, who have been in Salt Lake City for some weeks past, are expected home soon. They are visiting the Edward McGurrins.

Ramsay was a Jagster

Stanford has lost another professor, but not because of his indiscreet volubility. Professor W. M. Ramsay, who was arrested in San Jose for insanity and discharged, was connected with the Spanish department at Stanford. He resigned on the first of the month, and the report among the students was that he indulged his appetite for liquor too much. So when he was arrested for insanity they knew that he was merely suffering from the effects of a jag. Ramsay came to this coast from Columbia College two years ago, and it was said that he had a big reputation in academic circles, but not for his capacity to booze. However, from the very first the students were suspicious, for Ramsay frequently looked as though he had been fanning the flame of conviviality. Early in his career at Stanford he was called on for an explanation by Dr. Jordan, whose specialty is fishing and who is therefore familiar with the pocket flask and its harrowing effects. Professor Ramsay explained that he took whisky as a medicine, it having been prescribed by a physician for a nervous disorder. On the strength of this explanation he managed to hold his job for two years, but of late the nervous attacks followed in such quick succession that the unfortunate professor had to increase his doses, much to the amusement of the students. Their comments finally reached the ears of Dr. Jordan, and Ramsay's resignation was at length demanded.

In Restraint of Flirtation

When Stanford University opened last month the students were surprised to learn of some new rules that had been formulated by Dr. Jordan. They were rules for the regulation of the social intercourse of the young men and



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young women of the university, and now I hear that President Jordan, believing them not to be sufficiently stringent, has enacted a few more in which he prescribes the maximum time that a pair may consume in driving, and fixes the time that they may occupy together walking in the moonlight. These rules are regarded as significant by the opponents of co-education at the university. At the opening of the semester it was announced that in future men and women would not be permitted to room on the same floor of any of the many campus boarding-houses, or to occupy a boarding-house in which there was no parlor. This announcement occasioned some surprise, but not half so much as the report that the matrons of Roble and Madrona halls are to be instructed to prohibit the girls in their charge from spending more than half a day in the company of a young man, either driving or walking; also that the girls will be denied the privilege of strolling with escorts in the moonlight after eight o'clock.

Mrs. Tower's Portrait

There is an excellent portrait of Mrs. Charlemagne Tower in the current issue of the *National Magazine* of Boston. Mrs. Tower, who was Nellie Smith of Oakland, is the wife of the American Ambassador at the German court, and she returns to her own country after scoring many social triumphs abroad. Mr. Tower was first stationed at St. Petersburg, where he and his wife gained many friends. Mrs. Tower is a woman of rare charm, not absolutely beautiful in feature but with faultless taste in dress and a manner in which dignity is combined with simplicity and sincere cordiality. It is said that the social attentions heaped upon the Towers during the late season in Berlin were largely the result of the German Emperor's efforts to cement the friendly relations existing between the Empire and the Republic.

The Return of the Native

The return of Miss Bessie Bowie, worn and wan by her untiring efforts to make a big voice out of a small one by the aid of Parisian voice culturists, should be an object lesson to other ambitious students whom Miss Lillie Lawler's failure failed to convince. Miss Bowie is a very talented young woman and she had boundless energy and courage when she started out, but she has returned home a mere shadow, say her friends, of what she was. As soon as her health permits, and it is really rest she needs more than anything else, she will open a studio for teaching. She has a faultless method, and the talent to impart what she has learned, and she should therefore make a success. I always insisted that Miss Lawlor would be a splendid teacher, for her diction and method are perfect, but Miss Lawlor's plans did not include a music studio in San Francisco.

The Woman That's Good

Harold Richard Vynne, the newspaperman who was committed to an insane asylum in Chicago last week, was a victim of the temptations that beset the primrose path. He was a brilliant journalist and has many friends in the local newspaper fraternity. Three years ago he published a novel that photographed incidents in his own life, and the heroine of it was his wife, the daughter of a New York newspaper publisher. It was called "The Woman That's Good—a Story of the Undoing of a Dreamer," and in it he related how a newspaper man was wooed away from his good wife by the subtle influence of Manhattans, Martinis and Phrynes. It was in this novel that he introduced a beautiful toast, which has been quoted at many a social gathering since. These are two of the stanzas:

Ho, gentlemen! lift your glasses up—
Each gallant, each swain and each lover—
A kiss to the beads that brim in the cup,
A laugh for the foam spilt over!
For the soul is a-lilt and the heart beats high,
And care has unloosed its tether;
"Now drink," said the sage, "for tomorrow we die!"
So, let's have a toast together.
Swing the goblet aloft; to the lips let it fall:
Then bend you the knee to address her;
And drink, gentle sir, to the Queen of us all—
To the Woman that's Good—God bless her.

Ah, Bohemia's honey was sweet to the sip,
And the song and the dance were alluring—
(The mischievous maid with the mutinous lip
Had a charm that was very enduring)—
But out from the music and smoke-wreaths and lace
Of that world of the tawdrily clever,
There floats the rare spell of the pure little face
That has chased away folly forever!
And I pledge my last toast ere I go to my rest—
O fortunate earth to possess her!
To the dear, tender heart in the little white breast
Of the Woman that's Good—God bless her!

The Clever Partingtons

The prettiest of the Partington sisters, Phyllis, made her debut in grand opera at the Tivoli on Monday night, and her modest success may well incite her to persevere in her chosen calling. She has plenty of temperament and a genuine love of music, with the patience to apply herself to study and practice before attempting the larger roles. She is a charming, brown-eyed girl of the Gibson type. The Partington sisters are all clever. Gertrude lately returned from Paris where she had a picture accepted for the Salon. It was she who made the California Girl in her beauty and variety known in the East and Europe, through the medium of an artistic calendar a few years ago. Blanche Partington is the *Call's* music and dramatic critic. They are English girls but have lived such a long while in San Francisco that they seem like natives.

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The Hearsts Are Here

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hearst came to town early this week and have been spending most of the time since their arrival at the Hacienda del Poso de Verona, the suburban home of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst at Pleasanton across the bay. The young Napoleon of journalism and his newly wedded wife came out to attend the wedding of Miss Anne Apperson, a cousin of Mr. Hearst. She was married to Dr. Marshall Flint of Berkeley at the Hearst hacienda last Tuesday. It was a very sumptuous and elaborate affair, and I was surprised that the *Examiner* devoted comparatively little space to the function. It is usual nowadays for the dailies to exploit in a most vulgar fashion the social achievements of the families of their publishers, and the *Examiner* was expected to spread the account of the Apperson-Flint wedding over at least two pages, with appropriate pictures and screeching headlines, but much to my amazement the story was confined to a single column, and the names of Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst were never mentioned, not even among the also-rans.

The Budd-Livernash Combine

During the early part of the week Mr. Hearst spent all his time at Pleasanton and never made his appearance in the *Examiner* editorial rooms. Whenever he is due to arrive there is usually a feeling of uneasiness in the office because invariably something drops after he departs. After his last visit, a few months ago, there was an awful hubbub in the office. Plans had been made to reorganize the local Democracy in his interest, and it was supposed that the *Examiner* would support the movement. But by the time Mr. Hearst reached New York it was learned that he had been prevailed upon to occupy neutral ground. The plans that had been made were completely upset, much to the disgust of Mr. Hearst's chief representatives in the *Examiner* office. They had been laboring under the delusion that they enjoyed his confidence whereas he was taking tips from Ex-Governor Budd who, though he owed allegiance to the reorganizers, was sore because he had not been taken into their councils and determined to wreck the movement. He entered into a combination with Congressman Livernash and together they successfully pursued the subterranean tactics of the mole and arranged a little political coup for their own aggrandizement. They figured out that by encouraging Michael Casey in the fight against Schmitz they could get control of the Labor Party and dictate terms to the Democracy.

Hearst's Neutrality

Hearst acquiesced in their plans even to the extent of sitting down with Boss McNab who had been hurling abuse at him for years, and agreeing to occupy neutral ground. It was agreed that when Casey won out the Labor and Democratic machines should come together and nominate a joint municipal ticket. But Casey was beaten, the Democracy was split wide open and strategic Budd has been traveling in Europe ever since. Meanwhile Mr. Hearst has been truly neutral. By way of demonstrating his neutrality he has divested the *Examiner* of all suspicion of yellow tints. The erstwhile slashing free-lance in the field of politics has become almost as insipid and fully as invertebrate as the *Ladies' Home Journal*. By way of demonstrating his neutrality Mr. Hearst summoned the *Examiner's* business manager, Mr. Thomas H. Williams, to New York so that he could not be suspected of taking a hand in the primaries and later on he shipped him to Europe to remain until after election. Mr. Hearst is now anxious for perfect harmony in the Democratic party, and therefore the *Examiner* misrepresented the proceedings of the convention the other night. Its report of the proceedings was as far from the truth as one of Munchausen's choicest. According to the *Examiner* that was a very fine convention, and though there were some disputes they were amicably settled. The fact is that several districts bolted the convention out of sheer disgust with the methods of McNab. The *Examiner* also neglected to tell that Tommy Hickey, the elocutionist who can recite anything from "Fontenoy" to "Asleep on the Switch," and who was elected chairman, made an egregious blunder by taking occasion to denounce the Labor Party as a corrupt organization. Before the primaries McNab expected to enter into coalition with the Labor Party in the event of its being captured by Michael Casey, of the double-cross, but Schmitz having out-manoeuvred the cunning Celt, the wily Gavin has now determined to throw mud at the union politicians.

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A Californian's Achievement

Few people who have been reading Lincoln Steffens's coruscating diatribes on the subject of municipal corruption, in *McClure's Magazine*, are aware of the fact that the brilliant young author is a Californian. He is one native son who had the good sense to begin his journalistic career in the broader field of the East, and consequently he was not so slow in achieving fame as those who loitered in this city for years before heading for the literary centre of the country. Steffens is from Sacramento where he was educated in the public schools. Later on he attended Berkeley and took a special course in English in the class of '89, but he did not graduate. His father was a wealthy citizen of Sacramento, and it was the old home of the family which was sold to the State several months ago to be occupied hereafter as the gubernatorial mansion. Steffens has written some scorching papers on the shame of our cities, and his exposes of the rottenness of conditions resulting from machine politics have done more for the good government propagandists than the combined howls of all the professional reformers in the country. I hear that he is coming to his home before the end of the year, and I shouldn't be surprised to learn that he contemplated turning over some of the gray stones of this city to see what lies beneath.

The Romance of the Tullys

Richard Watson Tully and his talented wife, known to literary fame as Eleanor Gates, have been stimulating social intercourse among the local literary lights during their present visit to the coast, and they have been very graciously distributing pointers to some of our ambitious young writers who are eager to break into the magazine field. The Tullys have been very successful, and Berkeley is proud of them because they were students at the university. Both enjoyed a Hearst scholarship. They were married while attending the university but kept the marriage a secret for a long time, thinking, it was said, that Mrs. Hearst would object to extending her scholarships to married folks. But when the secret leaked out Mrs. Hearst said "God bless you, my scholars," and continued their allowance until they took their sheepskins. Many of Mrs. Hearst's beneficiaries who prospered after leaving the university have returned the loan made to them, thus provid-

ing scholarships for other needy students. Among them are several women school teachers who saved the money out of their salaries. Among those who have made no returns are women who have married wealthy men.

The Tendency to Naturalism

Some critics have been disposed to find fault with Jack London because in his last book, "The Call of the Wild," his hero, the dog Buck, reverts to naturalism and becomes the leader of a pack. In *La Revue Scientifique* there is given an account of some Scotch collies, tame, docile and well-trained, which were imported into Patagonia. All went well for awhile, but the shepherds became careless in looking after the natural increase. The puppies were left to their own devices, deserted in the woods, and without the training and influence of man they went wild and preyed upon the flocks. The wild dogs were more destructive than wolves, being quite as strong, and more brave and intelligent. Some years ago there were numerous droves of wild hogs in California, the offspring of domestic animals which had strayed away from farm yards, and they were decidedly dangerous and unpleasant to meet.

Last week in my paragraph about the Sterling Postleys, I stated inadvertently that Mrs. Postley Sr. was a Miss Singer. The fact is that she was a Miss Sterling and in no way related to the Singers.

Merely a Suggestion

Far be it from me to indulge in captious criticism of my contemporaries of the daily newspaper field, but I am constrained to suggest that it is unfair and cruel to give publicity to the shame of the poor and humble when it does not concern the public and when its exposure subserves no public interest. In the despatches from San Rafael early this week was an item to the effect that a poor woman had found her daughter, who is not more than seventeen years of age, in the company of a young man under circumstances that prompted her to threaten the culprit with arrest if he did not marry the girl, and that a little later a license was secured and the marriage ceremony was performed. It is beyond question that if these young folk were the offspring of people of wealth and social prominence, the daily papers would have refrained from exposing their shame. I think it is beyond question because I know that similar incidents in high social circles have been overlooked by the daily press. It is proper that they should be overlooked, and I am puzzled to know why the same gracious forbearance is not extended to people in humble circumstances.

The lecture committee of the Channing Auxiliary is arranging a series of interesting and timely talks on living questions and book reviews by Mrs. Louise Benson, who conducted several successful courses here last season.

Now She's Studying German

What a wonderful old lady is Mrs. Eleanor Martin! She has more energy and ambition than many young girls scarcely out of their teens. She has lately been nursing the hope of becoming a great German scholar, and is now studying the language whenever she is not attending social functions or taking a nap between meals. Some of her friends say that her eagerness to master the tongue is due to the fact that she expects to take a trip to Germany with the Peter Martins, and entertains the hope that she will meet the Emperor. There are others who say that she loves the sentimental poetry of the German poets and is anxious to read it in the original.

Troubles of a San Jose Church

Rev. N. A. Haskell has again decided to sever his connection with the First Unitarian church in San Jose. During his pastorate there has been considerable discord in the church. Three years ago he had one of the largest and richest congregations in the city. About that time a strong sentiment was aroused against the professional politicians, and the clergyman became one of the most active of the reformers. He was accused of taking too active a part in politics and his attitude caused a split in his congregation. The fight waxed warm and the pastor, seeing that if he remained the church would suffer, decided to resign and did so. The National Assembly of the Unitarian Church did not approve of the resignation and desired the preacher to reconsider his action. He refused to do so and he was dropped by the national organization. The strife made great inroads into the membership of the church. Many left and others withdrew their support. For two years Professor Burt-Estes Howard of Stanford ministered to the wants of the congregation, but he could not teach and preach at the same time. The church wanted a permanent pastor. Finally it was decided to ask the Rev. Mr. Haskell to return. There was a great howl of disapproval, but the friends of the clergyman were in the majority and they carried a resolution to invite him to resume his old pulpit. That was about a year ago, and forty or fifty members opposed to his coming withdrew, among them being many of the most prominent members of the church. Mr. Haskell returned and the church prospered, and he was reinstated by the national organization. Now he has resigned again and the members look forward to a reconciliation of all factions.

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The Autocrats of Colombia

It is with no astonishment that I read of Colombian officials delaying and withholding despatches sent from the Department of State to our representatives in that republic. Colombian officials are noted for their lofty contempt for the conventions. So accustomed have they become to arbitrary methods at home that they adopt them, as a matter of habit, in their dealings with other nations. As an example I may mention that the post office at Panama has on a number of occasions raised the postage rates upon foreign mail, notwithstanding the fact that Colombia belongs to the postal union, the members of which are limited by treaty to a postal rate of five cents per ounce for foreign postage. During the last rebellion in that country, letters received from abroad at Panama were often not delivered until after the payment of an additional fee. The average Colombian official in a position of authority generally does pretty much as he pleases, law or no law. If he does not like a law, he either breaks it or has it abrogated. Law, either international or local, is a joke in that benighted land. A little "white man's burden" policy in that part of the world would do much good.

Two Distinguished Officers Retired

The retirement upon the same day of two Rear-Admirals of the United States Navy is an unusual occurrence. It happened last Saturday, when two distinguished figures were removed from the active list. Admiral Silas Casey was the man who, by the exercise of his tact and diplomacy while on his flagship *Wisconsin,* brought together at Panama, a year ago, the leaders of the warring Conservative and Liberal parties of Colombia, and facilitated the negotiations for peace when the cause of the Liberals seemed as hopeless as that of the Conservatives had been a short time before. Casey was not only the preserver of the neutrality of trans-isthmian traffic during the disorders in Colombia, but he was also largely instrumental in bringing to a close the revolt that had devastated the country for three years. The other Rear-Admiral retired was Francis A. Cook, who commanded the cruser *Brooklyn* during the Spanish war. Cook was one of the exponents of the old-time seamanship. He was distinguished for his unwavering loyalty to his friends. During the inquiry into Schley's conduct during the Spanish war, which inquiry showed that much advertised officer's behavior up in a manner which was quite a surprise to the great uninformed mass of the people, Cook stood by Schley, his immediate commander on the *Brooklyn,* as far as his conscience would permit. Not once did his loyalty to his friend swerve, under the sorest tests.

A Crack Commander

In Captain Richardson Clover, who has been slated for the command of the new battleship *Ohio,* that latest production of the Union Iron Works will have a commander quite capable of making her the crack warship that both the Buckeye State and the Pacific coast expect her to be. Clover is almost one of us, having taken a summer home in Napa, where he spends much of his time off duty. Both he and his wife are social favorites here, as in Washington and London. The handsome Emory house in Washington, occupying an imposing site in Connecticut avenue, opposite the British Embassy, was the scene of numerous handsome entertainments during its ocupancy by the Clovers, who added to their social prestige in London when Captain Clover was made Naval Attache to the American Embassy to the Court of St. James.

Our Comic Opera Militia

While the Naval Militia of the State of California is in a state of decrepitude which recently called forth a scathing rebuke from a high officer in published orders, while it is rent by internal dissensions and battered by external criticisms for its failure to deserve its name, no one in authority appears to have either the inclination or the ability to undertake an intelligent remedy for the unfortunate conditions that surround it. Nerney has resigned the captaincy, and to find a suitable successor to him is a puzzle. Under the circumstances, I am impelled to inquire what has become of Commander R. H. Miner, a member of the gubernatorial staff and officially designated as "naval aid." Of what naval aid is Miner? Why is he not heard from? Why has he not inspected the Naval Militia? Miner was formerly a naval officer of good standing and ability, an Annapolis graduate, who has been but a short time out of the service. If his position on the Governor's staff is not a mere sinecure, why has he not been heard from? In my opinion Miner, if he would accept, should be given the command of the Naval Militia. He could make of it a real, valuable reserve for the Navy and a nautical auxiliary of the State militia. There is no other man in the organization at the present time who has had the naval training or the seafaring experience to make of it, as its commander, anything but the joke that it is now.



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The Thirsty Jack Tar

The only thing remarkable in the recent episode upon the cruiser *Olympia* was not the theft of a barrel of alcohol but the explosion itself. There was nothing startling in the theft. Sailors have more originality, more resourcefulness and more ingenuity in securing things to get drunk with than any other class of human beings. They are never at a loss to find some substitute for whisky and brandy when such conventional intoxicants are not to be had. Alcohol, such as the *Olympia* men got hold of, is a popular beverage in the absence of whisky. The shellac carried upon men-of-war for varnishing purposes is such a common beverage among thirsty jack-tars that it has to be kept under lock and key and used under guard. Jalap is put in the alcohol of liquid compasses to keep the thirsty from draining them. Cologne is quite a treat, in a pinch, and the story is told of a surgeon on one of our old warships, who, being a good deal of a naturalist, was at a loss to account for the decay of some snakes, lizards and other specimens he had preserved in jars of alcohol, until investigation showed that water had been substituted for the liquid in the jars, and the alcohol consumed by some stealthy sailors. I recall the case of a vessel where the ship's cook reported the steady depletion of his stock of yeast, and the master-at-arms as steadily reported cases of mysterious intoxication in the crew, the ship being far from land at the time. Again investigation was resorted to, resulting in the discovery that the jackies had been pilfering the yeast, which they subjected to a treatment yielding them a satisfactorily intoxicating liquor.

A Brilliant Officer Leaves Us

The detachment of Lieutenant W. R. Gherardi from the flagship *New York* removes from the Pacific Squadron one of the best young officers in the service. Gherardi is the son of Rear-Admiral Bancroft Gherardi, one of the old school officers. He has three times been officially commended for gallantry, twice for saving life at the imminent peril of his own. During a severe storm on the Atlantic coast he deliberately jumped overboard into a tumultuous sea to save a sailor who had fallen from his ship. During the Spanish war, young Gherardi was attached to the *Marblehead,* under the command of Captain Bowman H. McCalla, and took a leading part in all the efficient, hazardous work that little cruiser performed in Cuban waters, including the cable-cutting at Cienfuegos and the operations in Guantanamo bay. He did more than his share of the dangerous picket duty in the Caimanera river, and was in charge of one of the boats that picked up the enemy's submarine mines near Cayo del Hospital, at the head of Guantanamo bay. He is one of the athletes of the service, and was a member of the academy football team when at Annapolis.

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Where the Blame Rests

When I hear of trouble with the crew of a man-of-war, I immediately inquire who her officers are. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, an insubordinate crew is the result of having incompetent officers. In the case of the battleship *Kearsarge,* which is reported to be the scene of poor discipline and a nearly mutinous crew, I find that Captain J. N. Hemphill is her commanding officer. That explains much. A good officer never has much trouble with his men, no matter how bad they may happen to be. The crew of the *Kearsarge* is of the same excellent material to be found on all of our warships of the present day, and if it is in a state of demoralization the blame is to be found with the officers who mould the men, and ultimately with the commanding officer.

The General's Four Daughters

Matchmaking mammas could take a leaf from the book of General S. B. M. Young, who has had no difficulty in finding husbands for his four daughters, though no efforts were ever made to boom them for their beauty and charms. The youngest daughter, Mary, will after her marriage this month with Lieutenant Hannay, go to the Philippines. One of her sisters, who is married to Captain S. W. Reed, is at Monterey where her husband is stationed. Another sister is Mrs. J. H. Gibbon of Philadelphia. Helen Lillian Young did not make as good a match as her sisters, but she married for love and is presumably happy. It was Helen who went upon the stage, after doing San Francisco society for a season chaperoned by Mrs. Eleanor Martin. She married young Charles Charters, an actor of no great prominence, and at last accounts they were living in New York amid modest environments. Since General Young's elevation to the highest office in the United States



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Army he will live in Washington. He is looking out for a house sufficiently large to entertain in a manner becoming his station, and will, I am told, have his daughters with him as often as their husbands will permit visits. There is also a rumor that General Young may at last marry the beautiful young girl, his daughters' friend, with whom his name has been frequently coupled, and who visited San Francisco some seasons ago. At that time, Mrs. Eleanor Martin was also spoken of as the possible stepmother of the General's daughters.

Service Gossip

Doctor Williamson, who has been on duty at the general hospital at the Presidio, has been given charge of the army medical exhibit at the St. Louis fair, which will be a charming berth for him. He will be here this winter however, and not leave for St. Louis until the early spring. General regret is felt at the orders which remove Doctor Henry Page, U. S. A., from Fort Mason, where he has been on duty for several months, and send him to the Philippines. Mrs. Page, who is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Charles R. Greenleaf, is an exceptionally popular woman. There has seldom been a regiment here whose departure will be more regretted—save possibly the First Infantry when it marched away to do battle in Cuba—than the Seventh Infantry which leaves on the first of October for the Philippines. There will be a farewell dance of the Seventh at the Presidio, and a reception by General and Mrs. Coolidge in honor of the regiment next Thursday evening.

General and Mrs. Rawles and Miss Elizabeth Rawles, who have been occupying the home of Admiral Trilly in Fillmore street this summer, have gone to Santa Barbara for a week's stay and may possibly go East before they return to San Francisco, their future home.

The Joseph Sadoc Tobins have closed their summer home, Arcadia, and are at The Crossroads, Burlingame.

The Bachelor Maid Stormed

The green-eyed monster has been rampant at Del Monte, and principally on account of the strenuosity of a girl in monopolizing the attentions of some of the gay cavaliers who were regarded as the personal property of others. Her first catch was a tall and athletic golfer who has been very devoted to our most popular bachelor maid. He accompanied the strenuous maid into the maze, on walks around the lake and one night, on a moonlight promenade, while the bachelor maid stormed and raged in her cottage. The next day the delinquent swain returned to his first love, and the poaching maid could not lure him away again.

Her Distingulshed Courtesy

She is a very gracious girl, is this damsel who excited the jealousy of the less strenuous females. One night she took pity on a young man whose sensational elopement with a beautiful girl was the talk of last season. It was at a dinner in the club-house when he became afflicted with that tired feeling as a result of too much conviviality. He needed a little assistance to his room and she rendered it while his pretty little wife tilted her nose and remained at the table.

Some Were Not Cordial

The summer gayety came to an end on the golf links, on which, however, the seasoned matron who respects her complexion more than her reputation seldom ventures. Now all is quiet again, but yet Del Monte is at its very best, for the weather is heavenly, and the ocean is warm. It was a gay season for the fashionables but many suffered heart-pangs. I have in mind a beautiful woman who visited the hotel with hubby No. 2 and who has not taken much interest in society of late. Her divorce excited a great deal of interest and her second marriage occasioned no surprise. She entertained lavishly and wore superb raiment. Many were cordial but others were not. The reason was evident; she is one of the most beautiful women that ever figured in the smart set. Beauty breeds envy. Among the very gayest of the gay were the Parker Whitneys. Young Whitney is a volatile chap, and he never permits the fun to lag. His pretty wife bore herself with much quiet dignity, and was very popular at the hotel.

The eldest daughter of the Downey Harveys is not to make her debut for a year yet. She has been studying German in Austria, and now she is to spend a year in France perfecting herself in French. Mrs. Harvey, who is very studious herself, will follow the same course as her daughter. The younger girl will remain in a convent.

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Another Stockton Engagement

By a slip of the pen last week I was made to call Reel B. Terry the "latest" instead of the "late" husband of Mrs. Georgia Kelsey Terry of Stockton. Mrs. Terry has been married but once. Following fast on the announced engagement of her daughter Bernie to Frank West, come very definite and pronounced rumors that the fair widow will become a bride again and that the interesting event will take place before her daughter's wedding. Dr. W. G. Wallace, a Stockton dentist and a brother of J. H. Wallace, civil engineer in the service of the Southern Pacific Company, has been devoted to Mrs. Terry for a long time, and now that her daughter is about to be established to her satisfaction it is said she will devote the rest of her time to the Doctor. Dr. Wallace is a widower and has a little son about four years old. His wife was a Miss Hartwell of Sacramento and she died a few weeks after the birth of her baby. She was a sister of Mrs. Colvin Brown and that lady has had the care of the little fellow since her sister's death. Though the wedding is authoritatively spoken of as an October event I'm wondering if the serious illness of Colvin Brown, Dr. Wallace's brother-in-law, may not change the plans somewhat.

Miss Rosenbaum's marriage to Karl Triest of Los Angeles was celebrated on Wednesday at high noon at the Rosenbaums' pretty Stockton home. The wedding followed fast on the heels of the engagement announcement and was the first of the fall season. The lawn was enclosed with canvas and furnished a picturesque setting for the pretty scene. Miss Rosenbaum's trousseau was especially handsome, for Mrs. Rosenbaum has excellent taste in such matters and her daughters inherit it. Mr. and Mrs. Triest left immediately for a European tour. Frank West will take his bride to Europe also, but the wedding may not take place till spring.

Mr. and Mrs. James Follis are still lingering in San Rafael, and are in no hurry to return.

To Spend the Winter Here

Mrs. Carrie Colton Martin is to pass the winter in this city, I hear, with her daughter Mrs. Frank Grace, who has been visiting her at Santa Cruz. She is very devoted to her daughter and cannot bear separation from her. Her unmarried daughter Katherine will also remain here and she will enter a private school. The Martins and Graces came up from Santa Cruz a few days ago and they are now occupying the Drexler house.

Among the arrivals at Byron Springs last week were Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Rowell, L. E. Van Winkle, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hawkins of San Francisco, and John T. Bowles of Honolulu.

An International Love Match

The solicitors of the Duke of Roxburghe have come over from England to arrange the preliminaries of the great international match with Miss Goelet. When the engagement was first announced the assurance was given out that it was an ideal love-match, but it was not credited by those who had been following the career of Miss Goelet, and who were led to believe that she was on a hunt for a nobleman who would be willing to exchange his title for slathers of sound money. This later report of the arrival of the solicitors gives color to the suspicions of the incredulous, but of course it does not follow that because the Duke wants the money in hand before taking the plunge, that the match about to be consummated is one in which Dan Cupid does not figure. The Duke is probably a business man, and as such he would naturally feel that business comes before pleasure. Miss Goelet has many charms with which to win a man's love and her money is not the least of them. It may have been the one that first excited the Duke's passion, but it does not follow that he is purely a mercenary character. No doubt if she had no money he would never have wooed her, but having it she compelled his admiration, aroused his interest and stimulated the ardent passion essential to a love-match. There is a prejudice in this country against the cold-blooded delivery of an American girl into the arms of an impecunious titled foreigner. Few stop to think of the sacrifice made by the nobleman who becomes the husband of a rattle-brained maiden whose highest ambition is to sport a title.

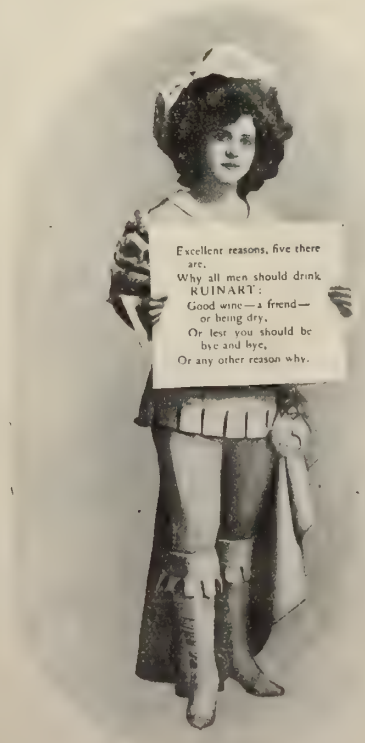
Wily Heiress Hunters

The millions that have been taken across the pond through dots and settlements in these international marriages foot up a surprising penny. Some of the richest rentals in New York, Washington, Boston and Chicago are sent regularly to London, Paris and Berlin to be spent in bolstering up the estates of titled men, husbands of rich American girls. And now comes that gay young social brigand, the Duke of Roxburghe, and after the manner

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of Lochinvar rides away with one of the best-looking of the New York set, together with something like a wedding portion of ten million dollars, besides the income on about twenty million dollars more. Yellow journalism is responsible in great part for this greatly increased price in titled husbands. Ever since it began exploiting and touting the matrimonial doings of the earls, dukes and such who had captured American heiresses prices have been steadily on the rise. Fulsome details regarding the social doings of Lady Curzon, the Duchess of Marlborough, Countess de Castellane and their tea-mates, together with the highly colored fakes of what they don't do, flush the golden game in high feather for these heiress hunting freebooters.

Californians Among the Nobility

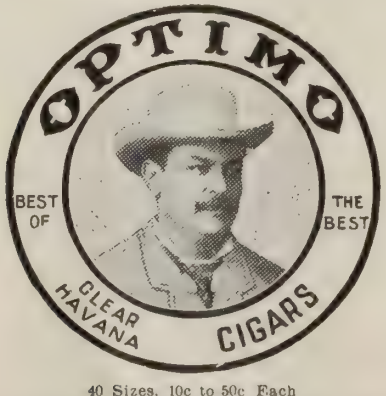
This latter day extravagance in titled husbands was given considerable impetus many years ago by the daughters of the new-rich pioneers of California. One of the first to set the fashion in foreign escutcheons was Maggie Hamilton, a Californian who married Sir Sidney Waterlow, and whose son was lately cutting a dash in Newport, no doubt in the hope of emulating the example of his father. Then Flora Sharon, daughter of that gay lothario, Senator Sharon, married Sir Thomas Hesketh, and by the way, her son came of age the other day, and the event was celebrated with great pomp on her Northamptonshire estate. Then John Mackay's step-daughter married the Italian Prince, Colonna, from whom she was divorced a few years ago. Later on came the marriage of Mamie Donahue and Baron von Schroeder, and then out came Prince Poniatowski to wed Maud Bourke, the niece of rich old Horace Carpentier. But there was a dispute over the dot, and the prince married Miss Sperry, while Maud captured a baronet in the person of Sir Bache-Cunard. J. B. Haggin's daughter won a count—Festetics de Tolna—and little Miss Rooney of Fresno, a vaudeville performer, became the wife of Lord Sholto Douglas. One of the best matches from the social standpoint was that of Miss Virginia Bonynge, who became the Viscountess Deerhurst. From this list it is evident that a great deal of Californian gold has been used in the regilding of foreign titles.

Some Big Dots

Californian girls, however, have contributed a very small percentage of the American millions that have purchased foreign titles. The widow Hammersley of New York took ten millions with her when she went across the pond as the wife of the Duke of Marlborough. The Bradley-Martins are not only scattering their American gold abroad to attract attention to their social entertainments but are helping their daughter all they can to win distinction in the same way. When she became the bride of the Earl of Craven they gave her titled husband a dot of more than a million. Lord Blackwood pocketed a like sum when he married Flora Davis, daughter of an American banker. Nearly ten years ago the Count de Castellane's lawyers haggled with the Goulds till they got five million dollars out of the estate as her marriage settlement. Later on the Gould brothers had to pony up several millions more to keep this extravagant scion of nobility out of financial troubles. Several years later the same squeeze was repeated. In the law proceedings in which the count became involved it came out that the Goulds gave him a regular allowance of two hundred thousand dollars a year. No wonder the titled riff-raff are so anxious to capture American heiresses.

Chaffering Over Dots

When the present Duke of Marlborough captured Consuelo Vanderbilt she was given a million dollars by her father. The Duke gets the income from ten million dollars, his wife's share of the family estate. She has other expectations, too, so no doubt the prudent Duke will eventually finger a big part of the fortune of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, mother of his wife. Last year he certainly came in for a good bit of fortune. His rich American father-in-law presented him with a semi-royal residence in London for a Christmas gift. Mary Leiter of Chicago brought the Earl of Curzon more than a million dollars in cash, besides many gifts in the shape of valuable property holdings. When Miss Morton, daughter of Ex-Governor Morton of New York, went abroad as the Countess Boson Perigord of France, she took with her some six hundred thousand dollars, besides the expectations to her share of the big Morton estate. That farce-comedy international match, the Duke of Manchester-Zimmerman affair, netted that hungry and frayed young nobleman over a million dollars in American coin, besides an assured income running into a handsome figure. The haggling Earl of Yarmouth got as much out of Mrs. Thaw before he would go to the altar



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and marry her daughter. Indeed he kept the ceremony waiting while his man of business counted and tested the money paid over and scrutinized the values of the securities offered as pledges in the settlement. Clara Huntington, who became Princess Hatzfeldt, carried a tidy fortune abroad.

Great Chance for a Title Boom

These are the most notable of the heiresses who have helped to rehabilitate with their money the tattered fortunes of foreign noblemen. It is safe to say that the others, most of whom married ordinary baronets and stage property princes, have taken enough American money abroad to support several principalities. Despite this hypnotic spell which a title seems to throw over some American heiresses, American brains and hustle continue to rake the dollars of the world this way. There is only one event that could vary the monotony of things—the appointment of the Duke of Marlborough to the office of Governor-General of Canada. It would only take the sight of Consuelo Vanderbilt dispensing the social honors of the government at Ottawa to render the Newport set completely daffy. Yellow journalism would do the rest with its hysterical reports of the functions and the wild-eyed "society" heiresses would be offering fabulous prices for anything in men's suitings sporting an insignia of title.

The Dahlia Show

Dr. Harry Tevis had a beautiful exhibit of dahlias all ready to send to the California State Floral Society's show last Friday, but withdrew them at the last moment because they didn't please his critical eye. Their freshness had been marred by the sun. Others were not so particular but sent theirs along, sun-dried or not. The show was very largely attended, and the exhibit of dahlias one of the finest ever seen here. Mr. Rudolph Lichtenberg's remarks on dahlia culture and the preservation of the blooms were pertinent and full of interest to the flower enthusiasts present. The society has gained many members during the past year. Mrs. Austin Sperry is one of the directors. Dr. Tevis is a life member. Among the contributing members are Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, Mrs. Mary Kohl of San Mateo, Mrs. Fannie Lent, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Scale, Mrs. Richard Spreckels, Miss Hittell, Mrs. Walter Scott and Timothy Hopkins. All of the members were not numbered among the dahlia exhibitors, for many do not care for these odorless blooms. There are gardens in San Francisco, however, that might have contributed to the showing. The William M. Lents' garden at Polk and Eddy streets contains beautiful dahlias and there are gardens in Berkeley and Alameda that show the dahlia in variety. Several prizes were carried off on Friday by George Pope's gardener, and Luther Burbank captured a special prize. F. A. Carlson and Madame Roeckel gained special mention for their collections. Something that interested Eastern people present was the exhibit of F. A. Miller, all of whose blooms grew in sand. The Pacific Coast Horticultural Society will hold a dahlia exhibition this afternoon and evening in Maple hall of the Palace, and it will be quite a society affair. Society here is just beginning to wake up to the fact that flower shows are worth going to. In London and New York they are always made the medium for sporting the smartest frocks and hats, and millinery generally vies with the flowers in attracting admiring gaze.

A Costly Fire

Professor Emory E. Smith, who is one of the most active spirits in the conduct of the Floral Society, is the author of a book on the California poppy, giving the history, romance, etc., that are connected with the golden eschscholtzia. And not everybody knows that the volume had a history of its own, rather more exciting than that of the flower. Professor Smith had for years been collecting items, poems and bits of reference about the State flower. He intended to publish a book about the eschscholtzia when his accumulations were complete. But his Chinese servant happened upon the pile of clippings and saw in it only a magnificent heap of paper for lighting the morning fire, and he consigned the valuable collection to the flames. It was a sad loss to Professor Smith, but he did not despair, and in course of time managed to restore most of the facts and verses, the result being his book of a year or two ago.

The Dinner Setting is Incomplete without

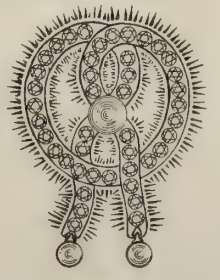
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Married to Please His Mother

There appears to be another side to the story of a recent separation in Oakland society which I predicted some weeks before the daily papers told about it. The mother of the young man is of Southern blood and she didn't think there was a girl in California good enough for her son to marry. So she hunted up one of unquestionable antecedents in Tennessee and made the match. The young man wasn't at all keen about it but he finally married "to please mamma." The result was that he stood the *solitude a deux* for about a month after his marriage and then sought consolation in the wine cup. He remained out late at night and did various other things very unbecoming in bridegrooms. The proud spirit of Tennessee resented this and the sharp tongue of Tennessee expressed the resentment in cogent English. The man's family tried to patch it up but when there is no love to patch with it's hard darning. The result, the wife has gone to Tennessee and the husband to the Orient—a poor place to brace up in. The parents talk of a reunion later but the result will probably be a quiet divorce. It's love that makes the domestic wheels go 'round.

The Stork in Oakland

The stork is hovering over two large homes in Oakland and is soon expected to make W. W. Foote a happy grandfather. The other household on which the bird is planning to alight is that of Dr. J. P. H. Dun, who married the youngest of Mrs. Remi Chabot's daughters some two years ago. "Billy" Foote, by the way, has rounded into condition after several months of ill health. By the advice of his physicians he kept away from his law-office for quite awhile, and took to the fishing streams of the interior to recuperate. The popular attorney is an ardent fisherman, and he is as dexterous in the manipulation of line and rod as he is in the cross-examination of a reluctant witness.

The Borax Smiths

The F. M. Smiths, after all, have fun with their money and are far less at sea than most people who have become wealthy in middle life. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are devoted to each other in spite of their great wealth, which is somewhat unusual, and Mrs. Smith delights in her two magnificent homes, one as fine as the other, on both sides of the continent. She also likes handsome clothes though she is far from extravagant, and she has some costly jewels which she wears instead of keeping them in the safe, the famous diamond necklace being, of course, an exception. Last year the Smiths had a sailing yacht; this year they have a steam yacht, said to be one of the best around New York. It came in a close second with Pierpont Morgan's unbeaten steam yacht when the Smiths attended the international yacht races. Mrs. Smith spends much money in charity and all of the Smiths love to travel, another circumstance which distinguishes them from some millionaires who have never been off the continent and can scarcely be induced to go even to New York. In this regard the Butters family, also millionaires of recent make, are like the Smiths. They enjoy traveling and entertaining, a handsome house and fine clothes—in fact, they know the pleasant uses to which money may be put. Mrs. Butters is a remarkable woman. She has been married three times and she has been happy and much loved by each of her husbands.

Dr. Henrietta Steinegger and Mrs. Emil Steinegger gave an informal "at home" to a number of their friends at their Fruitvale home on Wednesday.

Didn't Please Mamma

The marriage of young Hush without the consent of his family has been the source of great annoyance to his mother. He was expected to make a fine match from the social standpoint, but he preferred to give reign to his sentimental yearnings. His wife is a cultured woman and was formerly a music teacher. He has been very prosperous since his marriage. It was his sisters, by the way, who married the Magee boys, and who are very popular in social circles.

The last two performances of "Everyman," the old morality play, will be given at Lyric hall, Eddy street, today at three p. m. and eight-thirty p. m. The "Everyman" company will then leave San Francisco for a week to fill engagements at Stanford University, San Jose, Oakland and Berkeley University; returning to Lyric hall September twenty-eighth for three performances of "Twelfth Night," which will be given in all the quaintness of the Elizabethan style.

Miss Sartoris's Reported Fiance

Miss Rosemary Sartoris has not been engaged so many times as her sister Vivian was, before the latter finally married Frederic Roosevelt Scovel, the President's cousin. The former desired to follow an artistic career, and studied in Paris with that end in view. But, if what my Washington correspondent writes me be true, Miss Rosemary's heart has been dented by Cupid's arrow and she will soon follow her sister's example. The happy man is said to be Lieutenant John Wright, an officer in the U. S. N. and a son of General Marcus J. Wright, who was on the Confederate side in the Civil war. There has been some comment on the fact that a granddaughter of General U. S. Grant should engage herself to the son of a Confederate officer, but it was not so long ago that the gossips were marrying Rosemary's widowed mother to an ex- Confederate. Young Algernon Sartoris threatened to declare himself a subject of Great Britain when his mother objected to his throwing up his commission in our Army a few months back. The Grant descendants appear to have inherited that quality of temperament that distinguished the "Fight-it-out-on-this-line-if-it-takes-all-summer" General.

Will Soon Revisit New York

The Princess Cantacazune, cousin of the Sartoris sisters, is shortly to visit New York. She is now in Paris, visiting her aunt, Mrs. Potter-Palmer, and after a short season at the French resorts she will cross the Atlantic. It is five years since the marriage of Julia Dent Grant with Prince Michael Cantacazune Speransky, to which the newspapers of two continents devoted pages of description. It was a love match, though perhaps a little ambition and money may have entered into it. The Cantacazunes have lived in Russia ever since, the Prince being a power in military and political life in that country. They have a son, little Count Michael Speransky, who is the idol of both parents.



The Tearful Troth

It is the tale that has been often told,
The story of a love that leaps to life
And blooms in beauty, though a dark distrust
Lurks ever near to menace and destroy.

It is the legend of a love that lives
Through doubting days and through the harrowing hours
Of long and lonely nights; a love that dreams
Of unforgettable and feverish things
That burn within the blood and bring again
The memory of the murmured midnight vow,
When mutual, melting lips were wont to tell
The thrilling and—perhaps—the tearful troth.

Ah, fond and fair, low-voiced and lovely-limbed,
Made of the classic clay that wakens men
To valorous deeds, or drugs them with desire,
Until they dream that lust and love are one—
I see thy faultless face from dawn to dark,
And through the night it haunts me till I feel
That I could gladly give my life to live
One brief, ambrosial hour on thy white breast.

But while these memories of the past outweigh
A world of present woe, I feel as one,
Who—worn and wearied in a wilderness
Wherein no fountain springs or food is found—
Dreams of the glorious days that once were his,
The feast, the flagon and the flowers and fruit,
And listens to the long-lost melody
Of one familiar, unforgotten voice.

So in my dreams I often feel the lips
That kissed away my cares and chained my soul
Within a charm that time can never break,
Then wake to wonder if I ever steal
Into thy thoughts as thou dost into mine.

September, 1903. LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Woman's Viewpoint

"Simply ridiculous!"

Those were the two words with which Mrs. Baxter expressed her judgment of the play she had attended that afternoon at the Alcazar. She was accompanied by her husband, Tom Baxter, and it was to him that she gave utterance to her conviction after the performance.

"I'm surprised that you didn't like 'Gioconda,'" he said. "I consider it a masterpiece of dramatic art, a superb story, poetical and strong."

"All rot," said Mrs. Baxter.

"Why is it all rot?"

"Because it's an exposition of a man's capacity as a lover, and one of its purposes is to prove that a man can be untrue to his wife without meaning any harm. That's a fiction that the sex has long been engaged in promulgating."

"But," said Baxter, "you know that man is polygamous?"

"No, I don't. I know that some men contend that such is the case, but I believe that they merely want an excuse for their infidelities."

"Well, is there anything improbable about a man's being in love with his wife and at the same time entertaining an absorbing passion for the beautiful woman who inspired his art?"

"Of course such a thing is improbable," said Mrs. Baxter with great positiveness. "The man who indulges such a passion doesn't love his wife. He merely thinks he does."

"That's the woman's viewpoint," said Mr. Baxter, and a cynical smile wreathed his lips.

"I suppose you think that you could love me and have an intrigue with another woman."

There was considerable fire in Mrs. Baxter's eyes as she uttered those words.

"I'm not an artist, my dear."

Mr. Baxter's tone was conciliatory.

"But you are a man and men think they are polygamous, you know."

"So they are, my dear, but some men's sense of honor enables them to overcome their animal proclivities."

"Then it is only a sense of honor that would restrain you from engaging in a liaison." The fire in Mrs. Baxter's eyes glowed fiercely.

"Why, I didn't say so," said Mr. Baxter uneasily, and in a tone of deprecation.

"But that is the inference."

"Well, I intended no such deduction to be made. However, the polygamous tendency has never asserted itself in me, but I know that my sense of honor—"

"Your sense of honor—who cares for your sense of honor in such a matter? I shouldn't care for your fidelity if it were due solely to a sense of honor. It was his sense of honor that prompted Lucio to attempt suicide. D'Annunzio doesn't say so, but it's the fact, nevertheless."

"I think you're mistaken, my dear."

"Of course you do; you take the man's viewpoint. You think he was in love with his wife; that his love for her was the sacred affection that a wife should have, and that he was under Gioconda's mysterious spell that arose out of his temperamental devotion to his art. You probably think, too, as most men do, that the wife should have done just as Sylvia did—nurse him back to life. Men think that their wives should be satisfied with that sacred affection and understand that their little infidelities are sins of the flesh and not of the soul."

"Well, my dear, it is true that the passion married men spend in their clandestine amours is purely animal, and that it does not affect in the slightest degree their affection for their wives."

"But," said Mrs. Baxter, "the fact is that wives feel that they are entitled to all that passion as well as the affection that is vouchsafed them."

Thereupon Mr. Baxter went into a deep brown study, and Mrs. Baxter closed the argument by remarking:

"I wonder how the average married man would feel if he learned that it was his wife's sense of honor that kept her true to him."

—The Playgoer.

STAGE

D'Annunzio's Drama

To Florence Roberts San Francisco theatregoers are indebted for an introduction to Gabriele D'Annunzio, the distinguished playwright who won the affections of Eleanora Duse, and then betrayed her in a novel. It was rather an ambitious effort for the Alcazar stock company to produce his "Gioconda" at a special matinee in the midst of a stock season, for such a production involves a great deal of extra hard work. The players should hardly be expected, under the circumstances, to give a smooth and thoroughly satisfactory initial performance, and that they succeeded in giving a plausible interpretation of such an unusual play is indeed surprising. In "Gioconda" even the student finds little cause for judicious enthusiasm. It is a problem play of deep psychological interest, of brilliant dialogue and masterly limning of character, but it is lacking in dramatic situations. It is distinguished by a fine subtlety of art and a brilliancy of imagination that is almost Oriental, but it is loaded down with verbiage. The first two acts are all words. The dialogue is beautiful but it is unrelieved by action. It takes two whole acts for D'Annunzio to explain his motif properly, to impress you with the harrowing problem that disturbs the mental equilibrium of the sculptor Lucio. He desires to thoroughly acquaint you with the fact that Lucio is in a devil of a fix; that he loves his wife as a gentleman should because she is his wife and the mother of his child, and that he appreciates her devotion to him; also that he has a passionate regard for his model, Gioconda, who inspires all his work. The latter's fascination is half sensuous, half mystical, and while Lucio would like to be true to his wife he is reluctant to give up the beautiful model who not only appeals to his animal passion but also enables him to create great statuary. The simple fact is that Lucio is weak, and his morals are bad, but D'Annunzio extenuates his shortcomings like a true poet. He ascribes them all to his artistic temperament. His play is like a dissection of the human soul with the poet always visible above the surgeon. It reeks of morbid philosophy, illuminated by the Italian's unquestionable deftness in the use of all the literary tools and methods. The skill of his craftsmanship is superb, but he has written a play that affords better satisfaction in the reading than in the acting. Fancy sitting through a whole act in which the hero seeks to make his mad infatuation, and the torture he suffers, clear to the audience, in bursts of hysterical utterances. It would be easy in Italian grand opera, with appropriate orchestral accompaniment and mediæval environment, but in a modern living-room with people in up-to-date costume it is a severe tax on the poetic fancy and imagination. Mr. Lucius Henderson worked like a beaver through this scene, but he can scarcely be credited with having saved it from becoming bathetic. He has not the nervous force nor the refinement of art to put the audience *en rapport* with the character. However he held his audience of women through it all, and prepared them for the thrill in the third act, when his wife (Florence Roberts) confronted the tenacious Gioconda, and berated her for her unholy passion. This is really a powerful scene, in which the poet puts an argument into the model that overwhelms the wife, and drives her to the expedient of lying in the hope of breaking up the relationship between her husband and the object of his passion. In this scene Florence Roberts is vibrant with emotion, and her elocution is very effective, but the situation was not made as tense as it should be. The dramatic flame was there but it flickered perceptibly. This situation involves the one great climax of the play, but to invest it with the interest D'Annunzio intended, rare delicacy and ingenuity are required in the development of all that precedes it. There is nothing in the character of Silvia Settala beyond the temperament of Florence Roberts. She was equal not only to the demand for emotional fire but in the last act, the most poetic of the play, she exhibited superb repose. It was in this act that Miss Virginia Brissac, as the fisher girl, scored a most pronounced hit. The play is marred by the slightest suggestion of a false note. It is a play remarkable for its unity of idea, and for the domination of one central idea around which all else revolves. Each character plays an important part in the unfolding of the plot, and like a squadron of warships the speed of the cast is measured by that of the slowest member.

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Her Magda

Florence Roberts is interesting in anything that she undertakes, for she has individuality and the courage of her conception. And being an intelligent woman there is always reason for her conception. Her Magda is a study worth while. She brings out the emotional side of the character with force and directness, and she plays it with becoming dignity and intensity. She compels admiration for the independence of the woman and stirs the sympathies of her audience. There is one feature of Florence Roberts's histrionic work that I consider worthy of special commendation. I so consider it because I have lately been seriously annoyed by the inarticulate utterances of the twin stars at the Columbia. Nobody ever has an difficulty in understanding what Florence Roberts is talking about. Clearness of enunciation has always been considered of paramount importance in the histrionic profession, but there are some thespians nowadays who appear to think that an audience likes to be kept busy picking up threads of the play.

Their Season's End

Prestige is a valuable asset in the theatrical business but it cannot serve as a substitute for merit. The Miller-Anglin combination has an abundance of prestige which it earned in this city by judicious enterprise in supplying the demand for high-class entertainment. By its artistic achievements in the past it established a reputation which is not to be lived up to with a company such as now supports the stars at the Columbia or with plays of the character of those that constitute this year's repertoire. The company is not lacking in talent but it is not capable of the pace set by those that made theatrical history in past seasons. It is as strong as many that support some of the brightest stars in Broadway, but the twin stars have made Columbia patrons hypercritical and fastidious. They have accustomed us to all-star casts, and having done so they should not blame us for not enthusing over budding artists and embryonic geniuses. It is to the weakness of the repertoire, however, rather than to the shortcomings of the company, that Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin should attribute their failure to keep the box office men busy this season. They have been winding up their engagement this week with a play altogether too insipid to serve as



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bait for their theatrical hook. "The Aftermath" is full of dramatic interest but not to the habitual theatregoer. Nearly everybody has seen some version of "Le Maitre des Forges" and those who have not are at least familiar with the *motif* and a few of the situations, for the story has been rehashed and adapted and cribbed by scores of playwrights, and it has furnished suggestions to many who have not scrupled to borrow from it. Therefore it passeth my understanding why Henry Miller wasted his time moulding "The Aftermath" into shape. His first effort as a playwright is not without merit, but it is impossible to say where Miller begins and where any of his predecessors left off. It runs smoothly enough through three acts, and then comes the fourth with a climax almost as unsatisfactory as the one that closes "The Devil's Disciple." Philippe Derblay is not a congenial role for Mr. Miller, or at least, he did not play it as though he entered into the spirit of it. When he started off to the duel ground with the parting suggestion to his wife, "Pray for me," he spoke as though he expected to raise a laugh instead of exciting pity. Miss Anglin is a highly pathetic Claire, and effectively hysterical. One of the most refreshing bits of work was that of Miss Claire Kulp in a tiny ingenue role.

Cunningham May Be Starred

Arthur Cunningham may be missed from the Tivoli when the comic opera season opens, and the probability is that when he next appears here it will be as a star in an Irish play. It will be remembered that Cunningham made a most pronounced hit in "The Highwayman." The role of the rollicking Irish brigand was so well suited to his temperament and his brogue that he carried off the bulk of the honors, although Camille D'Arville was starred in the production, and Edwin Stevens was conspicuous in the cast. I called attention to the manner in which Cunningham scored, but I was not the only one who was impressed with the notion at the time, that his talents were worth exploiting in the field of Irish drama. Will O'Connell, the business manager of the Miller-Anglin company, attended a performance of "The Highwayman," and the next day he wrote to Manager Charles B. Dillingham telling him that Cunningham was worth starring. O'Connell says that Chauncey Olcott, who has been making lots of money in Irish pieces, isn't in Cunningham's class, and that he thinks big money is to be made out of the Tivoli baritone if properly handled.

Joseph Arthur's Indian Melodrama

It is not the India of Kipling or Mrs. Flora Annie Steele that Joseph Arthur has pictured in his melodrama, "The Cherry Pickers," the Central's bill this week. Except for the soldiers, the half-caste element and the accompaniment of peculiarly-garbed servants going about with fans and cool drinks, the scenes might indicate any other section of country. But the drama is entertaining and the scenery is beautiful. There is more than one intensely exciting moment, particularly when the great gun goes off in the gun-room at the Fort. Miss Lawton has the role of the very much persecuted heroine, which she invests with her usual charm, and Herschel Mayall is just the sort of hero that the parquet as well as the gallery loves. Miss Woodthorpe and Miss Vane, as the fascinating widow and not less bewitching daughter, are excellently cast. Emery makes a most attractive and lovable young lover. A clever piece of work, by Elmer Booth, overdrawn perhaps by the author, and which alternately amuses or repels, is the valet of the Commandant, a ratty little sub-villain who has the centre of the stage throughout much of the play.

Something New in Vaudeville

The Orpheum has an attraction of decided and novel interest in the four Ransby tableaux, showing features of the Paris exhibition of three years ago. Those who were in Paris at the time naturally enjoy revisiting the scenes they so pleasantly remember, and those who were not there are given glimpses of what they missed. The East Indian prima donna, Princess Losaros, has magnetism and vocal ability. The new monologuist "with the green gloves" is entertaining. Frederic Bond & Co. manage to amuse again with their farce, and there are plenty of other good things on the bill. The Orpheum never has to complain of lack of patronage; it is always crowded.

Only One More Week of the Pollards

The little Pollards put loads of life into "The Lady Slavey," which though not entirely new to us is a novelty done by juveniles. Daphne and Master Jack are the popular stars, Daphne taking the principal role and Jack that of the sheriff's officer. Merle Pollard as the music-hall artist is also very clever. The octet, "Kiss-Kiss-Kiss" is charmingly done. The latter part of the week has been given up to "The Geisha" and next week the Pollards will be seen in a repertory of successes including Cellier's "Dorothy," which has not been given in San Francisco since Alice Vincent appeared in the title role at the Tivoli several years ago.

When Robert Edeson comes to the Columbia with his New York company next month, society will have a new man to lionize. This is Richard Sterling, a young man who was recently willed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars but intends to continue upon the stage in spite of this windfall. Sterling's aunt, Mrs. Joseph Pettee, was quite a prominent figure in New York and Boston society and it was she who left him the thousands.

In "The Prince of Pilsen," at the Columbia next week, Trixie Friganza has the role of the widow. The Hans Wagner of the cast has to ask her, at least twenty times, "Vos you effer in Cincinnati?" As Miss Friganza was born in Cincinnati, the question takes on an excess of humor and the widow always enjoys it.

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McIvor-Tyndall, form one of the most popular means of entertainment for those who like to combine instruction with their pastime. Judging from the immense audiences that have greeted the famous psychologist at Steinway hall each succeeding Sunday night, the number of these is large. The marvelous powers of the mind of man, which are at present claiming the attention of the scientific world, are manifested and explained by Tyndall in a manner that accords with the latest developments of material science. There is nothing of the weird or supernatural about these manifestations, although they are wonderful enough to startle and astonish with their results. Dr. McIvor-Tyndall is to the psychological world what Marconi is to the material world. The results of the investigations of each of them find common ground in the theory of their cause, namely, thought-vibrations. To-morrow night Tyndall will give manifestations of this subtle, invisible vibratory force, in addition to his lecture, which will be on "Hypnotism: Good and Bad." Those who attend the demonstration may expect something worth hearing on this fascinating subject. Tyndall is recognized as the great authority on the power of hypnotism. The following Sunday night the subject will be "What is Clairvoyance?"

Features of Next Week's Bills

During the engagement of "The Prince of Pilsen" at the Columbia there will be Sunday night performances; matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays. There is already large demand for the various performances of this musical comedy success. Nick Long and Idalene Cotton are great favorites in "The Prince's" cast. The chorus consists of Vassar Girls, Sea Shell Girls, Bathing Girls, French Maids, Jockey Girls and all the other widely talked-of charmers. The cast is the same that has kept Chicago in a swirl of laughter and good humor for weeks past,

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September 28th—MISS ROBERTS in "ZAZA"
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A VAUDEVILLE TRIUMPH!
Falke and Semon; Charles Ernest; Mario and Aldo; Wood and Ray; Frederic Bond and Company in "Rehearsing a Tragedy;" Arnesen; James Richmond Glenroy; Princess Losoros and E. Rousby's Electrical Review, "IN PARIS"
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Sunday Evening, Sept. 27th
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together with the same chorus and large orchestra. Trixie Friganza is the prima donna of the company.

At the Grand the little Pollards will be seen tomorrow matinee and night and Monday in "Paul Jones," which Agnes Huntington starred in some years ago, just before she married her millionaire. Cellier's charming "Dorothy" will be given on Tuesday and Wednesday nights; "Pinafore" on Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee with Daphne Pollard as Sir Joseph Porter; on Saturday, the farewell night, "The Belle of New York." At all matinees, the ladies and children in attendance will be presented with souvenir pictures of the most popular Lilliputians. Sunday, September twenty-seventh, James Neill will appear in "A Gentleman of France."

During her recent tour of the State, the most popular play in Florence Roberts's repertory was "The Adventure of the Lady Ursula," in which Margaret Anglin appeared at the Columbia some seasons ago. The character of the mischievous Lady Ursula is well suited to Miss Roberts, and the play is sure to make a hit in its Alcazar presentation. The Hope comedy will temporarily give place on Thursday matinee and night, and Friday night, to special performances of D'Annunzio's "Gioconda," and will be resumed for Saturday matinee and night and Sunday night.

In "Carmen" at the Tivoli the title role will be sung by Cleo Marchesini, who has scored many successes in the part in Italy. Adelina Tromben will appear as Michaela, Ischierdo as Don Jose and Zanini as Escamillo. Others in the cast will be Zani, Cortesi, Fogarty, Jacques, Miss Welsh and Miss Gibson. In "La Traviata," the alternating bill, Tina de Spada will be Violetta and Agostini, Alfredo. Gregoretti is cast for the part of the elder Germont. Marie Welsh will sing Flora and Nettie Deglow, Annina. Travaglini has Dr. Grenvil and Cortesi will appear as Gastone.

There will be several new features added to the Fischer burlesque Monday night. The next play to follow "The Glad Hand" and "The Con-curers" is "The Paraders." The comedy is said to be different in many ways from anything offered heretofore. The music will be heard for the first time in any theatre and this production will cost more than any offered in the past. The students of Stanford University have secured Fischer's for the night of the football game, November fourteenth. There will be many novel features introduced on that occasion.

The Central next week will enthuse its patrons with "After Dark," the play that the distinguished dramatist, Dion Boucicault, adapted from the French, and concerning the rights to a single scene of which—the underground railway—Boucicault and Augustin Daly fought in the United States courts for nearly a score of years. The drama requires elaborate and expensive scenic effects, an immense tank of real water being used for the Thames river scene. Another great scene shows the underground railway, with the fast mail train, "The Flying Scotchman," dashing across the stage at lightning speed.

Falke and Semon return to the Orpheum after an absence of five years, direct from London, where they made a hit with their dialogue act and playing upon odd instruments. Charles Ernest, singer and talker, will make his first appearance in this city; he works in black face. Marlo and Aldo, triple horizontal bar gymnasts whose specialties are straight and twisting somersaults from the first to third bar over the centre, will also be new. Juliet Wood and Fred Ray will make their initial San Francisco appearance in "A Funny Bunch of Nonsense." For their third and last week Frederic Bond and company will present for the first time on any stage a novel burletta in one act, "Rehearsing a Tragedy," suggested by a scene from Richard Brinsley's classic comedy, "The Critic," and the East Indian prima donna will have new operatic selections.

At the Chutes will be George and Laura Lewis, the "two Rubes," in a new and amusing sketch; John Le Clair, comedy juggler; Anderson and Wallace in a new travesty and the Reese brothers in their gun and spear manipulating turn, Henry Clive, the illusionist and May Lamson, the contralto.

—*The Playgoer.*

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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

O'Sullivan's Great Triumph

Denis O'Sullivan has either been taking vocal lessons from a competent teacher, or else he was not in proper voice or fettle on several occasions when he appeared in local theatres. At his concert in Steinway hall last Friday night it was hard to believe that it was the same O'Sullivan who sang in "Shamus O'Brien" at the Tivoli some years ago, and who later roused the wrath of sensitive Celts at the Grand Opera House. But perhaps Denis has two vocal organs—one for use in opera and Irish melodrama and the other for concert purposes. After hearing him Friday night it is easy to understand why the lusty young San Franciscan is so popular in London drawing-rooms. There are few singers capable of holding an audience throughout a whole evening, and arousing their hearers to such ecstasy as Denis O'Sullivan did last Friday evening. It was the greatest triumph he ever scored in this city, and it was a purely artistic one. The house was filled with his friends, but he needed no claque. He was in fine voice, and there was scarcely any suggestion of that tremolo that I have always regarded as fatal to his singing. The program was one that did great credit to his judgment, for it bespoke rare discretion. It was interspersed with dainty trifles, rattling ballads and charming folk-songs. He sang in German, Italian, Gaelic and English, and there was not a song that did not evoke tremendous applause, but it was his artistic rendition of the Irish ballads that aroused the greatest enthusiasm. His enunciation was clear, his phrasing excellent, and his tone production vindicated his training, but the secret of O'Sullivan's success as a concert singer is his wonderful power of expression. He acts his songs, and by means of his facial expression as well as by the eloquence of his tone makes his theme clear. The pathos of "The Wearing of the Green" never appealed to me as it did when sung by this dramatic vocalist, and never before was I so impressed by the exquisite humor of an Irish comic as when I heard him in the rollicking "Donovans" and "Widow Malone." Mr. O'Sullivan was fortunate in having for an accompanist that magnetic artist, Mr. Frederick Maurer Jr. Mr. Maurer is always *en rapport* with the vocalist whom he accompanies and his performance in the vocal interludes is a captivating feature of every concert in which he participates.

The Scheel Concert

An audience large enough and appreciative enough to delight the heart of any leader filled the Grand Opera House last Tuesday afternoon and listened to music large enough and beautiful enough to delight the heart of any audience. Week by week the work of the men under Mr. Scheel becomes more finished; week by week the ear of the music-loving public grows more responsive to fine effects. Consciously or unconsciously the man with his back to the audience is educating them; giving silent lectures on "How to Hear Good Music." In a really successful concert the leader must have his hearers as well in hand as his musicians. An indifferent audience may spoil the potentially best concert in the world. But no one with even half an ear, not the earless Elia himself, could be indifferent to such a rendering of such a program as Tuesday's. The music of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" matches the matchless name, and Mr. Scheel's reading matched the music. No less beautiful are the first and second movements of the Brahms Symphonie; and no less delightful was the interpretation. Effective as was the "Parsifal," grateful as we are to hear it under any conditions, it none the less seemed almost out of place: one missed the setting, and the setting is "Parsifal." The "Finale" of the Handel "Grand Concerto" would have made the happiest possible ending; Rossini, as I heard it, came unpleasantly near being being an anticlimax.

The program for next Tuesday's symphony concert will be: Overture, "Corialanus," Beethoven; Haydn's symphony No. 5 in D. major; violin concerto op. 7, F sharp minor, Ernst; Serenade, op. 7, E flat major, Strauss; prelude (for strings), "The Last Dream of the Virgin," Massenet; "Lutspeil" overture, Von Reznicek. Of these the last three numbers will be new to us, the Richard Strauss serenade being of special interest. It requires

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the work of two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, four horns, two bassoons and one contra bass. Mr. Otto Spamer, who will play the Ernst violin concerto with the orchestra, is a nephew of Wilhemj and a pupil of that great artist. The San Francisco public should wake up to the fact that this symphony season we are having is by no means an ordinary one. Scheel is giving us music that is new not only to us but to our Eastern cousins, and nearly as great a novelty to Europeans. Every concert gives us something absolutely new. The programs of the last two concerts of this series—September twenty-ninth and October sixth—will include especially interesting works of Tschaikowsky and others. H. J. Stewart's Montezuma Suite will be given at the seventh concert.

The Jewish Festival Music

Cantor Stark has been very busy during the past eight weeks preparing the music for the celebration of the Jewish high festivals at the Temple Emanu-El—September twenty-second, New Year, and October first, Day of Atonement. Most of the compositions to be given were composed by the Cantor, who has taken pains to preserve in them the characteristic spirit of the quaint old Hebrew melodies. The choir has been augmented for these festival services to twenty voices, and consists of only experienced singers. The members of the solo quartet are: Miss Daisy Cohn, soprano; Mrs. Helen Kelly, contralto; A. Vinson, tenor; Homer Henley, basso: W. A. Sabin, organist. An orchestra of twelve instruments will assist in the ensemble and solo numbers. The Cantor will conduct the ritual in the services, chant the national tunes and sustain the solo work of the baritone parts in the concerted numbers.

Tomorrow, at Holy Cross church, the anniversary of Holy Cross day will be celebrated. The organist, Harry Wood Brown, has provided some excellent music, and will himself sing the Recessional of Rudyard Kipling, music by Reginald DeKoven. Miss Sophie Rottanzi will sing the Inflammatus from "Stabat Mater" with full chorus and orchestra, and Marie Rottanzi will intone one of the Gregorian chants. Miss B. Peguillion, the regular contralto, will sing the Priestess song from "The Idol's Eye," arranged as an "O Salutaris," and Marcel Perron, the basso, will have a solo. Hayden's Imperial Mass in G will constitute the regular service, and the choir will be composed of Sophie Rottanzi, soprano; Testa Borondo, tenor; Miss B. Peguillion, contralto; Marcel Perron, bass; supplimented by Misses McLade, Laydon, Madden, sopranos; Marie Rottanzi, Lily Wilson, Gertrude Moran, contraltos; Messrs. Madden and Von Der Kim, bassos. The regular orchestra will officiate.

The usual monthly program of sacred music will be rendered at St. Dominic's church to-morrow evening, when the following will be given: Organ solo, Sonata No. 1, in D minor, Guilmant; soprano solo and chorus, "Hear My Prayer," Mendelssohn, Miss Camille Frank; tenor solo, "Ave Verum," Silas, T. G. Elliott; chorus, "Adoro Te," Dethier; organ solo, Air with variations (Septet) Beethoven; contralto solo, "The Holy Vision," Gounod. Miss Ella V. McCloskey; soprano solo, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Stewart, Mrs. L. Snider Johnson; chorus, "Ave Verum," Walter Handel Thorley: At Benediction, "O Salutaris," Wagner; "Tantum Ergo," Delthier; postlude, Marche Triumphale, Guilmant. Dr. H. J. Stewart, organist and director of the choir.

A Newcomer

Mr. Theodor Salmon, who recently came to San Francisco from the East and established a studio at 546 Sutter street, is a pianist of considerable note. He was born at West Point, Iowa, his father being an orchestral conductor and his mother an amateur pianist of skill. He has a sister, Theresa Salmon, who has made name and fame as a concert pianist. After studying piano in this country and doing not a little concert work, Theodor Salmon went to Germany, where he studied under Kullak, Reinecke, Bruno Zwintscher, Jadassohn and the younger Richter. He has given concerts in New York and other large cities in this country and the critics everywhere give him high praise for his work.

(Continued on Page 32)

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LETTERS

Essays from Stanford

A most attractive little volume issued by Paul Elder and Company is a souvenir of "Antigone," the Greek play produced by the students and faculty of Stanford last year. The matter of the book consists of three essays: Professor W. H. Rolfe discourses of the production of the play in general, Professor A. T. Murray furnishes an analysis of Greek tragedy and of the "Antigone" in particular, and Professor Fairclough a dissertation on the Choral Side of "Antigone." These papers will be welcome reading to any one who is interested in the drama. The difference between an ancient and a modern play is so marked that the study is always a fascinating one. The classic tragedy was clean-cut, finished, statuesque; the modern drama—I can hardly say tragedy—is complex, shifting, indeterminate, the result in part of our manner of thinking, and in part of the greater liberty of construction allowed by disregarding the unities. A particularly interesting phase of the subject is the function of the chorus, and the part which music together with the dance played in the ensemble. Professor Fairclough's contribution to the literature already existing upon this subject will be found valuable. His concluding paragraph deserves studious attention: "The writer has recently witnessed in Rome M. Mounet-Sully's representation of the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, as given at the Comedie-Francaise in Paris. It was undoubtedly brilliant in some respects but I am convinced that the remark made by a cultivated spectator was just, viz.: that from such a performance one can learn much better what to avoid than what to imitate in presenting a Greek play. This is especially true of the lyrical element. In the French version the chorus practically disappears; the grand odes . . . are ruined by being delivered in weak melodrama by a single female voice, recitative and vocal melody are abandoned, and the result is a succession of dramatic scenes, which with their long speeches tend to become exceedingly monotonous, being unrelieved by the lyric color movement, and variety of tone, which the Greeks considered essential to a great tragedy." The mechanical execution of the book cannot be too highly commended. It is finely printed and illustrated with photographs. The cover is half vellum and the sole ornamentation is the title in Greek letters, gold on a background of dark green. Such simplicity and dignity of treatment convey a favorable impression even before the book is opened, and agree well with the character of the contents.

"Bachelor Bigotries"

This volume cannot be rightly laid at the door of the bachelor, since the title page informs us that they have been "compiled by an old maid, and approved by a young bachelor, illustrated by an ex-bachelor and published by a young married man."

"'Tis pleasant business making books,
When other people furnish brains,"

but the compilation of this volume, albeit pleasant, has been no idle task. The sayings have been culled from all sources, ancient and modern, from Juvenal to the last comic paper, and all are more or less biting. Fun and philosophy are both to be found, wit and wisdom in due proportion. There are three hundred and sixty-five quotations, one for each day in the year, so that the book answers the purpose of a calendar as well as "something to read." As samples of the contents, here are a few quotations selected at random:

"Man proposes and woman sues him for breach of promise"—John Eliot.

"Times have changed with him who marries: there are no more by-path meadows, wherein you may innocently linger, but the road lies long and straight and dusty, to the grave."—Stevenson.

"A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."—Kipling.

"Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage."—Shakespeare.

"Early marriages were misery; imprudent marriages, idiotism, and marriage at the best," he was wont to say, with a kindling eye and a heightened color, "marriage at the best—was the devil."—Lytton.

"After forty men have married their habits, and wives are only an item in the list, and not the most important."—George Meredith.

"It is very beautiful to be in love, but it is a great relief to be out of it."—R. W. St. Hill.

"It's love that makes the world go round, but it's marriage that keeps most of the inhabitants hustling."—*Puck*.

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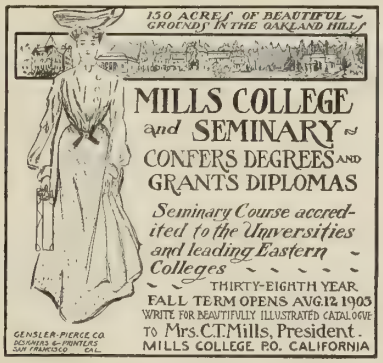
"Woman is a bundle of pins, man her pincushion."—Henry Harland.

Illustrations are by A. F. Wilmarth, in black and scarlet, and consist of page margins, head and tail pieces, vignettes and full pages. The book is printed on Japanese paper of that soft yellowish tint so grateful to the eye, and bound in manila board with scarlet back. To local book lovers it would be sufficient to say that it is published by Paul Elder and Company, for that is guarantee for good workmanship and artistic appearance. "Bachelor Bigotries" ought to repeat the success of the "Cynic's Calendar." It is published at the moderate price of one dollar.

A Reporter's Tale

With "On Special Assignment" Samuel Travers Clover follows up the adventures of Paul Travers, who, in a previous volume, traveled around the world on an empty pocket with a view to fitting himself for a career as a newspaper reporter. Paul, who is now twenty-one, is installed at a desk in a Chicago newspaper office, and almost before he has sharpened his first pencil he becomes the most valuable man in the outfit, so he is put on special assignments, where he has a chance to see all that is going on and take part in all sorts of stirring adventures. He visits the Moqui Indians and sees the secret mysteries and preparations for the snake dances, reports an Indian uprising from the front, describes the Messiah craze and the ghost dances, and is in at the death when Sitting Bull is disposed of and later on joins in the cattle rustlers' warfare in Wyoming, all in the interests of his paper. To those of the coming generation who are interested in these events the book will prove interesting, but one cannot but hope that the kid reporter had more knowledge of the accurate use of words than the author himself displays. In describing the eagerness of a man to escape from what he considers a position of danger, Mr. Glover tells us that he "threw a trouser-leg over the taffrail," and when a vessel is launched he speaks of her sliding down the ways as "a landslide." Again, in describing a wreck on a dark, stormy night, when the doomed vessel was driven ashore, he tells us "her masts could be seen with the naked eye" when it is evident that they could almost be touched with the naked hand. It was not an application to the eye that was needed but light to dispel the darkness. Grab and grasp are not synonymous terms, either, nor would "internal injuries produced by a blow on the temple" be regarded as an accurate description. Also, one may safely take exception to his statement that the entire wealth of an Indian family was "hung on a parallel pole." How can one pole be parallel? Then he describes the Custer massacre, where every officer and man was annihilated, as a "decimating battle." These are a few specimens of loose diction picked at random, but the narrative abounds with them, though we are told time and again that it was the purity and precision of his language which made the chief charm of the young reporter's style. We have become accustomed to this sort of slipshodness since a generation of authors has grown up who know not grammar, or analysis, or parsing, or synonyms, or many other things with which their fathers were familiar. In writing books for boys there is need to exercise special care in these matters, and if, as Mr. Glover tells us, Paul Travers is to become managing editor, it is to be hoped that he will not only learn betimes, but insist that his subordinates will exercise due care in the selection and use of words. D. Lothrop is the publisher of the volume, which is illustrated by Laskey. —*The Bookworm.*

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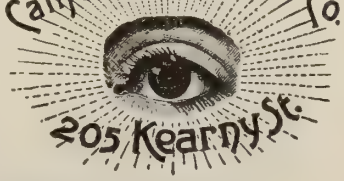
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MUSIC

(Continued from Page 29)

Mr. Edward Xavier Rolker has returned from Colorado Springs, and has reopened his studio at 910 Sutter street. He is making preparations for a recital by some of his pupils early in October.

Rossini composed almost constantly and in all ways, rarely at the piano, most often in the evening or at night, and like Mozart, often found inspiration in a carriage or post chaise. In the irregular jolting of these vehicles he perceived rhythm, and of these rhythms melodies were born. There is no doubt that he would have found them in the trepidation of the railroad, if he had dared to try, but he had such a dread of this mode of locomotion that no one was ever able to induce him to set foot in a car.

It is perhaps not generally known that the chorus of the Birmingham festival in England consists almost entirely of paid singers. Out of one hundred and twenty sopranos there are only about a baker's dozen of unpaid amateurs, while among the tenors all but one man are paid.

Massenet has another American protegee, to succeed Sybil Sanderson. Her name is Courtenay Thomas and she has been singing at the Opera Comique, Paris, for seven years. "Le Cherubim" is said to be the title of the opera Massenet has composed for Miss Thomas, to be produced in November.

W. S. Gilbert is said to be again writing for the operatic stage. Though several times reported as dying, the veteran librettist is still much alive. It is forty-five years since he became known as a writer. "Pinafore" was written in 1876.

J. F. Veaco, the well-known tenor, has entirely recovered from his recent attack of bronchitis. He has resumed teaching at his studio, 1173 Green street. Mr. Veaco is singing at the First Unitarian church now in addition to his other engagements.

During Dr. Carl's recent visit here he entertained at luncheon at the Palace Mr. Louis C. Eaton, organist of Trinity church. The New York organist visited many points of interest in California, taking in Tahoe, Tamalpais and other show-places.

Siegfried Wagner's new opera, "The Gnome," will be produced in Leipsic this month.

The Stockton Boys' Band gave one of the most enjoyable concerts at Santa Cruz this summer. —*The Music Critic.*

A Limerick Cycle of Easy Authorship

A certain young author named Pondo
Of his typewriter grew very fond oh,—
He just had so much
As to give it a touch
And 'twould bang off a sonnet or rondeau.

He could write with his fingers and toes
Love lyrics or fictional prose.
He could work, if he tried.
With his feet and hands tied,
For he'd learned to compose with his nose.

Said a friend, in astonishment blinking,
"I should think this would drive you to drinking."
Quoth the author, "Not so,—
I'm quite idle, you know,
For my typewriter does all the thinking."

So I wish, when my Muse waxes wheezy,
That *my* typewriter's style were more breezy,
That it worked in a way
To make poetry pay
And authorship pleasant and easy.

September, 1903. WALLACE IRWIN.

The Quest of Temperament

"Where did you receive your musical education?" asked the impresario.

The question was put to a beautiful young woman who had made application to join his company as prima donna.

"I received it in Europe," was the reply.

"Who was your vocal instructor?"

"I didn't have any vocal instructor. You see, I went over for temperament. I was told in San Francisco that my voice was all right but that I would have to live and acquire experience before I could become great; that it would be necessary to experience the wild swell of passion, the bitterness of disappointment, the tender joy of hope, the fierce desire for love, the ecstasy of romantic achievement, and all that sort of thing."

"And what sort of success did you have?" asked the impresario.

"Fairly good. The first month I was in Paris a French count shot himself in my boudoir. A little later I married an artist, and in three weeks he applied for a divorce on account of my flirtations with an American millionaire. After my divorce I was made co-respondent in a suit brought by the wife of a Russian musician, and then I eloped to this country with an Italian prince."

"I guess you'll do," said the impresario, and he produced a blank contract. —*The Satirist.*

"Why was the engagement broken off?"

"Well, you see, her father objected because his salary wasn't large enough, and his mother objected because her parents were of humble origin."

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87243

ALFRED H. COATES, Plaintiff, vs. EMMA C. COATES, Defendant. } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

EMMA C. COATES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of this action and upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff as appears from the complaint on file herein to which special reference is hereby made; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT P. WHEELAN, Attorney for Plaintiff
222 Sansome St. Sixth Floor, Room 2.

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Automobile Topics

Maurice Wolfe, representing the Olds Company recently sold the machine he was driving to "Big Mouth," a Sioux chieftain, who lives on the Sioux agency, near Billings, Montana. Mr. Wolfe headed a procession composed of nearly all the Indians, squaws and papooses on the agency, when he entered Billings in his runabout. "Big Mouth" would not look at first, but when it was driven over to his house he condescended to accompany Mr. Wolfe on a spin around the outskirts of the town. During a ten-mile ride he became interested enough to ask if Mr. Wolfe's car "wouldn't go better on the track." The chief thought it was a new brand of locomotive. After it was explained to him that no track was needed, that it ate no grass like a pony, nor coal like a locomotive, but was easily satisfied with a little "medicine water" from the agency, and was shown that it could travel much faster and farther than a horse; that it could carry two riders; that it never "bucked" or shied; that it could travel through a prairie-dog village without stumbling, Mr. "Big Mouth" was anxious to buy it. He reached inside his buckskin shirt, drew out a tobacco pouch filled with gold and greenbacks and said, "Guess buy him. How much?" But before the purchase money was paid over Mr. Wolfe had to have the auto painted at his own expense, the brightest red that could be found in Billings.

Local automobilists have at length settled the question as to the identity of the first man who entered the Yosemite Valley in an automobile; also of the one who made the first successful trip into the valley. Three years ago Oliver Lippincott entered the Yosemite in a Locomobile. The trip, however, could not be called a successful one, for Lippincott's machine was hauled up to Glacier Point by team, and it was also hauled out of the valley. However, Lippincott was the first to enter it. The first automobilist to successfully tour the Yosemite without the aid of man or beast was Major J. Fulmer of Los Angeles, who entered in July of this year in a Cadillac.

Where an automobile won't go no man may say. Whether it will ever be used for Alpine climbing is another question; but after the experience of Mr. John B. Kelly on Mount Hood, it would not be a matter of great surprise to hear that some man had attempted to climb the Matterhorn with an auto. Mr. Kelly used a "White" steam carriage and went three-fourths of the distance to the summit. The actual point reached was about two thousand feet from the snow line, which is at present at its highest point. Mr. Kelly is the first man who ever made the ascent. The gate-keeper at the government camp, in issuing him the permit to pass, assured him of this fact, expressing surprise that he had succeeded. He was accompanied on the down trip by Mrs. Kelly and their five children, who had been camping on the mountain for several days. The machine also conveyed most of their camp equipage. "With all due respect to beautiful Mount Hood, the trip was quite easy," declared Mr. Kelly last evening. "I have always thought that an automobile could get up there without any trouble and so I decided to bring my family home in the machine. I made the run up a couple of days ago. There would not have been any difficulty but for the huge boulders in the road. The slope was so steep in some places that the front wheels would tilt from the ground for a moment, but the machine kept right on going, although it was necessary to keep up about five hundred pounds pressure."

Three automobile races were held at San Jose on Admission Day. The National Automobile Company's horseless carriage captured first honors in the three-mile runabout for gasoline machines only. Fred C. Hotaling's Winton driven by Selby Hewson, the machine that was victorious at Del Monte, won the five-mile race for gasoline machines of 20-horse power or under. So that the White touring cars (steam vehicles) could also race a five-mile, open to machines of all kinds, was arranged, but when the White car with H. D. Ryus was ready to start there were no others and the speedy touring vehicle went around the five miles alone.

The Pioneer Automobile Company reports sales of Oldsmobiles to the following persons last week: Mr. Cassell of Palo Alto, Shelley Pickles of Monterey, Mr. Kendall of Lodi, Messrs. Gordon and Catherwood of Eureka, Mr. Patterson of Centerville, F. S. Jacks of Napa, the Ratto Brothers of San Francisco, Dr. Ward of Woodland, Messrs. Merrill and Hansen of Stockton.

Stevens-Duryeas sold last week: Lillie Brothers of Lodi, Frank Moore of Stockton, George Strong of Oakland and C. C. Moore of San Francisco.

National Automobile Company sold machines to Mrs. Russell Cool, Mason Harris, A. Muhs, Mrs. Retterach and Frank O'Brien of Willows.

Sales of the Pacific Motor Car Company: Ivan Treadwell a Packard and an order taken from R. P. Greer for a St. Louis tonneau.

The White Sewing Machine Company sold cars to H. E. Williamson of Stockton and John A. Benson of this city.

At a meeting held last week of the Automobile Club of California it was decided to hold the big race meet at the Ingleside track on Saturday and Sunday, November the seventh and eighth.

William R. Hearst has had his 40-horse power imported French Mors shipped out here and will tour the State during his visit.

—The Chauffeur.

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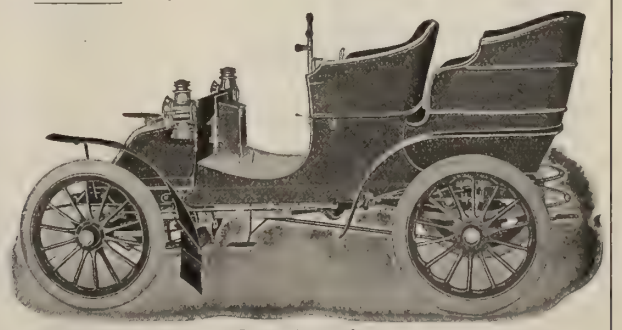
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Aquarelles au Naturel

On Labor Monday a party of Eastern tourists visited the Tavern on Tamalpais. One of the company was reading from the circular setting forth the beauties of the inn: "The dining-room is furnished in natural wood, with polished hardwood floors, and handsomely tinted walls and ceiling." The others gazed at the "tinted" walls, to which some unintended additions were evident owing to a leaky roof during the last rain-storm. It inspired one of the men in the party to add:

"I wonder why they did not call attention to the wonderful water-colors?"

—*The Eavesdropper.*

How Some Fashions Originated

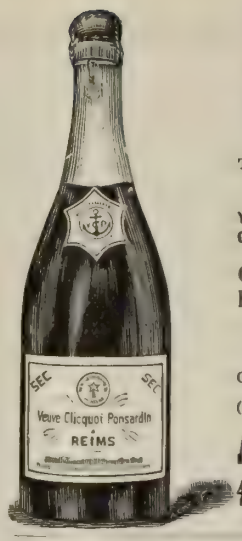
The fillet came into vogue, after the Greek girls who wore it passed away, in the following manner: There was a haughty lady who lived in the seventeenth century. She had the king tied around her finger, and one day when she was in a royal hunting party the wind blew her pretty hair about and threatened her head-dress. Just as the other ladies were hoping a head-dress awry would ruin her she took off her ribbon garter and tied it around her head, and she looked so tremendously fetching that the king was more in love than ever. Thus the fashion was set at once. Queen Anne originated the idea of wearing a collar of large pearls, clasped closely about her neck, to disguise its inartistic contour. Queen Alexandra, because of a skin disease, covered her throat with the high stock collar that has continued in vogue for so many years. Madame Modjeska introduced the bodice which coming closely about the throat was cut out in a large angle over the chest, and at once found favor with women having prominent collar-bones. The fashion of wearing a lace handkerchief peeping out from a corsage came from the frills of the chemise displayed by the Parisian demi-monde. American women in Paris and everywhere outrage custom, and adopt styles for no reason but because they admire them, and they seized upon this at once and sent it to their New York friends who passed it along the fashion route. The Gainsborough hat fad, since modified into the picture hat, also emanated from the Paris half-world. A famous beauty, the *bel ami* of an artist, once for a jest wore his huge slouch hat in her drive along the boulevard. The hat was pronounced *tres chic* by the smart women who observed it, and the Parisian milliners had to rush to supply the demand for these huge hats. —*The Modiste.*

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NOTICES TO CREDITORS

Estate of Gustav Hoeft, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Gustav Hoeft, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at room 79 Chronicle Building, Junction of Kearny, Geary and Market Streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Gustav Hoeft, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 5, 1903.
Frank McGowan, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 75-79 and 80 Chronicle Bldg.

Estate of Christopher Maginnis, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Alice J. Maginnis, Administratrix of the estate of Christopher Maginnis, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Alice J. Maginnis, Administratrix, at Room 498 Parrott Building, 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Alice J. Maginnis, Administratrix of the Estate of Christopher Maginnis, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, September 5, 1903
John J Barrett, Attorney for Administratrix. Rooms 497-498 Parrott Bldg.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 86742.

BESSIE H. MITCHELL, Plaintiff
vs.
JAMES MITCHELL, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

JAMES MITCHELL, Defendant

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect to provide for plaintiff the common necessaries of life because of his idleness, profligacy and dissipation, also on the ground of defendant's infidelity to plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 31st day of July in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By Joseph Riordan, Deputy Clerk

LUTHER ELKINS, Plaintiff's Attorney
212 Sansome St., San Francisco

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. —. No. 86531.

CLIFFORD E. LINTON, Plaintiff
vs.
ADDIE LINTON, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

ADDIE LINTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 14th day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff

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DEALERS IN **PAPER** OF ALL KINDS

FOR PRINTING AND WRAPPING } **401-403 Sansome St.**

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

A. GRANUCCI, Plaintiff
vs.
A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of PIERRE LANGARON, Deceased, Eleanora O. Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee), Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gapard Sadony, Eleonora O. Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, Deceased,) John Doe, Richard Roe, James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto, Defendants

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of Pierre Langaron (deceased), Eleanora O. Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee) Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleanora O Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, deceased) John Doe, Richard Roe James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in this complaint.

That the property involved in and affected by said action is described as follows, to wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, commencing at a point where the Northerly line of Union street intersects the Easterly line of Dupont street; thence running Easterly along said line of Union street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one-half (4½) inches thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-three (23) feet to the said Easterly line of Dupont street, and thence Southerly and along said line of Dupont street Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one half (4½) inches to the point of commencement.

That the object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of the above entitled Court adjudging and determining that the above named defendants and all other persons claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the plaintiff's complaint adverse to plaintiff's ownership or any cloud upon plaintiff's title thereto have not, and that none of them has any estate, right, title, lien or interest whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof, and that the title of plaintiff is good and valid, and that said defendants and all of said persons unknown as aforesaid be forever enjoined and debarred from asserting any claim whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof adverse to the plaintiff, and for such other, further and additional relief as to the Court may seem meet and proper in the premises, and for costs of suit.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1903.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87209.

ADELAIDE C. SHADE, Plaintiff
vs.
WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of September, A. D., 1903.

ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

MILTON S. HAMILTON, Attorney for Plaintiff
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VOL. XII. No. 578 SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1903 PRICE 10 CENTS

COMMENT | POLITICS | SOCIETY | THE STAGE | LETTERS | MUSIC

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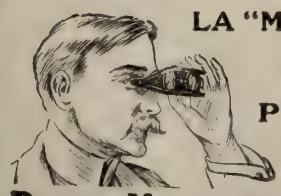
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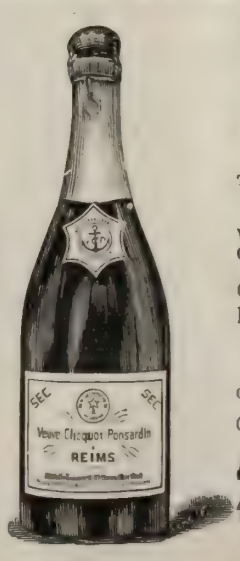
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, September 26, 1903

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING CO.

THEODORE F. BONNET - - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - - - Manager

1019 Market Street Third Floor Telephone South 1190

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded. We cannot undertake to preserve or return manuscripts.

Those Journalistic Fakers

An authentic account of the incidents of the recent Conclave at which Pope Pius X was elected has at length been made public. The account is based on authority which, according to the New York *Sun*, "bears all the marks of authenticity," and it also substantiates all that was asserted at the time by *Town Talk*, in contradiction of the absurd reports published by the daily newspapers. The readers of this paper will remember that we stigmatized as false and ridiculous the statements of the newspaper correspondents concerning the political wire-pulling of the Cardinals; that we asserted that the Conclave would not concede the right of any nation to exercise a veto power, and that the next Pope would in all probability be one of the humblest members of the College, and one who was most reluctant to accept the tiara. According to the authority which the *Sun* endorses Rampolla, the man who was represented by the dailies to be the most strenuous of all the political Cardinals and the most eager to become Pope, contributed one of the two votes that were given to Sarto on the first ballot. Moreover he voted for Sarto every time, and when the latter recognized that the voting was steadily bearing him into the shadow of the tiara, he implored his fellow Cardinals with tears in his eyes not to lay upon him a burden for which he felt himself unfitted. And the same authority tells us that it was this extraordinary humility thus exhibited that contributed as much as anything else to raise the Patriarch of Venice to the throne of Peter. It has also been learned that when the announcement was made that Austria would veto the election of Rampolla, there was great indignation among the Cardinals, and on the next ballot the Papal Secretary of State received his highest vote. This was regarded as a formal repudiation of the veto and the deduction was drawn that the privilege had been exercised for the last time. Throughout the Conclave Rampolla pleaded incessantly for the election of Sarto, and it was largely through his influence that Pope Pius X was elected. The day after the election the dailies announced that Rampolla would be immediately removed from the office of Secretary of State, the intimation being that he was not esteemed by the new Pope. The files of *Town Talk* show that we branded that statement as false, and declared that Rampolla would hold office until he requested that his successor be appointed. He is still Secretary of State, and though he is anxious to resign the cares and responsibilities of the office, Pope Pius X has prevailed upon him to continue in the service of the church. Though he was the most influential man in the Conclave he scarcely had influence enough to prevent his friends from thrusting the tiara upon him, notwithstanding the veto of Austria. The inaccuracies of the dailies are not adverted to through any desire to exalt our own achievement in presenting a true picture of the situation in Rome at the time of the Conclave, but for the purpose of calling attention to the utter unreliability of the men who supply this country with news of European affairs. When it became known that Pope Leo was dying all the leading foreign correspondents were sent to Rome to prepare for the great historic events that were impending. Many of the dailies have since boasted of the wonderful service that was rendered by those up-to-date journalists, and it now appears that they indulged principally in guess-work, and that their gross ignorance of the Catholic Church and its traditions led them into all sorts of errors. Their reports were colored upon the theory that the church dignitaries of today were afflicted with the same infirmities of temperament by which they were obsessed in mediæval times. Many of those brilliant correspondents who were gathered in Rome at the time of the Conclave are now reporting the progress of affairs in Turkey, and some are in London disseminating news of the political crisis in that country. They probably know as much about what they are reporting as they knew about the situation in Rome a few months ago. If a local reporter missed the truth half as often as they do in the course of a week, he wouldn't be able to get a job in town.

An Important Economic Principle

The question of the right of employers to take or to discharge employes as individuals, regardless of their affiliation or non-affiliation with labor organizations, is an issue upon which the special aims of labor-unionism must stand or fall. It was asserted as a sound economic principle in the findings of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, President Roosevelt has lately given it his unqualified endorsement in a letter over his own signature, and a second endorsement now appears in the decisions of umpire Carroll D. Wright in cases submitted for his determination. The principle has yet no binding force in law. It merely has the moral effect of high authoritative judgment. A non-union man who may be discharged as a result of the influence of open or covert threats made by unionists has no redress, but the principle is certainly destined to be woven into the law upon our statute books. The club of unionism has been so recklessly wielded of late that it has become a constant menace to industrial peace, and though there is no objection to labor organization for the purpose of improving the condition and the status of wage earners, public sentiment has become quite strong in its protest against the claim of unionism to the right to dictate to the employer in the matter of his employes. It is regarded as in contravention of the fundamental principles of our Government as expressed in the Declaration of Independence.

A Plea for the Little Ones

In all the clamor and clatter over the bond issue the main stress is laid on the necessity for schools. It is a necessity which no one will deny, but the people would, per-

haps, take a greater interest in the matter if the discussion were confined to the need for accommodation for the small children. Incidentally we are reminded that the littlest boys and girls are crowded into unsuitable and unsanitary makeshift class-rooms, but the plans and pictures are all for the other end of the educational ladder. There is plenty of gush about the need of playgrounds for "growing children," but not for the little chaps who have no place but the streets in which to play ball when an accommodating policeman turns his back, and who are too small to belong to athletic clubs or journey to the playground in the Park. It is the more mature lads, destined to join the university elevens, and to become golf and tennis champions and heroes of the cinder path, who are being considered. The little fellows must wait. Time enough for them to exercise their limbs and fill their lungs when they are big and strong enough to walk across the peninsula. It is a far cry to the time when their brawn will count in an intercollegiate game, and until then, why waste schoolyards on them? There are objections enough to be urged against the Lowell high school and any number of other schools, built on the sidewalk lines of noisy streets in unsuitable localities, but most of these buildings are of yesterday as compared with the Marshall Primary, built in the late fifties, moved to the rear of a small lot and propped up on stilts, or the Hawthorne, erected in the middle sixties, and added to and patched till it resembles a shower of houses. There are any number of others which are as old and unsuitable. When a new building goes up, the larger, older pupils are removed and the infants fall heirs to the old barrack. If there is an unusual amount spent on a building, it is sure to be for the benefit of the high school pupils, and some grammar school takes the cast-off. The old desks and worn apparatus are good enough for the youngest classes, while the newest and best are for the grown-ups. It is a theory of esthetes that children should be accustomed to beauty from their earliest years, when their minds are most impressionable. Small wonder that, in spite of natural advantages, San Francisco is one of the ugliest municipalities on the face of the globe, when the small children are first sent to dilapidated old barracks which they must reach through tunnels and alleys, and later, are promoted to dry goods boxes set on the street edge. Give the little ones a chance at the best modern structures, with plenty of play space, and let the athletes of the upper classes exercise themselves with the broom, the wood pile and the back yard at home.

Brain Power Needed

While in this country there is fear that too many people are seeking to avoid the drudgery of hard work by fitting themselves for the professions, the complaint has been made in England that there is not enough brain power. Sir Norman Lockyer, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, proclaims that Englishmen are not educated enough to keep up with the procession, and that they will fall farther behind unless better means of education are provided. "We in Great Britain," says this eminent authority, "have eleven universities competing with one hundred and thirty-four, state and privately endowed in the United States, and twenty-two, state endowed in Germany. The German State gives to one university more than the British Government allows to all the universities and university colleges in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales put together." Sir Norman Lockyer has sounded a note of warning that his complacent countrymen have heard with alarm. Since the publication of the findings of the War Commission, Englishmen are prepared to believe that there is something radically wrong, and they will no doubt be willing to accept the diagnosis of the distinguished scientist, for it is beyond dispute that ignorance and incompetence are responsible for the shameful conduct of affairs in South Africa. As Lord Methuen has said, it must have been the Colonials who kept the Empire off the rocks. The army is badly in need of men who use their brains.

Exposing Professional Tricks

That was a very unfair advantage that Garrett McEnerney took of a brother attorney the other day, in open court. Mr. McEnerney was engaged in probating a will whose authenticity was questioned by an attorney named Splivalo. The latter undertook to prove that all of the will was not in the handwriting of the decedent; that certain words, without which it would have been invalid, were written in several days after the filing of the will. It happened that Mr. McEnerney had taken the precaution to have the will photographed before filing, and also to have the photographs certified. Mr. Splivalo knew not of the photographs. He was as innocent as a babe of the existence of the incontrovertible evidence of the fact that the disputed line was in the will when the document was filed. So he mounted the witness stand, took a solemn oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and swore that he saw the will several days after it was put on record, and that it did not contain the words which constituted the question at issue. Mr. McEnerney questioned him closely to give him an opportunity to hedge, but Mr. Splivalo was in no hedging mood. He was intent on breaking that will, and he scorned to testify in equivocal language. As an attorney he knew the value of positive testimony, and to strengthen his case and insure his fee he clinched the matter by calling his son and his law clerk to give corroborating evidence. They too saw the will after it was filed, and they also remarked the fatal omission. And to make assurance doubly sure Mr. D. T. Ames, a handwriting expert, was called as a witness. He examined the alleged forgery and he was quite sure that it was not in the handwriting of the deceased. Meanwhile Mr. McEnerney, who had set the trap, was gloating inwardly. He was like the gambler who has a few aces up his sleeve, and is waiting his opportunity to slip them into the game. When the witnesses had sworn themselves to the limit, and the other side had exposed its hand, he produced his little photographs and raked in the judgment. It was discourteous on Mr. McEnerney's part thus to trap a brother attorney and expose to the light of day some of the tricks of the profession by which frauds are perpetrated in the courts of the city. It is a maxim of the profession in San Francisco

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that wills are made to be broken. There is a branch of the profession devoted to the looting of estates, and it is pretty generally understood that heirs have no rights which lawyers are bound to respect. Under the circumstances it appears that Mr. McEnerney has been guilty of a gross breach of professional etiquette. His expose of the methods of the will-breaker should be construed to be in restraint of profitable litigation. Mr. Splivalo should petition the Supreme Court for his disbarment.

The Scribbler's Lament

The cry of the children of literature still goes up from England, and it is exceeding bitter. A recent correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says the condition of those who depend on their pens for a livelihood is pitiable, and not understood by any but the sufferers themselves. According to this writer novelists whose names apparently stand for fame and fortune are on the verge of actual starvation. Vizitelly died in a workhouse, Rhoda Broughton is penniless and Justin McCarthy is glad to accept a pension. Another novelist whose name is withheld, but who, we are assured, is by no means unknown, says that if the book he is to publish now does not succeed he will have no alternative but the workhouse. And all this is blamed primarily on Sir Walter Besant and his optimistic invitation to the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, to come on and write. It was easier, he averred, than rolling off a log. All that was needed was a penny bottle of ink, a few pens and a quire of paper. There was a time when the Society of Authors was remarkably successful and good prices were obtainable from publishers, but it has passed and publishers cast gloomy eyes into the future. There is little use in publishing books which will not sell and there is no means to compel people to buy. One dealer blames bridge for the falling off of trade. He complains that it is easier to dispose of five hundred packs of cards than of two books, but the general opinion is that overproduction of mediocre books, and free libraries, are at the root of the depression. However the disgruntled novelists do not lay down their pens and take up some other implement. Why should they be any more helpless than the artisan who finds himself left out in the cold because a machine has superseded the hand? Writers take themselves entirely too seriously. The man who can see no middle course between writing books no one wants to read, and going to the public workhouse, is about as useful in one place as in another.

The Important Corset

Miss Elizabeth A. C. White, president of the Dressmakers' Protective Association, has been talking again. Miss White differs from most women who talk for publication in that she never rocks her tongue in her chin-cradle unless she has something to say. And when she gives utterance to her views her sex hearkens, for she always discusses a subject dear to every female heart and with which she is familiar. It is the subject of the female form divine. Miss White is a crank on the corset and she loves to expatiate on how it should not be worn. Last year, when the Dressmakers' Protective Association met, several of the members who take themselves seriously undertook to decree what the styles for the coming season should be, but Miss White wasted no time on that subject. She knew that the fashions would come from Paris as usual, and that no convention of American dressmakers could usurp the functions of the Parisian modistes. So she devoted herself to her hobby, and sought to enlighten her sex on the uses and abuses of that most important article in the paraphernalia of the toilet known as the straight-front corset. She challenged contradiction of the proposition that it is impossible for a woman to have a stylish figure without a straight-front corset properly adjusted. And then she made the astounding assertion that only about one woman in every one hundred knows how to get into a corset properly. She said that she was constantly meeting women on the street whom she would like to drag into doorways to readjust their corsets. At this year's convention Miss White demonstrated her methods on models, and is said to have shown that it was possible by correct corseting to impart grace to an awkward figure. She ought to quit dressmaking and take to the lecture platform. Anybody who can show women with awkward figures how to create graceful lines without resorting to hip-pads, quilted skirts and fictitious busts should be able to reap a golden harvest in the lecture field. That the sex has learned to do wonderful things with the corset there is not the slightest doubt. Before the straight-front garment came into use it was customary for women to compress their diaphragm and force up their bust in a manner that was highly injurious. In those days they adjusted the figure to the corset, and having laced the garment once they forced themselves into it ever after, never loosening the laces or changing the size except if a reduction appeared feasible. Now we are told by the exponents of higher fashion that the the corset is unlaced as well as unclasped every night and readjusted in the morning. The pressure is no longer over the diaphragm, and there is no contortion of the bust, and yet there is no evidence of embonpoint. Indeed the straight-front corset is a boon to the woman with a high stomach. It has received the unqualified endorsement of that great singing teacher, Madame Marchesi, who says that she wonders how women who used to compress their diaphragm in the old days were ever able to sing. It is also a boon to the woman who affected those hideous excrescences known as hip-pads, though, according to Miss White, they are still worn by women who do not know how to corset themselves, and who imagine that they cannot be detected afar off. But this is a subject that profane man can hardly be expected to discuss intelligently. It involves mysteries that he cannot hope to solve, and which are as an open book to Miss White.



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The Wild Joy of Living

BY HARRY COWELL

When Walter Pater, with that over-niceness of conscience that has characterized more than one modern Pagan, decided to omit from the second edition of "The Renaissance" the famous "Conclusion," afterward reprinted, conceiving that "it might possibly mislead some of those young men into whose hands it might fall," he no doubt forgot for the moment that the spirit of the times was whispering the substance of his suppressed thoughts into the eager ears of young men—ay, and young women, too—the western world over. Tens of thousands who read "To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life," recognized immediately their own private view of the whole matter set forth in a happy sentence. What was it that they, too, had long been on the point of expressing? Nothing less than this: "While all melts under our feet, we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colors, and curious odors, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend." Often and often they had felt—though they had never been quite able to formulate it—that "not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their way, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening." In short, after the manner of the "Conclusion," had they also concluded, and so found therein but their own secret thoughts nobly expressed, what was vague and void in their own souls given beautiful form.

Through the white, transparent words of Walter Pater flames the figure of the spirit of the age. Whether it is that the spread of scientific education has quickened the "sense of the splendour of our experience and of its awful brevity" or that the will to live has in some indeterminable way received an added impulse, I know not; but this I do know: that today men and women are everywhere repeating to themselves and even to each other: "We have an interval and then our place knows us no more. . . . Our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time." I do know that classes that for centuries have been content with existence are now clamoring for life; that back of the unrest running through society is the belief that this day and hour should yield its due measure of golden emotions. There is a reaching out after experience. The granddaughters of women who drowsed away their days stand in the stress of thought and would fain know life even as men know it. People of every rank may be heard crying out with the poet:

> "'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> O life, not death, for which we pant;
> More life, and fuller, that I want."

There is a momentous readiness on the part of women to pay whatever price Fate—that driver of hard bargains—may demand of them if only they may see the desire of their souls and be satisfied. Many a woman is more than willing to pluck the rose of love regardless of the cruellest possible thorn. No one is ashamed of having passions. Not to be able to feel intensely calls for an apology. Dry-As-Dust has nowadays hardly a solitary disciple left. The deferring of delight is no longer the virtue it used to be.

To think that this determination on the part of life to live is essentially immoral is to think the thing that is not. Those who interpret the times in decadent terms are but superficial seers. Frail as the race of man undoubtedly is, the cause of frailty has had but few defenders. There are no end of fine scruples abroad. The thought-saving system of deciding questions of conduct according to convention is not as satisfactory as it once was. It requires no great powers of observation to see that a desire to live beautifully almost invariably accompanies the desire to live intensely.

To shirk life is easy enough and far from being meritorious. What aforetime often passed for the very high-water mark of morality was nothing more than a systematic and successful attempt to abstain from living. But to do much and do it rightly, to live and live well, is difficult indeed.

Where there is much living, there are naturally many mistakes. The sin of omitting to live is, however, the supreme mistake. To say that the soul is here for the sake of experience may miss the white of Truth, but many a shot of famous marksmen has gone wider. And one gains more experience by going into business—becoming bankrupt, even, and starting all over again—than by putting one's talent in the napkin of do-nothingism.

To go without something greatly desired because Circumstance asks you to pay therefor a little pain, is cowardly. Put your hand into your pocket and pay up like a man, and see if you don't enjoy your purchase all the more because it cost a trifle extra.

To know all that is to be known, to feel all that is to be felt, would take infinitely more time than three score years and ten. Old or young, head and heart must die hungry. None the less will a wise man wrestle with the angel of each passing moment for all the blessing the winged thing is capable of bestowing.

The potential gladness that goes to waste in this world is sadder to think on than all the sorrow that makes life gray. Like Ruskin, I weep, not over what men suffer, but over what they miss—the sky they fail to appreciate, or the love, or the art. But after all, is it not a matter for smiles to remember that life is potentially, if not actually, happy?



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The Saunterer

Lane's Sensational Letter

At this writing (Wednesday) it is doubtful whether Franklin K. Lane will consent to run for Mayor of this city. In a letter to the Democratic Convention which nominated him last Tuesday night, he announced that he would not be the candidate of the Democracy unless the nomination came "as the demand of a united party." As nearly one-half the delegates voted against Mr. Lane, and as the convention declined to make the nomination unanimous, even after the leader of the opposition was requested to do so, he would stultify himself most ridiculously if he were to make his insincerity manifest by deciding to run. Of course the convention may reconsider its action, and make the nomination unanimous. But to change the temper of disgruntled delegates it will be necessary to appease the minority by giving it the recognition that it demands. And that is probably what Mr. Lane will seek to have done. Indeed his letter is regarded in some quarters as a grandstand play made for the purpose of enabling him to come in at the eleventh hour, pour oil on the troubled waters, and pose as the great benefactor of the Democracy who bridged an ugly chasm and reunited a divided party.

His Charming Modesty

Others are of the opinion that he wrote the letter in one of his fits of megalomania; that he wished to strike an heroic pose, thinking that the magnetism of his name was such that it would spellbind the convention, and that when it became known that there was a possibility of the party's losing him the delegates would stampede for him and make the nomination unanimous. The egoism of the letter gives color to this theory. He said among other things, "I would go into this fight, if at all, for no personal reasons, but out of a high sense of duty to my party and a still higher sense of the obligation I am under to the people of this city who have so signally honored me at other times and who have the right to call upon me for any service I can render." Wouldn't it be interesting to know what meat this Cæsar has been feeding upon? I am rather surprised at Mr. Lane's modesty in merely stipulating that the Democracy should be united, for it is evident that he feels that the people of the whole city are concerned about his political future. He clearly states that if he run it will be out of deference to the people of the city. In other words he feels that the obligation is mutual, for he would not run if he did not think the people of San Francisco were in need of his valuable services. Did ever a job-chaser exhibit such conceit before?

Ruef on Honor

After the convention adjourned Tuesday night efforts were made by all the daily newspapers to interview Mr. Lane and ascertain whether he would accept the nomination, coming as it did from a divided convention, but he could not be found. Communication was had with his home, but his whereabouts were unknown to his family. The supposition is that he was under cover, being unprepared to answer until he received advice from his mentor, Gavin McNab. The situation was an embarrassing one to the Democracy and it excited speculation around town as to the outcome. The consensus of opinion, however, was that Lane would run. Meanwhile the Republican bosses who had decided upon nominating Henry J. Crocker, were exuberant over the complications that had arisen in the Democracy. They expect to battle in the coming campaign over a clean-cut issue between labor unionism and capital, and they are confident of the support of all that conservative element in the community which has become disgusted with the reign of the McCarthys and the Caseys. They believe that Crocker will be able to poll the Republican vote, and that Schmitz will draw from the Democracy. But they are not without troubles of their own. That shifty individual, Abe Ruef, has been keeping them guessing. He is said to be in doubt as to what is the honorable course for him to pursue as between Schmitz and the Republican candidate. The spectacle of Ruef soliloquizing on a question of honor has added greatly to the gayety of the campaign. I have heard it suggested that Mr. Spreckels could determine the matter for Abe by invoking the same subtle influence that was brought to bear two years ago when Ruef decided to promote the interests of the Primary League.

Those Stolen Letters

Deputy Sheriff Dasha, who is implicated in the Chinese substitution frauds, is a man who is said to be able to be able to shed considerable light on all the facts pertaining to the looting of an estate in Judge Troutt's court for which "Happy Jack" Chretien was sent to San Quentin. "Young Dutchy" who was involved in that affair had in his possession some valuable letters which are said to have passed between Chretien and another attorney. The letters disappeared. I have heard that they fell into the possession of Dasha, and that he turned them over to a Republican boss of the south side who destroyed them.

Miss Drown's Abandoned Trip

Over the teacups, when the engagement of Bernie Drown and Sam Boardman is the subject of discussion, it is usually remarked that it was significant that Sam didn't think of proposing until he heard that Miss Drown was contemplating a trip to Europe. The report was given out that she was going abroad with her parents, and a little later came the news that as her father's business demanded his presence here they could not go. And the next thing was the announcement of the engagement. All of which has furnished the gossips a tidbit to give zest to their tea-cup chatter.

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Leake's Abdication

Reports to the contrary notwithstanding, the relations between John D. Spreckels and Sam Leake have not been strained, and when the latter leaves the *Call* on the first of October he will be as friendly as ever with the proprietor of the paper. It has been reported that he intended to join forces with Thomas H. Williams on the turf, but he has no such intention. He will go East in a short time, and he expects to remain away indefinitely. Though Leake was not a trained newspaper man when he took charge of the *Call,* he developed a wonderful knack for scooping his contemporaries. During his management of the paper he secured some of the biggest scoops that ever agitated local newspaper circles. He scored over his contemporaries last week when he secured, exclusively, the confession of Jack Gamble, the deputy United States marshal, who had been engaged in defrauding the Government. Leake will be succeeded in the managing editorship of the *Call* by John McNaught, who has been the chief editorial writer of the paper for several years. McNaught is an experienced and cultured journalist, and like Mr. Dent Robert, managing editor of the *Examiner,* he has no ax to grind, and he will therefore devote himself exclusively to the business of directing subordinates in the work of gathering all the news that's deemed fit to print.

Hearst's Tardy Call

Mr. William R. Hearst did not make his appearance in the *Examiner* office until last Friday night, four days after his arrival. He spent the intervening days with his wife at his mother's home near Pleasanton. He found everything running smoothly in the office of the big daily, and after a brief consultation with his managing editor took his departure. He had his big French automobile shipped from the East, and he intends to make several long trips in it with his wife, who is a great auto enthusiast. Several Democratic politicians expected to have an interview with Hearst during his visit, but the expectation was not mutual. The Presidential bee has not deserted his bonnet, but he is not taking the local politicians as seriously as he did a few months ago. It has probably occurred to him that a Californian delegation has a very feeble voice in a National Convention.

A Refreshing Contrast

A short time ago the news came from France that Mrs. Will Crocker was over there giving her children an education, and now I hear that Princess Colonna, who formerly lived on the Comstock while the money was being made that enabled her to buy a worthless Italian nobleman, is in Paris giving her daughter's education a Parisian finish. In refreshing contrast to these news items about Californian women who are representative of America's new-rich, is the statement of the Marquise de Mores who was formerly a Miss Hoffman of New York, to the effect that she has returned to this country from France to put her boy in an American college. She wants her boy to receive, she says, an American education and to become an American citizen and business man.

Because She Rubbered

The moral of this story is that it's a foolish woman who opens her husband's letters. An ex-Attorney-General of this State has for a client a rich New Yorker, who is here incognito, and who came hither to escape indictment under the anti-trust law for having interested himself in the corner in cotton. He has a sweetheart in New York, and as a precautionary measure she was instructed to address her letters to the attorney direct, and he was shown a sample of her handwriting so that her correspondence would not be opened by mistake. Several days ago the attorney's wife visited his office during his absence, and saw a letter on his desk addressed in the chirography of the sex. Though her husband is not a lothario, and though he is almost old enough to be beyond suspicion, she viewed that letter with alarm. The handwriting was of a dashing character and it seemed to bespeak a flirtatious nature. She resolved to open it and she did so. The first words were, "Dear Billy." She almost fainted. She had never called her husband anything but William. This evidence of familiarity was too much, but she read on, and before she was half way through she was blushing like a rose. When William appeared on the scene she was finishing the inevitable postscript, and preparing to tear her hair. William had a very bad quarter of an hour with his wife, and he had to call in the original "Dear Billy" to straighten out the tangle.

That Carmen Romance

Their voices having departed Signor Domenico Russo and Estefania Collamarini are now having their love affairs exploited by the dailies for advertising purposes. It is a very pathetic story the dailies tell of Russo's devotion to his Carmen of real life, and her cruel desertion of her Don Jose. She is said to have robbed him and levanted with some rich Italian, and Russo is said to have come to America in the steerage in search of his fickle ladilove, intent upon tragic revenge. It is wonderful how easily the dailies are gulled, and how ready they are to exploit the free-love habits of the pigstye for sensational purposes. The tale is a bald and unconvincing one, and lacking in verisimilitude. Russo was deserted, he says, in Italy, and yet he came all the way to America in search of Collamarini, though he had no reason to think that she had left her native country. She ran away with a wealthy Italian, and yet she robbed the tenor before going. Russo is now at Pastori's in San Ra-

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fael serving as an attraction for the resort made famous by the Von Schroeder libel suit. The probability is that Collamarini is in the same neighborhood, and that before long both will be advertised to appear in "Carmen" again. When Collamarini first came to this city she was with an Italian opera company that had toured Mexico and that was stranded here after playing a brief engagement at the California. At the same time Russo was singing at the Tivoli with a woman who was known as his wife. The story was then told that he had lived with Collamarini in Mexico, and that she had deserted him there, having shifted her affections to another and richer man. It was also related that she had robbed Russo of a large sum of money and it was pointed out that she was a Carmen in real life. But presently they came together, the nominal wife disappeared, and Collamarini was forgiven. Either Russo's personal history has repeated itself or else the press agent has scored again.

Henry and Margaret to Part

Before leaving town Mr. Louis Nethersole, the press agent of the Miller-Anglin company, sent me a note to the effect that this is the last season in which Mr. Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin will appear together as joint stars. "So," says Mr. Nethersole, "after the present week, San Francisco will see them in the same bill no more. Miss Margaret Anglin, at the close of the present tour in Chicago, in November, is to sail for England, there to remain for a long period, while Mr. Miller will return to New York to produce his annual play. This is the fifth season in which the playgoers of San Francisco have been delighted with and enjoyed the interesting art and effort of these two earnest players, and it seems a pity their interests should compel the putting an end permanently to this interesting combination."

That Report of Marriage

Is it possible that a rupture has occurred of the very cordial relationship that has existed so long between Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin? When they were here a year ago I reported that that relationship had ripened into a very tender passion, and that plans had been made for their marriage, but those plans never reached fruition. The circumstance of Mr. Miller's being bound by the ties of matrimony, from which it is not easy to obtain release, may have been responsible for Margaret's remaining a bachelor maid, but the fact is that she entertained a highly sentimental regard for her twin-star. And now Mr. Nethersole reports that they are to part professionally forever. But press agents are as careless of their facts as Sunday supp. writers. However, Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin have never been associated as twin-stars except in San Francisco and on a brief tour eastward, during the interim of the regular seasons in New York. And both, by the way, are much more highly appreciated in San Francisco than they are in the big metropolis. Margaret Anglin has never made any distinct success in New York. She is leading lady of the Empire stock, but she has never been starred. Miller is of course recognized as a fine actor, but New Yorkers think he has long since ceased to be an ideal young lover. They regard him as an anachronism in anything under forty. But here in San Francisco, where our theatrical milk nowadays is of the skimmed variety, we feel very grateful to Miss Anglin and Mr. Miller for many artistic treats, and we rave over them theatrically and socially as though they were the great luminaries of the histrionic world. Here they are starred, and they love the flattering unction of our adulation, provincial though it is. Hence I am incredulous at the report that they are never again to shed the luminous beams of their united effulgence on us again.

Margaret's Social Engagements

Margaret Anglin did not do half the things socially that the papers said she did. It was a case of one society editor originating and the rest slavishly copying as usual. At one big luncheon given to her at the University Club the popular actress merely came in with the coffee and would not have done that had not the hostess with tears explained to her that she had invited all her guests with the understanding that the luncheon was in Miss Anglin's honor and that she was coming. The tea given by the Misses Joliffe about which the dailies said so much was given to quite different people. The Joliffes only entertained Miss Anglin once and that was at a little supper after the theatre to which absolutely no one was invited except Mr. and Mrs. Neely O'Sullivan, whom Miss Anglin was desirous of meeting. The only large thing which Miss Anglin accepted was the supper given by William Greer Harrison, who is a friend of Mr. Miller. Miss Anglin was very busy this year and she lived very quietly, when she had time to live at all, at St. Dunstan's with her cousin. Mr. Miller had an apartment in the Fair flats, with some of the other men in the company. He gave a large dinner there last Sunday night, his guests being a mixture of society and the stage and including Miss Anglin, the Joliffes, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Phelan. The entire Miller company, by the way, went to see Florence Roberts in "La Gioconda," and they have been raving wildly over the performance ever since.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs last week were Dr. T. H. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Havens, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Meyer of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Macdonald of Oakland, Herman C. Meyer of Stockton, and L. E. Larson of Sacramento.

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Not to be Trifled With

Miss Jean Dwyer, the aggressive school teacher who was summoned before the Board of Education the other day on a charge of insubordination, is the same tabasco-tempered woman who made a sensational exit from the California hotel some months ago. Miss Dwyer is a woman with a lively sense of the rights of her sex, and at the same time she is a stickler for the courtesies due. She had trouble at the California because she didn't like the service. She spanked one bell-boy, ducked another one's head in a bath-tub and threw a glass full of toothpicks at a waiter whom she considered a trifle fresh. The management remonstrated and when Miss Dwyer left the house she rode away in an express wagon seated on her trunk.

"She's the finest girl I know."

"What's fine about her?"

"Well, she never gossips, or flirts, and she doesn't care about dress."

"She must be awfully uninteresting."

The Crush on Lurline

Once more I am informed of the rivalry of French noblemen in pursuit of the hand and fortune of Lurline Spreckels. She is regarded as a great catch in Paris for the fame of the great sugar magnate has spread to that country, and Miss Lurline is believed to be an heir to the big Spreckels fortune. But Mrs. Spreckels is very ambitious and she doesn't want her daughter to marry a man who is not of the highest rank. One of the suitors is only a baron, and he has the tenacity of a summer cold. The Count of Montebello is another suitor and though he is of higher rank, French counts are scarcely worth hall room. One of the objections to French noblemen is that their prejudice against Americans is so great that sometimes they cut even their mothers-in-law.

Not Too Exclusive for Him

The unblushing frankness of Madame La Bavarde is amazing. In a recent issue of the *Bulletin* she told of the coming of Lord Lonsdale, and stated that he was a man of "numberless peculiarities" which were responsible for the fact "that the curate of a wealthy and well known parish was dismissed by his rector for having been seen in the Earl's company"; and she added, "San Francisco would indeed be under a lucky star should it so happen that this titled couple" (Lonsdale and wife) "should chance to be here at the same time with the Astors. Think of the social possibilities opened up by such a conjunction. Our head would be up in the air for many a day to come." How is that for a confession of snobbery? Here is a man whose "peculiarities," in the opinion of a clergyman, rendered him unfit to associate with decent men, and yet Madame La Bavarde goes into hysterics over the prospect of social contact with him. Perhaps she contemplates inviting him to a Friday Fortnightly to mingle with the buds of our provincial swim.

The Pedar Bruguieres

The Pedar Bruguieres have a baby and they are very happy. Pedar's second wife, it will be remembered, was a Miss Andrews, and it was said at the time that Mrs. Bruguiere *mere* disapproved of the match. Though of distingue appearance the bride was not of the local *haut ton*. However the match has proved most felicitous.

Cupid's Plans May Be Upset

On the heels of the report of the postponement of the marriage of Vesta Shortridge and Emil Bruguiere comes the rumor that the engagement has been broken off. The Bruguieres are such eccentric chaps that nobody will be surprised to hear that Emil has decided to remain a bachelor awhile longer. Though of course it is by no means improbable that he was given his *conge*, for Miss Shortridge is a very independent as well as a talented girl. Before Bruguiere fell in love with her she was thinking of becoming an actress, and her friends were sure that she would be a success on the stage. She nursed an ambition for literary fame, too, and wrote some things worth reading. Mr. Bruguiere is going abroad with his mother, I hear, and he expects to spend some time in Newport on his return. The social conquests of his brother have fired him with an ambition to mingle with the fashionable herd.

She Is Going Abroad

Miss Clara Alexander, the clever little Southerner whose darky dialect recitals have been all the go in society drawing-rooms for the past year, will shortly storm the London public. As everything American is popular in England just now, Miss Alexander's entertainment will likely prove a gold mine for her. She also intends going to Paris, Berlin and Vienna. She has just returned from the South, where she was the pet of society. At Montecito she was entertained by the Alexander Thaws and others of the plutocracy. She will be in San Francisco only for a few weeks before leaving for the East and several of the women's clubs are interesting themselves in getting up a farewell recital as a testimonial. She will visit Memphis, which was her home before she came to California, and will give a recital there before going to New York. Mrs. Voorhies, Mrs. de Young, Mrs. Huntington and others of San Francisco's smart set are interested in making the final weeks of Miss Alexander's stay here pleasant. Mrs. Voorhies will chaperon her at the big charity ball next month.

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She Is Not to be Rushed

The dailies report that Miss Constance De Young is to be one of the debutantes this season. The dailies are wrong. Mrs. De Young has no intention of rushing this young girl into the social whirl. She is not yet eighteen and her education is not yet complete. She will spend some time yet at the convent in San Rafael, and then she will be taken abroad and presented at court in England, after which she will be ripe for her debut. Mrs. De Young has become one of the most popular hostesses in society, and it is said that she owes her popularity to the fact that she takes an interest in all the details of conversation. I have noticed that she affects the European habit of wearing a thumb ring. She is a connoisseur in jewels, by the way, and she is the proud possessor of one of the largest rubies in this city.

Brown—She's too conventional to suit me.

Jones—Is that so?

Brown—Yes; if you take her out and make love to her she immediately thinks of marriage.

A Big Lion Coming

Richard Le Gallienne is said to be contemplating a visit to this coast. What vast opportunities would be afforded the tuft-hunters of society if this distinguished literary genius appeared in their midst! If a mere charlatan and faker of the Fra Elbertus brand could rouse them to beatific ecstasy, what wouldn't happen if such a man as Le Gallienne exposed his mane to their caresses. But I am of the opinion that when he comes that clever and intellectual young woman, Emily Rosenstirn, will monopolize his attentions, for I hear that she kept up a correspondence with the author of "Prose Fancies" for a long time, and her friends say that some of his best work is to be found in those very same letters. Le Gallienne is now almost as well known in this country as he is in England, where he was born, principally on account of his cisisbeistic novelettes and his essays, in which he expounds the theories of that peculiar cult of beauty and hedonism known as estheticism. But Le Gallienne, unlike that most brilliant of all esthetics who figured in the most mephitic scandal of his time, never set out to justify his theories by his personal example. The world first took notice of him when he published his "Religion of a Literary Man." The book and author were made famous by the denunciation of the English clergy. That was in 1893, and since then he has added immensely to the delight of English readers. He is a married man, but he has agreed with his wife to live apart two months in every year, during which time each does as fancy dictates, and at its expiration no questions are asked. The plan is said to work admirably.

Our Busy Booksmiths

The work of Californian authors is still in demand in the East, and our booksmiths are kept busy at their typewriters. Geraldine Bonner expects to have her second novel on the market in a few days. It is to be called "Tomorrow's Tangle." It deals with the period at the close of the Bonanza days when dwellers in foothill cabins and mining camps were transported to Nob Hill and the highest crest of the wave of prosperity. It is a theme and a time that Miss Bonner has shown herself capable of handling. Mrs. Fremont Older is at work on a novel dealing with the poet Byron and his liaison with the Countess de Gamba. She collected some valuable material during her recent visit to Italy. Jack London's next book, dealing with the dwellers in the London slum district, is to appear soon. Mr. London is today the most actively alive observer who records his impressions in print. Incidentally it may be remarked that he is one of the most industrious writers of the day. About this time last year he had three books published in rapid succession. And now "The Call of the Wild" is without exception the most talked-of book of the day. There is scarcely a month that passes without his contributing a story to some magazine, and his essays are a feature of the literary periodicals.

Mrs. London and the Letters

The papers seem to be unduly interested in the private affairs of the Jack Londons these days. The question of whether they have or have not made up their differences is an endless topic of discussion. I am told by a friend of both that Mrs. London and Jack are on the friendliest terms, though they no longer live in the same house. The latter calls every day at the home of his mother-in-law, where his wife and children are living, and enjoys a cup of tea and a chat with the mother of his children. A little while ago word came to me from the East that it was "The Kempton Wace Letters" that aroused Mrs. London's momentary ire against her husband. The bald way in which marriage is treated in the Letters might naturally shock many a wife. "The Kempton Wace Letters" are several leagues in advance of "Gallia," "The Heavenly Twins" and "The Yellow Aster" in their open treatment of topics usually left to physicians and heredity faddists. For a time it was supposed that London wrote the letters treating marriage from the scientific standpoint and Miss Strunsky those discussing the passionate side, but it has lately been stated that the reverse was the case. I don't think any one should miss reading the Letters, but it might be well to keep them away from little sister until she is a year or so older.

Miss Bonner Going Abroad

Miss Geraldine Bonner will soon leave for New York, and later on she will go abroad with her sister, Mrs. Albert Boardman, who has recently married her children off in a most satisfactory manner. It is not generally known that the Bonners are related by marriage to the Vanderbilts, the Cabot Lodges and Bayards, or that Miss Bonner's aunt is Lady Russell of London.

Mrs. Carter Pomeroy and her daughter, Miss Christine, who is to be one of this winter's debutantes, have been rusticating during a great deal of the summer season at a farm near Guerneville. This was varied by trips to country homes in San Mateo county.

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That Amusing Editorial

The *Examiner's* editorial across the page last Thursday excited considerable interest in political circles. As a means of titillating the cynics, and augmenting the gayety of the campaign, it was a huge success. It was evident that the writer had a hard time trying to make himself clear while seeking to gladhand everybody from the Labor Party to the minority in the Democratic convention. The supposition is that it was written to placate Mr. Lane, who has not quite recovered from his indignation of the last campaign. Mr. Hearst desires it to be understood that he wants harmony in the party, and also that he would like to establish the *entente cordiale* between the Democracy and Union Labor.

A Wag's Suggestion

In the gubernatorial campaign Mr. Franklin K. Lane assured every audience that he addressed that he was eager to be Governor so that his little son who was growing up would be able, in later years, to point with pride to his father's record. He gave many people the impression that he was running for Governor merely to please papa's boy When Lane's foolish letter was read in the Democratic convention Tuesday night, a wag remarked, "Last year Lane's boy was urging him to 'Get there.' He should now advise him to 'Get next.'"

When Choate Made a Hit

Franklin Lane is telling a very good story which came out at the luncheon table on the occasion of his lunching with the President. Governor Francis of Missouri was present and the Governor was thanking the President for the letters which the Chief Executive gave him for his Continental trip, and which naturally made the Governor's stay abroad a very agreeable one.

"And how did Choate treat you?" inquired the President.

Francis replied that he was very agreeable. "I told him," he said, "that he had made a great hit with the women of Missouri when, in response to a question as to what he would choose to be if he were reincarnated, he said he would prefer to be Mrs. Choate's second husband. I told him they thought it a very graceful compliment to his wife. He laughed and said he was glad the story made a hit in Missouri, for it fell rather flat in England. Of course I wanted to know why and he said that shortly after the *mot* became public he met the Duchess of Devonshire, who is considered one of the cleverest women in England, and she said, 'Oh, Mr. Choate, I've been wanting to ask you something ever since I heard that story. Who is Mrs. Choate's second husband?'"

Would Pass on His Own Bill

Dr. W. F. McNutt's failure to secure letters of administration on the estate of Miss Isabella Clark was, no doubt, a great shock to him. The doctor is one of the most enterprising medical men in town, and he is a wonderfully tactful and energetic hustler. He runs a big hospital but it does not engross all his attention. He devotes a good deal of his time to politics, and is an aspirant for high office. Miss Clark had been under his medical care for many years, and she had the most implicit confidence in him. There is no doubt that she intended that he should have the management of her estate, but her relatives stoutly objected to his handling the property. They believe that he is more skilled in medicine than in the administration of the property interests of a dead woman. But probably their chief objection was based upon the supposition that as administrator he would be empowered to approve his bill for medical services rendered the deceased. Naturally he has a high appreciation of the value of those services.

Sick Men Are Well Again

General Lucius Harwood Foote, who was thought to be at death's door a week or so ago, is well on the road to recovery. Dr. Behr, another member of the Sunday Breakfast Club who was thought to have eaten his last *dejeuner* inBohemia a few weeks since, is about again and looks stronger than before his hospital experience. Ned Hamilton of the *Examiner,* whose late illness caused his friends considerable anxiety, has quite recovered.

Beginning at the Lowest Round

Dr. Robert McLean's eldest son has entered the training school on Goat Island with view to a naval career. He wishes to perfect himself in the fine points of a seaman's work before attempting the higher branches. This democratic spirit is more to be commended in young McLean since his father is worth half a million.

Mrs. Tomas Magee Sr. has decided to take possession of her home in Broadway this winter. She will have as a companion her cousin, Miss Ladd. Mrs. Magee leased her house for a year after the death of her husband and has been with her mother since that time.



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A Studio Reception

A congenial little group of artists and musicians has established studios in the Roosevelt building in Sutter street. Sacramento, Clay and lower Montgomery streets, that used to be so favored by artists for home purposes, are not so popular as formerly. The elevator as opposed to countless flights of stairs was no doubt the chief incentive to the uptown hegira. Three of the Roosevelt colony gave their first studio at home on Wednesday, guests pouring in during the afternoon and evening. The hostesses were Miss Bell, who does wood carving and china painting, Mrs. Jessie Dean Moore, the soprano, and Miss Ena Langworthy, a very cultured young pianiste who lately came here from Boston. Some delightful music was given by Theodor Salmon, the pianist, a late-comer from the East; Mrs. Moore, who gave that favorite classic, "Nymphs and Fauns"; Miss Judd, who whistled a staccato polka and a valse song; Miss Longworthy, Miss Moore, Miss Countryman, Miss Johnson and Dr. J. A. Brown. The last named has a fine, big voice well suited to his numbers, David's "King of the Winds" and Osgood's "My Little Woman."

Though I have never seen mention of Mrs. Edgar D. Wakeman's at homes in the society columns of the dailies, she gives them occasionally. Though informal, they are very charming and one is always sure of hearing some good music there. The Wakemans live in Noe street, out on Castro Heights. Mr. Wakeman's father was the famous old sea captain and Keith Wakeman, the actress, is his sister.

Arthur Nahl, the son of the famous artist, who was married the other day, is one of the heirs to a very valuable collection of pictures owned by his father. In the collection are pictures by Rubens and several other of the old masters. Some of them used to hang in the old Academy of Sciences building and a number of them are stored here.

First Woman (at dinner party): Doesn't Mrs. Slim look handsome when she is dressed?

Second Woman: I'd hate to see her, then, when she is undressed.

Will She Marry Him?

Though the dailies have announced the engagement of Pearl Landers with young George Whittell, son of the capitalist, her family deny the fact. And until Miss Landers is really in front of the altar, with the plain gold band on the third finger of her slim left hand, her friends say there's no man can be sure he has won her. Ever since she came out in society she has been followed by a train of admirers. First it was young "Morty" Gibbons who married one of the Stubbs sisters not so very long ago. Pearl Landers was barely eighteen when she became engaged to Harry Scott. They were tremendously *epris* while the betrothal lasted, but it was off almost as soon as on. Mrs. Scott senior was said not wholly to approve of her youthful son's marrying, and Pearl's parents also thought their daughter o'er young to marry. She had a delightful "bud" winter and was invited out so frequently that she had to take the rest cure afterward. This summer she distinguished herself at Del Monte as a daring chauffeuse and a mutual love of motor vehicles brought young Whittell into Miss Landers's train of wooers. Their engagement has been expected to be announced for some weeks. Miss Landers is not a beauty, but she is chic and dresses well. Her sister Helen, who is Mrs. Fred Tallant, has all the pulchritude of the family. Mrs. Jack Johnston of Los Angeles, Bernice Landers that was, is their cousin. George Whittell is immensely wealthy, his mother being one of the Nicholas Luning heiresses.

Ayres-Searles

Dennis Searles is receiving very sincere congratulations on his recently announced engagement. His betrothed, Miss Caroline Ayres, is a very popular and clever girl, but it is only lately that she has gone out much in society. After her return from Europe she devoted herself to study, though for a time ill-health kept her ambition from having full play. Her elder sister, it will be remembered, when a student at the Hamilton Grammar School, won the prize offered by the *Examiner* of a trip to Europe. They are daughters of Grosvenor P. Ayres. Mr. Searles is cashier of the Pacific Coast Borax Company.

Robert Mein's Fiancee

It was some months ago that I announced the engagement of Miss Adelaide Deming and Robert Mein, which the dailies are again exploiting as news. At that time, no confirmation of the announcement could be gained from Mr. Mein who had a few months before emphatically denied his rumored engagement with another young woman. The Mein boys are regarded as great catches in Oakland's swim and both of them have been kept busy denying engagements into which they were reported as having entered. It is said that their mother is so devoted to them that she is reluctant to lose them. It seems definitely understood this time, however, that there is to be a wedding this winter. Miss Deming is the only unmarried daughter of the Edmund Orr Demings. She is a tall and dashing brunette with a stunning figure. Her twin sister Alice married Harry Corson Clarke, the comedian. Her cousin Florence, the richest heiress of all the Deming clan, is the wife of C. K. Harley.

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Society Agitated

San Jose society is seriously agitated over the "knocking" which it received at the tongue of Mrs. Mary Chynoweth, mistress of the religious cult known as the "True Life Church." Mrs. Hayes-Chynoweth is a woman of great importance in San Jose, not only because of her great wealth but also for the reason that she is the mother of the Hayes brothers—Red and Black—who control the newspaper field, dominate politics, exercise a powerful influence in commercial circles and come pretty near running the town. It will be remembered that Mrs. Hayes-Chynoweth lambasted the San Jose Woman's Club before a large congregation in a San Jose church. That was bad enough, but to make matters worse the *Mercury* and *Herald,* both owned by the Hayes brothers, published the offensive discourse in full. The club includes in its membership the very cream of the elite of the Garden City, and they were severely condemned for giving an entertainment in aid of their building fund. Mrs. Hayes-Chynoweth pronounced it an iniquitous function, and likened its demoralizing influence unto those dens of iniquity where the demon Rum holds high carnival.

Did Spooks Help Her See It?

The fact is that the Pow-Wow, as it was called, was a very recherche affair for San Jose. As it was given under the auspices of a club which has always stood for the highest principles both in public and private life, it could not have been otherwise. It was what those graphic gushers of the dailies usually designate as "a brilliant social success." Everything was highly proper, and no liquors were dispensed, and yet the Pow-Wow was execrated as "an evil resort." To say that the ladies had reached a white heat of indignation would be putting it mildly. They say that no member of the family of the mistress of the "True Life Church" attended the Pow-Wow, and therefore Mrs. Hayes-Chynoweth couldn't have known what she was talking about. But they forget that she enjoys an intimate relationship with the spirit world, and that she may have been vouchsafed a view of the festivities in a trance.

A Pertinent Query

She discovered the iron mine, whence the wealth of her sons came, through spirit aid. Surely she could have invoked the same aid to take a peep at the Pow-Wow, though of course the spooks may have trifled with her. However she is the dictator of San Jose's social affairs these days, for she controls the press through her sons, who are all powerful. Indeed it may be said that San Joseans are looking through a haze at all political and business matters these days. The fear of disastrous business consequences deters people from antagonizing the two brothers, and many of the husbands and brothers of the members of the San Jose Woman's Club feel that discretion prompts allegiance to them. But the women themselves are inclined to kick over the traces. At a social function where the matter was being discussed the other day, one of them asked, "Shall we rise up and be independent women or shall we take the lashing and caress the hand that holds the whip?" No resolutions were adopted but the ladies agreed that they were getting tired of being under spook dominion.

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Her Model Sons

The Hayes brothers dictate nearly all the political appointments in San Jose, and even the lady president of the Woman's Club, who is also a member of the board of library trustees, was not appointed to the position until the Hayes brothers gave their consent. At Mrs. Chynoweth's meetings her sons usually assist by giving little preliminary sermons, generally eulogistic of their mother. Then she always holds up "my sons" as exemplars of righteousness. In the sermon in which she grilled the Pow-Wow she said that she had had great experience with the men and women "who are following after the vices of the world" and that she has found that if they had been kept at home and taught to "keep themselves clean," they would be "just as good as my sons here." The followers of Mrs. Chynoweth regard her as a sort of senior partner of the deity.

The Wrights' Suits Ended

The family row of the Wrights has just been ended, by the dismissal of the two score or more suits in which the W. H. Wrights and Frank V. Wright have figured for two years past. The suits were to determine rights in several companies in which the plaintiffs and defendants were interested. The Wrights, it will be recalled, were brought into the limelight of notoriety over four years ago by the failure of the Union bank of San Jose. Ward Wright was the president of the collapsed bank. He was the first of his family to leave the old home at Wright's Station and launch himself into San Jose's financial world. He married a daughter of Barney Murphy, and that gave him social as well as financial recognition. Then he secured his brother Frank a position as secretary of the San Jose Building and Loan Association. Before that Frank had worked around an unpretentious hostelry at Wright's, and nobody thought his business acumen was excessive. However, he forged ahead in the financial world and clinched his triumph by wedding Miss Susie Davis, daughter of a millionaire who was formerly partner of James G. Fair. Will Wright later on came to San Jose from Los Angeles, and while abroad in the interests of the San Jose Fruit Packing Association secured a patent for sealing cans out of which he made big money. He did not marry so well



from the financial viewpoint as did his brothers. His was a pure love match, his wife being a bookkeeper. However, it later turned out that she had some money, too, for she lent the Union bank sixty thousand dollars, taking a mortgage on the bank building as security. This fact came out when the institution suffered its collapse, and occasioned much surprise. The creditors were incredulous.

Sequestered New Yorkers

C. H. Geldert and Beverly B. Tilden, two wealthy New York bachelors who have been keeping bachelors' hall in their handsome Santa Clara county home above Alum Rock Park, have moved into San Jose. These two gentlemen arrived in San Jose nearly two years ago while on a trip around the world. They were so favorably impressed with the "vale of prunes" that they canceled the remainder of their itinerary and purchased a ranch overlooking beautiful Alum Rock Park, and set to work improving it in an extravagant manner. Tired of the life in the American metropolis, they decided to remain permanently in the West, and since then they have practically buried themselves from the world, only going into town as necessity compelled. As a diversion they stocked their ranch with pigs and chickens. But the quiet life has proved too slow for them and they have forsaken the ranch and have moved into town for the winter. Geldert was once a prominent New York actor, and Tilden is a nephew of Samuel Tilden.

A House With a History

F. B. Myers, a wealthy Oakland capitalist, has purchased one of the most handsome properties on the famous Alameda in San Jose. It is the palatial Wilcox property, which, since its erection nearly eight years ago, has never had an occupant. Charles Wilcox, a wealthy Santa Clara county attorney and a member of one of the oldest and most influential families in the Garden City, started the construction of the building, and after spending twenty-eight thousand dollars he suffered financial reverses and in a fit of despondency put an end to his life. The property reverted to the Commercial and Savings Bank which completed the building. Years have passed and the magnificent structure has remained without an occupant, no one seemingly desirous of purchasing such a palatial residence. As people have passed it they have looked upon it with astonishment, and all manner of stories regarding the structure have been circulated. F. B. Myers came to San Jose several weeks ago and taking a liking to the property purchased it. He is fitting the place up magnificently and within a short time he will occupy it with his family.

It Was a Dull Season

It was a club cynic who remarked the other day that the Hotel Rafael must be nearly deserted since it has to depend on one of its waitresses for a scandal. It wasn't a very gay season at the hotel, though a few society people and a host of climbers spent the season there. Teas, luncheons and cards were the means by which people sought to vary the monotony, but even these diversions proved monotonous before the season was half over. Grim visaged Ennui held court on the veranda, and frowned Folly into the background. Mrs. H. P. Sonntag and Mrs. Toy were the most active of the hostesses, and they no doubt feel that they had quite a successful social season. Mrs. Sonntag has social ambition and she is an interesting woman. She gowns herself well and makes friends with infinite discretion. This winter she is going to New York with her daughter, to finish her off in Miss Ely's fashionable seminary. Girls who have served time at Miss Ely's are supposed to achieve the brand of the elite. Mrs. Sonntag is one of the three Bovee sisters. One of them became Mrs. Toy and another became the stepmother of Frank Norris.

The Real Swells are Home

The Upper Thirteen of San Rafael have returned from the "springs" and the "coast," those indefinite havens of the impecunious, and the matrons are now conning their inventories to ascertain whether their crockery and their linen are intact after having been used by the summer tenants. The winter campaign will open in November, when the San Rafael Improvement Club, of which Mrs. Willie Babcock is president, will give a flower show, the proceeds of which are to be used for the extermination of mosquitos. There is to be a vaudeville entertainment during the afternoon and evening, and then the ladies who were disappointed at not being invited to assist Mrs. George H. Powers last spring will be given an opportunity to show how really clever they are.

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His Speech Enthused Them

Signor Ventura, the founder of the Polyglot Club, is quite a humorist. At the Bixler dinner he was called upon to give a toast in Italian, and he responded with the utmost gravity, whereupon the other guests sat up and assumed an air of deep interest. The speaker's impassioned delivery and wild gesticulation stirred his hearers up to frequent outbursts of applause. When it was all over he explained that he had been counting in Italian.

Her Italian Was Good

At the Polyglot Club's entertainment last Friday evening, Grace Llewelyn Jones, who is to play Phedre at Berkeley, showed what she could do in the histrionic line. She appeared in an episode from the "Inferno" and she gave evidence of considerable dramatic force. Her delivery was rather monotonous but her Italian was of the purest, and it evoked the enthusiasm of the swarthy representatives of the Latin race. Miss Jones was picturesquely attired in a long white robe completely covered with Venetian lace, and her head was crowned with bands of pearls, while on her corsage were placed enormous silver ornaments, said to have a remarkable history. The Polyglot is the most decided culture club we have ever had here. Many of those present were Channing Auxiliary members, before whom the Professor gave readings and lectures when he first came to San Francisco.

"Are you ever conscience stricken when you lie to your wife?"

"Yes, but it doesn't pain half so much as to tell her the truth when I have to."

An Alamedan in Russia

Mrs. Carl Eichwaldt, who was Florence Delanoy of Alameda, is visiting her husband's relatives in Reval, Russia. She writes very interesting letters home about her experiences in the Empire. In a recent one she told of a smart dinner she attended where on the menu were salt fish soup, wax beans prepared with cheese, white sweet bread with almonds, sour cream, and plum pudding with raspberry syrup. One of the guests who could speak a little English and who prided himself on his knowledge of American politics said to the Alamedan: "What a pity it is that the ruler of the United States is not a gentleman. It's too bad that he goes about with patches on his trousers." He had evidently derived his information from cartoons. A feminine guest asked Mrs. Eichwaldt if one could observe the eruption of Mount Pelee from San Francisco.

Still a Fashion Arbitre

If you have noticed any men wearing bright red ties around town this week, you need not fancy them color-blind. It's the new London fashion—"the King Edward tie." Haberdashers in Vienna and London are turning out rush orders for red ties, which King Edward introduced when at Marienbad, where he went to reduce his flesh. He lost ten pounds weight at the baths. England's King still goes in for smart dressing. In a recent hunting trip in Austria he wore a bright green suit with an Alpine hat of the same shade.

The Prince to Become a Banker

Although it is reported that Prince Poniatowski intends returning to this city again, I have heard from pretty reliable authority that he is to embark in a banking business in Paris which is to have a branch in New York. I have also been informed that it is to be backed by a wealthy Jewish family. It is not generally known that Poniatowski is of Jewish extraction. He had for a grandmother a wealthy Jewess named Heine.

Mrs. Hayward Called a Halt

The domestic and financial affairs of Alvinza Hayward are exciting a great deal of interest these days. When it was reported that Mr. Hayward had been requested by his wife to vacate the family home in San Mateo it was surmised that the old man was losing his grip, and that he had been unable to recover from financial reverses, but while people are worrying about him he is not in the least disturbed over his prospects. Though he is eighty-four years of age the speculative spirit is still strong within him, and he is as courageous as ever when it comes to risking his money in big enterprises. It was, by the way, his inclination to give free rein to this speculative spirit that led to his most recent settlement with his wife. He had met with disaster in several enterprises, and his money began to disappear so rapidly that Mrs. Hayward feared

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that they would soon be left penniless. She thought that the spiritualists who were guiding her husband were giving him the wrong tip too often, and she decided to call a halt.

He's Far From Broke

An attorney was consulted, and negotiations for a settlement were opened with the result that an arbitrator was appointed, and Mrs. Hayward secured about a million dollars' worth of property. One of the recent unfortunate investments of Mr. Hayward was made at the instigation of General C. P. Egan, of embalmed beef notoriety. On Egan's recommendation he invested a quarter of a million dollars in a mine in Mexico and lost the money. Hayward's friendship for Egan dates back about ten years. Some people in Arizona salted a mine on Hayward, and got away with nearly two million dollars. Egan was then in the army, and he went to Arizona and recovered about half the money. Hayward afterwards gave Egan a piece of property in Montgomery street, adjoining the present site of the Hayward building and valued at sixty thousand dollars. Since making his settlement with his wife Hayward has developed a quicksilver mine in the Livermore valley out of which he is said to be making another fortune. So he is far from broke.

Mrs. Matchmaker—I'd like to see you make some nice girl happy.

Mr. Youngbache—And I should like to, but I'm afraid some nice girl might make me unhappy.

Marriage with Foreigners

A correspondent who uses a crest on her stationery writes to take exception to my remarks anent the engagement of May Goelet and John Henry Innes Ker, eighth Duke of Roxburghe. She contends that foreign marriages are as a rule more desirable than those contracted in this country, for the reason that an Englishman, or even a Continental noble, has a career before him. He is interested in Parliament, in politics in the army or his estates. His wife has besides her social duties, numerous others to perform and the twain are constantly kept busy with some definite object in life before them. On the other hand the average man to whom the daughter of a millionaire would be married in this country would be of the so-called leisure class. His entire ambition would be to spend money and kill time. My correspondent evidently refers to the Eastern millionaire, whose program includes New York in the winter, with the entire morning and afternoon spent at the club; Palm Beach in the early spring, Europe later and then Newport. The millionaire class in this part of the country is so new that it has not learned how to have a leisure time.

The Duke and His Fiancee

This same correspondent tells me that the Duke of Roxburghe is a very fine young man, intent upon doing things. He has a seat in the House of Lords, a commission in the Guards, and is the head of one of the most distinguished and ancient of the Scottish lowlands' clans. He has one of the most superb seats in Scotland, "Floors Castle," and several other great estates, has seen service in South Africa, where he won distinction for gallantry on the field of battle, is a keen all-round sportsman and a splendid specimen of English aristocracy. He is an Eton and Sandhurst man and is a personal friend of the Prince of Wales. Miss Goelet is, perhaps, the richest heiress in America and belongs to an old and distinguished family. The American branch was founded by Francis Goelet of the French Huguenot family. He settled in America in 1676 and his descendants engaged in business in New York and wisely invested their savings in Manhattan real estate. Miss Goelet's grandfather, Robert Goelet, married Sarah Ogden, daughter of John Ogden, and their children were two sons, Robert and Ogden Goelet. Her father, Ogden Goelet, was an enthusiastic yachtsman. He built the *Mayflower* on which, in the nineties, he entertained the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, at Nice. He afterwards became prominent in English society.

An Iconoclastic Bride

As the taste for bric-a-brac has not altogether evaporated, people still select gimcracks for wedding presents, much to the disgust of brides. A recent bride received two statuettes that she considered hideous. But as they were gifts of friends of the groom she could not scorn them. One day, quite by accident of course, she dropped them while rearranging the ornaments in a room. She reported the accident to her husband with a good show of lamentation, and he promptly went down town and bought another pair exactly like the ones that had been broken.

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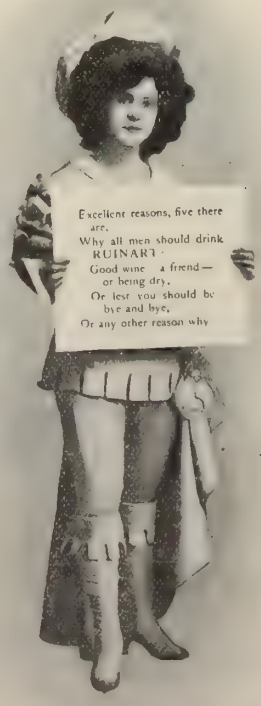
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In the Interest of the Nauy

The growth of popular interest in the Navy is evidenced by the rapid strides being made by the Navy League of the United States, an organization founded in New York less than a year ago, and including in its membership some of the most prominent, as well as the most wealthy and influential people in the land. A San Francisco section has recently been formed, and I am told that it is forging ahead with considerable rapidity. The Navy League is a purely patriotic organization, formed for the purpose of encouraging a study of the country's naval needs, and likewise of improving the members' knowledge of naval affairs generally. Its ultimate purpose is to influence legislation so as to provide the nation with a navy suitable for its needs, along rational lines, instead of in the hap-hazard manner which has characterized our construction hitherto. Few people know the difference between the battleship and the cruiser, between the smooth-bore and the semi-automatic gun. Just what differentiates Admiral Dewey's flagship *Olympia* from the good ship *Prickly Heat*, Captain Scratch, is a problem that baffles many, and confusion in the development of the navy is the result. The purpose of the Navy League is to enlighten the public and stimulate an interest in the navy as the similar leagues in England, Germany, Italy and France have done. The new San Francisco section is headed by Edward Mills Adams. Its secretary is George C. Sargent, son of former United States Senator Sargent, who was chairman of the Senate Naval Committee during his term of service in Washington. Some of the best known local business and professional men are joining it.

Captains to go Up

The retirement next month of Rear-Admiral Lewis Kempff, U. S. N., will give a decided upward jump to officers in the captains' grade. Captain Whiting is the next on the normal list for advancement; that is, he is the next one in the order of regular promotion, not having been advanced for war service. Ahead of him, however, are three of the "italicized" captains—Benjamin P. Lamberton, French E. Chadwick and Bowman H. McCalla, all of whom have been advanced for meritorious services in war, and, according to the provision that men thus advanced shall not interfere with the promotion of those over whose heads they are placed, all will go up together. Lamberton has just been appointed commander-in-chief of the South Atlantic station, which he will reach with the rank of Rear-Admiral. Chadwick was the captain of Sampson's flagship, the *New York*, during the Spanish war. As for McCalla and Whiting, they are both so well known on this coast that they may well-nigh be considered as Californians. Both have seen long service at the Mare Island Navy Yard, where McCalla is now the commandant. Captain Whiting's marriage with one of the handsome, clever Afong girls in Honolulu a few years ago was a great event in naval social circles.

A Gallant Officer

Hugh Rodman, Lieutenant-Commander U. S. Navy, looking stout and hearty, was one of the passengers for Honolulu on the *Sonoma* when she sailed for the islands the other day. Rodman is one of the philosophers of the service. He is also one of the many instances of men who stood low in their classes at Annapolis, and who in after years, in actual service, developed into the most efficient officers. He has been on duty long and often in the Hawaiian islands, and I venture to say that few officers in the Navy have done their work there as thoroughly and as well, as conscientious, energetic Hugh Rodman. It was he who, in his tiny vessel, the *Iroquois*, established the naval station at lonely Midway a few months ago.

Famous Naval Families

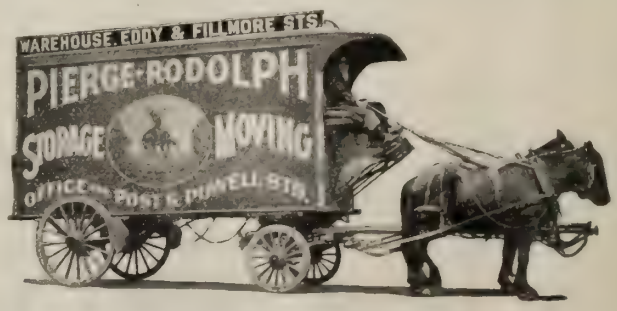
The Truxtun family seems destined to be "the" naval family, *par excellence*, of the country, four consecutive generations of the family having been represented in the Navy. The fourth of the name has just entered the Naval Academy as a midshipman, a lineal descendant of the original Commodore Truxtun of the French war of the eighteenth century, the Algerian war and the war of 1812. His son was another Commodore Truxtun, who entered the service in the middle of the last century, and the latter's son, Lieutenant-Commander "Billy" Truxtun, is the representative of the third generation. He is a cousin of Truxtun Beale. These old naval families still keep up their traditions. The service still has its Nicholson, in "Reggie" Nicholson; its Porter, in "Sod" Porter; its Bainbridge, in the Bainbridge-Hoffs, and others, all the direct descendants of the famous men who inaugurated the glories of the American Navy a century and more ago.

The Naval "Bug-House"

The Naval Hospital at the Mare Island yard has been dubbed "The Executive Officers' Bug-House." The nickname has been earned by the epidemic of broken down ex-



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ecutive officers of Pacific coast vessels that have sought refuge from their ailments in the institution. No less than three out of the few executives on the station are now within its walls recuperating. Lieutenant-Commander Charles R. Laird of the *Boston* was the first to go. He was closely followed by John Blish, of the *Alert,* and T. D. Griffin of the *Wyoming.* An executive officer's billet is by no means an easy one these days. He is responsible for the organization and discipline and drill of the crew, the preservation of the hull, the general cleanliness of the ship and a multitude of other housekeeping duties, which, if properly performed, as they certainly have been by the officers named, are enough to try the strongest nervous temperaments. Lieutenant W. G. Miller is now executive of the *Boston* and "Bill" Bush is the new executive of the *Wyoming.* Their brother officers and friends are now speculating as to the time when they shall hie themselves to "The Bug-House."

Has a Younger Sister

The father of May Harrington, whose engagement with Lieutenant-Comander Niblack of the Navy was announced this week, is president of the Colusa County bank which was one of the heavy losers by the Eppinger failure. But the Harringtons have plenty of money and will soon move into their new home, where they expect to entertain a good deal this winter. Miss Harrington's younger sister will probably be among the season's debutantes.

Service Gossip

There is another bride coming to the Presidio. Miss Alice Maude Egan was married to Lieutenant Robert Grubbs, assistant surgeon, in Washington last week, and they are now *en route* by the Canadian Pacific to San Francisco.

The department offices at army headquarters have had numerous changes during the past year, nearly all of them, from the Commanding General down, having had new chiefs. The new chief quartermaster, Colonel W. S. Patten, arrived this week and assumed charge of that office, which since the departure of Lieutenant-Colonel John McE. Hyde has been under the charge of Major Devol. At the Presidio, too, the changes in command of the post have been very numerous of late. Colonel Charles H. Noble of the Tenth Infantry, who arrived from the Philippines a few days ago, is the ranking officer at present, and is consequently in command. Major B. H. Randolph, Artillery Corps, has returned from quite a long absence in the East. He was present at the recent army and navy manoeuvres. Captain Henry Page of the medical department and Mrs. Page, and Lieutenant Douglas MacArthur of the Engineer Corps, will be among the passengers on the transport *Sherman* next Thursday which carries away the Seventh Infantry. The reception which was given last Thursday evening by General and Mrs. Coolidge in honor of the departing Seventh was one of the most brilliant affairs which have taken place in military circles for a long time.

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The Flower Show

There were a few Blingumites among the visitors to the dahlia show in Maple hall last Saturday, but as a whole society did not turn out, though George Pope and Will Crocker were among the exhibitors. George Pope's gardener carried away nearly all the prizes. His dahlias were beautifully arranged, the large dark red varieties shading into the small single pink ones. Sievers, the florist, has a carnation named after Ethel Crocker, and one called "Dr Tevis." Mrs. Frank Carolan, Helen Dean and Paula Wolff also have carnations for namesakes, and Maud Hooper, Miss Schwerin, Will Babcock and Mrs. Allyne have begonias called by their names. It seems it is quite the thing now to have a flower named after one.

To Inherit Millions

One of the wealthiest of the coming debutantes is Miss Marguerite Doe, daughter of Mrs. J. B. Stetson. She will live up to her name for she is an heiress to millions. She is a studious girl, and her ambition is to become an accomplished linguist. She daily takes lessons in both French and Spanish. Her mother hopes that she will have plenty of business sense and she insists upon her daughter managing her small allowance with great care, so that she will be able to guard her fortune when she becomes its mistress. Many a comparatively poor girl has a much larger allowance.

Mrs. W. P. Buckingham's scenes from "The Winter's Tale" were much enjoyed by members of the Ebell of Oakland on Tuesday. Mrs. Buckingham wore a beautiful violet costume. She would give only the two scenes on the program, and could not be persuaded to respond to an encore, though the applause was long and sincere after her number. A large and well-dressed audience was present, all Oakland's swelldom turning out to do honor to "Shakespeare day."

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Reflections

OF A BACHELOR GIRL

It was a cynical philosopher who at the beginning of his career determined to pass his life by reflecting upon it. But it requires a brave person to look at life as it really is, to let the mind dwell on the unpleasant realities. I have done so and I am not sorry, for I have avoided the false views of life. I have learned for instance that the good are not always happy, that the virtuous are not always respected, that the honest are not always prosperous, that the disreputable are not always shunned, and that the guilty are not always punished. And yet my reflections have not inspired me with a desire to do the things which my conscience warns me not to do.

It is the polite thing to look at matrimony through rose-colored glasses, to prate about wedded bliss, etc., but I find that the *mariage de convenance* is the most popular form of matrimony in my set, and I regard it as insipid and vexatious.

The unmarried woman never sheds bitter tears of disillusionment and regret over contrasting the real with the ideal, the imaginary with the actual.

From the false and fleeting security of a Fool's paradise, which begins in deception and ends in despair—good Lord, deliver us.

It is better to hope for nothing and be agreeably surprised than to hope for too much and be grievously disappointed.

Nearly all the men that I consider worth marrying are married, and their wives seem to find solace in the company of other men.

The girl that seeks a husband merely for the purpose of procuring a bread-winner is little better than an adulteress.

It is a mistake to suppose that every man believes that if he can tempt you other men can do the same. The man who entertains such a belief is without pride. The average man likes to flatter himself that he succeeded because he possessed special qualifications that appealed to the woman over whom he cast his spell.

There are many men who want to be fussed over and who require just as much waiting upon as the most spoiled and helpless of women.

If ever I marry it will be in anticipation of the joys of widowhood; the widow has more charms than the bachelor girl after a certain age, merely because she is a widow.

Many married men sigh for the freedom of bachelorhood. They feel that marriage has burdened them with responsibilities and deprived them of a great deal of experience. I fear that if I married I should sigh, too, and for the same reasons.

Some unmarried women go through life fearful that their virtue is always in jeopardy, and they are always telling of their narrow escapes and of the plots of designing and unscrupulous men. Such women have usually not the slightest occasion to take precautions against passionate rogues. It is well to take refuge behind a barbed-wire fence, providing the gates are wide.

Casey Becomes a "Raypublican"

"I see be th' paapers that Roof is in a d'limma," said Casey.

"Phwat's that?" asked Clancy.

"I dinnaw," said Casey, "but I think it's some kind iv gratt. If it wasn't, Roof wouldn't have annything to do with it. There's a wise buckoo, Clancy. That Roof is th' shmartest man that iver turned a thrick in lokile polyticks. Though he's a Jew he can play forty-fives as good as an Irishman. He's a born Capt'in iv Industhry. Lasht year he 'lected Schmitz May-yer iv th' city an' did up the Raypublicans, an' now he's th' biggest Raypublican iv all iv them, and he's stackin' th' car-rds on thim in a way that's a caushin. An' that reminds me that afther this I'm a Raypublican."

"You're jokin'," said Clancy.

"Divil a bit," said Casey. "No more Dimockrissy f'r yer friend Michael Joseph Casey. You're a fool, Clancy, iv you don't become a tur-n-coat like Hinnery Axe, an' Joe Naptallie, an all th' other wise ones. There's too many ole wimmin in the Dimmockrissy an' they're all scratchin' each other's eyes out. Iv you become a Superiorvizer on the Dimmykratick ticket an' shkin a cat for th' tallow it's th' end iv you; the Max Whoppers' an' th' Sammy Brownhards an' th' Throys an' th' Maguires set up a howl that can be heard in Roosha. They all get sore whin they're not in on it. But in th' Raypublican party it's diff'rint: they behave like gintlemen. Ev'ry man's his own grafter an' nobody's allowed to yell murdher whin they're sandbaggin' a coriperashin. Sez th' Raypublican Superiorvizer to himself, sez he, 'I'll take a dollar or two fr'm th' wather company this year,' he sez, 'an' then I'll lay up a heat an' go into business," he sez, 'an' then,' he sez, 'next time I'll run f'r Tax Eater or 'Sessir,' an' he does. An' what happins? Why, he's 'lected, iv coorse. An' ivrybody forgets that when he was a Superiorvizer he'd take anything fr'm a ham up, an' th' pa-apers that roashted him f'r sthealin' publish his pictcher with an' interview with him about what he thinks about the bond issue, just as though he were a leadin' citizen who had niver done things that might have landed him in th' pinitinchery. Could he do it as a Dimmykrat? Indade nit! They'd be whispr'in him to death. Why, they'd shneer at him in church iv a Sunda. What do you think would happen to Roof iv he was a Dimmykrat? Why, he wouldn't get th' benefit iv clergy."

"So now you're a Raypublican?" said Clancy.

"Yes," said Casey, "I know th' side me bread is butther'd on."

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STAGE

Sparkling Musical Comedy

Back on Broadway there is a comedian named Dan Daly, who is so popular with the effete theatregoers of Gotham that he seldom leaves the metropolis. He was here years ago when he was of no importance in the theatrical world, but now he would not deign to cross the continent. He is idolized on Broadway and he stays there on his pedestal. Daly is an emaciated looking fellow and it is said that he has consumption. It appears to be a great effort for him to sing, and he usually recites the songs that fall to him, in a peculiar drawl. You catch the melody only when the chorus joins in. Yet it is the ambition of all the budding comedians on Broadway to imitate Dan Daly, and after witnessing a performance of "The Prince of Pilsen" at the Columbia, I suspect that it is in deference to the vogue of Dan Daly that several of the songs are recited. The practice is one that should be recommended whenever the principals in musical comedy companies can do all the usual things that are required of them except sing. If the lyrics are worth hearing it is distressing to spoil them by bad vocalization. There are no great singers in "The Prince of Pilsen" company, but the musical comedy is the most delightful melange of skirts and ankles, laughter and dance that we have had since "Florodora." And it is accompanied by some sparkling light music. It abounds in fancy dresses, and fantastic dancing, song and satirical jest, tooting and strumming, capering and cavorting. The plot is slender to the point of emaciation and void of anything that appeals to the imagination, but such as it is it is handled with deftness, harmony and a due sense of proportion. But above all the chorus is the thing. Before the first act was half over I looked at the program to discover the name of the genius who had staged this breezy production, and I found that George Marion was the man to whom credit is due. And the credit due is considerable. The chorus is quite a wonder in artistic restraint. It flows quietly in upon the stage at the beck of the leaders of the orchestra, but as though it were in response to some structural necessity of the action. It serves its dramatic purpose, sings its little song, and does its little dance and then ebbs out again. But it is not an apathetic chorus. There is the usual swish and swirl, and pantomimic work that dazzle the eye and give spirit to the performance. It is moreover a chorus of pretty women, and they are all young and appear to enjoy themselves. The leading comedian of the company is Jess Dandy, who has a good German dialect and proves himself to be a clever character actor. Trixie Friganza is the busiest of the women, and she plays the part of a dashing widow as though it comes easy. She is as pleasing to the eye as though she had never suffered the slightest wear and tear of footlight usage. Trixie was out here many years ago with Della Fox. But she has lost none of her sparkle. Our old friend Arthur Donaldson who, with his wife, Florence Walcott, was a member of the Tivoli company several years ago, is the baritone, and he does some capital work as the genuine Prince *in cognito*. Donaldson is a manly fellow, and he has the face and physique that many a matinee idol might envy. Nick Long and his wife, Idalene Cotton, are conspicuous members of the cast, and they contribute largely to the gayety of the performance.

Two Clever San Franciscans

The autobiography of Nick Long of "The Prince of Pilsen" company would be interesting reading. Long is a San Franciscan born and his father was a pioneer hardware merchant. He was educated at Santa Clara College. Nick used to play when a lad about the entrance to Maguire's opera house, and that is where he acquired a regard for the stage. He followed his bent and after leaving college became a member of the great California theatre stock company. Later he achieved considerable fame as "The Private Secretary" in Gillette's farce. Idalene Cotton, his wife, is also a San Franciscan. Her father was Ben Cotton, the oldtime minstrel.

Comedy at the Alcazar

The acme of realism was reached at the Alcazar Tuesday night. In the last act the clergyman is preparing his sermon to the accompaniment of his servant's yawns. Either the prosiness of the sermon or the sleepy servant inspired a member of the orchestra to dream likewise, and the audience was startled by the sound of a heavy fall. The musician had succumbed to sleep. There is nothing soporific, however, about "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" except what Anthony Hope puts into it purposely. It is one of the most charming comedies of the day, and the Alcazar production compares very pleasantly with those of a few seasons back at the Columbia. Florence Roberts in the rollicking role of the roguish Ursula is delightful. Her comedy has improved immensely since she appeared as Peggy in "The Country Girl." She has gained in dignity and poise. Lucius Henderson is a picture in the picturesque garments of Sir George Sylvester and he acts the role very intelligently. Henderson's work this season is far in advance of anything he has done heretofore.

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What a time San Franciscans have had in pronouncing the name of D'Annunzio's poetic and passionate "Gioconda." To the naked eye it looks very much as if it ought to be "Gee-o-Conda," which it isn't. The Alcazar box-office applicants who wish to affect higher culture call it "Gi-ocan-da," which usually has the effect of causing the treasurer to pick out tickets for the wrong night and give back too much change. Florence Roberts, who should be an authority, inclines to "Jockunda," but her associate players reveal the courage of their own individual convictions by four separate and distinct brands of pronunciation. The Italian opera singers, from the Tivoli, who besiege the Thursday matinees, to weep over the intellectual pyrotechnics of their gifted compatriot, have their own way of saying it, and who shall dispute them? But it sounds like a yard and a half of spaghetti and is accompanied by moans, sobs, frantic shrugging of shoulders and beating of breasts, all alike wholly beyond the power of reproduction by the native born citizen.

Tip-Top Vaudeville

There is a laugh every second at the Orpheum this week. Comedy reigns supreme and the small boys in the gallery are showing their appreciation in shrill whistles and vigorous handclapping. Falke and Semon seem to be the favorites. They are a musical team who play on all kinds of instruments, including a pipe which allows the player to enjoy a good smoke while practicing the sextet from "Lucia" or "Hiawatha." The climax is reached when Falk removes a hat rack from its fastenings and draws music from its sides. The playlet, "Rehearsing a Tragedy,"



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"Ben Hur" Chariot Race

though somewhat reminiscent of one that Felix Morris used to interpret so charmingly, is withal a very clever comedy. In it Frederick Bond does some excellent work as the long-suffering stage manager, as also does Miss Benton as the society girl who wanted to rival Cissie Loftus. Wood and Ray give some very funny dialogue in their little skit, "A Funny Bunch of Nonsense," and are by far the best burlesquers seen at the Orpheum in many a day. Others on the bill are the Man with Green Gloves, Princess Losrosos, Marlo and Aldo, horizontal bar performers, and Arnesen, a balancing gymnast.

Kolb No Longer Single

Comedian Kolb of Fischer's isn't always spouting dialect to raise laughs. Occasionally he has serious moments. He had some last week, and in the midst of them he took unto himself a wife in the person of Miss Charlotte Vidot, late of the chorus but now one of the principals. He is therefore barred from the ranks of the matinee idol. Mr. Kolb has taken a deep interest in Miss Vidot for a long time, and hence her metamorphosis from a chorus girl into a character actress. Being in love with her it was easier for him to discern that she had talent than it was for the stage manager or anybody else in the house. That is why she has been given some fine opportunities of late. She plays the doll and has a song or two in the current bill, and who knows but what she may have a star part in the next attraction? As a lay figure in the present show Miss Vidot, or technically speaking Mrs. Kolb, is a success. Comedian Dill, the side-partner of the comical Kolb, is a married man of long standing and he has several children, but his wife is not in the profession. Kolb and Dill have been together for many seasons, and they are the best imitators of Weber and Field on the stage. Indeed some people consider them better than the originals.

"Parsifal" Is Hot Stuff

Frau Cosima Wagner is said to have relented somewhat in her effort to prevent the production of "Parsifal" in New York. One of her chief objections to its production outside the revered precincts of Bayreuth was that it was a sacred opera. The latest information about the great music-drama is that it is an erotic version of the Arthurian legends. The second act is said to be "hot stuff." It presents a number of pretty girls in ravishing poses who seek to seduce Parsifal. This act, it is said, will thrill even the jaded and blase New Yorkers. In the text are to be found such sensuous passages as, "Take me upon thy breast," and "let me refresh thy forehead," and "let me kiss thy mouth" and "no, my perfume is the sweetest."

One of Boucicault's Bes

It is a long time since George Webster has had such prominent part in a Central play as in "After Dark." Webster being the theatre's stage director, he has usually allotted himself but modest roles. But this week he plays Old Tom, which role he created in the original New York production of the Boucicault melodrama. And he plays it well, so well that he has to reply to curtain calls without number, especially after the fourth act, climaxed by Old Tom's heroic rescue of Gordon Chumley from a horrible death. There are other thrilling scenes in "After Dark," one where the heroine is cast into the Thames. The company puts plenty of vigor into its interpretation of the various characters. Ernest Howell does a particularly clever bit of work as Dicey Morris, the gambling house keeper. Bright specialties are introduced into the fourth act in the music hall scene. Reyna Belasco gives some delightful dances, full of grace and originality; Myrtle Vane, Myrtle Dingwall and Millar Bacon sing "My Pauline," and the gallery joins in the chorus; and Al Hazzard, a remarkably clever ventriloquist, does a stunt with three amusing dolls, and also sings the Laughing Song with effect. There is also a boxing bout between a juvenile and an adult that is well received.

The Tivoli had the first piece of ill-luck in its grand opera season Monday night when Marchesini had a sore throat and had to defer singing in "Carmen." As a rule it is only Grau prime donne who dare to disappoint audiences. Marchesini wanted to

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go on in spite of the throat, but her physician positively forbade it. "La Sonnambula" was substituted. "La Traviata" was given Tuesday night.

Klaw and Erlanger's stupendous production of "Ben-Hur" comes to the Grand Opera House in November and will prove the greatest attraction ever brought to the Pacific coast. Three hundred and fifty people will be on the stage in this grand presentation of Gen. Lew Wallace's story. Two special trains will be necessary to transport the large company and vast scenic equipment across the continent from New York. The twenty horses and three camels used in the production will be brought here in specially built cars. Sixteen of the horses are used in the great chariot race scene and the remaining four are carried along in case of illness or accident. No other city in California is to have the production owing to the amount of stage facilities necessary. The engagement at the Grand Opera House will be under the management of Gottlob, Marx and Company.

Shall We Have Real Comic Opera?

William T. Carleton, the veteran basso, lately gave expression to his views on the musical comedies of the day that have driven the oldtime comic opera from the boards. Mr. Carleton echoes a statement that I have frequently made, that there is a large proportion of the public who would gladly welcome a return to the form of entertainment which merited the name of opera comique. He considers it a decided change from the educated taste that enjoyed the Suppe, Genee, Cellier, Strauss, Milloecker, and Gilbert and Sullivan operas, that can fancy such things as "In Gay New York," "The Passing Show," etc. He calls DeKoven, Edwards and Herbert the oases in the desert of degradation that has so long prevailed. He also exempts "The Geisha," "San Toy," "Florodora" and a few others from denunciation. But Carleton's idea is that the public will soon make a loud call for a revival of the comic operas that Alice Oates, Emelie Melville and his own company of a decade ago made popular, and which San Franciscans up to a few years ago were used to hearing at their own Tivoli.

Joining an English opera company is not remunerative. Mr. Manners of the well known London troupe pays tenors eleven dollars a week and baritones and basses about ten dollars—in the chorus, of course. The sopranos and contraltos receive a dollar less than the baritones and basses.

Crowded Houses Continue to Greet Tyndall

There is no diminution in the audiences that greet Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall at Steinway hall each Sunday night. It is surprising how the interest in these subjects is growing. Tyndall is always practical and scientific in his lectures, which is probably a surprise to many who imagine that Psychic Science is wholly spiritual and theoretical. Those who attend these Sunday nights, and particularly perhaps those who have joined his class in private instruction, repeatedly assert the practical, personal benefit they derive from Tyndall's teachings. The lecture last Sunday night, on "Hypnotism: Good and Bad," was a concise and logical exposition of the principles and phenomena of that much abused subject. The manifestations of psychic power were the best given this season, and elicited loud applause. Tomorrow evening Tyndall will repeat some of the demonstrations of last Sunday, and will also give some new and startling phases of psychic force. The subject of the lecture will be "What is Clairvoyance?" and it is to be expected that much-needed light will be thrown on the phenomena, or "tricks," whichever it may be, of clairvoyants and mediums. There will also be special demonstrations of the faculty of clairvoyance and thought-transmission. On Sunday evening, October fourth, Tyndall has consented to give his famous lecture, "The Elixir of Life."

Features of Next Week's Bills

Sunday night performances of "The Prince of Pilsen" are to be given during the run of the musical comedy at the Columbia. It will go all next week. "Florodora" comes next.

The little Pollards will appear in "Pinafore" this afternoon at the Grand, and each lady and child in attendance will receive a souvenir photograph of one of the tiny stars. Tonight "The Belle of New York" will be given. James Neill opens his season at tomorrow's matinee and as he is a tremendous favorite in San Francisco he will receive a royal welcome. He appears in "A Gentleman of France," Harriet Ford's dramatization of Weyman's delightful romantic novel, in which Henry III and IV, Valois, Rosny, Turenne and other historical characters disport themselves. De Marsac, the hero, is a sort of D'Artagnan and he has adventures many and varied. There are eight scenes in "A Gentleman of France," each a marvel of the scenic artist's craft. Edythe Chapman will play Mademoiselle de la Vire, and the other roles will be played by Donald Bowles, Clifford Dempsey, George Bloomquest, Jean de Lacey, Reginald Travers, Robert Morris,

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John W. Burton, Robert Siddle, Elmer Bloomquest, H. W. Harkness, Morris Cytron, Roy Davis, Robert Banks, Ed. Whitcomb, Lillian Andrews, Edith Campbell, Ruth Hickstein, Gertrude Kellar and Dorothy Sidney. During the Neill season popular prices will prevail. Particular attention is called to the fact that there will be matinees Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

The brilliant engagement of Florence Roberts at the Alcazar enters upon its final fortnight Monday next, with an elaborate revival of "Zaza," that marvelous exposition of the passions by David Belasco. For six weeks during a former engagement Miss Roberts played "Zaza" to a nightly crush of people. Its revival now for a briefer period will find the Alcazar of inadequate capacity to house those of her admirers who regard this personation as her crowning success. D'Annunzio's "Gioconda," poetic, pathetic, exquisitely fine in production, will of course be repeated at the Thursday matinee. It has created a profound impression and marked a great artistic advance in the career of the brilliant California artist, for its fame has extended far beyond our Western boundaries and is thoughtfully approved in the East.

"The Con-curers" and "The Glad Hand" will have but another week at Fischer's; then will come "The Paraders."

The demand for "Carmen" has been so great that the Tivoli will repeat it next week on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings, with the same cast as this week except that Tina de Spada will be Michaela. Marchesini, who made a distinct hit as Carmen despite a cold, has nearly recovered and should be at her best next week. Ischierdo and Zanini do excellent work as Don Jose and Escamillo. In "The Barber of Seville," the alternating bill, Adelina Tromben will sing the leading soprano part of Rosina and the Figaro will be presented by Adam Gregoretti. Alfredo Tedeschi, the young tenor, is cast for Count Almaviva.

At the Central next Monday evening will open a season of comedy, for which L. R. Stockwell has been specially engaged, and in which he will be assisted by all the favorites of the excellent stock. Of all the plays written by Charles A. Hoyt, "A Temperance Town" is one of the very cleverest. It has had record runs in all the big cities of the East, and people who have seen it are not satisfied until they have seen it again. At popular prices it should fill the Central from the footlights to the doors all next week. Stockwell will appear in his original role of Launcelot Jones, better known as "Mink, the town drunkard," a part that furnishes uproarious fun, and yet has a noble and pathetic side.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has reached the vaudeville stage and will be seen in motion pictures at the Orpheum. Myles McCarthy, conceded the legitimate successor of William Scanlan, will make his vaudeville debut in this city, assisted by Miss Aida Woolcott, in "The Race Tout's Dream." Alexius, who gives a wonderful exhibition of sensation and daring while mounted upon an ordinary safety bicycle, will make his first appearance here. Al Carleton and Williard Terre, who appear in a singing and talking act, "A String Town Yap," will also be new. Paula and Dika, who delighted Orpheum audiences five years ago with their Parisian singing and dancing act, return from abroad with "A French Frappe."

At the Chutes will be Larkins and Patterson, "National Singers of Coon songs"; the Freeze brothers, jugglers and dancers of renown; Louie Dacre, known as "the funny lady," in her original monologue; the Grierson sisters in song and dance; and Excella, a young and pretty contortionist.

The "Everyman" company will produce "Twelfth Night" on Monday and Tuesday evenings of next week, and Tuesday afternoon, at Lyric hall. The play will be acted "as Shakespeare wrote it," and of course will be minus the scenery to which we have become accustomed. It is sure to be very interesting. Teachers and students may obtain tickets at reduced rates by applying at the box office.

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Week of October 5th, "MY FRIEND FROM INDIA"

Harrigan Scores Again

That perennial character actor, Ned Harrigan, whose popularity in New York was at one time as great as that now enjoyed by Weber and Field, is once more on the top-wave. He has written a new piece, "Under Cover," which was produced last week at the Murray Hill and which has scored a hit. George Braham, a son of "Dave" Braham who wrote the music for all of Mr. Harrigan's earlier successes, composed the melodies for the new songs which have caught the public fancy. One of them, entitled "The Fringe of Society," is sung by Jennie Yeamans. It is a characteristic Harrigan ditty. Each verse describes one of the curious collection of characters gathered at a cheap east side lodging house. Here is a sample:

"Oh! there is a gent whose money was spent
On Wall street, near Trinity's chimes.
He juggled with shares, and now millionaires
They pay him a nickel for shines.
It's known all about that he's down and out.
He's dead to the world—do you see?
Oh! he's had his chance, now he's in the dance,
With "The Fringe of Society."

"Now there's a peach, thrown up on the beach,
A life wreck from poverty's sea;
So youthful and gay, this poor castaway
Would sooner drink whisky than tea.
She don't know her name, and she's not to blame;
There's millions in her family;
Oh! yes, it is sad; we're all to the bad
In 'The Fringe of Society.'"

Something About "The Paraders"

On Monday evening, October fifth, Fischer's will raise the curtain on "The Paraders." "The Paraders" affords comedy parts for the comedians that are different from anything seen heretofore. The situations supporting the comedy are said to be natural, with laughable climaxes and local sentiment that will unquestionably please because the play is located in California. Raymond W. Peck, author of the play and lyrics, is assisting in the production of the piece, and Robert Hood, composer of the music, is teaching the musical numbers and will conduct the orchestra. The play will be staged by Charles H. Jones late of the Rogers Brothers shows at the Grand. The music will be heard for the first time in any theatre in this city.

Maxine Elliott has been so seriously ill in New York that she had to withdraw from rehearsals of her new play, "Her Own Way." In trying to reduce her weight last summer she resorted to severe training with the result that she has been afflicted with neuritis. Nat Goodwin was alarmed about her condition a few days ago.

Eavis Thall on the Stage

Miss Eavis Thall, daughter of the late Mark Thall of the Alcazar, has gone on the stage in New York. She was quite prominent in local musical circles and also in Jewish society. She has begun her stage career in Francis Wilson's company. She is a young woman of considerable talent and of a most agreeable personality, and her friends are confident that she will make rapid strides in her chosen profession.

Exceptional interest will attach to the debut of the new Alcazar stock company on October twelfth, when a very beautiful play, "Lady Bountiful," by so distinguished an author as Arthur Wing Pinero, will have its first San Francisco hearing. The important newcomers are Adele Black, leading woman; James Durkin, leading man; Frances Starr, ingenue; John B. Maher, character comedian, assisted by the pick of the recognized favorites. The Alcazar has established a delightfully high standard within the past few months and the ambition of the management is to steadily continue along the line of fine and artistic achievement.

Frank Bacon is making a great hit on the northern circuit in his rural play "Hills of California." —*The Playgoer.*

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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

The Polyglot Entertainment

An unwonted melange of tongues pervaded Steinway hall on Thursday evening of last week. Crisp French vied with liquid Italian and gliding Spanish. The occasion was the first entertainment of the Polyglot Club. A program of unusual excellence was presented. The most striking of the literary numbers was the reading of the episode of Francesca di Rimini by Miss Grace Llewellyn Jones. Miss Jones herself was a picture in her flowing white gown, and might have been in her own person some Leonora or Lucrezia of Italian story. Her delivery of the great Florentine's *terza rima* was most exquisite. For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the original she prefaced her reading by an English translation. Senorita Alicia Cuenca recited two Spanish selections, "En un Album" by Juan de Dios Perza and the very charming "Que es Poesia" by Gustave Becquer. Senorita Cuenca's sincere and unaffected manner won for her the immediate favor of the audience. Another of the Spanish numbers was an original poem recited by the author, Senor Rafael de Zayas Enriquez, a masterly effort which obtained for the poet well-deserved applause. Professor Ventura was down for some Italian readings, which he delivered with his usual earnestness and enthusiasm. The musical part of the entertainment was quite up to the high level of the literary portion. Signor Borghesi rendered two baritone solos with excellent voice and style, Cantor Stark gave a spirited rendition of Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," and Cantor Davis was delightful in "Sans Toi" and Rubinstein's ever beautiful "Der Asra." Signor Ursomando achieved a signal triumph by his Liszt solo, "Apres une Lecture de Dante," which very appropriately followed Miss Jones's reading. The composition is a fantasia in the sonata form and is very Lisztian in character. Signor and Signora Ursomando were also heard in a Mendelssohn duo later in the evening. Senor Martinez was the accompanist of the soloists. The program was unique and in all respects a credit to the club.

It was by special request of Professor Ventura that Cantor Stark sang the Schumann song, but the latter tells me he is never going to sing "The Three Grenadiers" again, no matter how many "special desires" come in his mail-bag. He gave it at three affairs last week, by request, and whenever he goes out to spend an evening he is always asked for that song. He fancies concert-goers will think he knows no other, though as a matter of fact he has a large repertory of classic songs. Many popular singers have found themselves up against this same hard proposition.

Trinity Choir to Produce a New Oratorio

At the Worcester Musical Festival (England) in 1896 considerable interest was aroused by the presentation of a new oratorio by Edward Elgar, one of the masters of song. And now San Francisco is to hear the same oratorio, which Trinity choir under the direction of Mr. Louis Eaton has been preparing for weeks past. The soloists will be Miss Millie Flynn, soprano, Miss Una Fairweather, contralto, Newell E. Vinson, tenor, P. J. Olssen, baritone, Arthur Morgenstern, basso. The program of next Sunday's musical service at eight o'clock will therefore be a very brilliant one, as nothing quite so important in musical undertaking has probably ever been given by any choir in this city.

She's Appreciated in London

Zelie de Lussan is again singing Carmen in London, and the English critics have again said, "She gives more satisfaction in the role than any other artist on the English operatic stage." When she appeared at the Tivoli a short time ago she failed to draw as well as Collamarini had drawn. The reason was that people supposed that because she was singing at popular prices she was no longer a great artist. The fact was that she sang as well as ever she did, but the theatregoers of San Francisco are like sheep. If some critic who affects a knowledge of music, and who indulges in the technology of the art to give vraisemblance to his screeds, tells them that something in the musical line is good, they promptly flock to hear and applaud. If he should say it was bad they would either not go or else they would merely drop in just to damn it. San Francisco is filled with music lovers

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but those people who really know something of the art of music are very rare in this neck of the woods. The best evidence of this fact is that among our professional singers are several who evoke great enthusiasm whenever they appear at an entertainment, and who know as little about the vocal art as a hog does about the precession of the equinoxes.

Scheel's Players Have an Off Day

The symphony concert of last Tuesday was, as a whole, the least enjoyable of a very successful series. There was a large something lacking in the noble Beethoven number with which the program opened. The men, to use a hack phrase, failed to rise to the dignity of the occasion. Too much praise had, perhaps, made them indifferent; and Beethoven may not be slighted. San Francisco is not hypercritical in matters of art, but to play such misuc as if one wanted to get through with it and go out and have a drink has a far from happy effect upon even the dullest audience. In the Haydn symphony (D major), music suggestive of laughing trout streams or winds at play, the men, again, failed to rise to the delicacy of the occasion. However, Directors, I suppose, like other divinities, have their off-days. Mr. Otto Spamer, in the Ernst "Violin Concerto," had for a time the house, so to speak, by the ears; and even after he had given, for encore, the "Album-leaf" of Wagner-Wilhelmj, the audience seemed loath to let him go. Massenet's "The Last Dream of the Virgin" of course delighted the women. As for the Richard Strauss and Von Reynicek numbers, they were new and interesting, but nothing more. I would give five copper cents (not a nickel, mind you) for Mr. Scheel's private opinion of the whole performance.

There will be no symphony concert next week, but on October sixth the final one of the series will be given. The musicians found that with the grand opera season and other demands on their services they could not give proper attention to the symphony rehearsals, hence the postponement.

At the final concert will be given Karl Goldmark's symphony, "A Rustic Wedding"; also for the first time in public, Dr. H. J. Stewart's music from the musical drama of "Montezuma." This music made a deep impression at the Bohemian Club midsummer jinks and has been placed upon the program in response to the requests of many musical critics, and artists in whose estimation it is a most remarkable composition. In its color and descriptive quality this music is said to surpass anything that has been done by American composers. The prelude, "Darkness and Dawn," is a bit of descriptive music which, depicting, as it does, the rising sun, will be listened to with great interest, especially by those who heard Mascagni's "Iris," the theme of both compositions being practically the same.

The Loring Club

The twenty-seventh season of the Loring Club opened most auspiciously. The club was in good voice, and has evidently profited by its summer's rest. The program opened with an onerous number, Hoffmann's cantata, "Harold's Bridal Voyage," given in its entirety, Mr. Herbert Medley carrying the solos. The club was fully equal to the exactions of this difficult number, and the rendition was marked by spirit and intelligence. A string quintet by Volkman folowed, the dainty waltz of the suite being redemanded for an encore. "The Long Day Closes" (Arthur Sullivan) was given with fine expression, thus closing the first part of the program. Part second opened with a novelty, John Hyatt Brewer's "Break, Break" for male chorus and accompaniment of piano, organ, strings, flute, two clarinets and two horns, the composer having scored the accompaniment expressly for the Loring Club. This composition has only been heard once before in the United States, having been recently given in New York with great success. It is a most beautiful number, full of choice harmony, and was fully appreciated by the audience who would fain have had it repeated. The soloist of the evening was Mrs. Birmingham, who was heard in several songs. She was particularly good in Clarence Lucas's "Madchenherz" and in her later numbers, the Nevins song and Victor Harris's "Madrigal." The club rendered a number of smaller numbers in excellent style, among them the folk-song "My Liesel" and the old Vogel Waltz Song which was never better done, and which appropriately closed a well chosen and well executed program. Miss Ruth Loring, the pianiste, was as ever beyond cavil and her good work contributed not a little to the success of Hoffmann's difficult cantata. Mr. David

(Continued on Page 32)

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LETTERS

"Anne Carmel"

It is a long way from an Arizona army post to a primitive Canadian village, but Gwendolen Overton shows herself equally at home in both. "Anne Carmel" is a story quite aside from the beaten track, and though the book has been compared with Gilbert Parker's novels because of its Canadian environment and with "The Mill on the Floss" because of the love of the brother and sister, it neither resembles nor suggests anything that either Gilbert Parker or George Eliot has given us. Jean Carmel is the cure of the village of St. Hilaire, and his household is made up of himself, his widowed mother, and his sister, some twelve years younger than himself. Into the primitive life of the community comes one Harnett, an Englishman idling his days in fishing and hunting, and Anne, the cure's sister, who is as much misplaced as Jean in her intellectual surroundings, without having his perpetual round of duties to occupy her, speedily falls a victim to the blandishments of the stranger. This is no ordinary story of the innocent villager betrayed by the scheming villain, for Anne, though innocent enough, is not by any means ignorant of the consequences of the step she proposes to take. Harnett is a poor specimen of humanity, entirely selfish and indifferent to anything but his own ease. He is the heir of an uncle who has already planned a marriage, and Harnett, while he is unwilling to marry Anne and so cut himself off from wealth and position, is equally unwilling to give her up, and he persuades her to see things as he does. Anne is above hypocrisy. According to her reasoning her soul is her own, to save or lose according to her inclination, and she thinks it is a case of being well lost. Jean has early learned that there is but one way to govern this strong-willed sister of his—to put her on her honor, and accordingly, when she goes to him and tells him what she is determined upon, he, finding that she is not amenable to reason, exacts a promise of her that when, as it will inevitably turn out, her lover tires of her, she will return to her brother's protection, and trusts to time to be his ally. There is only one way to account for Anne's infatuation, the isolation and loneliness of her life. Jean has his trials of the flesh also, and eventually it is the mutual love of brother and sister which saves both. Aside from the main story, Jean Carmel is an excellent type of the good curate, with his plans for the betterment of his parish without a too violent upheaval of their inherited ways, and his love of children and wise management of his little flock. As might have been expected from "A Heritage of Unrest," "Anne Carmel" is one of the books to be reckoned with. Gwendolen Overton is too well known, locally, at all events, for it to be necessary to go into any extended account of her style or strength as a writer. The Macmillan Company are the publishers of the book, which is illustrated by Arthur I. Kellar.

A Satire on Society

In "Hearts Aflame" Louise Winter has written a clever satire on that portion of the smart set who ignore all the commandments except the eleventh. The book neither preaches nor teaches directly but we are left to draw our own inferences from facts. The plot deals chiefly with a beautiful society leader and her efforts to reinstate a friend in the social world, after a sensational divorce, a marriage with her co-respondent and a too speedy return to New York. Apparently this is a good picture of the class with which it deals, the people with money, but with neither intellect nor ancestry. They can entertain delightfully, for they all have millions, or the appearance of it, and they draw the line at nothing but being caught. Husbands are discarded with as little regret as old gloves are cast aside, and without a phenomenal memory or a note-book no one of them could be certain of the other's name a year ago. Music hall singers and social lights are in competition for the favors of club millionaires, and sets of Russian sables and diamond jewelry are sent anonymously, and accepted and worn without a thought of anything mattering beyond their value. Novelty and money are the passwords to the graces of the set, and they vie with each other for the attentions of their chosen males as openly as unsophisticated school girls. There is abundance of wit and epigram in the conversations, the thrust and parry that is necessary to the preservation of life in such an environment. As a bit of summer reading the book will serve to pass an hour or two pleasantly enough, which is apparently all the author designed in writing it. [Published by the Smart Set Company.]

Nothing better of their kind than General King's stories of garrison life and Indian warfare have ever been written, and it is doubtful if there is any other writer capable of doing just this same work, for General King knows his subject and his environment and he is stirred by neither the fury of the non-combatant nor the sickly sentimentality of the philanthropist who knows not the soldier nor the Indian. It will therefore be grateful news to those readers who appreciate his work to learn that he will shortly publish a new novel entitled "An Apache Princess." It promises to be quite as interesting as "A Daughter of the Sioux," published a year ago and still in good demand—something worth noting in these days when the life of a best-seller averages less than three months. There are plots within plots, garrison tangles, Indian uprisings, treachery and loyalty, and all the contrasts and complications which go to the working out of a plot such as Colonel King is fond of weaving. Illustrations are to be by Remington and Deming and the book promises to be one of more than common interest.

Anne Wagemann, a German lady, has published a book in which she re-opens the oft-settled question of the identity of the

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"Man with the Iron Mask." According to her theory, Charles I of England was not beheaded, in spite of the testimony of witnesses. A faithful friend who closely resembled the ill-fated monarch took his place, and Charles was enabled to make his escape to France. He was captured at Dunkirk by Louis XIV, and imprisoned, and his identity concealed by means of the historical mask. Of course Madame Wagemann is entitled to air her opinions, but it is disconcerting to people of middle age to look back over the long list of historical, geographical and philosophical "facts" which were drilled into their heads and to discover now, that they are if not actually disproved, at least doubtful. It puts one in sympathy with the small boy who announced his intention of not learning another thing "till they were sure about it."

Of Interest to Women

A pamphlet of some twenty pages entitled "The Community Property of Husband and Wife" has been issued by the Paul Elder Company, and brief as it is, it should command the attention of all women, whether married or only indefinitely contemplating marriage. Its publication has grown out of the discussion of the rights of married women in community interests as brought up at the Los Angeles convention a few years ago, and the appointment of a committee to take steps to so amend the California laws that the rights of husbands and wives in the community property shall be equal. As it is at present, the whole of the community property passes to the husband on the death of the wife unless there has been a judicial decree setting apart to her a portion of the estate, which she is then at liberty to dispose of by will. On the other hand, if the husband dies only one-half of the community property goes to the wife. While the husband has absolute control of his half of the community estate under all circumstances, the wife cannot will her share even to her own children, so that it is not an infrequent occurrence that a mother works hard to help accumulate property, and then dies leaving her children to the tender mercies of their father, who marries again, and in the course of time forgets or ignores his obligation to his children and the property which he owes to the industry and frugality of their mother passes to the new wife or to his relatives. The pamphlet, which contains a brief history of the manner in which the community of property interests has been brought about, as well as comments on the present aspect of the California law, has been prepared by a well-known local lawyer. It is not to be confused with those numerous treatises which profess to teach every woman to act as her own advocate, and thereby promote legal entanglements, for it is only a plain statement of facts and the exact position in which every married woman stands with respect to property, even to the clothes which cover her back. It is for sale by the Paul Elder Company for the insignificant sum of twenty-five cents, and a purchase and perusal may save women from making agreements which will cost them many times twenty-five dollars.

An Entertaining Juvenile

In "A Partnership in Magic" Charles Battell Loomis has written a first-rate juvenile for the little chaps who have not yet outgrown fairy tales. A little lad of twelve years, motherless, and with a cynical skinflint of a stepfather, suddenly and by accident discovers that he possesses a magical gift of plucking ripe fruit in midwinter from any tree. The stepfather tries to take advantage of the supernatural gift of the child, who runs away from the farm and goes to New York to "make his fortune." Bob lacks imagination and does not make the best of his opportunities until he meets with another boy of about double his years, with whom he rents an empty store with a small back yard in which is a tree, and proceeds to supply the metropolis with choice fruit out of season, until the magic power is withdrawn. The fruit business is the large item, but the little country lad has any number of other adventures, such as dining in a swell restaurant, being run over by an automobile and robbed by a tramp. The stepfather, of course, has no intention of letting such a prize slip out of his guardianship, so he follows Bob to New York, and adds his share to the excitement. Primarily the book is meant for small boys, but older readers will also find interest in it, and they may read the allegory which Mr. Loomis has wisely kept in the background. "A Partnership in Magic" may be included in the too short list of juveniles in which proper attention has been given to the manner of writing. Authors are apt to be overcareless in their construction of sentences and choice of words. The effect of trying to read their books is much the same as that of walking in a narrow foot-path plentifully supplied with stones on which to stub one's toes and wiregrass over which to stumble. Parents who are keeping in mind the Christmas stockings can safely place "A Partnership in Magic" on the list for any of the little folks who have not reached the age of realism and sophistication when there are no more giants, or fairies, or miracles. [D. Lothrop of Boston is the publisher.] —*The Bookworm.*



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MUSIC

(Continued from Page 29)

W. Loring conducted. At the third concert of the season John Knowles Paine's "Oedipus Tyrannus" will be produced with a full orchestra, and the spoken parts read by a prominent professor. The music was especially composed for the production of the tragedy at Harvard, and at the time received the highest praise from critics and musicians. Its rendition by the Loring Club will be anticipated with much interest.

Miss Parlow's Concert

Kathleen Parlow, violin virtuoso, age twelve summers, ought to be a proud girl. On the evening of the seventeenth she again gave the music lovers of San Francisco evidence of her remarkable talent by playing admirably a program of which not the biggest of her fellow artists need be ashamed—Max Bruch, Bach, Paganini, Brahms-Joachim, Ernst, Mendelssohn. She received an ovation, and she deserved it. Your eyes tell you that she is a tall slip of a girl, with a tangle of artistic hair framing a face intended for large things. Your ears would lead you to believe that you were listening to what a man, by means of the subtlest of musical instruments, had to say to you of the joys and sorrows of life. Miss Parlow's playing is a fact for the Theosophists. Mrs. Blanchard sang her numbers well; and to say that Fred Maurer was at the piano is to say everything for that part of the program.

Manager Will Greenbaum announces for the opening of the concert season at the Lyric hall the young American pianiste, Augusta Cottlow, who created a veritable sensation here some years ago when she appeared as a child. Mr. Natorp Blumenfeld, a talented young violinist, has been specially engaged for these concerts, which will take place the evenings of October thirteenth and fifteenth, and the afternoon of October seventeenth. A concert will also be given at the Unitarian church, Oakland, Friday, October sixteenth. Among the numbers on the program will be Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" and other important works. Mr. Greenbaum promises some fine musical attractions for the coming season including the great contralto, Madame Schumann-Heink.

Leschetitzky's Birthday Party

Leschetitzky celebrated his birthday recently, and one of his pupils wrote this account home to her family about the affair: "Nearly every one carried flowers, and as the professor came into the room we all made a semi-circle about him and threy our bouquets at his feet. The little boy wonder (a lad of seven years) brought up a big bouquet of flowers and gave them to him, making a little speech as he did so. The professor responded and shook hands with a great number of the pupils. Soon the photographer assembled us all together and we crowded about the professor, who sat at the piano. While the photographer was getting us arranged the professor kept us in peals of laughter with his funny remarks. At one trying minute he gave the bugle call on the piano, as he does so often in class when he wants us to get quiet, and another time he favored us with a first Czerny exercise. Supper was served about ten. There were four kinds of drink, and the professor's health was drunk with each. A toast would be given and we would all crowd around him and tip glasses with him. He was a darling. Thinking the people of the side table had no opportunity to tip glasses with him, he got up and went around to them so they could. After supper we all got the autograph craze and the poor professor wrote his name on nearly every menu in the room. We had songs by different people, and Grunfeld played. Then we danced. Different people played for us to dance—Grunfeld, a Russian pianist, Miss Newcomb, a newspaper critic, Leschetitzky, etc. When Leschetitzky did not play he danced. They were all waltzes, and went so fast it made you dizzy to look at the dancers."

Andrew Bogart Back

Andrew Bogart has returned to San Francisco after a long absence in the East, and intends remaining here, at least for a time. Mr. Bogart is by all odds the best baritone San Francisco ever sent away to win laurels abroad. His voice and style class him with Haydon Coffin, who is still the most popular high baritone in light opera. Andrew Bogart sings only in concerts, recitals and drawing-rooms but had he desired he could easily have become the rival of Haydon Coffin in the latter's field. He is a master of classic song, and his diction is faultless. It is a long time since Mr. Bogart has been heard here and everybody is very eager to hear him again.

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Mrs. Louise Marriner Campbell will shortly give her "Talk" —"What I Heard and Saw in the Vocal Studios of Paris"—before the Council of Jewish Women. The Talk is racy, breezy, to the point and of interest to those who desire to protect the American girl abroad. Mrs. Campbell adds to the interest of the presentation by a program of songs rendered by her advanced pupils. She has given the Talk before the Century, California, Channing Auxiliary, Irving, Mills College, Adelphian and Ebell clubs.

Next Thursday evening in Lyric hall Madame Fabbri-Mueller will give a Wagner Festival. It is on this date that the monument erected to Wagner will be unveiled in Berlin. Madame Mueller is one of the honorary members of the Wagner Committee. Joseph Beringer, another member of the committee, will take part in the local festival.

Wilhelmj intends to return to the concert stage this season, after an absence of many years. —*The Music Critic.*

Automobile Topics

The automobilist who thinks that he has made a record of some sort these days should inquire before boasting. Records are being established every day. Last week I stated that Major J. Fulmer of Los Angeles was the first automobilist to successfully tour the Yosemite Valley. I am informed that trips through the valley were made over three years ago in Locomobiles by Dr. Clark of Haywards, Miles Baird and Albert C. Aitken of this city and Oliver Lippincott of Los Angeles.

All interest now among the San Francisco automobilists centres in the race meet of the Automobile Club of California on the Ingleside track next month. The event promises to be the biggest in the history of automobiling in Western America. Not only will machines from various points on the coast participate but also many Eastern racing cars. Charles B. Shanks, who is looking out for the racing interests of the Winton people this year is expected to arrive in San Francisco some time next week. While here Mr. Shanks will arrange for the big Winton racing cars to come to the coast this season to compete in the race meet on the seventh and eighth of November. Should Oldfield not come to the coast the Winton people will send out another racing man to run their cars. Cuyler Lee of the Western Automobile Company will have a speedy Cadillac in which to enter the race meet. The Pacific Motor Car Company will receive next month a special four cylinder Packard racing machine and a Cudell racer in preparation for the November race. Harold B. Larzalere is to drive the Packard in the meet. Frank A. Garbutt will no doubt be up from Los Angeles to race his White cars and W. Parker Lyon, president of the Fresno Automobile Club and the recent purchaser of Fred Hotaling's prize-winning Winton, has signified his intention of entering his car.

With the blue of the heavens, and the twinkling stars, and the palms and oleanders of Kearney avenue, Fresno, for their bridal decorations, and an automobile flying at the rate of thirty miles an hour chuff-chuffing the wedding march, I. C. Woodward and Mrs. A. Franklin, both of Los Angeles, clasped hands and vowed to love, honor and cherish each other until death. W. Parker Lyon, president of the Fresno Automobile Club, officiated as best man and S. N. Griffith as bridesmaid—at least he stood by Parker while the ceremony was going on. The Rev. Duncan Wallace acted as the chauffeur to start the couple on their journey of life. Lyon had driven his car about seven miles before it was decided to begin the ceremony. Then the speed lever was turned to the thirty-mile notch, the pastor, the witnesses and the bridal couple stood up and the solemn words of the ceremony were pronounced. Talk of being married in haste—this one was speedy enough for anybody. It is no doubt one of the fastest weddings on record and the first one to take place in an automobile.

Mr. John D. Spreckels utilized both of his "White" touring cars for a run through Alameda county last Sunday. The party left on the nine o'clock boat from San Francisco, ran down through San Leandro, Haywards, Niles, and up a dozen miles into the Niles canyon. The return was made in time to catch the four o'clock boat back to San Francisco. Mr. Spreckels drove one car, and with him in it were Miss Lillie Spreckels, Miss Helen Wagner and Mr. Athole McBean. The other car was driven by Mr. W. J. Wagner; with him were Miss Grace Spreckels, Mr. Wood and Mr. Wright. Miss Dolbeer also accompanied the party in her machine, taking with her Miss Warren, Mr. Frank Goad and Dr. Zeile. Mr. John D. Spreckels has purchased his second "White" touring car; it is finished in black and red, with red upholstery, and is one of the handsomest the White Company ever turned out. Mr. Spreckels expects to keep one car here and the other at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore Jr. have returned from their Eastern trip. They spent some time in the quaint city of Quebec, and visited the Thousand Islands. While in New York Mr. Moore purchased a five thousand dollar Locomobile, his recent accident not having cooled his ardor.

Mr. Frank Miner expects to make a tour of the State in his Runnymede, which is now being made ready by the Pacific Motor Car Company.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer took a trip to Niles Canyon last week in a large Packard touring car.

Mr. Harry Holbrook has added a St. Louis to his stable of automobiles. —*The Chauffeur.*



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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

A. GRANUCCI, Plaintiff
vs.
A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of PIERRE LANGARON, Deceased, Eleanora O. Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee), Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleonora O. Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, Deceased,) John Doe, Richard Roe, James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto. Defendants

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of Pierre Langaron (deceased), Eleanora O Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee) Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleanora O Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, deceased) John Doe, Richard Roe James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in this complaint.

That the property involved in and affected by said action is described as follows, to wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, commencing at a point where the Northerly line of Union street intersects the Easterly line of Dupont street; thence running Easterly along said line of Union street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one-half (4½) inches thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-three (23) feet to the said Easterly line of Dupont street, and thence Southerly and along said line of Dupont street Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one half (4½) inches to the point of commencement.

That the object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of the above entitled Court adjudging and determining that the above named defendants and all other persons claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the plaintiff's complaint adverse to plaintiff's ownership or any cloud upon plaintiff's title thereto have not, and that none of them has any estate, right, title, lien or interest whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof, and that the title of plaintiff is good and valid, and that said defendants and all of said persons unknown as aforesaid be forever enjoined and debarred from asserting any claim whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof adverse to the plaintiff, and for such other further and additional relief as to the Court may seem meet and proper in the premises, and for costs of suit.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1903. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A DEANE, Deputy Clerk

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87243

ALFRED H. COATES Plaintiff, vs. EMMA C. COATES. Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

EMMA C. COATES Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of this action and upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff as appears from the complaint on file herein to which special reference is hereby made; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT P. WHEELAN, Attorney for Plaintiff
222 Sansome St. Sixth Floor, Room 2.

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NOTICES TO CREDITORS

Estate of Gustav Hoeft, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Gustav Hoeft, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at room 79 Chronicle Building, Junction of Kearny, Geary and Market Streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Gustav Hoeft, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 5, 1903.
Frank McGowan, Attorney for Administrator,
Rooms 75-79 and 80 Chronicle Bldg.

Estate of Christopher Maginnis, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Alice J. Maginnis, Administratrix of the estate of Christopher Maginnis, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Alice J. Maginnis, Administratrix, at Room 498 Parrott Building, 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Alice J. Maginnis, Administratrix of the Estate of Christopher Maginnis, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, September 5, 1903
John J Barrett, Attorney for Administratrix. Rooms 497-498 Parrott Bldg.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87209.

ADELAIDE C. SHADE Plaintiff vs. WILLIAM F. SHADE Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 4th day of September, A. D, 1903.
ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

MILTON S HAMILTON, Attorney for Plaintiff
Crocker Building, San Francisco. Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. —. No. 86531.

CLIFFORD E. LINTON Plaintiff vs. ADDIE LINTON Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

ADDIE LINTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 14th day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff



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"Most things have an inherent tendency to become complicated if they are let alone, and allowed to develop free from definite guidance."—*Robert S. Hichens in "An Echo in Egypt."*

I tell you, love without law makes angels blush, but law without love crimsons the very brow of infamy.—*Arif Savoy in "The Iconoclast."*

If there is one thing more uncertain even than the verdict of a jury—if there is one thing which is known neither in heaven, earth nor hell, and which angels and demons alike waste time in guessing at—it is what style of woman any man will fancy and select for his wife. It is utterly impossible to predict what matrimonial caprice may or may not seize even the wisest, most experienced, most practicable and reasonable of men; and I would sooner undertake to conjecture how high the thermometer stands at this instant on the crest of Mount Copernicus up yonder in the moon, than attempt to guess what freak will decide a man's choice of a bride.—*Mrs. Murray in "St. Elmo," Augusta Evans.*

Enjoy present pleasures in such a way as not to injure future ones.—*Seneca.*

Faith must become active through works. Deeds must spring spontaneously from the divine life within the soul.—*Rev. C. W. Wendte.*

For good ye are, and bad, and like to coin,
Some true, some false, but every one of you
Stamped with the image of the king.
—*Tennyson.*

From "A Country Doctor," by Sarah Orne Jewett:

To love benefits one's self and to inspire love benefits others. (*Quoted.*)

After one has followed a certain course for some time, everything seems to persuade one that no other is possible.

While a man's life is strengthened by his domestic happiness, a woman's must either surrender itself wholly, or relinquish entirely the claims of such duties, if she would achieve distinction or satisfaction elsewhere. The two cannot be taken together in a woman's life as in a man's. One must be made of lesser consequence though the very notions of both domestic and professional life need all the strength which can be brought to them. —*The Gleaner.*

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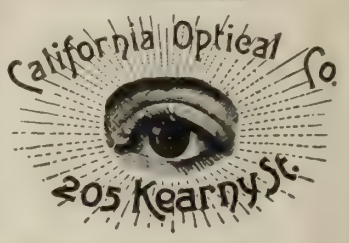
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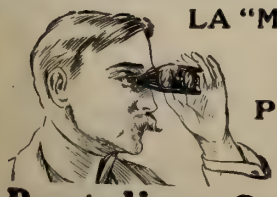
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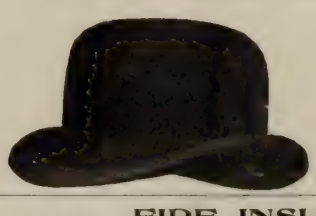
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The Phone and The Lady

Scene: Mrs. Youngwidow's boudoir.

Characters: Mrs. Youngwidow, her maid, and Mrs. Y's admirer.

Mrs. Youngwidow has just returned from a shopping tour.

Mrs. W.: What is that, Hortense? Mr. Carter rang up? What did he say? Where was he? You do not know? Why didn't you ask? Well, I will wait awhile and see if he rings again.

(Takes off wrap and hat.)

On second thoughts, Hortense, it may have been something important. Go and call the Club. Don't say who wants to speak to him. I wouldn't let anybody know the matter was of importance.

(Sits down and takes up book.)

Hortense! What, not at the Club? Never mind, then. I guess it was nothing.

(Tears fly-leaf from book nervously.)

Are you *sure* he left no message, Hortense? You see I haven't seen him for a week, and I feel rather worried about him. I was quite cross and disagreeable that night—still we did not part enemies.

(Twists rings on her fingers nervously.)

Hortense—try the Palace. He may be there. Don't leave a message—wait, leave my number. If he comes in tell them to call me up. * * * He *was* there but has gone out? Left number and message? Oh, I wish you hadn't. He may think now that I cared. And I wouldn't let him know for the world. It is never best, Hortense, to let a man know you care.

(Takes up magazine and turns pages listlessly.)

Hortense, did they say where he'd gone? To the Club? Why didn't you say so before? * * * Call the Club again, Hortense. I *must* know what he had to say. * * * This suspense is killing me. You stupid creature. Next time a man rings me up when I'm out, if you don't take the message, I shall send you away. Do you hear, Hortense?

(Walks up and down room, impatiently.)

How long she is getting that number! Hortense—Hortense! Call Central, call anything; but get that number at once. Not there? Why, you *said* he was there a moment ago.

(Throws herself on couch and weeps in the cushions.)

I am sure he will never forgive me for being out. Men are so impatient—and he knows so many other women. Perhaps he has Miss Swell dining with him now.

(Wipes away tears and rises.)

Hortense, I tell you what. Call up Pierre's and ask if Mr. Carter is dining there tonight. *No*, I did not say leave my number. If he's there—I'm *sure* he is—tell him to come at once to the phone.

(Looks out of window.)

There's a man in a cab with a woman. It looks like Miss Swell. I *know* it is he with her. Oh, what deceivers men are! What, Hortense? Not at Pierre's? Well, where can he be? Ring up the hotel again. Oh, why didn't you tell him I would be back for dinner? Hortense, if I knew how, I'd *swear* at you, I would, really. What's that? A man coming up the front steps? Mr. Carter? Very well, tell him I am not at home. I shall not see him. What does he mean by calling on me without letting me know beforehand? * * * There, she's gone! She's so quick. Why didn't she wait?

(Goes to door.)

Hortense, don't tell him that. Tell him—tell him I am dressing to go out to dinner and if he cares to wait half an hour, I will see him for a minute. * * * Wait—no, Hortense, tell him—

(Enter Mr. Carter.)

Oh, *darling*, where have you been this long dreary week?

(His arms are around her, her lips pressed to his.)

—*The Sentimentalist.*

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New Management — San Francisco, Cal.

All the latest improvements have been made in Cafe, Billiard and Smoking Rooms, Dining Room, Ladies' Reception Room and Parlors.
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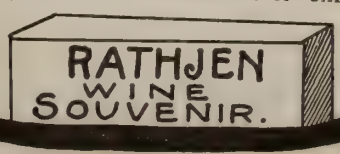
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, October 3, 1903

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING CO.

THEODORE F. BONNET - - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - - - Manager

1019 Market Street Third Floor Telephone South 1190

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RALPH A. GROVER - Manager of Advertising

New York Representative, FREDERIC M. KRUGLER, Room 918, 150 Nassau Street.

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Some Startling Assertions

Archbishop Montgomery made some startling and bold assertions in his address to the large audience assembled in the new Greek amphitheatre at Berkeley last Friday. They were startling and bold because they were made in the presence of people who had assembled to glorify an educational institution whose system was condemned by the speaker. However, it was a very tactful and polite address, and the speaker's argument is not to be easily controverted. It was in support of a plea for State aid for all schools, public, private and parochial. He contended that religion cannot be taught in any public school, because the State has no religion and consequently cannot teach religion or order it taught by any one. But he urged that the State should widen its system and cease to make a monopoly of secular instruction to the extent of exacting that public money be paid for secular instruction in those schools only where only secular instruction is given. It should assume supervision of secular education wherever taught, and not object to the introduction of religious teaching. The result of this system would be that people who believe in dogmatic religion revealed would build schools, and would offer to the school boards teachers whose qualifications to teach the secular branches desired could be passed upon by the State. Continuing, the speaker undertook to demonstrate that religious teaching is essential to the success of our educational system. He quoted from Herbert Spencer to show that a system of education that excludes a code of ethics based on the supernatural cannot rise higher than the merely natural, and that such an ethical system cannot give a religious sanction to an oath such as Washington claimed our property, our reputation and our lives depend upon for their security. According to Washington, whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education we cannot expect national morality to prevail in the exclusion of religious principles. In other words, Archbishop Montgomery told the people at Berkeley that the system of education in vogue in our State University is imperfect, and that the students cannot hope to become good citizens unless some attention is paid to their religious training.

The Crystal Baths
Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths on Bay between Powell and Mason Streets, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

The Value of Insincerity

It was said of a man who was nominated for office in this city last week that he would be a strong candidate because of his popularity, which was due, among other things, to his sincerity. The statement was in the nature of a paradoxical panegyric. Sincerity breeds unpopularity. The sincere man is never a successful politician. The popular man is invariably an affable fellow who is always on guard and careful to avoid doing or saying anything which may be likely to engender ill feeling. He is not sincere. He spends half his time wriggling out of embarrassing situations even when friendship should dictate that he take a positive stand. He is on both sides of every controversy, and he always has important business on hand whenever his friend who is involved in a contest in a lodge or a club needs his vote. The man who has the sincerity to express his opinions, to be frank, to take sides, is a man with the courage to make enemies, and though he may have many warm friends he is never popular in the sense in which that much-misunderstood term is used nowadays. But every cautious popularity-seeker who avoids making enemies is not a successful exponent of the gentle art of winning widespread esteem. Some there are whose work, to borrow from the vernacular, is too coarse. The affected gladness of the glad-hand is sometimes transparent. Nevertheless, insincerity is one of the rudiments of the politician. He must exhibit a seeming frankness with a real reserve. He may have the dexterity to conceal the truth without telling a lie, but he does not scruple at prevarication. He is ever ready to embrace the man he hates when it would be inexpedient to knock him down. He is like the prudent cuckold, who, according to Lord Chesterfield, pockets his horns when he cannot gore with them. He is ever careful to conceal resentment that cannot be gratified. What his breast forges that his tongue does not vent. He has a graceful way of flattering people behind their backs in the presence of those who, for their own benefit, will not fail to repeat, and even amplify the praise, to the party concerned. He is skilled in the cunning which Lord Bacon calls left-handed wisdom. In other words, the popular man, who is almost invariably a politician, because the greed for popularity is usually instilled by the desire to hold office, is a dissembler. When a man starts out to become popular, and you see him laboring to that end, you may be pretty certain that he is preparing to take the hurdles in the chase for office. And not only would he flatter Neptune for his trident, but even a bootblack for his vote.

It's Talk That Causes Trouble

President Roosevelt is, perhaps, the most talkative president we ever had. Loquacity is a dangerous thing, especially when everything one says is taken down by a stenographer, but while much that the President has said has been misconstrued, and though his remarks have provoked much harsh criticism, he manifests no inclination to sequester his tongue in his cheek. The latest of his utterances to incite his critics to pen-brandishing were those made at Antietam, and, singularly enough, it was not what he said so much as what he didn't say that gave them cause for demurrer. Not once in his speech did he mention General McClellan, who was in command during the battle. It happens that the son and namesake of the General is an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for Mayor

of New York, and his friends regarded the omission as intentional. However, there may have been another reason. It has long been maintained that McClellan used very bad judgment at Antietam, and some went so far years ago to charge that he was lacking in patriotism. It is true that he was retired after the battle which ended his fighting career, but his friends have always claimed that as the victory was overwhelming it was all that could have been accomplished. Perhaps President Roosevelt did not care to revive a controversy that had so long slumbered. But the controversy has been revived, and, though President Roosevelt was anxious to keep out of the Mayoralty contest in Gotham, he has been dragged into it, and all because of what he didn't say while saying many things at Antietam.

Vulgar Curiosity

On the strength of Mrs. Poultney Bigelow's recent divorce, critics are professing to feel some delicacy in dealing with her recent novel, since it is based on the trials of an infelicitous marriage, and there is a possibility that she may have used her own experience as literary material. When it comes to that, if writers have no objection to opening all their doors and windows to the public, it is far-fetched squeamishness which would prevent all the world from entering in and taking note. However, this professional squeamishness is not a bad thing in its way, since it may mark the beginning of a reaction. For a good many years the propriety of restraining curiosity in such matters has been the last thing to suggest itself to either writer or reader. The most intimate correspondence and the most confidential communications have been placed before the public as a matter of course, and with scarcely the hint of an apology. It was taken for granted that every one wanted to know everything, and since the revelations could be made to pay, there was no more to be said. Since Froude's publication of the Carlyle correspondence and diaries there has been a continuous competition to outdo them in revelations, and wives and daughters, husbands and sons, intimate friends and chance acquaintances have vied with one another in the unholy traffic. For every boom novel there has been a comet's tail of other books, magazine articles and supplemental stories professing to identify the characters with real people, living or dead, and one of the most popular books of the last two years owed its vogue to the clever intimation that it was one side of an intimate correspondence. No one knew, pretended to know, or cared to know who the writer was. It was enough that the letters of which the volume was composed were believed to be genuine and meant for but a single pair of eyes. What difference there can be between the morality of reading private correspondence in print and opening another's letters, or in perusing an account of an intimate and confidential conversation and applying an ear to a convenient keyhole is a matter that needs some elucidation, but it marks an improvement in public morals when professional book tasters claim to be delicate about where they tread lest they should be inadvertently crushing corns.

The Preposterous Yankee

"The Unspeakable Scot," which drew popular attention to Mr. Crossland, was promptly followed by "The Egregious English," so there is nothing surprising in finding another of the same style of book added under the title "The Preposterous Yankee." This purports to be the work of Montague Vernon Ponsonby, Esq., but it has been hinted that in all likelihood, when the veil is torn aside, we shall find Arthur McEwen concealing himself. Be this as it may, the book is after the fashion of Dickens' "American Notes," and the American part of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and though it is brought out in London for the edification of our British cousins, it is too absurd to be considered seriously. We are too well used to poking fun at ourselves to find anything new in it, and as to the manner, it is reminiscent of a cow trying to frisk like a lamb. "Thousands of New Yorkers," says Montague Vernon Ponsonby, Esq., "live in residential hotels. These remind the Englishman strangely of London workhouses, whose inmates are fed on the fodder trough principle, and who are dictated to by beadles and other officious creatures." "Few big social functions take place in American high life without at least one fist fight, though, to do the men justice, it must be admitted that they rarely punch each other while they remain sober. But of course there is plenty of time for personal encounters at balls and dinners in Fifth Avenue." "A leader of the 'Four Hundred'—that's what society calls itself, because, as it boasts, there are at least 400 persons who don't put their knives in their mouths—this leader cut a gentleman off her visiting list because he slapped men's faces at her parties. She was accused of 'aping European exclusiveness,' and was quite unpopular for awhile." Which goes to show that Montague Victor really knows what he is talking about. Apparently he did not manage to extend his operations to San Francisco, else he would not have failed to chronicle the poetical pastime of crowning one's own immortal brow with lettuce leaves, or appearing in any style of garment that happened to be at hand. The commuter comes in for it, too, and he is represented as converting himself into a pack animal and arriving at his domicile weighted down with sacks of flour, "haunches" of pork, "bushels" of coal and "hundredweights" of firewood, not to mention bricks by the pound. As this veracious chronicler professes to note only what he has seen himself, it must have been a special Providence which protected our suburbanites from being detected carrying quarts of eggs and dozens of milk. Montague Vernon exhausted his list of epithets when he discovered Chicago, which, according to his description, "is a blank, dreary city; flat, stale, unprofitable, gawky, dry and dusty, dirty and wholly preposterous, located on the western shore of a large pool of dirty water known as Lake Michigan." He further states that it is the only city in which he ever "felt afraid for his life in broad daylight on a principal thoroughfare." After that broadside, it is not likely that he will ever again venture his precious life within the confines of the Windy City. If this were the first book of the kind ever written about America and Americans it might call forth indignant criticism. As it is, these eels are used to skinning. If it should turn out that this is an attempt of some ten-days tourist to make a book from his "experiences," he is welcome to all the pleasure and profit there is in it. If, as is quite as likely, it is some native satirist trying to see through foreign spectacles, why, then it is a family joke, and we can afford to laugh at it.

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To Discourage the Smasher

The conclusion has been reached that baggage-smashing must be discouraged. That highly autocratic individual known as the baggage-smasher is to be subjected to a restraining influence. How it is to be exercised nobody has the faintest notion, but the question is to be taken up for discussion by the Association of General Passenger Agents at a meeting to be held this month. The gentlemen of that association have some vague idea about inducing concerted action on the part of the railroads, with a view of compelling moderation in the methods of those brawny fellows who appear to be engaged in the baggage-handling business merely for the pleasure they derive from wrecking the impedimenta of travelers. The deliberations of the passenger agents will be watched with considerable interest by everybody who has traveled some distance on a railroad. If they succeed in solving the problem they will be entitled to the gratitude of millions of people. But the baggage-smasher is not to be easily deprived of what he has long considered his inalienable rights. He does not wreck baggage merely for the lust of achieving the mutilation of other people's property. He conceives it to be his duty to demonstrate the superiority of muscle over mere bulk, and to execute those little tricks by which the heaviest trunks are made to appear as light as thistle down. He feels that there is science in his trade, and it gives him as much pleasure in wrestling with a trunk successfully and proving its susceptibility to damage as a prize-fighter derives from putting the quietus on an opponent. The greater the bulk of the trunk and the more fortified it is against assault, the keener is the ecstacy of the baggage-smasher who brings tears to the eyes of the owner. When he reaches for a small, humble trunk he has an expression of contempt on his face, and he doesn't deign to look in the direction in which he tosses it. He has been suspected of an alliance with trunk manufacturers, but the suspicion is a libelous reflection on the smasher. It may be possible to teach him the virtue of moderation, but we are inclined to believe that he is wedded to violence and that he cannot be divorced.

The Result of Bigotry

The fight against Mormon Smoot is on once more. Those energetic agitators of the W. C. T. U. are hot on his trail. They are circulating protests against his admission to the charmed circle of statesmen at Washington, and they are securing many signatures, for there are many people who fear that if Smoot is not repudiated some dire calamity will descend upon the country. So we are favored once more with the edifying spectacle of a crusade by monogamic Christians against a Christian who is believed to be polygamic at heart. Ostensibly it is Smoot's polygamous tendencies that have incited the agitation, but it is really stimulated by a prejudice against Mormonism. It is the old spirit of bigotry and intolerance that inspires the members of the W. C. T. U. After all the lessons of history, is it not pitiable that we are still in the era of persecution, of wholly needless suffering for conscience's sake? Mormonism would spread with less rapidity if it were not under the ban. Mormons do not show less devotion to their cause than other zealots. There is no religious extravagance for which men will not go to prison or to death, and even invite persecution if the passionate recalcitrancy of human nature can be aroused. There is absolutely nothing so dear to a man as having his own way in his own affairs.

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The Municipal Campaign

Up to this time (Wednesday) Franklin K. Lane has not disclosed his intentions regarding the municipal campaign, but his friends never had any doubt on the subject. It is evident they felt he was not sincere when he announced that he would not run for Mayor unless the Democracy were united, for before there was even a prospect of a compromise in the convention they were booming him as the standard-bearer of the party. The campaign promises to be an exceedingly lively one. At this early day it would be absurd to indulge in prognostications, for the campaign has hardly begun, and public sentiment is variable between the adjournment of the conventions and election day. Eugene Schmitz was the first Mayoralty candidate in the field, and he has been very active from the start. As he has a strong following among the labor unions and as there is a disgruntled element in both the Democratic and Republican parties, it is quite natural that it should appear that he was in the lead. But reaction is almost inevitable in every political campaign, and the candidate who spends his energy in the beginning is usually a cripple in the stretch. Schmitz will find the running a little heavier this year than it was two years ago. Public sentiment is not so strong on the side of the labor unions as it was in the last campaign. Moreover people are reluctant to invest Schmitz, and his side partner, Abe Ruef, with absolute control of all commissions. Conservative people are disgusted with the political agitators and mercenary knaves who have been casting odium on labor unionism, and the probability is that they will unite behind the Republican candidate. Lane has proved himself a demagogue, and in the gubernatorial campaign his negotiations were all with the labor leaders. He never grew tired reiterating his fealty to organized labor. He was asked by his friends to protest against the insults heaped upon his opponent by the men at the Union Iron Works, and to demand fair play for an American citizen, but he declined to do so. It is not likely that he will receive the support of people who have been condemning the practices of the professional industrial disturbers of this city.



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Hints and Half Lights

BY HARRY COWELL

The garish day I have never loved; it reveals too much to the sight, leaves too little to the imagination. Cheaply hypercritical it is, cruelly laying bare the manifold imperfections of Nature. In its false philosophy, which it advocates with no lack of noise, the universe is all outside. To the eyes of the soul its glare is intolerable; it prevents the sense that lies back of the senses from seeing the beauty that lies back of beauty. Let sticklers for the verities stand shadowless in the full gaze of the sun; as for me, I love the half-lights. In my opinion, moreover, the dusk of evening —equivocal as it is—comes nearer to telling the whole truth in this matter of life here below than does the plain-spoken day. I listen to its low voice and watch the external world fade into the unreality, or partial reality, that it in fact is. My mind no longer stops at the surface of things. One by one the wonders of the internal world become visible in the gloaming. Shy wild thoughts that all day long have lain under cover come out into the open.

Midnight, especially when its mystery is made even more mysterious by the moon, has for me a fascination such as never had midday. The obvious is without the least attraction. The unattainable, like a better sort of will-o'-the-wisp, lures me, incessantly lures me. Many a time have I bogged me because of it. I dream of unfathomable women, daughters of midnight and the moon, more unfathomable after marriage than before; I dream of an infinite regressus of delight. The people I like to know are those I know I can never know, even should they house with me for half a century. Philosophers who would fain do all my thinking for me, priests who would fain keep my conscience, I cannot abide. I hate that facile fiction wherein, instead of being forced by stress of circumstances to show what manner of men and women they are, all the characters are described with insulting minuteness. Is there any blacker beast alive than the long-eared biped that explains a joke? Indirection is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. I have learned that a hint from art is often more luminous than a definition from science. The face of Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," who has been "a diver into deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her," charms me more than all the palpable Virgins ever painted.

Love is the most ravishing of all the emotions; and we cannot in the least say what it is or why it is. Music, the vaguest of the arts, is the most suggestive; it says nothing directly, it is all inferences; yet an hour with Beethoven has often taught me more of the "Wisdom of Life" than a day with Schopenhauer.

The riddle of the universe is as interesting as it is unanswerable. For ages it has kept philosopher and fool alike guessing, and will keep for ages to come. It is asked in the half-light and answered in the dark; that is to say, there is no answer or ten thousand. Who would have it otherwise? Not the artist, not the lover of beauty, not the lover of love. Every woman knows the value of a veil. God made Eve naked; the Devil, knowing that man had imagination, invented dress.

Facts are nothing; inferences from facts everything. It is what is inferred from a face that makes it ugly or beautiful. A man kisses a woman in a game of forfeits, before a lot of people. In like manner has she kissed his neighbor to the left. It may mean no more than this, that she is loath to make a fuss. Afterward the same woman kisses the same man, but now they are alone. She is no flirt; she is sincere, fastidious. From her action he may reasonably conclude that she loves him. How much this kiss means it would be impossible to say. A thousand legitimate collateral inferences might be made, varying according to the character of the woman, each one of which has its significance, and should have its effect upon the feelings of the man.

French fiction is superior to English, not so much because the phrase is more felicitous, the form more perfect, but because it concerns itself more with inferences than with facts, or, rather, with facts more for the sake of the inferences than for the facts' sake. To read Flaubert aright takes an artist. Here, however, as in England, reading is a lost art; no, it is an art yet to be born.

To me the day is, for the most part, but a bald fact. The night is all suggestion. What life they miss, those drowsy ones who know night only as a time for sleep and forgetfulness and a folding of the hands in sleep; not as a time for wondrous awakenings, for the remembering of things that never happened, for the foreseeing of things that will never come to pass—things too delicate to be exposed to the rude light of the sun; evanescent things brought into momentary being by the white magic of the moon and the innocent enchantments of the stars! Who know it best love most the golden silence of the night, that makes a little less than silver the rarest speech of day. The gaudy blonde day is the darling of business men and the sorry sons of toil; but lovers and poets and philosophers in all times and lands have preferred the beauty of the brunette night.

I like to think of death as beautiful life with a veil over its face. At the thought my blood goes singing through my veins. A fine curiosity takes the place of fear; and at that moment, did Fate so will it, I could go bounding deathward with step as light as a lover's. For death as a permanent impossibility of sensation I have a marked distaste. Feeling I enjoy; there is in truth no other sort of enjoyment—or sorrow, for that matter. The certainty of death quickens consciousness; and the uncertainty of what lies beyond it is a field wherein superfluous imagination may disport itself at will. And because pale Death gives color to Life I cannot deny him his meed of praise. The very thought of him makes me bestir myself lest, perchance, he catch me before I catch my dream.



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The Spreckels Family Jars

It has been said that the whirligig of time removes prejudice and passions. Perhaps it does, but not when they are as deep-rooted as those that are responsible for the stern and uncompromising attitude of Claus Spreckels toward those members of his family who had the temerity to ignore his mandates. There is something reminiscent of the harshness of parental rule that prevailed in mediæval times in the conduct of Claus Spreckels towards those members of his family who have incurred what appears to be his irreconcilable displeasure. It never occurs to the picturesque and sublimely stubborn old gentleman that in his tilts with his offspring he is encountering qualities so like his own that he must have been responsible for them. He has the courage of his convictions more strongly developed than any other man in San Francisco. He is a most tenacious enemy, but he is also a noble and self-sacrificing friend. Unfortunately his most bitter prejudices have been directed against his own children, and as a consequence the family skeleton has been frequently dangled in the light of day. And owing to the prominence and wealth of the family, and the important part it has played in the development of this city and state, its jars and eruptions have excited more public interest than is usually caused by a domestic scandal.

That Honolulu Suit

The spectacle of a family divided against itself is always a pathetic one, and when the leading members of such a family have endeared themselves to a community by repeated acts of generosity, and by many evidences of civic pride there is always an earnest hope that harmony will some day be restored. But the possibility of a reconciliation between Claus Spreckels and his repudiated children appears to be more remote every day. The latest reminder that the fires of the family discord are still burning comes in a dispatch from Honolulu concerning the suit instituted by Mrs. Thomas Watson, only daughter of Claus Spreckels, against her father for the recovery of a block of Honolulu property valued at four hundred thousand dollars. Shortly after her marriage, Mrs. Watson conveyed to her father the property which he had given to her. The supposition was that she took this action at the instigation of her husband, it having been said that he married her for her money. Later on she changed her mind and sued for its recovery on the technical ground that the deed was invalid because it did not bear her husband's signature.

A Father's Amazing Charge

Now comes the most startling of all the unpleasant features of the bitter controversy. The only way that Spreckels's attorneys can defeat the suit is to show that Mrs. Watson had no husband at the time she executed that deed. And so they allege that Mr. and Mrs. Watson are not man and wife; that Mr. Watson was never legally divorced from his first wife, and that consequently the marriage with Miss Spreckels is void. The gravity of this charge is apparent. It is one of the most remarkable ever made by a father in a court of justice. Indeed I should prefer to believe that it was made by Mr. Spreckels's attorneys without his knowledge or consent.

Theirs Was a Love Match

The marriage of Emma Spreckels and Thomas Watson was a pure love match. She was very much younger than the staid business man who won her heart, but she found in him the ideal of her dreams and gave up a fortune that she might be happy with the man of her choice. It was in the nature of an elopement, and was a great shock to Mr. Spreckels, who had frequently entertained Mr. Watson at his home as a friend, and who believed that the latter had taken an unfair advantage of his hospitality. Indeed, it was said at the time that he had intended his daughter for another, and I believe that Sam Shortridge was then regarded as a promising suitor for the hand of the heiress. The Watsons traveled about for a long time after their romantic marriage and finally settled in England, where they bought a country place.

Estrangement of Father and Sons

Not less bitter than his feelings toward his daughter are the prejudices of Claus Spreckels against his sons, Gus and Rudolph. Ten years ago C. Augustus Spreckels and H. M. Woolley brought suit against Claus, J. D. and Adolph B. Spreckels and other directors of the Hawaiian Sugar Company, charging that defendants were defrauding plaintiffs of a large sum of money. A sensational trial was expected, but before the case came into court a secret agreement of compromise was entered into. The terms were carefully withheld from the public, and would have always no doubt have remained a secret had not Rudolph Spreckels brought suit a long time later to prevent the transfer of stock given by him as collateral security for his brother Gus, from the Nevada Bank to Honolulu, in order that it might be placed in the bank's name. Judge Hebbard granted him an injunction and Delmas and Shortridge moved to set it aside. Then the agreement became public property. It showed that the old gentleman had made a complete settlement with his son. Many stories have been told regarding the cause of the estrangement of the father and his sons Gus and Rudolph. But nothing authentic has ever been learned, because the members of the family never discuss their affairs. It has been said that the wives of the sons were in a measure responsible, but probably the correct version is that it arose through a disagreement over financial matters. It is related that the sons once refused to return to their father a large sum of money he had given them, when he needed it to fight the sugar trust. And it is said that he was never very bitter against them until their attorneys questioned his honesty in one of the suits in which they were involved.

The Divided Offspring

As a consequence of the alienation of affections in the Spreckels family the palatial home of the parents in Van

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Ness avenue is a very lonesome place. It is a large family, three of the sons and one daughter being married, and several grandchildren having come into the world, but only a small section of it has the entree to the big brownstone house in Van Ness avenue. J. D. Spreckels and his brother Adolph have retained the confidence and love of their parents, and their business interests are entwined with his, but there is no cordialty between them and their brothers or the families of any of them, though I believe the cousins, who are granddaughters of Claus Spreckels, have recently bowed politely at social functions. Who can predict a small fraction of the complications destined to ensue when the estate of Claus Spreckels is ripe for administration in the probate court?

Rudolph's Country Home

By the way, I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, whom many people consider the handsomest couple in San Francisco, contemplate entertaining on a lavish scale next season at their country place, which is one of the most beautiful in California. Among the features of the place now being prepared are a race-track and a polo field. They expect to have many of the summer sports at their home, and if so, they will be very much sought after.

The J. D's Old Home

I hear that the J. D. Spreckels's old home at Howard and Twenty-first streets is for sale. As it is an enormous house on a corner lot two hundred and forty-five by one hundred and twenty-seven feet, with a big garden and stable, it's hard to say when it will find a purchaser. It would take a millionaire to keep it up, and millionaires aren't moving to the Mission nowadays. Probably it may be converted into a family boarding house, or torn down, and flats erected in its stead.

Mrs. "Willie" Hearst

On the occasion of the dedication of the Hearst Greek amphitheatre in Berkeley, the other day, there was a deal of rubbering in the direction of Mrs. Willie Hearst. She more than divided interest with the stage. People were not only curious to see the young woman who had lured one of the greatest catches in America from bachelordom, but they were also eager to note her style, which is, by the way, decidedly New Yorkey. She wore a gown of some thin, light material ornamented with yellow velvet bows. Her hat was of bright escholtzias, and her carriage coat of bright green. If it weren't for that green coat people might have thought that the costume was emblematic of the style of journalism which young Mr. Hearst has made famous. Altogether, she was quite a Scotch-plaid combination of primal colors. It was a garish costume, but she presented a pleasing personality. She is quite pretty, with round, childish cheeks, wide-open eyes, fine teeth and pretty brown hair, which she wears quite simply. When she was on the stage she wore her hair in an enormous pompadour but all that has been done away with. Orrin Peck accompanies the couple as a sort of St. John crying aloud in the wilderness. I believe he is responsible for the story that every morning Mrs. Hearst calls for the emerald her mother-in-law sent her for a wedding present, and weeps over it and kisses it. It is a good story and is not materially injured by the fact that Mrs. Hearst sent no emerald —only a telegram of congratulations. Another authority is responsible for the story that the present Mrs. Hearst is not one of the Wilson sisters who were on the stage; that she is a third sister who was never in the profession. This story is also slightly inaccurate. It happens that the parents of the Wilson sisters had only two daughters.

Her Authority Impeached

Madame La Bavarde's "unimpeachable authority" has been impeached. It will be remembered that some months ago she undertook to extenuate the action of Mrs. Van Wyck in breaking away from the Albert Sidney Johnston chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and causing a split in the order by organizing the Jefferson Davis chapter. She explained, on what she alleged was unimpeachable authority, that Mrs. Van Wyck had organized the chapter at the suggestion of Mrs. Weed, wife of the Bishop of Florida. This statement aroused the indignation of the women of the Sidney Johnston chapter over which Mrs. Voorhies presides. When Mrs. Weed was President of the order, she visited this city and was entertained by the Daughters of Sidney Johnston chapter, and they were loth to believe that while affecting friendship for them and enjoying their hospitality, she should have been advocating the organization of a rival chapter.

Bishop Weed Replies

The women of Sidney Johnston chapter promptly challenged the statement of Madame La Bavarde, and she suggested that the matter should be referred to Mrs. Weed, who would of course tell the truth. The supposition was that the controversy would not be pursued, and that the question of veracity would be permitted to remain undecided. But the members of Albert Sidney Johnston chapter resolved upon getting at the truth. They believed that Mrs. Weed had been done an injustice. They had understood that Mrs. Van Wyck had consulted her, and that she advised against a rival chapter. She even suggested that if Mrs. Van Wyck was dissatisfied with the Albert Sidney Johnston chapter, she should join the chapter in Los An-

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geles. However Mrs. Weed was communicated with, and as she is seriously ill, her husband, Bishop Weed, penned the reply in which he said that his wife corroborated Mrs. Voorhies's version of the whole affair, and that she never suggested the organization of Jefferson Davis chapter. Now let us have the name of Madame La Bavarde's "unimpeachable authority." In lieu of that it would be interesting to know if Mrs. Van Wyck has anything to say on the subject.

Behind the Scenes

It is always interesting to peer behind the scenes when a political drama is being enacted. It is exciting to watch the shifting of the scenes and amusing to observe the comedy in the wings. Last week, when Franklin K. Lane sprung his sensational letter on the Democratic convention, there was great bustle and excitement behind the scenes. Boss McNab had hysterics and Mr. Hearst threw a conniption fit. Mr. McNab realized at once that he would have to make terms with the hated minority, the Horses and Carts, as he has been calling them in the *Bulletin* for months. Lane wouldn't run unless the H's and C's were appeased, and Mr. McNab knew that he had to humiliate himself. Hearst had been figuring upon making a spectacular fight for Lane to "square" himself with the people, who were sore because of the attitude of the *Examiner* in the gubernatorial campaign. He has no affection for Lane, but as he is a candidate for President it behooves him to atone for infidelity. If Lane didn't run he would be blamed for the division of the party and the breach wouldn't be healed. So the next day the *Examiner* scored the minority for its stubbornness and pleaded for harmony.

His Inflated Head

Meanwhile the editor of the *Bulletin* was also agitated. He had counted on Lane's being a candidate and beating the Republican nominee with the *Bulletin's* support. Lane is one of the representatives of the Phelan push which has always enjoyed the *Bulletin's* support, and besides the paper is eager to smash the Republican alliance because it includes the proprietors of the *Bulletin's* hated rivals, the *Chronicle* and *Call*. So the Lane letter fairly staggered all hands behind the scenes. They all dislike Lane on account of his inflated head, as McNab calls it, but they considered him an absolute necessity. However, there was no way out of the difficulty except to appease the hated minority. They cursed Lane for seeking to pedestal himself at their expense, and they denounced him for his selfishness, but they had to swallow the bitter pill.

Lane on Himself

Mr. Franklin K. Lane appeared before the Democratic convention last Wednesday night, and kindly condescended to accept the nomination for Mayor. He then took occasion to express himself in a series of personal pronouns. Here are some excerpts from that address:

"I have certainly the awakened and quickened conscience of the great body of people of this city and county."

"I am a fighter. If you want a fighter to lead you, I am with you."

"When I failed of the Governorship it was not because of *my* own people—those with whom I had served, those to whom I had given five years of my time, those who knew me personally and intimately, *those who had looked into my eye, who knew the kind of man I was.*"

"Will you be with me? Then come with me. I will lead you."

It will be noticed that Mr. Lane claims among other things to be the keeper of the people's conscience.

B. Shaw's Rival

Mr. Lane is surely a unique figure in politics. His assurance is stupendous. He really believes that he is a modern Moses, divinely ordained to lead the people of San Francisco. He is not running for Mayor as a party candidate. He said in his letter that if he accepted the nomination he would be actuated by his sense of obligation to the people who needed his services. He has not yet confessed that he received a message from God, but he probably will before the campaign is over. We may yet expect him to explain the advantage of being able to write two opinions on every important public question; also, why he failed to prosecute the suit against the Southern Pacific Company for the removal of the Mission tracks, and why he considers himself peculiarly qualified to "save" the charter. It is boldness that wins, these days. Bernard Shaw proudly proclaimed himself a mountebank, and forthwith he was put upon a pedestal. Mr. Lane is undoubtedly more entitled than Shaw to the distinction.

The Crocker Feud

Now that Henry J. Crocker is running for Mayor, one hears a good deal about the efforts that will be made to defeat him by his cousin, Will Crocker of the Crocker-Woolworth bank. The feud in the Crocker family is quite bitter. The two cousins were very friendly until they became involved in some financial transactions that proved unsuccessful, and then they became deadly enemies. Henry Crocker accused his cousin Will, and the latter's brother-in-law, Prince Poniatowski, of having flim-flammed him in a railroad deal, and he brought suit for eighty-six thousand dollars, which the defendants were very glad to compro-

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mise. Since then it has been war to the hilt between them, but I doubt very much that Will Crocker will make a fight against the Republican candidate. He cannot afford to antagonize the powerful interests behind the Republican party. It is easier to stifle the prejudices of a rich man engaged in the banking business than it is to placate a hod-carrier. Threaten to deprive him of a few of the accounts on his books and he will quit in a minute.

The Crocker Family

There is a popular delusion that Henry Crocker is a very rich man, and it is probably due to the fact that he is confounded with the heirs of Charles Crocker, the railroad magnate. He is a son of Clark Crocker, a brother of millionaire Charles Crocker. Though he is not wealthy, his wife is. She was Miss Ives who inherited half the fortune of the late Charles McLaughlin. Mrs. Crocker, by the way, is the mother of six children and she shows remarkable devotion to the nursery. She studies foreign languages with her children, and also the same lessons that they are given.

The Bradburys Again

Up from the orange groves of the southland comes the news that John Bradbury is to wed Miss Bessie Tonner, a pretty typist, and that Lucy Banning Bradbury, she of the pyrotechnic past, is engaged to marry a real estate agent of Los Angeles. Lucy and John have not been divorced very long. Indeed they have not exhibited that fashionable haste which characterizes the shifting of marital relations in Newport. But ever since that Ward affair Lucy has become more deliberate in her actions. She learned from that experience that she was unable to gauge the depth and durability of her own affections. She thought that her husband bored her, and that Ward was an ideal lover. So she ran away with Ward, but when they were intercepted, and her paramour was arrested for adultery, she discovered that her passion was of the evanescent variety. Young Bradbury was quick to forgive his flirty wife for her piquant transgression, and from the arms of her repudiated lover she returned to her faithful husband, and they rejoiced in their reunion. I believe they enjoyed a second treacle-moon trip, while the poor wretch of an Englishman, who had been hugging a delusion, committed suicide. The romance had a tragic denouement for him, but the Bradburys lived happily for several years, and then the tired feeling became mutual. So they were divorced, and now they are to make a new deal, a new set of affections having been awakened. Far away in England live the widow and children of the unfortunate fellow to whom punishment came so swiftly for the stolen delights of a few hours.

Adieu to the Deans

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean and Miss Helen Dean will soon leave San Francisco for an extended trip abroad. Mrs. Dean has long been unable to travel on account of ill health. She usually collapses after any unwonted exercise. Miss Dean will leave behind a long string of sighing swains. She expects to have a good time in New York with her bosom friend, Lurline Spreckels, and at the close of the winter season there she will go to Europe with her parents. There will be a large colony of Californians in New York this winter. Californians usually flock together in the metropolis. Those that are in the charmed circle help those on the outside through the portals. I hear that it was Mrs. Moore Robinson, *nee* Ivers, who sponsored Miss Emily Taylor during the Newport season.

San Franciscans Abroad

Never before was there a winter when so many prominent San Franciscans were traveling abroad. As many of the absent women are indispensable as hostesses the winter promises to be a little dull. Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. Downey Harvey and Miss McKinstry, all great friends, are abroad and are likely to remain there all winter. Miss McKinstry is at present at Carlsbad where she has lost some twenty pounds in weight, which must, of course, improve her appearance vastly. Mrs. John F. Swift is another San Franciscan in Carlsbad who is taking the waters and enjoying a much needed rest. She went to Europe for medical advice but finds that there is nothing the matter with her except fatigue—she had been too active in the various public matters in which she takes so lively an interest.

Reluctant to Lose Daughter

It is said that there is nothing in the world the matter with Mrs. Robert Bruce except unwillingness to lose her daughter, Bertie. Mrs. Bruce made no such fuss when her daughter Janet was married, but when the younger daughter's engagement was announced Mrs. Bruce promptly had a fit of nerves. The wedding day was postponed out of deference to her wishes and now the postponed day has passed. The groom-to-be is sulking in the country and the bride-elect is most unhappy. At every mention of the wedding Mrs. Bruce has hysterics.

A Few Lucky Artists

Matteo Sandona, the artist who recently went to Honolulu to paint the portrait of the Princess David, has done one of her husband, and is now engaged on portraits of



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other members of the royal family, and representatives of the Hawaiian aristocracy. Mr. Farnsworth, the San Rafael artist who paints hunt scenes very well, but who failed to sell them for years, has won recognition and his art is now remunerative. He is selling his pictures to the Burlingame clique. Giuseppi Cadenasso is another artist upon whom fortune has been smiling lately. He has purchased a lot on Russian Hill and will build two houses there.

Mamma Has Forgiven

I hear that Sanger Pullman has turned over such a fresh new leaf that his mother has not only taken him back into her good graces but has included his wife, Miss West of San Francisco that was, in her favor. Sanger and his wife have grown so stout that their Burlingame friends would scarcely recognize them.

A Grass Widow to Wed

My Honolulu correspondent sends me some social gossip of interest to people in this city, as well as to residents of the islands. He reports among other things that Mrs. S. B. Travis is to marry Lieutenant Harry Newton of the Artillery on the twentieth. Newton was a captain of the volunteer service from Wisconsin. He was one of the men who accompanied Funston on the trip that resulted in the capture of Aguinaldo. He is now in the regular service. Mrs. Travis is a divorcee. She arrived in the islands about six years ago, with her aunt, and after a short stay they went to Japan with Helen Wilder, and spent a very jolly summer in the Orient. On her return to the islands she met Joseph S. Travis, a newspaper man who was well known in this city and Oakland. They were married against the wishes of the aunt, who never spoke to them afterwards, and who also closed her purse, which was a generous one and well filled, too. A little later the young married people came to this city where Travis played a series of engagements in newspaperdom. Then they separated, Travis going to the Philippines and Mrs. Travis remaining here long enough to obtain a divorce, after which she went back to Honolulu with several trunks filled with expensive gowns and much stunning millinery. She will make a very stunning army woman.

The Latest Afong Marriage

Captain Whiting, who is in this city now, has a new brother-in-law about whom I have received a little information from my Honolulu correspondent. James W. W. Brewster is the man, he having married another of the Afong girls, one of whom married Captain Whiting. Another is the wife of Lieutenant Dougherty, of the Twenty-eighth Infantry, who will soon come to the Presidio, and still another is the wife of Judge Humphrey of Honolulu. Mrs. Brewster is the youngest of the Afong girls. Brewster did not make much of a hit in Honolulu, though it was known that he was the grandson of the Brewster who used to make the only carriages that were considered proper by the smart set of New York some years ago. He had some money when he arrived in the islands and talked of embarking in business there, but he never succeeded in closing any of the numerous deals that he started. The day before his marriage, his uncle, Francis C. Brewster, sued him for five thousand dollars for defamation of character. It appears that he had told several people that his uncle had stolen fifty dollars from his clothes while they were hanging in their common apartment at the Clifton. The suit was compromised before the nephew left for the Orient with his bride.

Dougherty and His Bride

The wedding of Miss Sara Robertson and James Dougherty took place in Honolulu last week. The latter is the son of Mrs. Joseph Spear Jr., of this city. He first arrived in the islands a few years ago as a cadet on one of the Oceanic steamships. He was fitted out with uniforms and nautical instruments and he was studying navigation, but he grew tired polishing the brass hand-rails on the upper deck, and when he reached Honolulu he took French leave. He is now a clerk in a big jewelry house. Miss Robertson is the daughter of George H. Robertson, manager for G. Brewer & Co. She has just enough Hawaiian blood in her to give her a fetching olive complexion.

John Vance No Longer Cold

When Mrs. Abbey Cheney, the apostle of the New Thought, sought divorce from John Vance Cheney, librarian of the Newberry library in Chicago, she referred, in her complaint, to the "austere coldness" of defendant. It was that icy chill that was one of the reasons Mrs. Cheney gave for desiring to be free from the poet-librarian. Shortly after the divorce was granted Mr. Cheney re-married, his bride being a school teacher from New England. And since then he has published some poems breathing passion of Kilauea-like intensity, anything but austerely cold. Possibly the "austere coldness" Mrs. Cheney, the first, bewailed was due to herself, and not to the lack of an erotic quality in the temperament of her husband.

The Fernalds Have Gone East

The "Charlie" Fernalds, writes my Santa Barbara correspondent, left quite suddenly for the East, called thence by the death of "Nat" Swift. Mrs. Fernald, who was Bessie Swift of Chicago, was married only a few months ago, and came to her husband's Californian home almost directly after her marriage. "Nat" Swift's death was caused by an accident on the polo field, a fatal ball driven by Sidney Love being the cause. Young Swift was near-sighted and did not see the ball in time. He had everything to live for, being young, rich and healthy, and polo was his principal pleasure. Polo, by the way, is not more dangerous than other sports, but one has to be exceedingly agile to keep out of the way of the mallets and balls, and to guard against falls from ponies.

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Inviting People You Don't Know

The custom of inviting people whom you don't know to your functions, hoping that the lavishness of the promised entertainment will attract them and thus permit you to include the well-known name in the list of "among those invited," is growing alarmingly in San Francisco. Season before last I had occasion to comment on a large luncheon given at the University Club to which the hostess invited many women with whom she had only a bowing acquaintance and with some not so much as that, even. The surprise among these matrons was great and undisguised and some of them went about openly saying, "Who is Mrs. ——, and why does she invite me to her luncheon?" The same thing was done the other day at an entertainment in honor of a sojourning celebrity. The hostess called up by telephone a well-known girl and as the young woman was in bed was forced to give the message to her maid. The maid returned with the curt reply, "Miss —— says that she does not know Mrs. ——." The would-be hostess hung up the 'phone with a click, but the list of guests contained the young lady's name just the same.

The Spook Family of San Jose

Mrs. Mary Hayes-Chynoweth has had nothing more to say about the San Jose Women's Club or the iniquitous pow-wow, but the troubled waters have not yet subsided. Indignation is still aflame in the breasts of the women of San Jose, and though they do not expect an apology, neither do they intend to submit to any more insults from the arrogant spook prophetess. Mrs. Chynoweth, by the way, preaches every Sunday evening in the Unitarian church, but the Unitarians are very anxious to have it known that she has no connection with their society. She merely rents the church building. Some years ago she built a handsome chapel at her home in Edendale, nine miles from San Jose, but it was destroyed by fire a few months ago. This was the second conflagration from which the Hayes-Chynoweth family suffered. A few years ago a fire destroyed their beautiful home at Edendale. It contained over one hundred rooms and was magnificently furnished. The house and the furniture are said to have cost a quarter of a million dollars. After the second fire people in San Jose suggested that Mrs. Chynoweth had been holding communication with spirits from tropical regions.

The Spirits Sanction "Booze"

Mrs. Chynoweth is an ardent prohibitionist, and she has frequently said that all the members of her family were exponents of total abstinence in liquor and tobacco. But when her son, J. O. Hayes, was in Sacramento seeking the Republican nomination for Governor, he opened headquarters in which he dispensed liquor and cigars in liberal quantities and great variety. It is said that the hospitality of the job-chaser cost the family from five hundred to one thousand dollars a day. But in that matter, as in all others, he was no doubt guided by spirit influence. The spooks are ever ready to accommodate themselves to circumstances. Mrs. Chynoweth has explained that it has happened that one of her sons has been ordered by the head spook to shake hands with a certain politician whom it is desired to bring into *rapport* with her "familiar." By this handshaking process the connection is made and Mrs. Chynoweth does the rest. And these are the people who are engaged in moulding public sentiment in the beautiful Santa Clara valley, through the medium of two newspapers and a barrel of money that is always on tap.

"After you, my dear Gaston," said the undertaker to the physician who was just taking leave of a patient.

And then the sick man knew that it was all off.

Keep Your Eye on the Cook

The annoyance due to the scarcity in the supply of good servants these days is greater than ever before in the history of this city. The white girl kitchen mechanic has become higher-priced and more independent, good Chinese cooks are beyond the reach of all who are not in affluent circumstances, and the Jap who is just learning has become an intolerable nuisance because he never hesitates to misrepresent his qualifications, and you generally have to try a dozen before you find one who knows his business. So scarce is the supply of competent help that people are beginning to lure away good servants from homes in which they are content by offers of higher wages. Hence if you have a good cook, keep an eye on the butcher boy and the vegetable man, for they may be acting as the emissary of some woman who has offered a premium for a cuisine artist. There is a woman in Van Ness avenue who secures all her servants in that way, and the other day she was caught, and she received a very severe tongue lashing over the 'phone from the woman on whose cook she had designs. These be days of brisk competition in domestic affairs.

The Fascinating Mrs. Morton

Mrs. Bowditch Morton has returned from the East and is staying at one of the smaller down-town hotels. She is as handsome and radiant as ever. Since her return she has been entertained in a quiet way by friends at Menlo. A year ago I stated that the Bowditch Mortons had separated, and now I learn that they have been divorced. I have been told that Mrs. Morton obtained a divorce in the East on some purely technical ground. It was uncontested. Dr. Morton, who is an invalid, is still the house phy-

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sician at Del Monte. The domestic infelicities of the Mortons have been the subject of much comment. The doctor has the sympathy of women and his handsome wife has the sympathy of the chivalrous sex. Mrs. Morton was born and educated in this city, and she never went into society until she married Dr. Morton in the East. He is related to the famous Bowditch family of New York, and his father was a Harvard professor who discovered ether. He always enjoyed an excellent social position but he had no money to keep it up. However his wife inherited considerable money. Owing to his ill health, the doctor was unable to live in New York, and he spent most of his time as house physician at one resort and then at another. Mrs. Morton scored social triumphs wherever they went, and when they came to this coast her charm and beauty, her skill at golf and her equestrianship attracted attention to her from the first. Mrs. Frank Carolan "took her up" and they made a trip East together, a circumstance that fixed her status in the Four Hundred. It is said that there never was a man, woman or child who could escape the spell of Mrs. Morton's fascinations, and so I should not be surprised if a second matrimonial venture were the sequel of the divorce.

The Papyrus Club, which started out to encourage raconteuses, has become a regulation woman's club. Story-telling is no longer the only feature of the meetings, a regulation program taking up the greater part of them. At the meeting on Thursday of last week, after the members had contributed a short shrift of "wit and humor," Madame de Seminario sang, John McNaught gave a talk on women's clubs, Miss Helen Kelleher gave readings, and Homer Henley sang.

Critics Caught Napping

The utter worthlessness of musical criticism in this city was never so strikingly demonstrated as it was last week, when the critics enthused over the Scheel concert, which was so bad that the distinguished leader decided not to conduct another until his musicians had had sufficient rehearsal. It was an awful expose of the shallowness of the pretensions of those who affect a superior knowledge of music and undertake to enlighten the public about matters of which they are grossly ignorant. My associate, the critic of *Town Talk,* was the only one in San Francisco who told the truth about that concert. He concluded his remarks about the concert by saying that he would like to have Mr. Scheel's private opinion of the performance. That Mr. Scheel had a very poor opinion of it is evident from the fact that the performance this week was postponed, and that Mr. Shafter Howard explained that owing to other engagements the musicians did not give sufficient time to rehearsals.

In Clyde Fitch's "Stubbornness of Geraldine" everyone in the audience thought that the author was overdoing his scene when twenty-three of the heroine's trunks were brought on the stage. But Katherine Dillon's bags counted to that number and there are said to be more to follow.

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A Wandering Manuscript

A recent speech of Captain Fletcher of the Art Institute had as numerous and ludicrous wanderings as Stevenson's story of "The Wrong Box." The speech was on "The City Beautiful" and was to have been delivered as one of a symposium. Captain Fletcher, who is always most courteous to the newspaper folk, had several copies of it prepared, one of which he sent to a newspaper by messenger as that particular paper had no reporter at the meeting. It so happened that Captain Fletcher had been reserved for the end of the program, but the evening's entertainment proved so long that his stunt was omitted. He telephoned in haste to the newspaper not to print the speech as it had not been delivered. He was told that the paper could not print what it had not received. This reply was explained next day when Captain Fletcher received a bill from the messenger office. It seemed that, in a burst of economy, he had sent the manuscript "C. O. D.," and the newspaper had refused to pay for it. Captain Fletcher paid the bill and regained the manuscript, to receive an almost immediate request for it from one of the commercial papers published in the city. He graciously sent the manuscript and presently received proofs which he read and corrected. The next day he seized the paper with joy to look for his speech, but it was not there. The editor wrote an apologetic note, saying that it had been crowded out, and coupled the explanation with a request that he be permitted to publish it in the following issue. This Captain Fletcher refused, saying that he had decided to deliver it. He did so last week at a mass meeting.

The Sam Buckbees were at Byron Springs last week, also Colonel Maddox, George Jackson, George Goodman, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, the Frosts of Sausalito, Mrs. E. L. Miller and many others.

"Don't kill the fatted calf for me," wrote the Prodigal Son to his father, "as I may take the longest route home and I prefer my meat fresh."

Mrs. Robert B. Cunningham left this week for Fort Flagler, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Percy Kessler.

"YOU KAINT FOOL DIS CHICKEN WID COUNTERFEITS"



"I WANT JACKSON'S NAPA SODA"

That Snow-Goldman Episode

The Oakland commuters have been rolling a highly spiced tidbit of gossip on their pliant tongues ever since the street battle between ex-Mayor Snow and his erstwhile intimate friend, Mr. Goldman. The average Oaklander dearly loves to hear about somebody's eccentricities, especially if they are such as should not be discussed except behind a screen, and that Snow-Goldman episode has superinduced the titillation of many an eager ear.

A Typical Californian Millionaire

The Joe Grants are going East to enjoy a little of the winter gayety in New York. Joe Grant is one of our young millionaires who believes in the quiet life. He never does any splurging or anything that costs money, though he has lots of it. Consequently his acquaintances suspect him of being exceedingly economical. But popular surmise is not always correct. The fact is that very few of our young millionaires know anything about the Joy of Living. They are satisfied with the commonplace pleasures of the world. Mrs. Joe Grant is a lover of music, and she hopes to enjoy the performances of the Metropolitan opera company.

To Lure Peter Home

Just before Mrs. Eleanor Martin left for the East she confided in some of her friends, to the effect that she expected the Peter Martins to accompany her on her return to this city. Peter has been promising for a long time to come out with his wife and exhibit her to the provincial aristocracy of Burlingame, but he has found it hard to tear himself away from Newport. He has lately been hobnobbing with the Duke of Roxburghe, and of course he will be in New York when the Duke's marriage takes place. The privilege of being a guest at the wedding of one of the British nobility is not to be enjoyed more than once in a lifetime.

It Is Still the Golden State

Very little is heard nowadays of the gold mines of California. Many people right here in San Francisco are of the opinion that the Klondike is the gold centre of the universe, and that the only thing worth penetrating the soil of California for is oil. The fact is that the gold mines of California are yielding great quantities of the yellow metal and that some of the richest of them are seldom heard of. I heard William C. Ralston, a mining expert of vast experience, discoursing on this subject a few days ago. He said, among other things: "When a miner drops into town from the Klondike with a sack containing about ten thousand dollars' worth of gold the dailies devote half a column of space to his arrival. They appear to be unaware of the fact that the Mint handles a million and a half dollars' worth of gold from California's mines every month."

The Richest Mine

The richest mine in California to-day is the North Star of Grass Valley, which is paying about one hundred thousand dollars in dividends every month. Yet it is scarcely ever heard of in this city. The reason, probably, is that most of the money goes East. It is controlled by James Haig of New York, to whom it was sold by Billy Bourn and a few others some years ago. They didn't think it was worth much, so they sold it for a comparatively small sum. Some people imagine that the famous Utica mine, which yielded Hayward and Hobart a fortune, is shut down. The fact is that only one of the three shafts have been abandoned. Gold is still flowing abundantly from the other two. California still holds the record as a gold-producing State, its total yield being fourteen hundred million dollars.

Ibsen and Maeterlinck for Society Amateurs

Society amateurs have gone a step ahead of the Howells farce, that years ago was so popular. Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Miss Margaret Bender, and Dr. Shiels are, I hear, to study Ibsen, Sudermann, Maeterlinck and possibly Bernard Shaw roles with a view to acting in the plays of those authors this winter. Mrs. Gerstle appeared in "The Euchre Prize," Mrs. Gerberding's playlet, last season, and those who saw her then told her she should attempt something more ambitious. So she's going to try. Ibsen is her particular fad, and Nora in "The Doll's House" will likely be her first attempt with "Hedda Gabler" later. One of Mrs. Wallace Irwin's little comedies will be given by the Spinners Club, with Grace Llewellyn Jones in a star role. Mrs. W. P. Buckingham will be seen as Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" some time in the early spring, and Mrs. De Young is contemplating appearing as Olivia in "Twelfth Night."

The Tennants of San Jose

When "Bob" Edeson comes to the Columbia next month in "Soldiers of Fortune" he will have in his company Miss Dorothy Tennant. San Jose people will be particularly interested in the coming of Miss Tennant, who hails from that city. The Tennants are one of the proudest and most exclusive families of the garden city, but they have figured in newspaper stories a deal, owing to various divorce suits. Emily, the most exclusive of them all, was divorced from her husband, Henry Spring, about four years ago. Their temperaments did not agree, Mr. Spring's

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tastes running to dogs and horses and his wife's to music. It was said at the time that Mrs. Spring intended going on the stage after she obtained her divorce, but I have never heard that she carried out her intention. Mary Tennant married Robert C. Gardener of San Rafael, and she also found married life unpleasant after a time. Marguerite Tennant married Otto Ziegler, the 'cyclist, and just a little while ago the Zieglers' woes were agitating the gossips.

"If Miss Reserved were in love with a man nobody would ever know it."

"No, not even the man."

Ziegfeld's Tempting Offer

Eastern theatrical managers are beginning to realize that Denis O'Sullivan is an ideal baritone for comic opera. The popular singer is now on his way to fresh triumphs abroad, where he has a series of concert engagements, but just before leaving this city he refused the largest salary ever paid to a male singer in comic opera in this country. Of course, that offer came from nowhere else than New York, where, when they want things, they are in the habit of getting them. But they did not get jolly Denis O'Sullivan. F. Ziegfeld Jr., who is somewhat of a plunger among managers, is going to produce at the New Lyric theatre in New York this season De Koven's new romantic opera, "The Red Feather," in which Grace Van Studdiford is to be featured as the prima donna. Mr. Ziegfeld decided to engage O'Sullivan for the leading baritone role, and he wired E. D. Price, manager of the Alcazar, to see the singer and get his best terms for a season of thirty weeks. O'Sullivan was seen and named a figure that was gaspingly prohibitive, so much so that the negotiator hesitated about even mentioning it to Ziegfeld. However, it was telegraphed to the New York manager, who at once replied offering O'Sullivan a salary that came within one hundred and fifty per week of the sum demanded, and which was larger than any salary ever paid a male singer on the comic opera stage of America. But he refused the offer and started for the East, where it is more than probable he was waylaid by Ziegfeld before he left for the other side, where he can make money enough for any man's needs.

The Antique Hostelry

There is an estrangement between the widow of Major Hooper and his nephew, due to the fact that after the Major's death, while negotiations for a renewal of the lease of that ancient and somewhat decrepit hostelry, the Occidental, were pending, the nephew made application and secured the plum. He had formerly been employed in the hotel by Major Hooper. The lease expired just before Major Hooper's death, and the widow confidently expected that she would become the lessee, but sentiment failed to cut any figure in the matter. Some years ago the Occidental was a fashionable hotel but it has become dreadfully out of date, not through any fault of the management, but owing to lack of modern equipment. It is one of the old landmarks of the city, and like the Russ House, it has seen better days. It is destined to become a purely commercial hotel.

Hotaling's Rebuke to Payne

Dr. Redmond Payne, who went north for the express purpose of killing a certain famous deer in Siskiyou county and who was successful, received shortly after a very sarcastic letter from the young millionaire, Richard Hotaling, who has such a tender heart for all dumb things that his large ranch in Marin county abounds with notices that no living thing may be killed on his place. Mr. Hotaling is clever as a letter-writer and among other things he said to Dr. Payne, whom he does not know, that he (Mr. Hotaling) would have thought that the practice of Dr. Payne's profession would give that gentleman sufficient opportunity for inflicting suffering without necessitating long trips into the country for that purpose. Dr. Payne has not as yet replied.

The Gerberdings

Mrs. Gerberding and her son, who left for Europe several months ago, are at present in Scotland. They purpose remaining abroad for some time, and Mrs. Gerberding intends doing some literary work before she returns. She spent several weeks in London and was entertained by the fashionable literary set there. Mrs. Gerberding's first husband was a cousin of Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) who is the literary lion of London's smart set.

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Service Gossip

The constant post moves have rather dampened the ardor of those young women who formerly thought gold lace and brass buttons most attractive. Nobody knows nowadays how long he is going to be stationed at a post. Among those who have suffered by this uncertainty is Lieutenant John B. Murphy of the Artillery Corps, and his fiancee, Miss Jean Nokes, by the orders received by the former to depart for Fort Russell, Wyoming. When their wedding takes place in the spring he will have to come all the way back here for his bride instead of remaining comfortably at Angel Island, where he has been stationed for a year. Lieutenant-Colonel Louis M. Maus, who has been in charge of the medical supply depot in San Francisco, has been ordered to Fort Riley, Kansas. He is succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Tormy. Major H. H. Ludlow, Artillery Corps, recently in command at Fort Miley, has been ordered to Missouri. The Presidio has lost two more of its officers. Major J. V. White, Artillery Corps, sailed for Manila last Thursday, where he will be on duty in the Adjutant-General's department, and Captain B. M. Koehler, also of the Artillery, has been ordered to Fort Schuyler, New York, for staff duty with Colonel A. H. Merrill. Colonel John L. Clem of the Quartermaster's department, was one of the passengers to Manila last Thursday. He will be Chief Quartermaster of the Division of the Philippines. Mr. J. M. Rittman, Auditor of the Treasury for the War Department, who has been spending his vacation on this coast, left on Sunday for the East, stopping over in Sacramento for a day or two to confer with State officials.

Local campaign
On once more;
Hear the pollies
Shout and roar!
Some old fakers
In the fight,
Out job-chasing;
What a sight!

Some reformers
Preaching guff.
What they're out for
Is the stuff.
Same old platform,
Filled with rot;
Will they keep it?
I guess not.

To Fight Sham Battles

Eleven thousand soldiers, regulars and militia, fully armed and equipped, will mobilize at Fort Riley, Kansas, on the fifteenth inst. to take part in the regular army manoeuvres conducted by the War Department. An army officer informs me that the military authorities have been preparing for the event for months. Everything possible has been done to make the game resemble war conditions, barring the wounding and killing of the combatants. The men will be taught the art of encampment; they will be drilled by brigade, corps and division; they will be spread out in lines several miles long; they will be grouped in small spaces and will be shown how to extricate themselves from seemingly dangerous positions, and there will be skirmishes and sham battles. The training is not for the enlisted men alone. There will be many young lieutenants on the battle-field, some fresh from West Point, others not long from civil life. Now that we have become a world power the officers of the War Department are looking forward to the times when the same public interest will be shown in the manoeuvres in this country as in Germany, where the victories and defeats of the opposing sides in the sham battles carry with them the applause or sympathy of the civilians. This year the manoeuvres will be participated in by a large force of militia, and the greatest good is expected to result from the bringing together in the same field of the regular and citizen soldiery. The field on which the mimic warfare is to take place consists of about forty-four thousand acres, on a tract of about seventy square miles. Major-General John C. Bates will be the master-of-ceremonies, and among other officers to participate are General Frederick D. Grant, General J. Franklin Bell, General Thomas H. Barry, General James W. F. Hughes and General C. C. Carr.

Another New Theatre

The theatrical business is rapidly expanding in San Francisco. A new theatre is in course of erection on Market street, near Ninth, and ground is to be broken for another before long, on Stockton street, opposite Union Square. This is to be a burlesque house. The property has been bonded by Harry James, late musical conductor of Fischer's who has secured the right to produce the Weberfieldian skits in the West and in Australia.

Considerable wine was opened at the Bohemian Club Wednesday, to celebrate the return of Major Randolph. The latter is the recognized authority on big guns and his

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recent trip to Portland, Maine, was a commission to oversee the placing of the ordnance at the fort there.

The Great I Am

Town Talk's poet was so inspired by the recent speech of Franklin K. Lane, excerpts of which are given in a preceding column, that he evolved the following:

He's off,
In a bunch
With himself
And his personal pronouns.
Who?
Why, Lane,
The great I am,
The illustrious exponent
Of Flim-Flam;
The self-confessed
Deputy
Of the Divinity.
Behold, the Pride,
And well tried,
Loyal son
Of Democracy!
On what meat doth this Caesar feed
That he hath grown so great?
Why, hot-air,
Self-administered;
Generated
By his own
Venerated
Fair
Prehistoric hands.
Lo, there he stands!
Isn't he a beaut?
Just hear him toot
His own praises.
Hearken to his Ego,
Marvel at his Giant
Intellect;
All of his own manufacture.
Is he a job-chaser?
Well, I guess
Yes.
As a macer,
For nominations
He's the greatest ever.
But always—he says so,
Mark you,
Pro bono Publico.
He knows his biz—
Gee whiz!
How he hates a crook.
Just take a look
Into his eyes,
At his own request, and size
Up the man.
Behold, the incarnation
Of integrity; also
Of purity,
Propriety and
Sobriety.
Now, altogether,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
For the windiest
Wonder
Of the West.

Socialism Rampant

Things are coming to a pretty pass when one cannot discuss labor troubles without being called down by one's servants. At a recent large and swell luncheon in this city, two maids were passing noiselessly about the table filling the glasses while the ladies were discussing with much interest and considerable knowledge a recent big Eastern strike. Evidently the impassive faces of the maids were no indication of unreceptive minds, for they were listening to every word that was spoken. After a whispered consultation in the butler's pantry, one of the maids said softly to her mistress:

"If the conversation is not changed Marie and I shall be obliged to cease serving the tables."

The hostess went white for a moment, for she is a proud and haughty woman. Then she recovered herself, for service was indispensable, and the subject of conversation was deftly changed.

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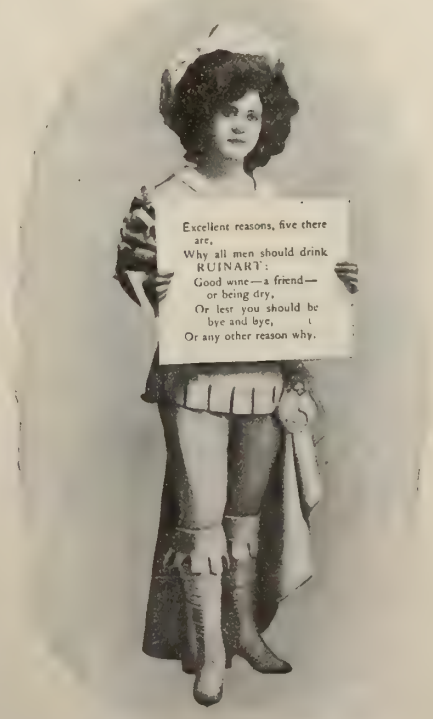
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A Lady-Like Officer

When "Willie" Safford, with the truly artistic sense for which he is famed, planted his pretty quarters at Guam with rare orchids and other esthetic adornments, he little dreamed of the right of eminent domain which the bluff "Dick" Leary, Governor of the distant naval post, too early exercised by condemning and appropriating for Government use the lovely cottage that "Willie" occupied. I see that the courts have just decided against "Willie" in the legal protest that he filed, and, since Leary is now dead and "Willie" out of the service, the famed naturalist's case is now closed. Safford, who is now a bughunter in the Department of Agriculture, was noted, while in the Navy, for being the greatest linguist wearing the blue. His linguistic accomplishments made him famous, and his soft, dulcet voice, gentle manners, and other peculiarities earned for him the cognomen of "the most lady-like officer in the service."

A New Reef at Annapolis

I learn with a great deal of interest the curious fact that of the thirty upper classmen at Annapolis now being kept there during the leave period to study up in the subjects in which they were deficient last year, nearly all have fallen by the wayside in English. This is a new one on me, and I am at a loss to account for it. In former years, when J. Russell Soley and "Widow" Craig headed the Department of English Studies, History and Law, at the Naval Academy, a high standard of English was maintained. Mathematical studies were the main reefs for the midshipmen to run upon. On the principle that a man's social position may be largely measured by the language he uses, it might appear that the midshipmen of the present day are somewhat more democratic than of yore.

Chandler's Command

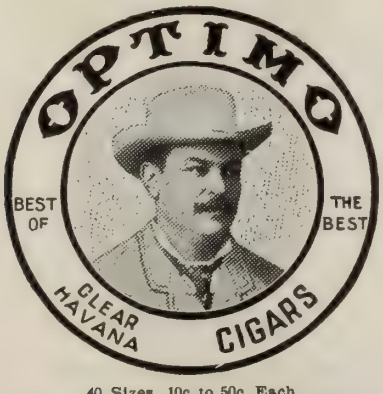
Lieutenant Lloyd H. Chandler, son of former Secretary of the Navy William H. Chandler, is on the eve of conducting an expedition which, if successful, will add considerably to the already high professional prestige of that young officer. He has been placed in charge of a "destroyer" flotilla composed of the *Decatur*, the *Barry*, the *Bainbridge*, the *Chauncey* and the *Dale*, and he is to take these little vessels on the long and often stormy voyage from New York to Manila. Chandler is certainly competent to command the expedition, for he is an excellent officer in every way. He has ever exhibited remarkable tact which won for him popularity from the start with juniors, equals and seniors at Annapolis. He entered that institution while his father was Secretary, a circumstance which the upper classmen were not reluctant to remind him of during his "plebe" days, when they wanted to make him miserable.

Hazing That Helps

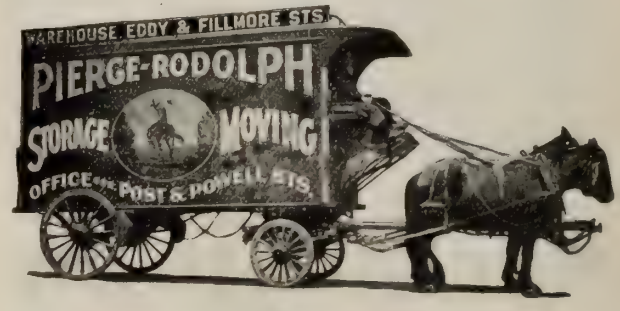
"Billy" Brownson, the present superintendent of the Naval Academy, has just joined with Secretary Moody in the periodic announcement that "hazing is abolished," or is about to be abolished, or some other such twaddle. Hazing will probably never be entirely abolished there, as long as boys are boys. It may be latent for a while, as it has been for short times now and then in the Academy's history. Of course, hazing of the cruel, injurious kind should never be tolerated, and, as a matter of fact, the brutal hazing has long since been eliminated by the sentiment of the midshipmen themselves. In its present mild forms, "running," as it is called, teaches a man self-control, respect for seniors, habits of command, and other necessities of discipline, besides undoubtedly developing pluck and pertinacity and endurance. A man who cannot endure the "running" at Annapolis has not in him the making of a naval officer. Most significant of all is the fact that the "plebes" as a whole do not themselves want the practice abolished. The hue and the cry against it come wholly from the fond mammas and papas, who are appealed to by a few homesick weaklings, and they arouse the uninformed public, which is not aware of the fact that the man who is "plebe's" worst "runner" during his plebehood is generally his best friend thereafter. There is rarely any malice in it, the practice being nearly always comical. One of the greatest hardships imposed upon the "plebe" is the denial to him of the right to laugh during the "running," as most of them are aching to do. Men educated to fight both moral and physical battles in after life gain nothing by being cuddled.

Back From the Orient

When the Navy transport *Solace* came in last week from a round trip to our island possessions she brought with her a goodly number of officers, young and old, re-



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turning from long periods of service abroad, who are particularly well known, both in and out of the Navy. I may mention Lieutenant-Commander Otway C. Berryman, of the Marines, whose career in the corps has been decidedly distinguished; Lieutenant-Commander "Jake" Luby, than whom no officer, in his younger days, has ever had more success in controlling the lively apprentice boys of the Navy, and Lieutenant G. H. Mather, of the Marines. Mather is the son of the actress, Margaret Mather, and entered Annapolis some years ago, but failed to graduate. At the outbreak of the Spanish war he volunteered and was made an ensign in the Navy. At the close of the war he was relegated again to civil life, but soon secured a Lieutenant's commission in the Marines. "Jake" Luby's popular wife arrived at the Occidental hotel some days before the *Solace* came in, and was the first to greet her long-absent husband.

Result of Favoritism

A brief announcement was made recently of the death in Manila of Colonel Richard I. Eskridge, U. S. A. It was casually stated that he had been brevetted captain for gallantry in action against hostile Indians at the Infernal Caverns, Arizona, in the early seventies. That appeared to be all that was remembered of him. Yet Colonel Eskridge was known throughout the army as a gallant soldier, a man who had won distinction, and who should have been among its highest officers, but who, because he had no pull in Washington and was content to devote himself to his duties, never turning aside for a moment to seek the pleasant places, was permitted to go on the retired list as a colonel. His case is worthy of more than passing notice in these days of gross favoritism and theatrical management in army affairs. He was a graduate of that stern school of war, the Rebellion. Each rank from second lieutenant to colonel came to him by seniority, and during the more than forty years of his service he never had a day's staff duty. He always preferred to be with the troops. At Santiago, as Major of the Tenth, he was terribly wounded while doing service as battalion commandant, and for months he was carted from hospital to hospital in the effort to save his life. Finally, after his recovery, he was assigned to command one of the new regiments, and about thirty officers immediately asked to be transferred to it merely because it was commanded by gallant Dick Eskridge. But his command was short-lived. Retirement came, and he went on the list as a Colonel, while a young doctor with absolutely no military training is wearing twin stars.

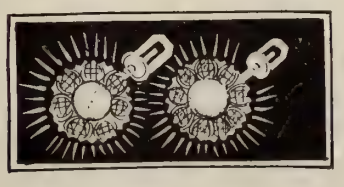
I hear that the engagement of Miss Mary Harrington's sister will soon be announced. The latter is said to be only waiting for Mary's marriage with Lieutenant-Commander Niblache to send out the tell-tale notes. Her fiance, so say the wise ones, is in the Navy, and his crush has been noticeable for some time past. The Harrington girls' penchant for the Navy is natural, as they were brought up in that branch of the service.

Rebukes to Courts-Martial

The serenity of the Navy has been rudely disturbed, within a few days, by two scathing rebukes to courts-martial, in rapid succession, by high reviewing authorities —no lesser persons than Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans and Secretary of the Navy, William H. Moody. They sorely reflected upon the omniscience and jurisprudence of the courts, the former in the case of Paymaster Nicholson, who was found guilty of drunkenness and of attacking an elderly civilian, who happened to be a German Consul, and the latter in the case of Ensign Ward K. Wortman, who was charged with the responsibility for the fatal explosion in one of the turrets of the *Massachusetts*, by which nine men were killed. Evans berated the members of the court so roundly for the trivial sentence they imposed upon Nicholson that I cannot understand how they refrained from tendering their resignations, or taking some other vigorous step in remonstrance. As for the Wortman case, it looks very much as though Moody were making himself ridiculous by his inexpert meddling in matters so deeply technical that no civilian, unfamiliar with the complexities of modern naval ordnance, could possibly master them. Wortman's case was essentially technical, it was passed upon by experts, and there was no question of morals about it, as in the case of Nicholson.

Miss Isabel Kenna, of Oakland, who last week became the bride of young Mr. Burrell, is not only the niece of Father Kenna of Santa Clara College but also the cousin of Frank Sullivan.

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Benjamin Ide on the Philippines

President Wheeler did not distinguish himself at the recent meeting of the Unitarian Club, when the topic of discussion was "The Philippines." It was Professor Bernard Moses's night to shine. He was the guest of honor and made an interesting and instructive address on our over-sea possessions. Wheeler imagines himself a great extemporaneous speaker and he is seldom prepared. His remarks were scattering in the extreme. They rarely hit the subject under discussion. He seemed to be conscious of this himself for he apologized for their random character. When Wheeler had finished one club member remarked jokingly to another in the hearing of a large crowd, "Well, which did you prefer, Moses on the Philippines or Wheeler on the Philippines?" To which the other replied, "I heard but one address on the Philippines."

Her Letter

(Which was written but never posted.)

By Bessie L. Russell.

Dear John:—I have been thinking of it for some time, but not until now have I dared to write. I hope that you will forgive me, John, and will read what I have to say for myself. I hope that you will read it if only for the sake of what I once was, but what I can never be again.

It does seem strange to be writing to you in this pleading fashion, I who never pleaded for anything. It seems so unnecessary, too, in view of all that we used to be to each other, John; yet I realize full well that it is necessary, that I have forfeited all right to your love. I feel it deeply, too, for when I did that reckless thing and left you, John, I had no idea what I was running from. I hadn't, indeed. Had I only known your true worth in those old days, all would have been different, John. But I didn't. I was so young, so giddy, so vain. I loved the admiration of men. I was hungry for their flattery. You were too plain for me then. I was so tired of that smooth black suit you always wore, and your dark hair, which was always too smooth and oily, and our plain country home, so devoid of excitement and life. In short, John, I longed for one deep breath of wild exhilaration. Then I met Markham. You remember Markham, that yellow-haired college fellow who boarded with us that summer? He was so interesting. He told me such tales of the city, where he said in the very nature of things I belonged. And John, when he made such desperate entreaties, I did fly with him, as you know. I did, John, but *not for love*. That was my sin, that I did not love him—no, not for a single moment. I yielded only because I was flattered by his attentions, and because of a romantic idea that it would be grand to live the gay life in the city, to leave behind the captious cares of farm life. But, John, dear, the picture was over-painted. It was not real happiness; it was only veneer. I hate it now, and I hated it then, so soon as I found out the deception of it all. But I could not turn back. That is the pity of it, John. With us women we risk all in a single move. My God, we lose all! How often have I thought of you, in the weeks and months and years that have elapsed since I saw you. How often have I wondered if you loved me still, or if your love had turned to hate. Five years ago—it does not seem so long—five years ago this night, you took me in your arms and called me your Adelina. Adele, you said, was not so sweet a name, and then you told me of a woman who was as good as she was beautiful and *her* name was Adelina. Ah, John, John, how could I have treated you so? How could I? Only once since then have I seen your face. You were in the city and you passed directly by me, John. I could have touched your sleeve in passing—that same old-fashioned black sleeve—but I dared not. You were alone, too. I was glad of that. I hope that you are still alone. I could not bear to think of—of any one's taking my place, John. Maybe someone has. I hope not. Somehow, I feel that I will be spared that. John, I don't care how smooth your suit has grown; it's not the clothes but the man that counts. I don't care how free from the barber's touch that dark hair seems. It's the head beneath the hair! And oh, John, above and beyond all, it's the heart beneath the manner. They are all well groomed, these city men, and their manners are as polished as their clothes, but their hearts are like chunks of ice. I have felt the chill of them, I can tell you, and I want no more of them. John, I want you. I want you now. It was only a woman's freak, that running away from you. This is what I have so longed to tell you, but what I have never dared to until now. This is what I want you to know. You have a right to know it. And now that I have told you all, I'll stop, John. I'll stop for fear I weary you, and I wouldn't weary you for worlds. I mean it, dear; I mean it sincerely. I mean all, too, that I have written. Write me that you believe that I do, John? *Adele.*

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Lady Betty

By John Roberts.

Lady Betty possessed that rare, divine gift of silent sympathy. Perhaps that was why young Paddington went to see her so often; perhaps there were other reasons.

He stirred his foot with marked uneasiness and looked moodily ahead. Instinct told her that he had forgotten the sweets, but she made no sign, only drew a trifle closer.

"Betty," he exclaimed, suddenly wheeling around, "Betty, it's the end of the rope, and we've been going down hill lately as fast as the devil can drive. A pretty tandem, eh, Betty? Now, look here," he pursued, earnestly, "there is only one thing to do—pull up and go slow." Evidently this conclusion had been deduced from a severe premise. "It may ruin, old girl—but it's one more chance, and then, lose or win, we throw up the game. We have been going a swift pace, this six months, the devil's own gait; but, so help me, this is the turn, and with you for a pal, we'll pull through somehow."

For answer she put her head on his shoulder, and her soft eyes gazed dreamily into his.

Paddington took out a note-book and began hastily adding up a column of wild numerals. He swore a little, and rubbed out a good deal, and all the while Lady Betty stood patiently by, watching. Her sire was noted for his prowess, and she had the pride of blue-blooded ancestry in her veins, but for all that, the mathematical side of her bringing up lacked finish. Finally her visitor slapped the note-book to, and thrust it into a back pocket.

"Betty," he said tenderly, the frown disappearing from his brow, "Betty"—he lingered over the name, smoothing out her floss-like hair—"you're the best friend a chap ever had; better than the men who drink the wine I pour out, better than the women who smile when a fellow's able to pour it. Do you know, girlie, I'm tired of it all; tired of trying to be a gentleman; tired of going to the devil! It's the mater's letter that did it, and it came like a whiff of honeysuckle. Dear, simple old mother! She wants us to come home for a spell; she wrote all about the crops, and the cow finished calving, just as though the old farm hadn't slipped out of the minds of you and me. That's what hurt, Betty! God keep her from the sight of her boy now, a wreck—a broken-down sport—and—perhaps, worse!" He buried his head in Betty's neck, and she felt something warm and damp. "Betty," he continued brokenly, "do you remember the stars over the paddock—and the warm, still nights, and—oh, those roses! the smell of those roses! And—and—Phillis!"

She moved her head and sniffed sympathetically, as though filled with the vision of Phillis.

"Well, I won't blubber any more; but it's do or die this time, and so help me God, it's the last!"

He pulled himself together with a jerk, and looked at her Ladyship critically.

"Hang it, old girl," he cried excitedly, "you're a thoroughbred, no mistake! And the prettiest legs in the country belong to you!"

She turned her head away, perhaps in confusion at this indelicate allusion to her perfections, but her heedless admirer went on: "My beauty, we'll show the rest of them a step or two!" He threw up his hat ecstatically: "Hurrah for Lady Betty!"

The object of his enthusiasm gazed at young Paddington thoughtfully—and wondered.

A yellow drag swept in at the gate and drew up with a flourish. A girl on the back seat waved a striped sunshade to a languid individual in a tan ulster. The individual fixed a glass to the satisfaction of the left optic, and advanced.

* * * * * * * *

"Well?" he interpolated.

"Where is Mr. Paddington?" inquired the girl, bending down so that no one could hear her.

"Dick Paddington?" he drawled, "why, with Lady Betty, of course."

She threw back her head resentfully, and became intensely interested in the adjustment of her field-glass.

"Is your Langtry going to run?" she asked after a long pause.

"Yes," answered the tan ulster, settling itself on the drag's hub, "third race, side issue, small thing, four to one."

The girl looked conscious, got red, poked her parasol, and then asked hesitatingly: "Is Mr. Paddington's horse down for today?" Her cheeks deepened in color. "If it does run," she hazarded boldly, "will you please put this up for me?" She added this shyly, her rose tint a glorious carmine at the request.

The individual reached up for the gold piece, and held it meditatively in the palm of his hand.

"I wouldn't," he said slowly, after long consideration; "she's bound to lose. Larkspur is the pick of that bunch. The filly's had her day."

The sunshade came down emphatically.

"Please," she said haughtily, "please put it on Mr. Paddington's horse."

The bell rang. The track seemed to empty itself in a black ribbon that curled around the fence. After a while the noise died down, and the interest began to gather for the second race.

"Larkspur!" some one whispered to a companion. A bystander looked unconscious, but took the tip and put his money on the same.

"In the mile handicap Larkspur's sure to win, no fluke this time," confided the friend. A young man leaning on the fence smiled cynically, as though he had other views. Bender, a heavy plunger of the turf, swaggered up. His eyes were fixed on Craps, his jockey. He looked mysteriously at the rider of Larkspur, as though to convey a secret warning. The jockey gave the horse a cut as the line drew in form. The animal reared and looked ugly. Tompkins on the filly came quietly in place. The brown filly put her ears back and snorted impatiently. The bell sounded a second time and the line broke. The filly was third choice in the race, and Tompkins got her well away. He let her go with the leaders around the first turn, and when once straightened out, up the back stretch, turning her head to the last place in an eighth of a mile. So quickly did the filly apparently drop out, that a great many thought she must have been cut down.

While Tompkins was taking wraps on the filly, Craps was hustling Larkspur, the favorite. Everything in the field was racing as hard as straining sinews knew how. The grand stand went mad as the runners swept round the other side of the course. At the head of the home stretch Tompkins cut the filly loose. She had plenty of vim left, and made up the distance to the leaders at every stride. At the paddock Craps, who had been taking things easy on Larkspur, got a bit frightened, and went to the bat. That settled it. Larkspur faltered as they flashed by the finishing post, the filly thrust her long smooth neck out in front. Surprise held the black ribbon, and then tore it into a hundred threads, amid wild cheers. The grand stand poured out into the aisles, and then out into the open. The band started up, and the breath of violets on some woman's gown came pleasantly on the breeze.

Craps led the defeated Larkspur sullenly. Tompkins grinned in triumph as he led the drooping filly.

The young man who had been leaning on the rail turned a white face to the pair.

"Tompkins," he said hoarsely, "I'll take her in."

He caught the bridle and put his hand on the steaming flanks. The filly whinnied joyfully and rubbed her soft nose on his sleeve, her dark eyes luminous. Thus the girl on the drag saw them turn in at the stables. The individual looked almost animated as he sauntered up and handed her a neat little roll of bills. She sighed and turned them over absently.

"Lady Betty," said young Paddington, as he laid the blanket over the steaming flanks, "Lady Betty, old girl, it's the home run now, for this was our last race!"



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THE STAGE

The Elizabethan Drama

Some people may like their Shakespeare unadorned but after seeing a performance of "Twelfth Night" by the company representing the Elizabethan Society of London I am constrained to express a preference for the up-to-date style of production with all the embellishments and accessories that serve to lighten the tax on the imagination. All that can be said in favor of playing Shakespeare as Shakespeare played himself is that it insures against stage waits and quickens the action, but at the same time you get more of the bard for your money than you really care to have. The Elizabethan Society is doing good work in vindicating modern stage management and extenuating the emendation of Shakespearean plays. If you are a student of the immortal William, and admire his plays principally for the literature that is in them, you will appreciate the Elizabethan style of production, but if you go to the theatre to be entertained, and to have your interest aroused by stagecraft as well as by story, you will prefer the judicious cutting and slashing of the skillful modern stage manager. Ben Greet and his associate players give a very satisfactory performance of "Twelfth Night." It is satisfactory because it is instructive. It gives you an adequate idea of the limitations of stagecraft in the days of Shakespeare. You appreciate the handicap under which thespians labored in that remote period. Unfortunately the members of the company are not seen at their best in the play. Constance Crawley's Viola is an agreeable impersonation, but she fails to grasp the subtleties of the character. The Olivia of Alys Rees was very stagey, and Robert Smiley was an ideal Sir Tobey only in appearance. His gruff speech was too gruff to be understood. He did most of his talking into his ruff and his articulation sounded like an echo in a barrel. Ben Greet is a most remarkable Malvolio I have ever seen. He is grave and saturnine at all times, and he never invests the role with that effervescence which some actors affect, and which distracts from its solemnity. He plays the role as though Shakespeare intended Malvolio to be a senile old gentleman. There is nothing of the exuberant coxcomb about Greet. His characterization may be Elizabethan, but it is contrary to all the traditions of the stage. And by the way, I am inclined to doubt that the production is strictly Elizabethan. If it is much that we have read about the stage in the Elizabethan period is all wrong. I suspect that Mr. Greet has been having a little fun at our expense. If he had stuck to "Everyman" we might not have had our eyes opened. The most strictly Elizabethan features of the production were the "beef-eaters," who stood in uniform at each side of the stage. They were from Paul Gerson's school of acting, and reflected much credit on Mr. Gerson. They stood well for three solid hours. Mr. Gerson knows how to put muscle into the legs of his pupils, but he gives them a severe test. Robert Forster is an ideal Sir Andrew and Olive Currie does excellent work as Antonio. Dallas Anderson works very hard as the clown.

Another Carmen

The latest Carmen in town is Cleo Marchesini of the Tivoli's Italian opera company, a robust little woman with a rich contralto, and a very fine set of teeth which are never under cover. The signorina has a good conception of the role but her dramatic execution is not always faultless. Her histrionic art is somewhat crude in those scenes in which she exercises the blandishments of the wanton. As a flirt she lacks finesse and grace, but she has considerable dramatic force, and she and Emanuele Ischierdo, the Don Jose of the cast, invest the powerful last act with tremendous tragic interest. Her singing of the role is far more artistic than that of the much advertised Collamarini, for she is fairly well versed in the vocal art, and though her registers are not blended, her singing is at all times pleasing. In the lower register her voice is that of the so-called female baritone of the vaudeville stage, and in the upper it has the rich contralto quality. Ischierdo is a capital Don Jose. He plays the part with much fervor and intensity, and his singing is at all times dramatic. Zanini is a capable Escamillo, and his action in the toreador song is most eloquent. Adelina Tromben is a sterotyped Michaela. She sings sweetly but she affects that stiffness which most women who have essayed the role seem to consider necessary to betoken the simplicity of Don Jose's sister. One word more: the ensembles are sung better than they have been for many a day at the Tivoli.

Gregoretti's Triumph

Never has the Tivoli given a better performance of "The Barber of Seville" than that of Monday evening. The Figaro of the cast was Gregoretti and a more waggish or laughable barber it would be hard to find. His comedy never for an instant dropped into buffoonery and never once interfered with his vocalism. His solos were given with a sparkling vivacity that was irresistible and throughout the entire opera his spirited and brilliant acting enthused the singers as well as his audience. Adelina Tromben as Rosina was quite a graceful figure in her black and gold Spanish dress, and she sang the arpeggios and trills of Rossini charmingly. In the lesson scene she gave a waltz song by Guagni-Benvenuti called a "Lesson in Trilling" and for an encore gave a "Theme and Variation" by Proch. Tedeschi as Almaviva sang with considerable brilliancy. Cortesi as Dr. Bartolo was amusing and Travaglini as Don Basilio was deliciously droll.



JAMES DURKIN

Mr. Durkin will be the leading man of the new Alcazar stock company, which opens October twelfth, when he will make his local debut as Donald Heron in Pinero's "Lady Bountiful." This is the part created in London by Forbes Robertson. Mr. Durkin is a native of Quebec, Canada, where his father was Commissioner of Crown Lands. He is a college bred man and an actor of great experience, having a repertoire of some two hundred leading roles, including D'Artagnan, Orlando, Ingomar, Mephisto, Romeo, and such widely divergent parts as Billings in "Too Much Johnson," Joe Saunders in "My Partner," Senator Rutherford in "The Wife," Prince Dimetri in "Resurrection," and the title role in "The Middleman."

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Ford-Compressed Weyman

"A Gentleman of France" is such a rattling good novel that you would sit up all night to get at its finish. "A Gentleman of France" transformed into a play is a hopeless puzzle, a melange of shouts, sword-play and lords and ladies. Few dramatic novels are worth the time spent upon them by the adaptor. "The Prisoner of Zenda" was an exception. We haven't seen "Ben Hur" yet to judge. Far better would it be to stick to the old "Three Guardsmen" than to attempt to force the market with weak versions of Weyman's strong romantic novels. But there is one scene in "A Gentleman of France" that would be wonderfully effective if the woman element were eliminated. This is at the end of the second act where De Marsac does an Horatius stunt, holding a stairway against six or eight men, and by the might of his sword sending them to kingdom come. It is a thrilling moment, but the thrill has a ridiculous climax. Mademoiselle de la Vire springs to her lover's aid and punctures one of the assailants, and plants her foot on his chest David-*vs.*-Goliath fashion, to receive the plaudits of the gallery. However weak the play, the Grand has been filled all the week, for the Neills are great favorites here. James Neill himself acts the hero, and he does all that can be done with poor Ford-diluted De Marsac. Miss Chapman brings Mademoiselle de la Vire up-to-date and wears some beautiful costumes. Simon Fliex is very well acted by John W. Burton, and Fanchette, by Lillian Andrews, is brightly drawn. Neill has a new beauty in his company this season, Ruth Hickstein, who plays the Countess de Grammont.



ISADORE RUSH

Miss Rush is the Lady Holyrood of the "Florodora" company which is to open at the Columbia Monday night. She is the wife of Roland Reed, the comedian. She is one of the best dressed women in the profession. She is to have the leading role in "The Medal and the Maid" when the piece is produced in New York early next year.

Neill's Managerial Eye

Gertrude Keller is still with James Neill's company. Mr. Neill discovered her in Los Angeles over two years ago. He was present at a recital given by a dramatic school and Miss Keller was one of the pupils who took part. She is a modest young woman, and had no expectation of being chosen for Mr. Neill's company, but she was. Out of a number of more beautiful and showy dramatic aspirants, Mr. Neill's eye sought the modest violet. He believed she had talent, and engaged her, and she has been a member of his company ever since. Mr. Neill, by the way, seldom makes mistakes about the choice of recruits for his organization, but once he did. It was in the East, and he thought the girl had ability. He engaged her, a stunning looking creature who had been, I believe, a society girl. But she showed little aptitude for her work, though she was gifted with an overweening conceit and self-confidence that made her *persona non grata* to the company, and carried her through her stunts fairly well. One time they were playing a three-act farce in an Eastern city, and the ex-society girl rebelled because hers was a thinking part.

"I think you might give me a line or two in the banquet scene," she said.

"Very well," answered Mr. Neill, remembering all the trouble the belligerent actress had caused him, "you may say just as the company arises from the table, 'I am a ham.'"

"Shall I bring a ham?" she questioned.

"No," returned Mr. Neill, "that speech shall be a confession, not an address."

The New Alcazar Stock

Adele Block, the new leading lady, is a very stunning looking woman of considerable stage experience. She was the original Iras, the Egyptian girl in "Ben Hur," and leading lady for E. H. Sothern and Henrietta Crossman. Frances Starr was for three years ingenue at the Murray Hill in New York, and John B. Maher, for the past five years comedian of the famous Pike stock company of Cincinnati. Juliet Crosby, Harry Hilliard, George Osbourne, Marie Howe, Adele Belgarde, Eleanor Gordon and Walter Belasco will also be of the company. Fred Butler will be stage director as heretofore and Harry Spear stage manager. An endeavor will be made to surpass all previous efforts in the staging of "Lady Bountiful," and the church wedding scene, with



EDYTHE CHAPMAN

Miss Chapman is the popular leading actress of the James Neill company, and a great favorite with San Francisco playgoers. She will have a splendid opportunity as Cigarette, the French vivandiere in "Under Two Flags," which will be the program at the Grand Opera House the week beginning tomorrow matinee. She has been highly eulogized for her performance of this character.

its surprises and its hits, will be wonderfully realistic. The sale of seats for this event begins next Monday morning.

Stockwell's Latest Triumph

L. R. Stockwell, the breeziest of legitimate comedians, is once more entertaining San Francisco theatregoers. Stockwell has experienced more vicissitudes than fall to the lot of the average man even in the theatrical profession, and he has encountered most of his hard luck right here in San Francisco, but he would rather be playing here than in Broadway. That astute manager, Billy Brady, thinks so much of Stockwell that he stands ready to back him as a star any day, but the little comedian cannot find a play that he thinks worth while. Just now he is at the Central in a play that seems peculiarly suitable to his temperament, "A Temperance Town," but it has been worn threadbare on the road. However it is new to patrons of the Central, and it still affords much amusement to many people who still think that Charley Hoyt has never been surpassed by any farce comedy writer. Mink, in "A Temperance Town," is one of the characters that fits Stockwell like a glove. If it had been written for him it could not have been a more congenial role. Stockwell has been getting a tremendous reception night after night. And by the way he is getting capital support from the Central stock notwithstanding the violent transition from melodrama to comedy. Not only do the leading members, Mr. Mayall and Miss Lawton, do excellent work in the roles assigned to them, but even some of the lesser lights manage to illumine scenes in which they appear. Elmer Booth does some felicitous work as the son of the inebriate, and Henry Shumer is also effectively cast.



MR. RAYMOND W. PECK

Mr. Peck is a writer of successful musical comedies who has just come to town from Chicago to assist in staging some new pieces at Fischer's theatre. The first, "The Paraders," will be seen for the first time next Monday night, and will be followed by "Rubes and Roses" and "Tom Tom." These burlesques are unlike the Weber-Field burlesques, but are said to be full of ginger and abound in catchy music. Mr. Peck is a Yale graduate

Anna Lichter and her husband, William Schuster, are back in town waiting for the Tivoli's comic opera season to open. Both have been singing in musical comedy in the East, but they are tired of touring with road companies, and would much prefer a permanent engagement at the Tivoli. Another old-time Tivoli singer, Belle Thorne, has returned to town. She came direct from Europe to visit relatives here. She says she has an offer to sing in Germany.

Tyndall to Tell Us of "The Elixir of Life"

Now that Dr. McIvor-Tyndall, the wizard of the mind, has promised to tell us the secret of his defiance of all the laws of nature, it is to be expected that Steinway hall will not be large enough to accommodate those who will attend the lecture tomorrow evening. Tyndall has chosen for his subject "The Elixir of Life," and if the lecture fulfills the promise of the title, we may at least expect to learn the secret whereby the famous student of the unknown has defied time, and become so youthful in appearance as to be mistaken for his own son, by those who saw him when here some twelve years ago. Even the most conservative of materialistic scientists are beginning to hint at the discovery of the secret of perpetual youth, and so it is not at all unlikely that Tyndall, the most advanced of the students of metaphysics, may have found the long looked for law governing physical rejuvenation and decay. The lecture is causing a sensation at any rate, and it is more than likely that standing room will be at a premium. There was a splendid audience last Sunday night, to hear what Dr. McIvor-Tyndall had to say on "Clairvoyance." The lecture proved to be an excellent exposition of the phenomena of clairvoyance from the standpoint of the latest postulates of materialistic science, illustrated by some wonderful demonstrations of the faculty. Sunday evening, October eleventh, Tyndall will repeat part of his lecture on "The Thought that Kills," treating of the scientific cause of decay and death. There will also be psychic demonstrations.



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Features of Next Week's Bills

When Blanche Bates appeared here in "Under Two Flags" it was Cigarette who monopolized all the interest. When the Neill company presents the play at the Grand, beginning tomorrow matinee, Bertie Cecil will be as much of a personage as the vivandiere. James Neill will have the role of the dashing guardsman and Miss Chapman will be Cigarette. The Grand management wish distinctly to impress upon the public that the regular matinees take place Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. The Bothwell Browne juvenile company of one hundred and fifty will appear the week beginning Sunday matinee, October eleventh, in the burlesque extravaganza, "Cleopatra."

Arthur Cunningham, the operatic baritone, will make his vaudeville debut at the Orpheum, in numbers calculated to display his magnificent voice to the best advantage. As he is a tremendous San Francisco favorite he is sure to be accorded a warm welcome. The Clayton White and Marie Stuart company, great favorites in this city, will reappear at the Orpheum, in "Paris." The Golden Gate Quartet, assisted by Fanny Winfred, are capital singers and make changes of costume during their turn. The celebrated Pantzer Trio, assisted by Mrs. Carl Pantzer, return after three years of success in England and on the continent, in "A Gymnast's Parlor Amusement."

The sixth week of the Tivoli grand opera season will have "La Boheme" and "Otello" as the bills. Agostini, Dado, Zanini, La Spada and Tromben will have the principal roles in the former, and Ischierdo, Gregoretti, Tedeschi, Benedetto and Miss Barker in the latter.

At the Chutes will be Fischer and Wacker, comic Tyrolean singers, direct from the principal music halls of Germany and London; Larkins and Patterson, colored performers, in new songs and small talk; Louie Dacre, "the funny lady," and Excella, the pretty contortionist. Pongo, the ferocious baboon in the Zoo, shares attention with the babies in the life-saving incubators.

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Sunday Evening, Oct. 11th
TYNDALL ON "THE THOUGHT THAT KILLS"

"Florodora," the Columbia's new bill, has twice visited us and judging by the large advance sale of seats, is as much a favorite as ever. In the list of one hundred people coming this time are Isadore Rush, R. E. Graham, Philip H. Ryley, Thos. A. Kiernan and others as well known. Miss Rush is one of the best-dressed actresses on the American stage. Mr. Graham was the original Cyrus Gilfain and Philip H. Ryley has played Tweedlepunch for the past three years. The chorus has seventy members.

Florence Roberts will have but one more week at the Alcazar. "Zaza" being retained for her farewell, including the Thursday and Saturday matinees.

Fischer's will have a distinct novelty Monday night in "The Paraders," a musical comedy that had a long and prosperous Chicago run. The piece is said to be brilliant with wit, and full of exceptional music, songs and specialties, all absolutely new to San Francisco. There are two great acts, one at Coronado Beach and the other on the battleship *Oregon*. The scenes are said to be marvels of the scenic artist's brush. The costumes entailed an outlay of over six thousand dollars and the management say that this is not exaggerated a whit. Particular attention has been paid to the novel stage effects, which promise to be a big surprise. Seats will have to be secured early for the first week.

The second week of L. R. Stockwell's starring season at the Central will be given up to that favorite farce, "My Friend from India," with Stockwell as A. Keene Shaver, the barber who gets mixed in identity. The support will embrace Mayall, Shumer, Emery, Howell, Booth, Nicholls and Whipple, Misses Lawton, Kane, Vane, Howe and Woodthorpe. The superlative character of the attraction is sufficient to assure another week of packed houses at the Central.

The Genius of Boucicault

The fertility of Clyde Fitch has occasioned much surprise because at the age of thirty-eight he has written twenty plays and twelve adaptations. Dion Boucicault wrote more than four hundred and every one was acted. To Boucicault the modern stage is more indebted than to any other single individual. Boucicault was the first man to "box a scene"—that is to say, he was the first to show a room with walls and doors instead of presenting palace, hovel, and woodland alike by flat stretches of canvas pushed partly on the stage in grooves. It was he who made "Treading the boards" a cant phrase. Until he came players trod the bare boards in sober truth, no matter what the scene, for Boucicault was the first man to lay a carpet on the stage. Moving scenery was first introduced by him. Gauze waters were unknown before "The Colleen Bawn," and countless other stage contrivances were the fruit of his tireless invention. As an innovator, he is also entitled to reverence from two classes of playgoers connected with the theatre if not linked to any great extent with dramatic art—the matinee girl and the "matinee idols," for Boucicault gave the first matinees—then in reality moving performances—that were presented in America. Yet in his later years it was not upon his achievements as author, actor, or craftsman that he dwelt most fondly. In the intimacy of his home he acknowledged to more pride in the facts that he had helped to lay the foundation of Joseph Jefferson's fortunes, that he had introduced Henry Irving to London, and that he had broken lances in behalf of Ireland with England's ablest Conservative and had not been worsted. For years, while he was turning out play after play, he was embroiled in a political controversy with the late Lord Beaconsfield on the rights and liberties of the Irish people, and today the Irish people are testifying their ingratitude by hissing his plays.

Bornemann Still Lives

Often have I wondered what had become of Fred Bornemann, the basso who played Mephisto in "Satanella," at the Tivoli, in the early days of that opera house. The other day my curiosity was satisfied. In a New York paper I read that the veteran opera singer, who is now sixty-nine years of age, is suing his wife for divorce in that city. His wife is only thirty-two years old. Shortly after their marriage in 1896 they went into the business of selling supplies for cooks and waiters. Bornemann was at one time stage manager of the McCaull Opera Company.

—*The Playgoer.*

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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

Augusta Cottlow

Miss Cottlow is the pianiste who created such a furor in this city as a child wonder some years ago, when she astonished our music lovers by playing a Chopin concerto with the Bauer symphony orchestra. She will appear at the three concerts with which Manager Greenbaum will inaugurate the musical season at his charming new hall, "The Lyric." Since her appearances here Miss Cottlow has met with great success in the leading cities of America and Europe, and particularly in Berlin, where she had the distinction of being engaged three times in one season as a soloist with the Berlin Philharmonic Society, with which organization she subsequently toured Holland. Miss Cottlow has not only achieved success as a soloist, but also as an ensemble player. The arrival here of a talented young German violinist, Mr. Natorp Blumenfeld, gave Manager Greenbaum an opportunity to arrange some fine ensemble features which will be added to the originally proposed recitals and with the assistance of Arthur Weiss, the well known cellist, Rubinstein's brilliant B flat major trio will receive a magnificent rendition. Mr. Blumenfeld will also contribute a number of important violin soli, and at the matinee concert, by special request, Miss Cottlow and Mr. Blumenfeld will play Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata. On Friday night, October sixteenth, a concert will be given at the Unitarian church, Oakland, and the concerts in this city will be given on Tuesday and Thursday nights, October thirteenth and fifteenth, and Saturday matinee the seventeenth. The box office will open Wednesday morning, October seventh, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programs may be obtained.

Fine Church Music

The congregation of Emanu-El synagogue has enjoyed some remarkably fine music during the celebration of its festival. On New Year's day, last week, the music was equal to any given in the New York synagogues. Wallace A. Sabin was at the organ and played in masterly and artistic style. Louis von der Medden Jr. rendered a 'cello solo during the "silent devotion," with organ and orchestral accompaniment, that was a beautiful thing. It was composed by Cantor Stark, who composed or arranged all the music given during the various festival exercises. On this occasion the choir consisted of twenty professional singers, assisted by an orchestra of twelve instruments. The ensemble work was a marvel of precision and harmony, the chorals giving evidence of careful drill and practice. The Shofar service was very impressive, particularly the trombone calls, this instrument being substituted for the ramshorn of the ancient Hebrews. Homer Henley's big bass came out strongly in this part of the service. Miss Helen Kelly, the contralto, gave an effective solo, but Mr. Vinson, the tenor, did not prove so satisfactory. He has a voice of rather limited volume, though he manages it well. But really valuable church tenors are as rare as black pearls. In the closing hymn, Miss Daisy Cohn, soprano of the regular choir, did some wonderfully good work. Her bell-like tones, so free from the tremolo that mars many otherwise fine voices, came out clearly and sweetly. Her tone shading and modulation were admirable. The Cantor's individual work in the service was arduous, but his voice showed no signs of fatigue at the close. His work included the reading and chanting of English and Hebrew prayers, and the rendition of a solo before the sermon. The last was his own composition, based upon an ancient Jewish melody, abounding in quaint trills and full of color. On Wednesday evening the feast of the Day of Atonement was celebrated, and was continued on Thursday all day, special music being a feature. It was of a most elaborate character, particularly at the memorial service Thursday afternoon.

Last Symphony Concert Next Tuesday

Dr. H. J. Stewart's "Montezuma" suite will be an interesting feature of the final symphony concert next Tuesday afternoon. The music was heard at the last midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club and created a profound impression, which should be deepened by its rendition by Scheel's orchestra. Dr. Stewart has composed much fine music, notably an oratorio and three comic operas, beside some charming songs. The symphony to be rendered next Tuesday will be Schubert's in C major, and Beethoven's "Leonora" overture (No. 3) will be the opening number. Liszt's second Hungarian rhapsody will also be given.

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The Roeckel Twins

Last Tuesday evening the talented Roeckel twins celebrated their eleventh birthday by giving an operatic recital. It was given in costume, which added very much to the effect produced by these remarkable little ones, who can render operatic arias in French, Italian and English, acting the scenes so intelligently. Mario sang the serenata from "Trovatore," the tenor recitative and arioso and prologue from "Pagliacci," and other numbers, without a break, and Maria gave numbers from "Cavalleria," "Linda" and "Faust." The crown of her rendition was the spinning and jewel scene from "Faust," that long and exacting selection, which is a memory tax aside from its musical difficulties. She was a prima donna in miniature, in her pretty costume, her own blonde hair in the long braids of Marguerite. The latter part of the program was given up to lighter selections, English, Scotch and Irish songs. Among those interested in the recital of the twins were Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Mrs. Austin Sperry, Dr. Giulio Rottanzi, Judge Seawell, Mrs. M. J. Lemman, Sylvain Weill, Madame Sorbier, Mrs. Shannon and Madame E. G. Lyons.

Miss Maud Goodwin, daughter of H. D. Helmcken, K. C., M. P. P., of Victoria, B. C., will make her first appearance before a San Francisco audience at a song recital to be given by her teacher, Edward Xavier Rolker, next Thursday evening. Her voice is a lyric soprano, and she is gifted as well with a rare histrionic talent. She is now preparing herself for an operatic career, and goes East in October to complete her plans for that purpose. For nearly three years she was under the tuition of Miss Withrow, in London, but before that time, and since her return last fall, she has received her vocal instruction from her present teacher. Miss Goodwin's repertoire from classical and modern composers is very comprehensive; among its selections are Marguerite in "Faust"; Elsa in "Lohengrin"; Elizabeth in "Tannhauser," and Aida. Miss Goodwin's numbers in this concert will consist chiefly of modern English, French and German selections. She will be heard also in the Rigoletto quartet, a duet from "Lakme" and other pieces. Those who assist at this concert are Miss Mignon Judson, a rare contralto; Miss Gertrude Wheeler, and Mr. Joseph Rosborough. It is a complimentary affair, admission being by invitation only.

Music at Stanford

At Stanford Memorial church last Sunday the sermons were supplemented by some exceedingly fine music. Master Warner Sherwood, a fourteen-year-old boy soprano, sang Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" at the morning service, and in the afternoon, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," and Marston's "God and Father While I Stray." His sweet, symphethetic voice filled the great church. Mr. Scott Brook's organ selections were also greatly appreciated by the congregation which gathered from not only the University but from all the country thereabouts, including Menlo Park, San Jose, and even from San Francisco.

When Adelina Was Young

Adelina Patti was always very outspoken, and strong in her own opinion. When she was a little girl she was once taken to a performance where a new prima donna had won a success to which the little singer thought she was not entitled. Adelina remarked, at the end of a trill that had won enthusiastic applause, "I think you did that very badly, indeed. You should have sung it so." Then she illustrated the point for the surprised lady's benefit. "And, though I had never studied the trill, I seemed to get it right," she added in telling the story later. Otherwise she was very like other children, devoted to her doll and waiting for the sound of the ice-cream man's voice.

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Miss Ena Langworthy, who has established a studio here, has had splendid training in piano, harmony and theory. She studied in New York, and then in Boston under Carl Faelten, whose system for children is regarded so highly.

The pupils of Mrs. Frances Moeller gave a recital in Byron Mauzy hall on Wednesday evening, too late to be reviewed here.

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Tomorrow (Rosary Sunday) there will be special music at St. Dominic's for the high mass at eleven o'clock. Caesar Franck's celebrated Mass in A, which has never yet been heard in San Francisco, will be sung by the regular choir, assisted by several extra voices, soloists Miss Camille Frank, Miss Ella V. McCloskey, T. G. Elliott and C. B. Stone. Hummel's "Alma Virgo" will be sung at the offertory, and Miss McCloskey will sing Stewart's "O Salutaris," with chorus. The harp obligato to the mass will be played by Madame Marquardt, and the 'cello obligato by Theodore Mansfeldt. Dr. H. J. Stewart is the organist and musical director.

Elgar's Light of Life

Trinity church was filled and many stood through the entire service last Sunday evening, when the tenth monthly special musical program was rendered. Edward Elgar's "Light of Life" was presented for the first time in this city, by Trinity choir, numbering forty voices. Edward Elgar has won first rank by his "Dream of Gerontius" and other works, and is pronounced by worthy authorities as the peer of any living composer. The "Light of Life" is a magnificent composition, full of beautiful and original ideas, and is very difficult both for singers and accompanist. It was given intelligently and with smoothness, the shading and phrasing being remarkably well done, especially as Mr. Eaton was at the organ, where he could only control his singers by his manipulation of the instrument. Miss Una Fairweather, the contralto, did most artistic work, her voice lending itself to every variety of expression, and she showed musical intelligence of the highest order. Miss Millie Flynn was suffering from a severe cold and her voice was not therefore heard to the best advantage. Mr. Olssen and Mr. Morgenstern, two pupils of Mr. Eaton, took the baritone parts and did very acceptably, Mr. Olssen possessing a fine high baritone and Mr. Morgenstern a large, rich basso cantante. Mr. Vinson sang in his usual good manner. The accompaniments, extremely difficult, were well done by Mr. Eaton. Not once were the voices overwhelmed, and great variety with quite an orchestral effect was produced.

The Pasmores and Miss Anne Moore gave a concert last night in aid of the Presbyterian church, Vacaville. This was a return engagement, they having given one for the same church in the spring. On October the ninth the Pasmores will give a concert at Stanford for the benefit of the musical clubs. They will be assisted by Louise Smith, soprano, and Mrs. Edith Collins, contralto.

Miss Moore, Miss Countryman, Miss Johnson and Dr. Brown, who sang so charmingly at the reception given in Miss Bell's studio last week, are all pupils of Mrs. Jessie Dean Moore, who was one of the hostesses of the occasion.

—The Music Critic.

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"An angel."

—The Press Agent.

The position of concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, vacated by Frank Kneisel, has been filled by the engagement of Fernandez Arbos, a young violinist of Spanish birth, who has for some years been a teacher at the Royal College of Music in London.

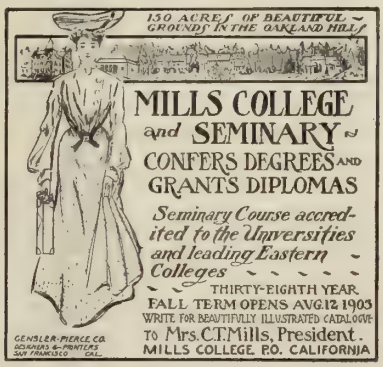
In Lotus Land

Let me live within my dreams;
The joys I know
From shadows grow;
Transient lights from nothing burning
Back to nothing swift returning;
Life can hold no happiness like that which seems.

Let me love and then forget,
Each vintage sip
With careless lip,
Drain the cup and then destroy it,
Hold no memories to cloy it;
I would have no dark remorse to chill and fret.

Let me keep my altar fires
Bright with incense from illusive, vague desires—
Flames well fed;
Flouting Fate, cajoling sorrow,
Heedless if a sad tomorrow
Find me dead.

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Automobile Topics

Probably never before did so many automobiles appear on the ocean boulevard as were seen there last Sunday. All were anxious to see the British bark *Gifford* and those who had horseless carriages at their disposal drove out to Ingleside and then out to the beach. Dozens and dozens of the motor vehicles passed me and the chuff-chuffing was heard practically all day, from one end of the boulevard to the other. Several Wintons passed me and at the wheel of one I noticed Mr. E. E. Peabody. Mr. Charles C. Moore drove another. Mr. Peabody was accompanied by Mrs. Peabody and Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Morton of Oakland. In the carriage with Mr. Moore were Messrs. Jesse Poundstone and Howell, both of Colusa. Mr. D. E. Jarnett and Mr. C. C. Eib drove to the beach last Sunday in a Stevens-Duryea.

Mr. John Craig, a great automobile and tennis enthusiast of Woodland, was in this city last week and purchased a Stevens-Duryea gasoline machine. Accompanied by Mr. Chester of Woodland and Mr. F. A. Lathe of this city, Mr. Craig left town in his new auto a week ago on the trip to Woodland. At eight p. m., September twenty-fifth, the party took the steamer for Vallejo. Friday night was spent in a hotel at Vallejo and at 11:30 last Saturday morning the vehicle was started for Woodland. The first three or four miles traveled over were full of chuck holes and the oil on the road was from an inch to six inches in depth. Fifteen or twenty miles after that the road was very hilly and sandy, but the party encountered no hills which they were unable to climb. From there on until they reached Vacaville the road was in fairly good condition with the exception of deep dust. Vacaville was reached in safety and the Duryea was again started at two o'clock that afternoon, no more stops being made until they arrived in Woodland, at four-thirty p. m. The distance covered was about seventy-nine miles and the actual running time was about six hours.

Among the sales of the White Sewing Machine Company last week was a "White" touring car to Mr. F. A. Hyde. Mr. Hyde, who is president of the Automobile Club of California, is one of the most enthusiastic automobilists of San Francisco. Mr. Hyde has long owned a machine but last week sold his horseless carriage and purchased a "White" tourer. His first trip in this machine was made two weeks ago to San Jose, and last Sunday the president of the A. C. C. toured Alameda county.

Last Saturday I heard a motor vehicle approaching from the rear on one of the drives in Golden Gate park. As I turned around a big four-cylinder Locomobile, the first I have seen here, whizzed past with Mr. Brinegar among the passengers. Later I learned that it was the horseless carriage of Max Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, Ohio, which machine he had expressed here from the East. The machine is attracting quite a bit of attention among local people as it is the first one that has ever been seen here. Mr. Fleischmann will probably be here for the November race meeting and may enter this big car in some of the events.

Touring has found much favor among local automobilists and each week many of the horseless carriages are seen across the bay touring either to San Jose or Del Monte, or about Berkeley, Haywards and Oakland. The south drive of the Golden Gate Prk is also used by many more autos than heretofore. Robert Tolmie in a Cadillac drove to San Jose last week and William C. Hayes and his wife and party also journeyed to the garden city in a Cadillac. A. M. Shields with his wife was out in a "White" stanhope and A. E. Cooper drove his Cadillac through the Park with a party of friends. Harvey Dana and Charles Hanley of Alameda went to Contra Costa in their Knoxes.

Probably next week it will be learned definitely whether Barney Oldfield is to come to San Francisco for the race meet of the Automobile Club of California in November. At that time Charles B. Shanks, who has already left Cleveland for San Francisco but who is going in a roundabout way, having many racing matters to attend to for the Winton people, will arrive here. It is expected that he will definitely let us know whether the great Eastern automobile racer and the American champion driver of a motor vehicle will compete in the local races. It is stated that Oldfield said he will not be able to come but secretary E. P. Brinegar of the Automobile Club of California feels certain that the champion can be persuaded to come. Of course it will be a great thing for the local event if Oldfield is a participant and the autoists will then see a driver whose daring and reckless driving, as it may be termed, is thrilling.

The National Automobile Company has received from the Daimler Automobile Company of New York a twenty-passenger bus with an engine of the famous Mercedes type, which won the James Gordon Bennett race in Ireland. Though this bus is the first one that has ever been brought to the coast, many more are expected.

Some of the vehicles sold last week were: Mr. D. E. Jarnett of Colusa, a Stevens-Duryea; Mr. Frankenheimer, of Stockton, a Cadillac; Mr. C. H. Geldert, of San Jose, a "White" touring car; C. Roullier, a Cadillac; D. F. Maher, of Watsonville, a Haynes-Apperson; George A. Richie, of Hanford, a Rambler, and Frank Boggs, Arthur Wright of Stockton and George Young of Modesto all bought Ramblers. —*The Chauffeur.*



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LETTERS

Mrs. Bigelow's Novel

One does not proceed far with Mrs. Poultney Bigelow's novel, "The Middle Course," before the question begins to obtrude itself, "Why did she do it?" It is still there at the end. There are thousands of books just as inefficiently trashy, which is no excuse for adding one more to the pile. The names which she selected for her characters are a fair index to the quality of the novel. There are Nellie, Althea and Clarice and the ghost of a "cheild" named Violet. The men are Bertie, Oliver and Clement, quite like an old *Fireside Companion* combination. Althea and Oliver are unhappily married, and not mated at all. Oliver does not love his dear angel. His passion is yachting, and Althea cannot yacht, so he leaves her alone much of the time. Oliver is rich, but he doesn't empty his purse into his Althea's lap, and as she has nothing of her own, she cannot buy pretty clothes, hence the incompatibility. Granted that Oliver wasn't the Archangel Michael, neither was Althea a seraph, and as she couldn't do a blessed thing toward her own support, it ought to have suggested itself to her as a bad move to quarrel with her bread, even though the butter was scanty, till she had some security of another supply. Clement Moorlake has been the hero of endless romances and the ideal of school girls since the art of fiction was first invented. He is a sculptor this time, by way of variety, cold and cynical. He had a heart which he lost fifteen years before the opening of the story, and he neither recovered it nor got another in its place. Althea, as a matter of course, and a highly virtuous wife, wouldn't think of falling in love with any one. She wants only friendship and sympathy, and some one to lean upon, and Clement has done all the loving he is ever going to. What the author means for a tragedy takes place when the virtuous Althea visits Clement alone in his studio a few months after their first meeting, and the villainess widow Clarice finds it out and reports to hubby. He hastes him to prove or disprove her report, and comes upon Clement and Althea, she with her hat and wrap removed, locked in a loving embrace. Brute that Oliver is, he will not stop to listen to the natural explanation of such a scene, that it is quite harmless and only a farewell forevermore. He hastens home, dismisses a part of the household retinue, orders the child's things and his own packed, and betakes himself to South Dakota, where he secures a most iniquitous divorce, which gives Mrs. Bigelow a chance to denounce the heartless husbands who perpetuate such outrages on confiding wives, quite oblivious to the fact that the Dakota divorce colony is not exclusively a male settlement, and that wives, too, take advantage of the laxity to procure separations on trivial complaints, and without other proof of their allegations than the default of their husbands. Then Althea begins a game of hide and seek with Clement Moorlake, in which she shows much more eagerness to hide than he does to seek, so they play a desultory game of "I spy," across the channel and around England, and at last Althea wearies of the sport and concludes to die. Meanwhile, after the manner of the melodramatic heroine, she weeps plentiful tears over the little shoe of the "cheild," which she also made her only reason for not leaving the wicked husband before he left her. It would have been the only sensible act chronicled of her, if she had departed this life, but mindful of the happy ending, Mrs. Bigelow lets Moorlake discover that it is Althea and not his first siren that he really loves, and the villainess widow, Clarice, is given a chance to repent and bring them together, so the "cheild" and its shoe are forgotten and orange blossoms take the place of tears, and the whole thing amounts to as much as the futile query, "Why is a hen?" Published, with illustrations, by the Ess Ess Company, in a style that is entirely too good for it.

Fiction for Girls

Gwendolen Overton will follow her "Anne Carmel" with a book for boys and girls, "The Captain's Children," which will make its appearance as soon as the serial publication comes to a close. If Miss Overton, or any one else can write books for girls there is an open field before her. The boys do not suffer so much from neglect. If there is nothing remarkably good prepared for their selection, there is plenty that is readable and not to be despised. But in all the years since Miss Alcott's death there has been no successor—no one who has written about live little girls, living and working and playing and growing as children do. Occasionally there is one odd book, or perhaps a chapter or so in which the girls are not impossible little prigs or else women of the world in short frocks. There are still left a goodly number of little girls who have not had the childhood kindergartened out of them, and who still love to play with dollies and dishes, and ask quaint questions, instead of knowing it all and pretending to find their joy in working cardboard mottoes for the poor. If there is a writer with the ability to tell stories for their benefit, it would be a work of mercy for her to do it, and forego the production of historical romances and problem novels.

An Author Worth Reading

The announcements that this or that writer will shortly publish another book follow each other with wearying regularity, and the books are on such a dead level of mediocrity that there is not one writer in a hundred whose promise of another addition to the procession of printed pages attracts more attention than the creaking of a rusty hinge. Not so Ellen Glasgow. She is not an author of the while-you-wait stamp, and perhaps because of this her books are worth waiting for. Those who remember with pleasure her "Descendant," "Voice of the People" and "Battleground" will be ready to give her new book, "The Deliverance," the reception which it is sure to deserve. This is also to be a Virginia tale, with the scene, however, laid amongst the tobacco planters in ante-bellum days. Miss Glasgow is traveling leisurely in Europe at present, having completed her work and made her arrangements for publication six months ago. It is a characteristic of this writer which might be copied with advantage by others, to keep very quiet about what she is doing. Instead of having the streets covered with straw, all traffic forbidden and armed guards posted at the corners to prevent interruption, while a daily bulletin is sent to the literary press, all to the end that some poor, cheap bit of imitation may be produced, Miss Glasgow goes quietly about her self-imposed task and we never hear anything about it until it is all over. Then we get a book worth a baker's dozen of the kind in which the kodak keeps tab on every tick of the typewriter. *The Bookworm.*

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

A. GRANUCCI, Plaintiff
vs.
A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of PIERRE LANGARON, Deceased, Eleanora O. Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee), Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleonora O. Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, Deceased,) John Doe, Richard Roe, James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto. Defendants

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of Pierre Langaron (deceased), Eleanora O. Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee) Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleanora O Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, deceased) John Doe, Richard Roe James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in this complaint.

That the property involved in and affected by said action is described as follows, to wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, commencing at a point where the Northerly line of Union street intersects the Easterly line of Dupont street; thence running Easterly along said line of Union street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one-half (4½) inches thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-three (23) feet to the said Easterly line of Dupont street, and thence Southerly and along said line of Dupont street Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one-half (4½) inches to the point of commencement.

That the object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of the above entitled Court adjudging and determining that the above named defendants and all other persons claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the plaintiff's complaint adverse to plaintiff's ownership or any cloud upon plaintiff's title thereto have not, and that none of them has any estate, right, title, lien or interest whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof, and that the title of plaintiff is good and valid, and that said defendants and all of said persons unknown as aforesaid be forever enjoined and debarred from asserting any claim whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof adverse to the plaintiff, and for such other, further and additional relief as to the Court may seem meet and proper in the premises, and for costs of suit.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1903. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A DEANE, Deputy Clerk

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87243

ALFRED H. COATES Plaintiff, vs. EMMA C. COATES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

EMMA C. COATES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of this action and upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff as appears from the complaint on file herein to which special reference is hereby made; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT P. WHEELAN, Attorney for Plaintiff
222 Sansome St. Sixth Floor, Room 2.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. POWER, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary E. Power, Administratrix of the Estate of William J. Power deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix Mary E. Power at the office of J. J. Lermen, Attorney-at-Law, Rooms 908-911 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY E. POWER, Administratrix of the Estate of WILLIAM J. POWER, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, October 3, 1903

J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Administratrix

NOTICES TO CREDITORS

Estate of Bridget Ann Loughery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward Loughry, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Ann Loughery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at Room 498 Parrott Building, No. 825-855 Market Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EDWARD LOUGHRY, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Ann Loughery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 3, 1903. JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for said administrator, Parrott Bldg.

Estate of Gustav Hoeft, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Gustav Hoeft, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at room 79 Chronicle Building, Junction of Kearny, Geary and Market Streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. John Farnham, Administrator of the Estate of Gustav Hoeft, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Sept. 5, 1903.

Frank McGowan, Attorney for Administrator, Rooms 75-79 and 80 Chronicle Bldg.

Estate of Christopher Maginnis, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Alice J. Maginnis, Administratrix of the estate of Christopher Maginnis, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Alice J. Maginnis, Administratrix, at Room 498 Parrott Building, 855 Market Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Alice J. Maginnis, Administratrix of the Estate of Christopher Maginnis, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, September 5, 1903

John J. Barrett, Attorney for Administratrix. Rooms 497-498 Parrott Bldg.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87269.

ADELAIDE C. SHADE Plaintiff vs. WILLIAM F. SHADE Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 4th day of September, A. D., 1903.
ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

MILTON S HAMILTON, Attorney for Plaintiff
Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. —. No. 86531.

CLIFFORD E. LINTON Plaintiff vs. ADDIE LINTON Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

ADDIE LINTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 14th day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff

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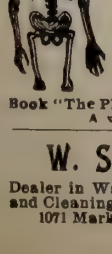
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Other People's Ideas

When the fight begins within himself a man is worth something.—*Browning.*

Flattery—the delicious essence of the soul.—*Sterne.*

Pecuniary obligations can never sit easy upon a feeling mind, except they are conferred by those we know value us, and whom we value ourselves.—*Lever.*

The wisest man could ask no more of fate,
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true.
Safe from the many, honored by the few.
—*Lowell.*

To be a writer for a high class newspaper....the greatest and best educated in the world—to spend himself in making other men see what is right and useful—in spreading light and knowledge that no money could pay for, and all the time effacing himself, and taking no reward or honor or credit for it—surely that must be the noblest profession and one that should make a man anybody's equal.—*Elizabeth,* in "The Three Miss Kings," by Ada Cambridge.

Let us live here as long and as merrily as we can, and when we must die, why let us die merrily too, but die so as to be happy.—*Poggia the Florentine.*

Scandal, the infallible mark of a foolish head and a malicious heart, always rendering more suspicious the reputation of her who propagates it.—*Dr. Oliver's Panegyric of "Beau" Nash.*

It is the fate of things written for an occasion seldom to survive that occasion. —Life of Bolingbroke, apropos of his good letters in *The Craftsman.*

From Lorrimer's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son":

You can trust any number of men with your money, but mighty few with your reputation.

Superiority makes every man feel its equal. It is courtesy without condescension; affability without familiarity; self-sufficiency without selfishness.

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The lady on the dollar is the only woman who hasn't any sentiment in her make-up.

Marie Bashkirtseff: We all think alike, then; the only difference is the way we express our thoughts; as men are all made out of the same material, but how widely do they differ in feature, form, complexion and character.

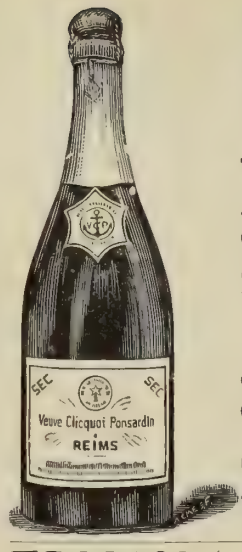
The finest feelings are the most easily ridiculed, and where mockery enters delicacy of feeling disappears.

—*The Gleaner.*

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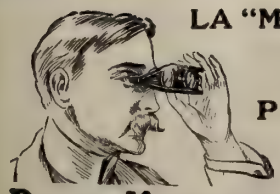
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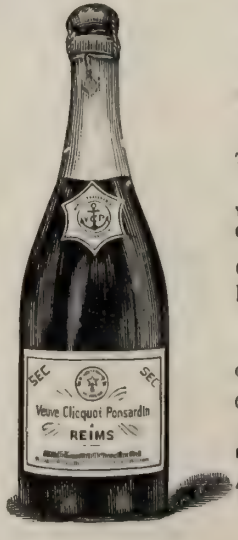
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Champion Blingum III Talks

The pretensions of these aristocrats make me fatigued. Blue-blooded indeed! There's only one blue-blood in these parts since the Prince left, and that's myself, Champion Blingum III. My ancestry, now, is ancestry. My blood has the genuine violet tinge. My family tree is the real thing. It's a real sorrow to me that I have to live outside my circle, as it were, to have as master a man whose father made his fortune in vulgar trade. He was a grocer, as they call it in this country.

But I wasn't going to boast of my ancestry when I started to talk. A thoroughbred never boasts. He takes it for granted that everybody knows he's *it*. It is only your parvenu who has to lug in the genealogical tree at every breath, so people will think he really had one. I can always size up an aristocrat by the way he talks. If he is always running in words like "blue blood," "culture," "the common herd" and that sort of thing, I know he originally sprang from the canaille. If he's hail fellow well met with everybody, yet maintains his dignity without "standing upon" it, then I know he's an out and out thoroughbred—a Champion with generations of *sangre azul* in his veins.

Now, there are all sorts of people living down here. They are tremendously swell as regards house, equipages, liveries, clothes and manner, but they can't fool me. I know that this one's father was a poor farm boy before he went into the car-building enterprise and made a fortune. That woman was a milliner in London before she married a rich ship-builder and became a leader of the *ton*. I met an English prize-bull at the last bench show who told me all about her. Then that young man who sets himself up as a howling aristocrat had a grandfather who lived in a bog-shanty in Ireland and didn't know his alphabet. The grandmother of those haughty young matrons who set the styles for this part of the world kept a boarding-house.

I'm not snobbish. I have nothing against these people. I know gentlemen and gentlewomen who have no "Norman blood" in them, yet are Nature's aristocrats. What I dislike is to see these un-grandfathered nobodies setting themselves up as The Aristocracy, snubbing their betters in blood and breeding because they happen not to possess wealth to back them, and riding and walking about as if the Earth were made for Them Alone.

If they only knew how I, Champion Blingum III, whom they pet and call "Dear doggie," despise them and their tissue-paper pretensions! Pah!

—*The Interpreter.*

A Contingency, C. O. D.

"Mrs. Impecune has a nice baby boy," observed Dr. Pills; "arrived this morning."

"I hope they will pay your bill," said his wife, "after you brought them that nice boy."

"Mamma," piped in Billy Pills, "will papa take the baby away from them if they don't pay his bill?"

—*The Listener.*

At Sunday-school, last Sunday, the lesson was about the Good Samaritan. After the teacher had finished her lesson she questioned the children about the details.

"Whither did the Good Samaritan take the wounded man?" she inquired of one infant.

"To a hotel," answered the city child.

When you order your whiskey with soda on the side be sure the former is Chapin & Gore's—that's good.

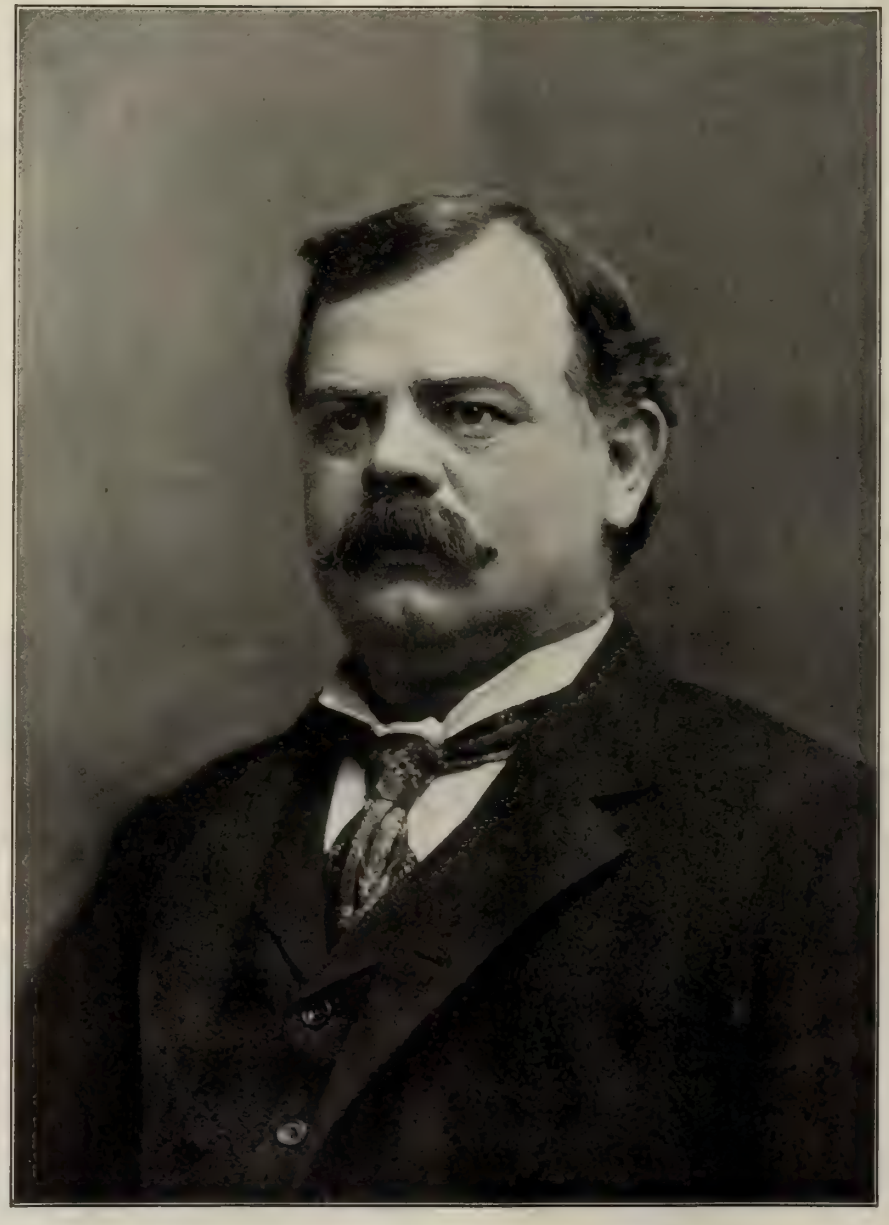
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REPUBLICAN NOMINEE

TOWN TALK

San Francisco, October 10, 1903

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This Spirited Campaign

This is to be a very lively campaign, and one in which candidates are to be subjected to very deep scrutiny. The *Examiner* has awakened from its lethargy, and is showing its contemporaries how to make a fight. It is a long time since the *Examiner* was so spirited and aggressive as it has been since the opening of this campaign. The Monarch is himself again. Mr. Hearst is making up for lost time. He is seeking to mollify the disgruntled Democrats who have been denouncing him for his infidelity in the gubernatorial campaign, and he will no doubt ingratiate himself into their favor again. The Republican bosses have afforded him a splendid opportunity, for they have nominated for office some men who will never be canonized. But the people of this city may be depended upon to discriminate intelligently. They will no doubt re-elect those Supervisors who have served them honestly, but as it is presumed that they are cognizant of the claims upon their gratitude of faithful members of the city's legislative body, the presumption is also warranted that they have intelligently estimated the hollowness of Mr. Lane's pretensions. His record as City Attorney does not bespeak his fitness for the exalted position which he now seeks. He is no better now than he was when running for Governor of the State, and the objections the *Examiner* had against him then are as well founded today. He is more of a political hack now than he was a year ago. He is still the pliant tool of McNab, who expects to capitalize him in the event of his election, and to profit in the same manner as Abe Ruef has profited during the present Administration. During his political career he has proved himself a transparent mountebank. He started out as a public advocate of temperance on the pay-roll of that old charlatan, Dr. R. H. McDonald, of Pacific Bank notoriety. Later on he became a newspaper man, and after failure in that profession was admitted to practice law. For every hour which he devoted to his profession he spent ten dabbling in politics, and through his relations with McNab he secured the nomination for City Attorney. The important litigation in that office has been transacted by his deputies, and whenever an opinion was written on any subject Lane was always ready to write a contrary one if political or private exigencies demanded. This is the man who is represented as being specially qualified to conduct the affairs of this municipality on business principles.

The Anti-Schmitz Campaign

The administration of Eugene Schmitz is being bitterly scored in the dailies. The editors appear to have suddenly awakened to the fact that an unholy alliance exists between the Mayor of the city and a mercenary politician who has never been distinguished for his scrupulous character. This somewhat tardy awakening of the dailies is likely to be viewed with suspicion. When a public official enjoys immunity from criticism for nearly the entire term of his office, and having become a candidate for re-election is made the target for stinging abuse, people may be constrained to doubt the sincerity of those by whom he is attacked. The American people are disinclined to be influenced by campaign criticism. This is especially true of the people of this city, for they have very little confidence in the local press. They know that the daily papers are conducted as personal organs, and that they espouse public interests only when those interests do not conflict with the aspirations of the newspaper proprietors. *Town Talk* is the only paper in San Francisco which has faithfully chronicled the doings of the Schmitz-Ruef partnership from the day that Mayor Schmitz made announcement of the relationship that had been established. The dailies were silent, either because of favors received or a lively sense of those to come. The partnership between Ruef and Schmitz was the most brazen compact ever entered into by an official of this city, and though its purposes and its achievements were well known the press maintained an attitude of complaisance. But now the dailies are thundering their disapproval of the methods and practices of the past two years, and they expect the public to believe them actuated by their solicitude for the welfare of the city.

The City Beautiful

That the dailies no longer exercise great influence is evident from the comparatively small vote cast at the bond election. The dailies were in favor of a bond issue for all the purposes set forth in the proclamation, and they sought to arouse public interest in the scheme to improve and beautify San Francisco, but only a small percentage of the voters went to the polls, and several of the propositions failed to carry. The voters discriminated fairly well, despite the arguments of the newspapers. They expressed their disapproval of the proposition to establish public parks for the booming of real estate in certain sections of the city, it being the opinion of many, no doubt, that we should first expend money on those improvements which shall benefit the whole city. A few years ago the people of this city voted to extend Golden Gate Park to Van Ness avenue, but owing to the ignorance of Mr. Franklin K. Lane, who is now a candidate for Mayor, the proceedings preliminary to the issuance of the bonds were adjudged invalid. Notwithstanding the fact that the people had declared themselves in favor of the extension of the park, the Supervisors failed to provide for that grand project at the late election, but sought instead to have bonds issued in the interest of a few districts. *Town Talk* is in favor of beautifying San Francisco, but we believe that we should perfect a boulevard and park system for the whole city before seeking to boom private property in a few districts. No city in the world has greater natural advantages for a

The Crystal Baths

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park and boulevard system than those possessed by San Francisco, and we should take advantage of them. Before adding to the public squares in remote sections we should extend the Park to Market street, and we should also purchase the Laguna de la Merced property, with its beautiful lake, a mile in length, and make it an adjunct of Golden Gate Park, and a part of the general system which includes the Presidio and the superb Ocean Boulevard. But we need not expect people to enthuse over such costly projects until they have been sufficiently enlightened as to the benefits that are bound to accrue from such enterprise. There has been an awakening in the East, but we of the Pacific coast are in a benighted state. It is impossible to arouse enthusiasm on the eve of a bond election. A strong sentiment is setting in throughout the country in favor of organized effort to secure beauty of appearance for our cities, and to save and use their natural advantages. Congress has appointed a commission to study the opportunities for still further developing and embellishing the city of Washington, and for years Boston has been considering the question of the treatment of Copley Square, but San Francisco is proceeding in a haphazard way, with little prospect of accomplishing anything. We should have a commission appointed to devise a scheme for the beautifying of the city. Such a commission would stimulate agitation of the subject, and by the time its report was made the people would be prepared to vote for a bond issue.

A School of Joy

Some benevolent philanthropist is about to establish a "school of happiness" in London. Just how he expects to teach the art or science has not been made public, nor whether he intends to confine his efforts to any particular class, or to administer the concentrated essence of happiness in capsule doses, regulated according to the needs of the applicants. In happiness, as in all other things in this imperfect world, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." The child with its lap full of confectionery and Christmas gifts is usually regarded as a symbol, and we are admonished, from time to time, that we are all but children amusing ourselves with playthings. But the happiness of the child depends entirely upon the discrimination of the good Santa Claus, so that if some merry little maiden were to awake on the morning of the eventful day, to find herself the recipient of a drum, a chest of tools, or a soldier's outfit, instead of the expected dolly, it would take considerably more philosophy than she would be apt to have at her command to support the situation. While Madame Millions craves a few more jewels to add to her hoard, the poor housewife would be lifted from a slough of despond if she had but a whole pair of shoes. The speculator goes wild with joy if he succeeds in cornering one of the necessaries of life, and the laborer gives a sigh of relief when the month's rent is paid. Some are happy only while those around them share their joy, while others are so constituted that their pleasure is adulterated, if not spoiled, unless they feel that they are the objects of envy. There have been theologians who have declared their conviction that the chief ingredient of celestial bliss will be the contemplation of the sufferings of the condemned. When the recipe for universal happiness has been compounded the millennium will have arrived, and we shall each be in possession of the philosopher's stone. There is an ancient tale of a king in search of happiness, who was told that he would achieve his desire when he could put on the shirt of a contented man. So he set forth from his kingdom and traveled all over the world, to find the coveted garment. One after another, he interrogated the men who seemed most likely to possess it, only to find that in each instance there was some IF which stood in the way. At last he found one poor and destitute, but content with his lot, and upon demanding his shirt, behold, the contented man had none.

The Pursuit of Titles

A Lisbon paper recently announced the discovery of a place where sham titles and orders were sold in that city, and that the demand for them was steady. A contemporary affects to be much surprised at this condition of affairs and tries to picture the mental condition of people so abased as to derive gratification from distinctions gained in such a manner. Of course, the free and proud American scorns a title. No one has ever heard of such a thing as bartering American gold for a name. It must be a bad dream that women of this land of the free and home of the brave will enter their names to be voted for at ten cents a vote by the rag-tag and rabble, in order that they may wear the empty honor of carnival queen for a day. No American gentleman was ever addressed as colonel or general unless he had earned his title through military service, and the admirals and commodores—they have all sailed the salt seas. Did an American woman ever sign a hotel register as "Mrs. Colonel," or "Mrs. Major," and is it a delusion that one proud dame once figured as "Mrs. Ex-Pay Inspector"? Can we believe our eyes, that every time some damsel with two coins to jingle together "contracts a matrimonial alliance," the ashes of the ancestral altars are raked to find some dignitary worth mentioning in her pedigree? Only last week a coming bride was described as the descendant of "a retired private soldier." There are firms in London which make a business of "discovering" distinguished ancestry for those who can pay for the luxury, and family portraits, armorial bearings, crests and everything else can be provided to order. One New York lady actually sported a device marked with the bar sinister, so little did she know of its significance. Yet who shall say the American is a tuft hunter? And when it comes down to the point, why should there be more of an outcry raised over the purchase of sham titles in Lisbon than there is over the appropriation of extinct French names and honors, or the adoption, for a consideration, by impecunious Italian nobles? Why is not a Portuguese title bought and paid for as valid as an Italian or Austrian one appropriated or invented as soon as the barber or organ-grinder has flitted beyond the view of the Immigration officers? It was short-sighted policy on the part of the framers of the Constitution not to have provided some form of distinguishment for their compatriots. Theoretically, plain Mister is as good as Prince, but it is what is out of reach that is considered valuable. If we had our own system of rank and title foolish Americans would not fall on their knees before foreign pretenders, nor would our millionaires submit to insult under their own roofs, from insolent foreigners who would be kicked but for their decorative designations.

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The Trading Stamp in Church

Still another scheme for inducing church attendance has been inaugurated. At Tonawanda, New York, the pastor has hit upon a plan of giving trading stamps to his congregation, and now the good ladies thereabouts may be seen on Sunday mornings hustling their families into holiday garments and marshaling them to the house of God in order that they may procure coupons enough to secure plush albums, Morris chairs, and the latest novels. No longer will the juvenile trade be carried on, of two Sunday-school cards for a peppermint lozenge, or five for a white alley, for the thrifty mothers in Israel will see to it that their flocks deposit the proceeds of the day's attendance in the family treasury, and the homes will be furnished and the family clothed by the easy process of listening to the sermon. One can see in the mind's eye the proud housewife displaying to paterfamilias the Easter bonnet which cost nothing, and it will be an additional feather in Mary Jane's matrimonial cap that she has earned her plenishing by her attendance at church. One may not call the man irreverent who refers to his church cow or his preacher pig, when the livestock is the proceeds of his church trading-stamp collection, and we may even come to look with complacency on the rivalries of congregations still further augmented by the trading-stamp competition. There is such a variety now that there is almost a stamp for each denomination, and if the Tonawanda idea takes root we may find the Red Trading Stamp Church, the Golden Stamp, the Green Stamp, used to designate houses of worship, instead of calling them Baptist, Presbyterian or Methodist. Will the Stamp concerns offer special inducements to the larger denominations, or shall we see congregations wax and wane according to whether the gifts of the stamp houses are of greater or less value? After a family has accumulated as much property as it craves from one variety of stamp, will there be a defection to some other church, and will missionary labor, settlement work, and all the other devices for inducing attendance on religious worship narrow down to a rivalry amongst commercial houses in the matter of stamp distribution? When the Christmas tree, the summer picnic, the chicken dinner, the candy pull, the church social, the bazaar in its variety, the political preacher, the actor preacher, the bicycle preacher, the operatic choir, and all the other sensations and inducements have been found wanting, perhaps it will occur to some one to try making a church a house of prayer and a place of worship alone. It might be discovered then, that after all the proper mission of a church is not to stimulate rivalry with vaudeville theatres and commercial establishments.

The Mayoralty Contest

The Schmitz and Lane boomers have been making considerable noise during the week. It appears that the Mayor and the Democratic candidate feel that there is a fight between themselves over the labor vote. They have unquestionably made a correct diagnosis of the situation. Schmitz is the Labor Party candidate, and Lane is the champion of labor for political purposes. They will divide the labor vote between them. The contest in this campaign is between organized labor dominated by professional agitators, and political grafters, and the people who have grown weary of industrial disturbances and of the tactics of selfish and unconscionable labor leaders. Party lines are never tightly drawn in municipal campaigns, and there are many reasons why they should sag more than ever this year. Mr. H. J. Crocker, the Republican candidate, will receive the support not only of his own party, but also of all intelligent Democrats who wish to see the city government rescued from the hands of the spoilsmen. He will also receive the votes of many honest workingmen who are not deceived by the hypocritical pretensions of Franklin K. Lane or the vapid appeals of Eugene Schmitz. There are many workingmen who are not in sympathy with the professional agitators. They believe that the methods of those agitators have tended to alienate public sympathy from the cause of organized labor, and they are eager to divorce the labor unions from politics. Mr. Crocker comes before the people, not as a professional politician, but as a business man imbued with civic pride and intent upon development of the metropolis of the coast. He is not interested in any political machine or in the welfare of any boss.

Roosevelt Disappoints the Agitators

The professional labor agitators in the East and the demagogic press are in high dudgeon over the refusal of President Roosevelt to dismiss from the service of the Government a man who happened to owe allegiance to no union. The President refused to comply with the demands of the Unions, on the ground that he was sworn to administer the laws of the land, which were "enacted for the benefit of the whole people, and which cannot and must not be construed as permitting discrimination against some of the people." This stand taken by the President will have the hearty approval of the public. Some months ago the professional labor agitators established very cordial relations with the President, and they were confident that he would comply with their demands for the dismissal of the non-union government employe. They believed that he would be afraid to stand by the Constitution of the United States; that he would prefer to win the approval of organized labor. But if he had done as they desired he would have proved himself a demagogue. And it is not likely that he would have commended himself to the respect of the workingmen of the country. The mass of labor is sound in head and honest in heart, and it has no greater esteem for a demagogue than it has for the professional agitator who thrives by promoting industrial disturbances.



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In the Matter of Criticism

BY HARRY COWELL

"Life and Literature, life and the perfect expression of life," says Oscar Wilde, "are the two supreme and highest arts." Equally high and supreme is the art of criticising life and literature. Accepting, for the sake of exposition, the definition of literature contained in the foregoing quotation, the business of the literary critic will now be, not at all to praise or to blame, but to examine writings in the light of certain principles (the criteria employed being plainly indicated or inferred), and to decide how near each writing approaches to being a perfect expression of life—a masterpiece of poetry or prose.

Sainte-Beuve's ambition was to make a science of literary criticism. Other critics have had the like ambition, but no man, probably, ever came nearer to realizing it than did he; and yet he it was who failed, ignominiously failed, to appreciate Balzac. Were Sainte-Beuve's criteria at fault? or did his error lie in the application of them in the case of the immortal author of the Human Comedy? Is there anywhere a more perfect, more complete expression of life than "La Comedie Humaine"? With me you may answer No, and none the less refuse to assign to Balzac the highest place in letters; for you may deny that literature is literature in proportion as it perfectly expresses life.

If I say that many a beautiful poem in the English language contains one or more grammatical errors, I infer that I don't consider sinlessness in the matter of grammar a *sine qua non* of poetic beauty. The schoolma'am whose hobby is syntax is doubtless not of one mind with me. A critic points out that the eyes of a much be-praised portrait are out of drawing. Forthwith the painting falls in the esteem of a public that would never have noticed the fault in a thousand years. How far ought it to fall? The answer depends on how much importance one attaches to correctness of drawing.

The true critic, in common with the true scientist, never admits, but always avows, both being more concerned in seeing and setting forth "the object as in itself it really is," than in supporting preconceived opinion. The watchword of both is "disinterestedness," and both being loyal to truth will often be found traitors to tradition. However, I fear it is impossible for us mortals to attain to the impersonal point of view, to look at life and literature as if we were principles and not men. Into our most impartial estimates our "peculiar differences" do enter in spite of us, and we who would offer ideally disinterested criticism give personal opinion instead. We like or we dislike; and where in Art is the sister of the "Ought" of morals sweet and magnetic enough to draw our affections to alleged beauties which do not naturally delight us? "I am a sensualist in literature," confesses George Moore. "I may see perfectly well that this or that book is a work of genius, but if it doesn't 'fetch me,' it doesn't concern me, and I forget its very existence." None the less, the object of criticism is culture—the education of choice, the formation of taste, or preference for the best, the truest, the most beautiful, in life and in art. Thomas Huxley, scientist, is at one with Matthew Arnold, critic, when the latter, replying to his own question as to the subject-matter which criticism should most seek, says: "Here, in general, its course is determined for it by the idea which is the law of its being; the idea of a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world, and thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas"; the scientist, however, naturally, and rightly, as it seems to me, insisting that this "best that is known and thought in the world," includes science, which is nowadays, as is well known, indispensable to complete culture.

Hear, also, to like effect, the dictum of Joubert, whom Arnold considers a "child of light": "To accustom mankind to pleasures which depend neither upon the bodily appetites nor upon money, by giving them a taste for the things of the mind, seems to me, in fact, the one proper fruit which nature has meant our literary productions to have." And what in his opinion a literary production really is may be gathered from the following: "Where there is no delicacy, there is no literature. A writing in which are found only force and a certain fire without splendor, announces only character. One may produce many such, if he has nerves, bile, blood, and boldness."

If, taking the view of Joubert, I assert that Kipling, for instance, has nerves, bile, blood. and boldness; that in his writings are found only force and a certain fire without splendor, and little or no delicacy; and that therefore they are not literature; an admirer may point out delicacies and splendors which I have not noticed or else he may dissent altogether from the dictum of the "child of light."

For myself, I have this to say: Mere muscular writing, in the physical force style, is not literature. Self-respecting readers resent being roughly caught in the grasp of rude Anglo-Saxon words, and to be won must be wooed with delicacy, with words that delight. That it may be literature, writing must be writ lovely as well as large; must be exquisitely luminous, not blaring but beautiful, not glaring but gracious, giving out, not fierce heat but delicious warmth. Literature may, perhaps, horrify, but it must not harrow; may even at times make use of the foulest facts, but must never itself offend.

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Amor Fuit

What can relume the extinguished fires of love
And give to kisses once grown careless, cold,
The wondrous warmth, the conscious cling, of old?
Oh, why should lawful repetition prove
The thief of life's most precious treasure-trove,
Which not for fabled gem and finest gold
Shall disenchanted eyes again behold,
But grief-gray ashes in the place thereof?
Lost beauty of a broken dream's delight
No power of men or angels can restore—
No dawn to dead love's lone, indifferent night—
Sea's saddest waves break on the desolate shore
Of that dread land of sorrows infinite,
The land of deathless "death in life"—No More!

HARRY COWELL.

The Saunterer

The Schmitz Pace

Mayor Schmitz's band-wagon is a gorgeous, glittering spectacle. His political procession is an imposing pageant, an iridescent dream. The Mayor's campaign is a joyful revel, made glorious by showers of glittering coins of the realm, for the Mayor, be it known, is separating himself from some of the wealth accumulated during two years of partnership with Mr. Abe Ruef. Messrs. Schmitz and Ruef know a good thing after handling it for two years, and they are imbued with a sufficient degree of the gambling spirit to hazard a little of their winnings in an effort to retain possession. Hence the copious flow of coin, evidence of which is to be seen and heard on all sides. Banners are floating on the breeze from Fort Point to Butchertown, from Telegraph Hill to the county line. The Mayor's bewhiskered countenance beams on you from facades along the principal thoroughfares, in saloons, in restaurants and everywhere that men do congregate. Ruef heelers are riding in automobiles with Schmitz banners for distribution, and wherever you go you are invited to accept a little Ruef or Schmitz hospitality. The Mayor is stimulating trade on all sides. He is a royal spender. He has loosened up. Listen to the tintinnabulation of his wealth.

A Club Over Wittman

The Mayor is exceedingly popular in the tenderloin. By his grace we have a wide-open town. In the side-entrances to saloons once more are to be heard the rustling of silken skirts and the clinking of glasses. The Mayor of the city is the toast of the paint-bedaubed sirens of Ellis and O'Farrell streets; he is hailed as the friend and the benefactor of the crap players of Stockton and Powell streets. He expected to have the support of the Police Department and the probability is that he will, for he held a club over the head of Chief Wittman after the removal of George Newhall from the Police Commission. The club was in the nature of a threat to appoint a commissioner who would co-operate with Hutton and Drinkhouse and remove the Chief from office. Sergeant Jerry Dinan was to be slated for the position of Chief in the event of Wittman's removal. Now that Sewer Inspector Reagan has been elevated to the high office of Police Commissioner, we shall soon know whether the Chief has decided to support Schmitz. However, I should be very much surprised if Chief Wittman were not giving his support to the Mayor. We could not have a wide-open town today if Wittman were not interested in the Schmitz-Ruef copartnership. The Mayor could close up every gambling resort and side-entrance in the tenderloin if he desired. His complaisance is significant. On all sides there is evidence of "graft," and somebody is reaping a golden harvest.

Timid Mrs. Fish

Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish, one of the leaders of the fastest social set in New York, said during the course of an interview with a newspaper reporter, in this city the other day, that she purchased her gowns from Paris because it was fashionable to do so. She would prefer to patronize home industry and she would do so if other women would take the initiative, but she did not like "to start the ball rolling." And here we have been laboring under the delusion that the wife of the multi-millionaire railroad magnate was a woman of rare independence; that she was so sure of her social position that she was ready at all times to do anything from shattering the Decalogue to harrylehring in public. But it appears that she is as great a slave to the conventions as the average San Francisco climber. She hasn't the courage of her convictions in even

The modish woman's stationery is as much a part of her nowadays as her dainty wardrobe. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the newest modes in paper and envelopes, dies and seals.



so trivial a matter as the selection of her dressmaker. She has posed as a leader of fashion in New York, but she is merely one of a conspicuous crew which does things that attract the attention of the mob. She is a stickler for the conventions of her particular set. The pace has been set, and she doesn't dare lag behind. If she patronized a New York modiste the other Newporters would no longer consider her stylish, and as nature was not very kind to Mrs. Fish she feels the necessity of the very finest embellishments. Despite her wealth and her social position, she couldn't afford to be less sumptuously gowned than any of the women of the smart push.

Mrs. Drexel's Silver Gown

Mrs. Fish, by the way, spends more money on gowns than any other woman in New York's smart set. But this season she was outshone by Mrs. John R. Drexel, in a gown of silver cloth. A San Francisco matron who is now in New York wrote to a friend a few weeks ago that the Drexel gown was the sensation of the Newport season. She says that the glittering silver threads woven into the crepe de chine were genuine. It was a princesse gown, and except for white lace on the bodice there was no trimming. The dazzling fabric needed no garnishing. The skirt had a bit of shirring and a flounce edged with lace. There was a sash of white satin clasped with a large diamond ornament. If the silver gown in itself was dazzling, Mrs. Drexel's gems were more so. Across her shoulders were four distinct chains, and her large rope of pearls was looped across her corsage. She also wore a tiara and a necklace of diamonds. It is said that the gown will be remembered with Mrs. Fish's flame-colored chiffon and the younger Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's sapphire spangled frock. All of them were from Paris.

Mrs. Fish Is Sore

Mrs. Fish has been talking so much on this transcontinental trip that she will find it hard to "square" herself with the Four Hundred when she gets back to New York. In an interview in St. Louis she said that the worst thing that can be said of society is that it is "stupid," but incidentally she took a smash at Mrs. Astor, who is the acknowledged leader of the *ton*. The Newporters are indignant. They are pouring hot shot into Mrs. Fish. They say that she is chafing and smarting under the skin from a not too successful season. They have also remarked that her tongue has always been better known for its biting darts than for its balmy phrases, and that she was unpopular at Newport during the summer for having made unpleasant comments about Mrs. Goelet, mother-in-law elect of the Duke of Roxburghe. Mrs. Fish was to have acted as hostess at a dinner in honor of Mrs. Mills, but the latter called the dinner off so that she could give a dinner in honor of the Duke, who had just arrived. This dinner was given at the instigation of Mrs. Goelet for the purpose of having her daughter's engagement announced. Mrs. Fish was furious over the luring away of Mrs. Mills, and she said so many unpleasant things that she stirred up much bitterness and divided the holy of holies of the tabernacle of the smart set. And at St. Louis, by the way, she remarked that we are becoming "too wild about dukes and counts." This was of course intended as a smash at Miss Goelet.

After a Few French Models

Miss Doris Jeffrey has gone to New York to join her parents, and incidentally to purchase a few Paris models with which to create a sensation on her return. Some time ago she told an officious matron who did not approve her style that she never saw a decently dressed woman in this city. Nearly every woman who has spent much time in New York remarks the provincial style of San Francisco women on her return. And when a San Francisco woman sees a New Yorker gowned in one of the latest Gotham frocks she considers it vulgar or garish. But about a year later, when the style reaches San Francisco, she thinks it is all right.

Visitors Must Be Good

San Francisco is no longer a safe place for transient philanderers. If you are a permanent resident of the city you may patronize the private apartments of the French restaurants, and nobody will seek to ascertain the why or the wherefore. You may carry on half a dozen liaisons contemporaneously, and tread the primrose path to your heart's content, without the slightest fear of any daily paper exploiting your lecherous diversions, but if you are a stranger in town on forbidden pleasures bent, look out for the reporters or they'll catch you. Captain Strong came to San Francisco with May Yohe thinking that this was an ideal town in which to engage in amorous dalliance. He had heard about our free-and-easy French restaurants, where they guarantee to provide you with a new companion for each course, and he expected to revel in our ultra-bohemian atmosphere as though he were an old tax-payer of the city, entitled to immunity from criticism. But the reporters were soon on the trail of the tenderfoot and they chased him out of town. Undaunted by the sad experience of Captain Strong, Mr. A. L. Barbour, a multi-millionaire of New York, ventured into town in the wake of a pretty actress who came hither to obtain a divorce, and though he behaved himself like a gentleman, and paid due respect to the proprieties, the reporters were suspicious. They believed that he was enjoying privileges to which only the

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permanent resident is entitled, and they wrote him up in a way that made him take to the tall pines. As Mr. Barbour is a man of family, and a highly respectable church member in New York, I can easily fancy what an awful time he is going to have explaining that he took the trip to San Francisco merely for business purposes.

Safeguarding Public Morals

Los Angeles is once more in the throes of a moral spasm. One of the dry goods merchants of the city recently made an exhibition of hosiery in his windows with the aid of shapely wooden legs, and those dear old virtuous ladies of the W. C. T. U. who have undertaken the task of purifying the world were shocked. They called on the merchant and told him that unless he removed the offensive wooden legs they would boycott him. He contended that the legs were more graceful than many he had seen at the seashore, and he asserted that he had no intention of libeling the gentle sex, but the ladies said they cared nothing about his intentions. They regarded the exhibition as a menace to public morals, and insisted that it be discontinued. The merchant complied with their request. The Chief of Police of Los Angeles is so solicitous for the morals of the people that he objects to card-playing in private residences. Last week he marched into the home of a citizen and arrested several men who were playing poker. One was the manager of the *Record*. All the papers of Los Angeles have been criticising the administration of the police chief, and it is thought that the raid was prompted by malice.

Therese—Miss Blusher is an awfully modest girl.
Yvonne—Is that so?
Therese—Yes; she has Tom Dasher's photograph on her dresser, and when she disrobes she always turns it toward the wall.

Fortune Co-operating With Frank Jordan

Frank Jordan of the Supreme Court is just now doing an hilarious two-step with Dame Fortune and has Danae down on his card for the next wild whirl. Croesus, Midas, Plutus and Dives are the only lightweights in the gold class whose records entitle them to climb into the diamond-studded automobile with him. Colonel Sellers in his wildest flights never saw such a stream of Pactolean dough as that which is flowing toward the Jordan rancho. This particular thing that threatens to tilt the Jordan fortunes against the sky has to do with politics, of course. It's a voting machine. Some time ago Destiny, in prankish mood, mixed Frank up in a vague and indefinite way with a machine. In course of time he discovered he was behind the wrong kind of a push button. Just then Destiny woke up, too, grabbed Frank by the scruff of the neck and dropped him, all alive and kicking, plumb into a position behind a voting machine, which he fills to the 'steenth of an inch. All that he can figure out is that he will be kept strenuously busy banking the commissions on the machines that his zealous agents will sell for him. At last accounts he had these commissions for the Pacific coast dodging around the million dollar mark, and the Archipelagoes and Orient were loudly calling for him to ship over his machines and collect his commissions.

Keeping the Supervisors Awake

It's amusing to hear the Supreme Court's clerk tell about his good luck. "Has Frankie hit it? Well, I guess, yes. Look for the bull's eye if you don't believe it. You all know Frankie. Somebody push that button. Yes, one, just the same old lonely one. What's that song about the Dutch? They're all right this time, boys. I left 'em up at Santa Rosa falling over themselves trying to vote on that machine. They're all right now; I'm educating 'em. When you see 'em on the stage again they'll be singing songs about that voting machine. Oh, Frankie's got 'em on the run. (Pushes button.) Yes, same, same all 'round. Voters are beginning to shout all over the coast for my little ballot punchers. Are the intelligent Supervisors sitting up and taking notice how the welkin is reverberating with these demands? Well, I guess little Frankie in't neglecting any chance to wake 'em up and put 'em on to that fact. That means two hun. and fifty thou. in commissions. Sounds pipy, doesn't it? Sounds like a dream. What's that song about 'Dreaming, dreaming, 'twas only a dream'? I'm off the key maybe, but I'm on to this job all right. Push that button and see if I ain't. After the golden flood settles all little Frankie wants is a cot beside the rill and a little brooklet wherein to catch the little troutlet. I'll know in a fortnight whether little Frankie is on top or whether the earth is, and if it's Frankie, why, then good-by to the Supreme Court J-A-N. one. After that date little Frankie would fain soar a space on his new bias-cut golden pinions. Just watch him. Where's that waiter? Yes, same all 'round. Just watch him. You all know little Frankie when he starts."

Just the same, all the friends of Jordan are heartily congratulating him on the great good fortune that seems to be ahead of him in this business venture. The chances seem excellent that over two hundred counties in this State will order the machine this fall. This means a sum in commissions that will keep Jordan and his family a good many years.

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An Old Rumor Revived

Madame La Bavarde says that no one is in a position to positively deny the rumor of an engagement between Miss Helen De Young and Ed Tobin. That's strange. I should think that the rumor could be verified or denied either by Miss De Young or Mr. Tobin. They surely know whether they are engaged. I was the first one to give the rumor publicity some months ago, and at the same time I announced that Mr. Tobin asserted that it was without foundation. I believe the same source of information is open to Madame La Bavarde.

She Beat the Barrier

An amusing story is told in connection with the recently announced engagement of Bernie Drown. It appears that she is a member of the News Club, an organization of some eight or ten young matrons and belles who hold weekly meetings at the homes of one another to discuss current topics. It is the rule for members to announce their engagement at club meetings before the news is given to the world. When Miss Drown invited the club to tea some weeks ago there were rumors in the air, and the members arrived punctually at four. Miss Drown was in high spirits, and the conversation was lively, but those who were waiting for the important announcement grew impatient. Time wore on and one young matron became uneasy. Presently the door-bell sounded, and a moment later the maid entered with an interesting looking box. The uneasy matron gasped but Miss Drown did not open the box. Six o'clock came, and the club members began making preparations to depart when the sister-in-law-to-be of the bride-to-be took the bull by the horns and made the announcement. Congratulations followed, and the erstwhile uneasy matron heaved a sigh of relief. As she had an inkling to what was coming she wished to present the first engagement cup, and had ordered one sent up. It arrived ahead of the announcement.

Our Serious Club Women

If [illegible] would cease to take [illegible] seriously this world would be bereft of one of its chief sources of humor. Can any one imagine a more absurd and ridiculous situation than that presented by the social lights of San Francisco contemplating the banishment of the unspeakable Turk by confronting him with a petition signed by their honorable selves? Do they solemnly and seriously think he will take his departure, forthwith and instanter, because they have signified their disapproval of his occupancy of a portion of the European continent? What do these women know about the situation, anyway? What do they know about the Turks or Turkey? They read scare headlines every morning telling that tens of thousands of Christians have been massacred, but all they read is not true. These same women were up in arms over the Spanish massacres of the Cubans. If one-half that was told were true the island would have been depopulated. We drove out the Spaniards, and many American soldiers were slain.

Other Holy Horrors

Then there was that excitement over the massacre in Pekin, when we had glowing pen pictures of the sufferings and hardships of the members of the legations murdered by the bloodthirsty Boxers; and how did that turn out? When the troops had endured incredible hardship through forced marches in order to rescue the survivors and wreak vengeance on their destroyers, they found the ministerial families not only all alive and all well, but in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries unknown to the soldiers. Again, the American Consul at Beirut was assassinated in the newspapers, and if the hotheads could have transported a fleet of warships by wireless telegraphy, by next morning there would have been no Beirut. There is never a famine, in Egypt, in India, in Russia, in China or anywhere else on the face of the globe, but what the victims number hundreds of thousands, and never a street fracas in any Oriental city but what hundreds of Christians—they are always Christians—are massacred. The Oriental Christian is distinctly unlovely. The recruits to the new faith are drawn from the bottom of the heap, and the profession of Christianity comes in as handy as allegiance to a foreign flag when the Oriental finds himself in the toils of the law.

How They Are Compensated

It is not for his religious profession that the Christian is persecuted, and the missionaries who raise such a clamor over the alleged persecutions ought to be in better business than defending criminals because of nominal Christianity. No doubt the good ladies of our holy city are exercising their minds and losing sleep over that iniquitous institution, the harem, and the danger of beautiful Christian maidens being enslaved therein, but the harem exists only in story books, and the women of the Orient, so far from being slaves, actually enjoy many of the rights which their Occidental sisters are still clamoring for. In fact, the average woman knows no more about Turkey and the Turks, nor about Oriental nations, their beliefs, laws and customs, than she has gleaned from the "Arabian Nights" she read in her fairy-tale years. As to accomplishing anything at all by means of petitions, do the club women really imagine that European sovereigns will be willing to meddle in the affairs of their neighbors on the bidding of outsid-



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ers? Is it possible that the ladies of the San Francisco smart set flatter themselves that Queen Alexandra and Queen Wilhelmina, and all the other royal folks, are going to read the signatures and remember the signers? Since they are silly enough to engage in such a project it is not unlikely that they do. But probably they don't care. They get their pictures in the local papers that use them for news-creating purposes, and that is sufficient compensation.

Returns With a New Scheme

That prince of promoters and financiers, John Addison Peralta-Reavis, is in town exuberantly boosting a gigantic scheme to irrigate the deserts of Arizona and make them to blossom like the gardens of Paradise. Peralta-Reavis never wastes his fine work on anything except it is gigantic, and this scheme is big enough to satisfy the ambition of any of the present-day giant promoters. He needs for a starter only fifteen million dollars. After that, "some additional waterways ought to be developed that will cost about ten million dollars," etc., etc. He conceived the idea of irrigating the deserts of the great Southwest over twenty years ago: the time he was laying the foundations of his great land grant claim against the government. He tried to get the capitalists who were backing him in that fight to develop first the irrigation scheme, but after a long conference they decided that there was quicker and safer money in the land claim. The long-headed Peralta-Reavis thought otherwise. To play safely he took up a number of valuable water rights on the Gila and Salt rivers. The recent action of the United States government in promoting schemes for national irrigation has greatly increased the value of these water rights. Peralta-Reavis has capitalized them, and it is this stock in which he is now trying to get capitalists interested.

Greatest Fraud of the Century

His work would be vastly easier did not the taint of the great Peralta-Reavis fraud still cling to him. It was the star fraud of the last century, and in the number of millions that might have been won with success, it completely dwarfed that famous French classic, the recent Humbert swindle. Experts figured that Reavis would have got at least two hundred million dollars in property had he succeeded. In riding over the southwest on business and listening to the tales told by ranchers, Reavis conceived the idea of bolstering up the claims of a family, the Peraltas, to some twelve million acres of land in Arizona and New Mexico. The territory claimed is now dotted with cities, towns, rich farms and various commercial enterprises. Reavis spent several years splicing, dove-tailing and "planting" evidence before he sprung his claim. He manufactured his heirs, straight back to the original grantee, Don Miguel de Peralta de la Cordova, who was supposed to have received his title from Ferdinand IV of Spain in the seventeenth century. He took births and death records from old, moth-eaten, mildewed records buried in forgotten missions and churches in Mexico, California and Spain. If the old archives did not furnish him with the names and dates he desired he didn't hesitate to enter them in the ancient tomes himself, giving the entries of course, every appearance of genuine antiquity. Then he hunted around and discovered a beautiful Mexican girl and trained her for the part he wanted her to play—the last of the Peraltas and sole heiress to the two hundred million dollar estate left by her noble ancestor, Don Miguel de Peralta de la Cordova.

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Caught Local Capital In His Net

So cunningly and plausibly did Reavis manipulate his facts and fiction that he got such headlights of the law as Roscoe Conkling and Robert G. Ingersoll to champion his cause. Numbers of millionaires were won over by his airy representations and contributed large sums to the fund he raised to back his claim before the government. An accident awoke the government to the true state of affairs and an investigation was started. That was some ten years ago. It ended in a long and hard-fought contest, costing over a million dollars, and Peralta-Reavis was sentenced to pay a fine of five thousand dollars and to go to jail for two years. He was released three months short of that time and never wore the stripes. On his previous visit to this city, some twelve years ago, he interested John W. Mackay, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker and other California millionaires in his land grant, and he left here with considerable money to his credit. Things are going differently with the old gentleman this time—he is sixty, though his white hair and bent figure suggest an older age. Either he does not talk so plausibly as of yore or capitalists are shy of his record. Anyhow he now talks of hastening to New York, where dwell two millionaires who put loads of faith and money into the Peralta-Reavis claim. Even in those untried days they looked with favorable eyes on the irrigation scheme, and the old gentleman is hoping they are still willing to back their faith with money.

Amedee Joullin is to return to Paris, where he spent several years of study. Charles Rollo Peters is also going abroad, but he will settle in London.

Like Magda's Father

George F. Lamson, the pioneer auctioneer, who died the other day, was often likened unto the father of Magda, Sudermann's heroine, owing to his attitude toward his daughter, Gertrude, when she went on the stage as Nance O'Neil. He was bitterly opposed to her adoption of a stage career, and for years he never spoke to her. Both his daughters drifted stageward, and it was said they inherited their dramatic talent from their mother, who, though she was never a professional actress, frequently gave evidence of the histrionic temperament. The Lamsons were at one time quite wealthy, and when Nance O'Neil was a school girl she was the object of her schoolmates' envy owing to the fact that she had a colored maid to carry her books.

The Baron and Baroness von Schroeder will pass the winter at the Hotel Rafael, where they have been for several weeks after a summer on their ranch. They will not return to Europe for several months. When they go the Baron will accompany his wife and children.

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A Gilbertian Mot

According to the despatches there is a lively row on in New York between Vesta Tilley and Lillian Russell. The latter appeared in men's clothes in the latest Weber-Field burlesque, wearing trousers right out loud on the stage, and Vesta Tilley discussed their misfit for one of the Sunday papers, to the great indignation of the beautiful Lillian. This reminds me of an incident of Miss Russell's London appearance in a new opera by Gilbert and Sullivan, years ago. She was then the wife of Mr. Solomon, one of her first batch of husbands. Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert were at the dress rehearsal. Sir Arthur objected to the appearance of Miss Russell's extremities, and asked his associate if he could not suggest some improvement.

"Far be it from me," said Gilbert, "to pull down the pillars of Solomon's temple."

Mrs. Willie Hearst is being piloted about by her mother-in-law, and the latter's trusty lieutenant, Mrs. Kincaid. She has met some of the most prominent matrons in town and they all like her very much. She spent some time on the McCloud river and was a guest of the Charles Wheelers.

His Touching Devotion

Nothing more touching has appeared in Madame La Bavarde's society chat for a long while than the information that the Charlie Wheelers had returned from their country place on the McCloud so as to spend as much time as possible with Mrs. Hearst before her departure for the Orient. Was anything more pathetic ever penned? The relation of lawyer and client is confidential, of course, but I never heard that it was necessarily filial. However, Charley Wheeler's affection for Mrs. Hearst is almost sublime. It will no doubt be hard for him to endure the separation during the months of her absence in the Orient.

Muriel: I am always very precise about observing the proprieties. Aren't you, Phyllis?

Phyllis: Yes, indeed. Why, I wouldn't go up in an elevator without a chaperon.

Clark's Fatal Bluff

Walter Magee is praying these days to be delivered from his friends. The woman who recently brought suit against him for running into her with his automobile estimated her damages, at first, at only five hundred dollars, but his zealous friend, Charles Clark, the son of Senator Clark, called on the lady in the hospital, and after introducing himself as the multi-millionaire of Montana, said that if she instituted suit he would fight the case. The lady's quick business instinct, which approximates genius, was at once aroused. "Oh," she said, "if Mr. Magee has so much money behind him I will sue him for five thousand dollars." Magee says he will never endorse Clark for Ambassador to England.

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He Beat the Steel Magnates

Charlie Clark is a very clever card player, and he has had much success in games in which the stakes ran high. He made the biggest coup at bridge whist ever known in this city. It occurred when Messrs. Gates and Drake, the Chicago steel magnates, were out here. They proposed a game of bridge at ten dollars a point, and Charlie Clark took Prescott Scott as a silent partner with the understanding that he (Clark) would pay all the losses. When the game broke up Clark had ten thousand dollars that formerly belonged to the steel magnates. Scott, however, did not share in the winnings.

Siebe's Catch

The announcement of John Siebe's engagement with Mrs. Allie Taylor caused consternation among the local beaux, and many are curious to know how the fickle grass widow was won. Among her many admirers was "Billy" McLean, who was long thought to be the favored one. Captain Sidney Cloman is another, and he is said to be in the depths of despair. Tom Pike had a crush on her for awhile, and I hear that his sister, Mrs. Fuller, was greatly worried over the affair. Mrs. Taylor's engagement ring is a beautiful diamond cluster, and her gift to Mr. Siebe is a heavy seal ring, the top of which opens, disclosing an exquisite miniature of his fiancee. The custom of giving steins to a man on his engagement is growing in favor, and Mr. Seibe has a very handsome collection which rivals that of the cups received by Mrs. Taylor. The wedding will take place the first of the year.

What a blessing it would be if we could only be inoculated against boredom and rendered immune to the deadly influence of faddists, fanatics and fools.

Married in Hermosa

The news of Charlie Bull's marriage with a pretty Hermosa girl came as a surprise to his friends. He has built a home for her at the mine, and his sister Marie is soon to visit him and pass judgment on the bride. Bull was one of the Rough Riders and he left Harvard with his friend, Stanley Hollister, to join the Roosevelt regiment. When

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Hollister was ill in Cuba, he was nursed by his chum. When the Rough Riders disbanded Bull returned to California, and on the death of his mother he inherited nearly one million dollars. He never cared for society, and when he was not working in the mines of Tuolumne county he spent his time at the old Bull place in Belmont, which was built by William C. Ralston. It is now a sanitarium.

Brown—Mrs. De Gaiety was never in society until after her divorce. Don't you consider it strange?

Jones—No; the co-respondent was a Duke.

Discord Rampant

Blood will tell. The old spirit of secession has broken out afresh among the Daughters of the Confederacy. The Californian Division of the Order is split wide open. The two factions headed by Mrs. Voorhies and Mrs. Van Wyck fought it out on the floor of the convention last Tuesday, and now the bloody flag is afloat, and discord is rampant. The split occurred over the election of officers. The ladies of the Sidney Johnston chapter, over which Mrs. Voorhies presides, and to which Mrs. Van Wyck formerly belonged, were in the majority and elected the officers, after which they adjourned and retired. The defeated forces remained on the field, however, rallied and reconvened, after which they resolved that the election was illegal and proceeded to ballet again. This time Mrs. Van Wyck, who appears to be the central figure in the disturbance, came out victorious. She achieved her ambition, being elected president. And she appeared to be perfectly satisfied though it was the warmed-over convention that elected her. The ladies of the other faction attribute all the troubles and dissensions in the order to the over-leaping ambition of Mrs. Van Wyck. They say that she was a disturbing element in Sidney Johnston chapter, and that she resigned when she found she couldn't run it, and thereafter gave it opposition by organizing the Jefferson Davis chapter. Altogether it is a pretty mess, and peculiarly feminine, and it will of course occupy the attention of the National Division later on.

A Naughty Bachelor's Scandalous Trick

Mrs. Van Wyck is an aggressive woman and quite a strategist, and when she starts out to accomplish anything it is no easy matter to call a halt. She has long occupied a prominent position among the Southern aristocracy of this city. Some years ago she disputed the social supremacy of Mrs. Salisbury, and she gave that energetic woman the battle of her life. By way of opposition to the Friday Fortnightly Club she organized the Thursday Night Reception Club, and gave several very successful affairs. The Van Wyck girls never attended the Friday Fortnightly socials, and the Salisbury girls shunned the Thursday Night Reception dances. Both organizations prospered until several bachelors who had enjoyed Mrs. Van Wyck's hospitality gave a cotillion to testify to their appreciation of the social favors that had been bestowed on them. Mrs. Van Wyck was consulted about the cotillion and she said that it would meet with her approval providing no wine or punch were served. This was agreed to but during the progress of the affair one of the bachelors, who considered lemonade a trifle tame, slipped out, bought a bottle of gin and surreptitiously "doctored" the unexhilarating beverage. Mrs. Van Wyck was among those who sipped the lemonade after it had been converted into a gin punch, and she retired soon afterwards. Several girls who had imbibed freely grew politely hilarious, and the affair provoked great indignation. I believe that was the end of the Thursday Night Reception Club.

The Kruttschnitts

Julius Kruttschnitt has entered his son in Yale University. Mr. Kruttschnitt is a graduate of the University of Virginia. He is a civil engineer by profession, and he first attracted the attention of Mr. Huntington when he had charge of the work of the Texas and Pacific Railroad through Louisiana and a part of Texas. He was then a resident of New Orleans, where his brother, who is one of the most popular bachelors of the city, represents the interests of the Southern Pacific Company. The father of the Kruttschnitts was German Consul in New Orleans for many years. Julius Kruttschnitt married into an old French family of the Crescent City.

The Rutherford Sisters

Emma Rutherford, whose engagement with young Kearney was announced last week, never went much in San Francisco society. When the Rutherfords were mere school girls they used to spend every summer at Del Monte where they were counted among the most daring swimmers. Alice, the elder, is fond of books, but is also quite athletic. Her sister was named after their mother. After Alexander Rutherford's widow married George Crocker, she never made any effort to storm society here, but when she decided to make New York her home she immediately laid plans for a social campaign in Gotham. She has been rather successful, too, a circumstance that appears to have made some of the less-favored San Francisco society leaders jealous. When Mrs. George was last out here she was not rushed by society, though there is no reason why she should not have been. She is of an excellent family, the Hanchetts of Sacramento, and she was prominent in local culture club life before she went to New York.

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The Eccentric Burgess

The latest story illustrative of the eccentricity of Gelett Burgess comes from the Mission. The author of the "Purple Cow" visited the home of a German physician in Valencia street some time ago to spend an evening with the daughter of the family. He was shown into the drawing-room to await the coming of the young lady, but as soon as he was left alone he set about the task of unloading a huge book-case, an old-fashioned affair with great glass doors that run almost to the ceiling, and with shelves of great depth. With surprising diligence he piled the books in a great heap on the floor. Then he lifted out the shelves themselves and squeezed himself into the case, tugging the glass doors together after him. It was in this unique and rather startling attitude that he was discovered by the young lady when she entered the room. She gazed in dumb astonishment upon the mountain of books on the floor, the pile of shelves, and the man behind the glass panes. It was but natural that she should request some explanation for this extraordinary conduct, but the reply she received was even more bewildering, for her guest stepped from his odd retreat and essayed to place her within the bookcase. The most sincere importuning of Burgess failed to impress her with anything but the fact that her caller might possibly be out of his mind. She assumed a freezing manner and requested him to restore the shelves and the books with all possible speed. This was done, and the call was cut short.

Judge "Wardie" McAllister was the victim recently of a peculiar accident that laid him up with a lame leg. He happened to be in the way of a box carelessly hurled from a downtown wholesale house, and the projectile hit him in the leg.

Margaret Cameron Re-marries

Cards have been received announcing the marriage, in New York in September, of Margaret Cameron, the writer, and Harrison Cass Lewis, a business man of New York and Chicago. Mrs. Lewis was formerly the wife of Benjamin Smith, a prominent insurance man of this city, but the Smiths tried to live with all their relatives and the presence of two mothers-in-law and a few other relatives in the same house led to the usual result. The surprise to their friends was that the marriage lasted as long as it did. The Smiths seemed fond of each other, but Mr. Smith also revered his next of kin to the extent, since they were rigidly temperate, of keeping a bottle of Scotch at a neighbor's house. Margaret Cameron Smith was not the woman to endure such casuistries and the result was an explosion which blew the Smiths far apart.

True to His First Love

Mr. Lewis is a childhood friend of the writer and the marriage is a termination of a boy and girl affair which began years ago, but was interrupted by the removal of the heroine to California. Mr. Lewis never married, and when he met his lady love again after her separation from Mr. Smith, he found her as charming as ever. The loss of Margaret Cameron is a serious one to the literary world of California, and to the Spinners' Club, and to the Piedmont colony of litterateurs in which, by virtue of her wit and conversational gifts, she occupied the foremost place. Like Kate Douglas Wiggin, Margaret Cameron talks even better than she writes. She is also a fine musician. There is not the slightest hope that she will ever return to California, New York offering so much wider and more attractive a field for her efforts. Mark my words, she will establish a New York literary salon.

Look Up the Old Album

Apropos of this marriage, I hear that Oakland girls are rooting out old photographs taken in their childhood, tintypes in which little boy playmates posed with them and that sort of thing. The story goes that Harrison Lewis and Margaret Cameron had such a picture taken together when they were infants in short skirts and knickers, and that it was the discovery of the photograph among his souvenirs that brought his present wife's image again to mind. A portrait, by the way, has played a part in another Oakland romance. George Doubleday, the New Yorker who married Alice Moffitt, fell in love with her a long time before he made her acquaintance. He saw a picture of her in a group of Oakland society girls who acted as bridesmaids at a wedding. The face took his fancy and when he came West not long after, one of his first moves was to seek an introduction to the portrait's subject.

Mrs. Helen Walker Tay has come up from Redwood City and is at 2500 Broadway for the winter.

Miss McKinstry Over Weight

Miss McKinstry's trip to the spa of Germany is said to have been for the purpose of restoring a few graceful lines to her figure. When she first went abroad she accumulated flesh at such a rapid rate that she was reluctant to return to San Francisco until she had regained her normal weight.

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Mrs. Colton Ill

Mrs. David D. Colton is so seriously ill that it is thought she will not live any length of time. She has Bright's disease, which is now at the acute stage. Mrs. Colton will come to California for the winter, and Mrs. McLean Martin will accompany her. Mrs. Colton, by the way, has plenty of money to smooth the hard path of a sick woman. She is a shrewd financier and in spite of the reverses of one season of her life she is now a rich woman. I am told that her fortune amounts to a million. Her only heirs are Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Schacher of Paris, the daughter of the late Mrs. Crittenden Thornton.

The marriage of Miss Mary Nichols, daughter of Bishop Nichols, and Mr. Lansdale, is one of the social events fixed for the early winter.

The Floods at Menlo

Though Miss Jennie Flood claims she is too poor to live in big houses, her brother Jim and his wife are not worried over their financial status. They are delighted that the Menlo Park place is to be theirs and intend reviving its glories as in the days when the Flood gold dinner service was famous. Mrs. Flood senior was fond of dispensing large hospitality, and she believed in spending money, too, on clothes and jewels. I remember one time she was going down to Menlo and carried her jewels wrapped in a handkerchief. She lost them on the train, but by a piece of rare good luck they were recovered.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is expected to arrive in San Francisco about the seventeenth, to attend to certain business matters.

The Cuttings Are Coming

Lady Sibyl Cutting and her husband, Mr. Bayard Cutting, are going to spend the winter in California. They were here about two years ago, shortly after their marriage, and paid a flying trip to their beet sugar place in the South. The Cuttings' match was a novelty in international unions, the title being on the lady's side. Mr. Cutting was an American Legation attache and Lady Sybil Cuffe a beauty who thought love counted for more than mere rank. She is not a tremendous beauty, it was discovered when she visited California, but her simple, unpretentious manner charmed everybody.

Mrs. Marion de Vries left for Washington, D. C., last Thursday, after a short visit in San Francisco. Mrs. de Vries, who was Miss Snead of Sacramento, is a beautiful woman, a tall brunette with a svelte figure, and she dresses in exquisite taste.

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The Alden Club's "Household Shower"

The Alden Club is always doing something unusual. Its "household shower," planned for next Saturday afternoon at the Sorosis Club's rooms, will be a very original affair. The function is for the benefit of the good work carried on by the California Sunshine Society, of which the Alden is a branch. Miss Gertrude Wheeler, the contralto, Miss Lillian Quinn, Miss Jean Durell and Mr. Edward Xavier Rolker will take part in the musical program. One number of particular interest is being kept a secret until the last moment, and cannot fail to please. There will be fortune-telling, too, and other modes of amusement. The patronesses are Mesdames Merrill, Sexton, De Greayer, Jewett, Burns, Caswell, Bucknall and Ayer. Miss Jean Pedlar, the Alden's president, will be missed. She is traveling in the East.

The Guild ladies of St. Stephen's are preparing for a fair, to be given about the middle of the month. One of the features will be a "surprise package" table.

Peculiarities of the Grants

The Joe Grants may remain away a long time. Mrs. Joe Grant is always bored in San Francisco, and she prefers to live abroad. She was brought up in Europe, and thinks that life is not worth living except on the continent. She is haughtily indifferent to the society of the members of the local smart set, and though people make a great fuss over her, they weary her so that she seldom returns their calls. Her husband, on the contrary, loves to dally in the eddies of the social whirlpool. He prides himself on his familiarity with the personnel of the aristocracy of foreign capitals, and he usually sprinkles his conversations with the names of distinguished people he has met.



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Lane's Rash Promises

Mr. Franklin K. Lane promised solemnly, in his Wednesday night speech, that if he be elected Mayor of San Francisco he will do the city the great honor of retaining it as his place of residence, and dying in it. He regrets that he is not a native son, but he assured his audience that he was the father of one. Those were rash promises of Mr. Lane. After one term in the Mayor's chair he would probably be sorely tempted to return to Canada, for the opportunities for blundering in the Mayor's office are more numerous than they are in the office of City and County Attorney.

Still Scoring Success Abroad

The other evening I had a chat with a woman who is just back from Germany and among other things I asked her if all the rhapsodies we hear of Ysidora Duncan's success were well founded. All true, she affirmed, and she went on to tell me that Miss Duncan's dancing is the biggest hit in Berlin and the only thing worthy of discussion in art circles. Whether it is simply the season's fad remains to be seen. At any rate the happy and lucky Californian girl is taking every advantage of it and is now on the full tide of fame and fortune in the German capital. Besides the private lessons she is giving the Emperor's children, she has been engaged by Frau Cosina Wagner and Siegfried Wagner to appear in the dances incident to the Bayreuth production of Wagner's operas. Apparently Frau Wagner, like all the rest of them, is completely captivated by the charm and the art of the Californian dancer. Later on Miss Duncan will appear in her Grecian dances in the Pantheon, at Athens. Altogether she has scored a greater hit than any Californian girl who ever went abroad to cultivate art.

A Question of Veracity

The officers of an Alameda bank are telling a story about how the institution recently lost fifty dollars, which went into the purse of a society woman of that town. One day just before train time she hurried into the bank with a check for fifty dollars. The polite teller told her that her account had been already overdrawn five dollars. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "why didn't you tell me? I must go to the city on the train and I was depending on this money." "Well, of course, I can let you have it," said the teller, "only you will have to bring it in within a few days. The directors meet soon and if the money is not paid by that time I shall have to pay it."

The lady promised to pay within the time, the teller gave her the money and she departed. Several days elapsed, and the money was not returned. One day the teller met the lady and reminded her of the money. Much to his surprise she told him that she had returned it. She said that she placed it on the counter and that he was very busy at the time. He was sure she had not. Subsequently he met her husband and told his story, but hubby had implicit confidence in his wife. The next day the bank directors met, and made good the deposit, and now the story is going the rounds.

That Berkeley Fiasco

The overweening confidence of the amateur was never so strikingly exemplified as it was by Miss Grace Llewellyn Jones when she fearlessly attempted the role of "Phedre," one of Bernhardt's greatest creations, and had the temerity to make up like the famous Mademoiselle Mere. She did not seem to realize what a tremendous thing she was undertaking but sailed blithely in, and gave a performance which was far from creditable. Why some modern French comedy was not chosen in which the amateurs need not have been put to such a severe test, and in which their work might have been enjoyable, only the elect can tell.

The Riotous Baird

Miles T. Baird, the scion of a rich family here, who trod the primrose path and at last fled the country when his riotous living made things too warm for comfort, has been reclaimed, it is said. Young Baird married Miss Ruth Jackson, a very charming girl who attended Miss West's school and was popular with the younger set. For a time all went well. The Bairds lived at the Pleasanton and were ever seen together. Then the young husband took to riotous living, fell into the clutches of a notorious woman by the name of Valencia, and was at last arrested in Ellis street. The morning of his arrest he was seen about the tenderloin in a pair of pajamas, and he even had the temerity to visit his club in that attire, being compelled to instantly resign from the same because of the incident. The lawyer who defended Baird and got him out of jail was never even thanked for his pains, and the young man left the city. His wife and baby were left to shift for themselves and it was believed that a divorce proceeding would soon close the scandal. The Valencia woman, growing bold in her achievement, telephoned Mrs. Baird from time to time



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until the police quietly took a hand in the affair. It was said that Miles had fled to the far east, never to return. But Miles came back. Entreaties had their effect, and he has been forgiven for the past. He is living on a ranch near Santa Rosa, but it is whispered about that his mind is a bit upset. He wandered into the city the other day and visited the club which had compelled him to resign, even signing tags there as of old, but the officers have taken steps to prevent a recurrence of the visit, and have impressed upon the young man from Santa Rosa that there is no magic whatever attached to the name "Baird."

Apropos the Morgan-Davis Marriage

Though Therese Morgan was never engaged before she agreed to become Mrs. Norris Davis, there never was a girl in society who was kept busier denying her betrothal. It was a long time before people would believe she was not going to marry Theodore Wores. When young Ben Holladay, Mrs. "Billy" Irwin's son, died, everybody expected Miss Morgan to go into mourning, for there had been such a persistent rumor of their engagement. Wednesday's bride, by the way, though she has been out quite long, is still in the early twenties. Her sister Ella is not thirty yet. One can never gauge correctly the ages of society girls, for some come out at seventeen and others at twenty-seven, though all rank as "buds" in their first season.

Somewhat more than the average polite interest accorded matrimonial functions is being manifested in Miss Cluff's marriage, which is scheduled for next month. The Cluffs have always entertained in a large way, so it is expected the wedding will be on the same extensive scale.

No Longer Exclusive

The aristocratic residents of Ross Valley are preparing to move. Next, some of the handsomest residences in what was once the exclusive abiding place of the elect will be offered to the highest bidder, for the *polloi* are threatening to swarm through that peaceful valley, and impregnate its fragrant atmosphere with the noxious exhalations peculiar to the unelect. Even now there is contamination in the breezes. The uncultured are crowding the swells. The unelect made their invidious presence felt on the occasion of the function given by the Bothins at their country place. They had planned an al fresco nocturnal affair. The grounds were beautifully lighted, and it was a propitious night, but before the function was half over the guests had to take to the seclusion of the Bothin roof-tree.

The Guests Fled

Surrounding the Bothin place is a low stone wall. Shortly after the festivities were started that wall was alive with spectators. They looked like gargoyles in the dim light, silhouetted against the cloudless sky. Though they had not been invited to the function they took as much interest in it as any of the guests. At first the society people were amused at the intrusion. They enjoyed being the objects of interest to the common herd, but presently the people on the wall became jocose, and indulged in pertinent witticisms and satirical comments. Some of them wrangled over the question as to the point at which "full dress" on a woman ceases to be full. They sought to illustrate by citing cases in point and the personalities aroused indignation. Some of the feminine guests withdrew and it was finally deemed expedient to abandon the gardens.

Maud—Belle says that Lieutenant Flipper is enshrined in her heart.

Sadie—Then the poor fellow is in cold storage.

The Nuttalls in Mexico

Miss Nadine Nuttall is being much entertained by the hospitable Four Hundred of the City of Mexico. She is quite a favorite, I hear, with the diplomatic set, and an attache of the British Embassy has developed a marked crush in her direction. Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, Nadine's mother, has taken a house in the suburbs, where she entertains frequently and brilliantly. She goes every now and then on long trips to the ruins of Mitla, in her assiduous search for light on Aztec customs. Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall expects to visit Mexico later on.

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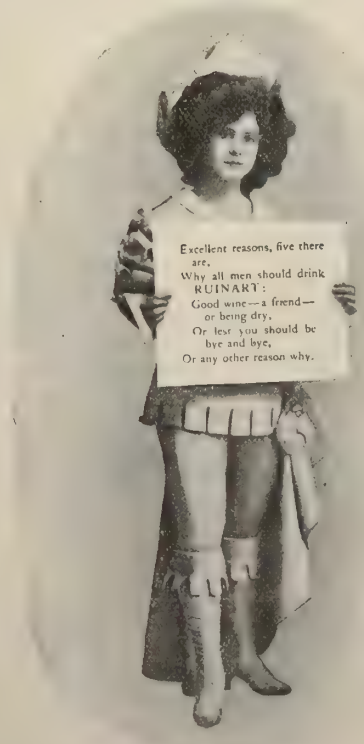
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A Naval Barrister

The Hall of Justice presented the unique scene, one day last week, of an officer of the Navy enacting the role of a police court lawyer. I have been quite impressed at times with the performances of the naval barristers of the Judge-Advocate-General's office and of sundry courts-martial, but I had conflicting emotions when I learned of Lieutenant Thomas L. Stitt, U. S. Navy, entering the police court coterie. He defended a blue-jacket from the cruiser *Boston,* who was charged with battery upon one Lillie Smith, a denizen of lower Stockton street, but his client was mulcted in the sum of thirty dollars by Judge Fritz—a verdict which, no doubt, made the nautical attorney feel something like one per cent of that amount.

Our Lackadaisical Military Men

There is a degree of rawness often exhibited by both the officers and men of our suddenly expanded regular army, which tends to make the seasoned military man gasp for breath. I was walking down Market street the other day behind three spick and span young officers, one of whom, I noticed, wore the collar insignia of the Seventh Infantry, another those of the Tenth. Near Kearny street they met, face to face, a party of half a dozen enlisted men. Exactly one of the latter saluted the officers, and his salute was not returned. I venture to say that there is not an army in the world, even among the semi-civilized nations, where the disciplinary punctilios are so frequently ignored. The United States Army of the present day, in spite of its many virtues, is singularly lacking in military style, yet observance of the requirements of military style is a recognized criterion of discipline. Parades, reviews, guard mounting, salutes, and the other varied ceremonies all have their reasons for being, and, instead of being mere pretty spectacles, have their practical use as cultivators of the martial spirit.

Moale's Sad Plight

One of the saddest bits of service news that has reached me for some time was that of the dementia of Lieutenant Edward Moale, of the Navy. Of high ability professionally, there is no more popular officer in the Navy than "Bessie" Moale, and his mental collapse has grieved a host of friends. The son of a distinguished Army officer, "Bessie" Moale married one of the bright, attractive Semple girls, of Seattle, whose father was one time Governor of Washington. Their married life was happy until the present calamity, which has been attributed to the strain of long service in the tropics, Moale having made an arduous cruise in Philippine waters prior to his assignment to the *Chicago,* on the European station, where it was hoped his health would improve. He has been invalided home.

An Historic Warship Gone

It is not without a pang that many officers of the Navy have heard of the sale of the historic old gunboat *Monocacy,* on the China station. This quaint vessel's history has been a familiar one to the service. She was one of the famous iron-hulled, "double-enders," propelled by paddle-wheels, which were built during the Civil war for service in the narrow, shallow Southern rivers. At the close of that strife, her peculiar construction admirably fitted her for service in the rivers of China. There she was a cosy, comfortable old craft, and many is the "*Monocacy* cruiser" of the service who looks back with pleasure upon the days and nights he has spent upon her in Chinese ports. She was always a hospitable ship, and the scene of many a ward-room symposium and wassail bout in the early days, when the China station was a merry one.

When Dewey Scared the Natives

When I heard the tale of consternation which came from Sausalito the other day, where windows were shattered, women made hysterical and alarm generally created from the gun-practice with the big twelve-inch rifles of the harbor defences, I was reminded of a similar affair caused by the old frigate *Pensacola,* now the "gardo" at the Yerba Buena training station, when she was flagship in the Mediterranean, under the command of George Dewey. The *Pensacola* had just entered the somnolent port of Syra, in the Grecian Archipelago, when it suddenly dawned upon Dewey that the quarter was nearly ended and that he had not yet engaged in the regular "night quarters for action," required by the regulations. The time records made were good, but the next day there was trouble. At the earliest hour conventional, an official came off to the *Pensacola* with a tremendous roar. He complained that the furious firing with the big guns had spread terror and destruction in the town. Not the least of his grievances was that a number of infants had been born too soon under the stim-



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ulus of the uproar. Of course, suitable apologies were made, and the flagship's band was sent ashore to discourse sweet, soothing music in the public square, but thereafter "night quarters" were held far at sea.

The Glamour of Brass Buttons

With the departure for the South of Miss Ursula Stone, San Francisco society loses an interesting debutante. She is a granddaughter of the Rev. A. L. Stone and a niece of Mrs. L. L. Baker. I hear that the glamour of brass buttons has lured her away from home, and that is why she has postponed her debut. She will spend the winter at Fort McPherson, Georgia, with her brother, Lieutenant Charles Stone, who was once engaged to pretty Kitty Du Val, but who married a charming army girl.

A Soldier's Widow

Pretty Mrs. Howard Avery left a few days ago for New York, saying that she would never return. She is such an attractive and bewitching little widow that her friends believe that when the memory of the tragic incidents of her husband's death fade away some one else will be found to console her. It was a cruel fate that cut off the bright young life of handsome Howard Avery in its prime. He was popular in college and athletic circles as well as in the army. He married Carrie Coitt after his return from the Philippines as second lieutenant of the Fourteenth Infantry, and they were living happily at Fort Wayne, Michigan, when he was drowned in the Detroit river by the capsizing of a yacht.

Howard Avery's brother Russell died a few weeks ago, and his other brother, Frank, was drowned several years ago. The Averys have had a great deal of sorrow. Their daughter Alice married Rev. Fred Reed of Christ church, Sausalito, and he died of consumption not long after the marriage. Russell's divorce was another shock to his parents. He married a handsome Spanish girl, but his ill-treatment drove her to divorce. She decided upon a stage career later. After her ex-husband's death she sued for her share of his estate. The Averys used to live in San Francisco years ago and belonged to the old Rincon Hill and South Park set, but after they moved to Sausalito local society saw little of them.

Service Gossip

Brides at the Presidio are quite an everyday affair this season. Lieutenant B. Grubbs of the Medical Department has arrived with his bride, and Lieutenant Charles Martin's bride is expected to arrive on the *Sheridan* next week. Mrs. Martin was Miss Mabel Woods and the marriage was an event of a few weeks ago at Nagasaki, Japan.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Vogdes, Artillery Corps, who was stationed at Alcatraz for a long term of service, and more recently at San Diego, has gone to take command at Key West, Florida. Captain David S. Stanley, who relieved Captain Amos Kimball as quartermaster at the Presidio and was stationed at that post for about six months, and later in this city as assistant to the Chief Quartermaster, will shortly go to Chicago as Depot Quartermaster and assistant to the Chief Quartermaster of the Department of the Lakes. Major William B. Rochester of the Pay Department returned last Saturday from his leave of absence. Colonel L. Lomia has arrived and taken command at Fort Baker. He brought his family with him. Colonel C. Morris, the new Presidio commander, is expected to arrive today.

Mrs. Robert B. Cunningham was compelled to defer visiting her daughter, Mrs. Percy Kessler, at Fort Flagler, as the Kesslers came to San Francisco instead. Captain Kessler has been ordered to Fort Totten, New York, but Mrs. Kessler with her little boy, "Captain Bill," will visit her mother here this winter.

A House Party

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis R. Mead entertained a house-party of fourteen at Byron Hot Springs from Friday to Monday of last week. A delightful fancy dress dinner was one of the pleasures offered the guests, who included Mr. and Mrs. George B. Sperry, Miss Elsie Sperry, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. W. H. Reed of Chico, Miss Agnes Buchanan, Mrs. John C. Klein, Dr. Charles V. Cross, Colonel Maddox, T. J. Barbour, E. C. Bray and Clarence Doane.

Dr. and Mrs. A. A. d'Ancona gave a box-party at the Tivoli Monday night, followed by a supper.

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Importations
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and inspect
Alexandra
JEWELER
752 MARKET ST. San Francisco ... Cal. ...

Me and Abe

Who are
Who are
Who are we?
We are
We are
Abe and Me,
Likewise Me and Abe.
The Siamese Twins Of 'Frisco.
The Purity twain.
The popular stain-
Less Heroes.
Magnates are we
Of this Municipality.
A holy
Horror have we
Of all rascality—
If we're not in on it.
Upon the dizzy
Heights
We stand,
Of our own virtue;
For reformers
Are we,
But not
Enough
To hurt you.
Watch me
Shade our eyes
From our own aureole
(Isn't it
A dazzler?)
Until we tell you
We despise
All grafters
And crooks.
Gadzooks!
But we are terrors
To evil-doers
That are not with us—Me and Abe.
With great
Alarm
We view
The progress
Of knavery
And chicanery;
Also,
Of capitalistic insolence.
For champions are we
Of
The Brother To the Ox.
Listen to our blood boil,
As we
Contemplate
The fate
Of the downtrodden Sons of Toil.
Hear us execrate
The Heel Of Capital.
See us weep
For
The bread-winners
As they steep
In their
Own sweat,
And toil on
Eight consecutive hours
For less
Than a dollar
A minute.
No redress have they
Unless Abe and Me
Rush to the rescue.
Our motto
Is "Equal rights to all,
Special privileges
To none,
Save Me and Abe."
Give us, oh Lord,
One
Term
More,
And then we shall yell
"Encore!"

Only a Bluff

"I do adore a real manly man," said Edith, "don't you, Maude?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Maude, "and I am going to take you to see the charming den of a manly man, today. He's got swords and guns and fishing-rods, and trophies of the chase, and pictures of pretty actresses, and all sorts of things dear to the masculine heart."

"Is he a sportsman?" asked Edith.

"Oh, I'm sure he is, for he's always talking of the glories of the chase, and how grand it is to pursue the flying deer, and how inspiring camp life is, where one is far from human haunt, and how one feels wild to get up at dead of night and hunt wild cats and things."

"How companionable I shall find him. What did you say his name is, Maude?"

"Smith—James Llewellyn Smith."

"Is he a blond?" asked Edith excitedly, "a rather thin, short chap?"

"Yes—that's he exactly. Did you ever meet him, Edith?"

"Meet him!" cried Edith in disdain, "why, he was up at Camp Sierra with us last year. He only stayed one week. He was scared to death at sight of a horse, and the sound of a gun going off prostrated him for hours. He couldn't walk a mile without fainting. Maude, I'm afraid your sportsman's den is only a big, big bluff."

—*The Eavesdropper.*

The new Orpheum in Denver, Colorado, built and managed by the Orpheum Circuit Company of San Francisco, was opened last Monday evening. The auditorium is the largest in the city, has two thousand seats, and was packed to the doors with a fashionable audience. Governor James H. Peabody and his staff occupied boxes. This makes the sixth house owned exclusively by the Orpheum Circuit Company, the others being in New Orleans, Omaha, Kansas City, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

A Popular Candidate

Henry H. Lynch, the Republican candidate for sheriff, is probably the most popular man on the ticket. He has been engaged in superintending the construction of street railroads in this city for nearly twenty years, and during that period he has employed thousands of men, with all of whom he was on the most friendly and intimate terms. It is seldom that the employer of labor wins the confidence and respect of his employes to the extent to which Henry Lynch secured that of the men who have labored under his supervision.

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Casey on Franklin Kay

"That lifts a gr-reat wate off me mind," said Mr. Casey as he lowered the evening paper in which he had been absorbed.

"An' phat are ye talkin' about now?" asked Clancy.

"I have rifrince to th' bye that inshpired Franklin Kay Lane to run f'r Guv'ner."

"An' phwat did a bye have to do with it?" asked Clancy.

"Everything," said Casey. "There wasn't a meetin' durin' th' whole campaign that Franklin Kay Lane didn't tell th' people that he had a broth iv a bye at home. 'I've only wan object,' he said, 'in runnin',' he said, 'f'r this job, an' that object,' said he, 'is his mother's son at home,' he said. 'I want,'' he said, 'to be Guv'ner,' he said, 'not f'r th' sthuff that's in it,' he said; 'far be it fr'm me,' he said, 'to think iv th' filthy goold. Me thoughts ar-re all iv me bye at home,' he said. 'I hope,' he said, 'to parrtissipate in th' upbuilding iv this gr-reat Shtate,' he said, 'so that,' he said, 'in afther years,' he said, 'me little bye, grown to manhood an' edjucated be th' little red schhcool house,' he said, 'will be able to point with pride,' he said, 'to the wur-ruk iv his dad,' he said."

"An' didn't they hoot him?" asked Clancy.

"Go long wid you, Clancy," exclaimed Casey in a burst of indignation. "Why, they ate in choonks. An' now I see he's goin' at it again. His persinle or-rgan, th' evening *Bullitin,* has an article entitled 'Franklin Lane's Boy Sidney.' That's phwat lifts th' wate off me mind. I've been dyin' to know phwat th' lad's name is. An' it's Sidney. That's a shtylish name f'r you. It'll get many a vote f'r Franklin Kay on Tehayma shtreet. It's little Sidney that's deshtined to take his shtand some day in th' dishtant fuchure, on th' white porch iv' his home, on th' top of Twin Peaks, an' pointing to th' city at his feet, exclaim, 'That's phwat me illustriyous father, Franklin Kay, did f'r his counthry.'"

"But shposin Lane isn't illected," suggested Mr. Clancy.

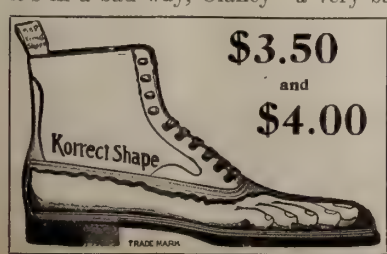
"Then it'll be all off with little Sidney," said Casey. "But Franklin Kay is a great campaynor, Clancy. He has a wonderful gift iv th' gab. He reminds me iv a Tipperary man I wanst knew, whose mother took a fit iv talkin' just before he was born, an' she marked him. I've suspected that Franklin Kay was marked, too. He shtarted out in life as a timp'rince talker f'r ole Vinegar Bitters McDonald, an' he's been talkin' iver since, but mostly always f'r Franklin Kay. He wouldn't talk about anybody on the ticket but himself when he was runnin' fr' Guv'ner, excipt when he talked about Sidney, an' when he axcipted th' nominashin f'r Mayor it was all 'I, meself an' I.'"

"Ar-re you goin' to vote f'r him, Casey?" asked Clancy.

"Well, I dinnaw," was the reply. "Iv he's all he ripresints himself to be I guess I'll have to. He admits himself that he's th' only honest man runnin' f'r th' job, an' he sez th' people must illect him iv they want to save th' charter. What's happinin to th' charter, says you? Well, it's in a bad way, Clancy—a very bad way. James Divval Phelan took sevril bad smashes at it while pretendin' to be friendly, an' it was very groggy when Eugene Schmitz took office. The first thing Eugene did was to take into his private office an' expose it in all its naykidniss to Abe Roof. I dinnaw just what Abe did, but I suspect that it was a criminal assault f'r th' charter has been lame iver since. An' now Lane wants to dochter it, but I'm suspicious iv him somewhat. He bungled th' bond issue two years ago, an' as City Attorney he's been writin' two opinyuns on ivry quechin. He's th' most dexteriyus man with his legal opinyuns I iver saw. But I know he wants to please people, because I was told that one iv' his opinyuns was in th' office iv a big corprashin two days before it was filed at th' City Hall, which shows that he wouldn't take an unfair advantage iv any one, not even a corprashin, an' his hatrid f'r corprashins is like that iv th' devle f'r holy wather."

"Then you think he's a great man," said Clancy.

"I have his wurrud f'r it," said Casey.



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In Financial Circles

Business in the Stock and Bond Exchange since the beginning of the month has been extremely light and absolutely featureless. Transactions up to the sixth inst., inclusive, aggregated $96,000 in bonds and 1,840 shares of various stocks, divided as follows: 360 shares miscellaneous stocks; 305 shares Gas & Electric stocks; 160 shares S. V. Water Works; 80 shares S. V. Water Company; 907 shares sugar stocks; 28 shares Bank of California. The unsatisfactory condition of the Eastern markets was certainly reflected here on our market, though our financial situation is much better. The Lighting situation is unchanged. About 28,000 shares of the Pacific Gas Improvement Company have been surrendered in exchange for S. F. Gas & Electric stock, leaving about 7,000 shares to be exchanged. The stock of the Spring Valley Water Company has been listed. This is the new company which took over the Spring Valley Water Works.

For Mayor

Henry J. Crocker

Republican Nominee

For Auditor

WILLIAM BRODERICK

Democratic Nominee

For Sheriff

PETER J. CURTIS

Democratic Nominee
Union Labor Party Nominee

For Tax Collector

Edward J. Smith

(PRESENT INCUMBENT)
Regular Republican Nominee

THE STAGE

The Chicagoese Musical Comedy

"The Paraders" is one of those musical pieces that improve with age. Indeed the average musical piece is a bore until it has been whipped into shape, but "The Paraders" is no weakling even in infancy. It has a good healthy glow, shows signs of having been well nourished with gags, quips, and other laugh-provoking fodder, and bids fair to mature satisfactorily if properly nursed. Mr. Raymond W. Peck is no George Ade, even though he does hail from Chicago, but he knows how to gorge an audience with nonsense, and flim-flam them into the notion that a plot is thickening before their eyes, even though it is as thin as a wafer. It requires a peculiar order of intellect to write a musical comedy. A man must work himself into a mood in which stupidity appeals to him as the essence of humor. He must be in such a state of mental aberration as to be able to conjure situations so lacking in humor and so utterly foolish, that they could never have occurred to him in a lucid interval. Perhaps writers of musical comedies never have a lucid interval. However, it is the very inanity of their creations that amuses the average musical comedy enthusiast. And Mr. Peck is responsible for almost as much inanity in "The Paraders" as was ever invoked by Edgar Smith in a Weberfieldian burlesque to incite an audience to laughter. His dialogue has not the scintillant sparkle which characterizes Mr. Smith's work, and it is lacking in spontaneity, but it produces laughter. The piece was written along the lines of the Weberfieldian burlesques, and affords Kolb, Dill and Bernard opportunity for their grotesque comedy work. The music by Robert Hood is catchy in streaks, and there are one or two songs that are quite melodious, but the feature of the production is its spectacular splendor, which surpasses all previous efforts of the management. The personnel of the chorus has been improved so that it is more piquant than ever, and the costuming is daintier and more picturesque. The chorus is the thing nowadays, especially in the absence of a bunch of beautiful principals, and the Fischer management has awakened to that fact. The spirited work of the chorus and the many pretty pictures it presents contribute largely to the success of the production. Mr. Blake sees comparatively little of the limelight, but he figures in one pretty picture, and he has one of the catchy songs. Maud Amber has the prettiest song of the piece, "My Alameda Rose," and Flossie Hope and Gertie Emerson get their share of the applause in the "Lisping Liz" song and dance. Incidentally, it should be stated that the dancing girls have not yet matched their hose. One is wearing silk and the other cotton.



ROBERT EDESON

Mr. Edeson is the star of the company which is to produce Richard Harding Davis's comedy, "Soldiers of Fortune," at the Columbia, a week from next Monday night.

The smart woman's favorite cocktail has Chapin & Gore whisky as its main ingredient.

Delightful "Boheme"

The Tivoli presented a gala spectacle Monday night when the old favorite, "Boheme," was put on for the first time this season. It was the best-dressed audience that has been seen in the house for a long time. There were silks, satins and diamonds galore, and the scene was faintly reminiscent of a Grau first night. Tina de Spada made her first appearance as Mimi, and though she sang and acted the role charmingly, she did not invest the character with the same delicate pathos, the subtle fascination that characterized the performance of Montanari. We have seen Montanari as Murger's heroine so often that the name of Mimi is identified with the first soprano we ever saw in the role. The Puccini opera would lose half its charm to those who have seen Montanari as Mimi and Agostini as Rudolpho, if both were absent from the cast, and even without the former the performance is not satisfactory. Will there ever be another Rudolpho like Agostini? Could any other tenor invest the role with the same poetic charm which it has in the hands of this Italian, whose individuality is merged into that of the poor, devil-may-care artist of the Latin Quarter? His voice on Monday night was as spontaneously fresh as it ever was, and the old Tivoli shook with the enthusiasm of the large audience whenever he finished a solo. Tromben made a bewitching Musettta, although she sacrificed the music allotted to the part in the endeavor to accentuate the mad-cap side of the character.



PHILIP H. RYLEY

Mr. Ryley is the very comical Tweedlepunch of "Florodora." He is busily engaged, when not amusing the public, in writing the book of a new musical comedy for which Jos. E. Nicol will furnish the music. Mr. Ryley, although a comparatively young man, has been a successful exponent of straight comedy, burlesque, extravaganza, pantomime and almost every one of the lighter forms of amusement.

'Under Two Flags" a Winner

When the Belasco version of "Under Two Flags" was produced here, there were a good many criticisms passed upon it. The chief of these was that it was not Ouida's "Under Two Flags." Belasco, that clever playwright, with his tender regard for the public morals, turned Cigarette into quite a different person from Cigarette of the novel. The Belasco Cigarette was unconventional but she was not Ouida's rough little vivandiere. The Neill version of "Under Two Flags" is real Ouida, and Edythe Chapman has never been seen here in a role so suited to her as Cigarette. Except in the equestrian scene, she gives a far more convincing idea of the Ouida character than Blanche Bates did. The latter's Cigarette was less Cigarette than Blanche Bates. But the mad ride in the storm—no one can ever approach Blanche Bates in that. Miss Chapman doesn't try, and the enthusiasm that might have gone to her equestrianism is lavished on the scenic effects. Mr. Neill is much at home in the part of Bertie Cecil, that dear idol of the school girl of fifteen or twenty years ago. The other members of the company fill their roles acceptably. "Under Two Flags" is decidedly one of the best things the Neills have ever given San Francisco.

A fire scene not set down in the manuscript was nearly a feature of "Under Two Flags" on Tuesday night. It was in that part of the play where a lamp is thrown over. But the light, instead of going out, flickered and wavered. In a few seconds, the oil would have been reached by the flame. An explosion was imminent, but none of those on the stage happened to be looking in the lamp's direction. Nervous ones in the audience began to squirm in their seats, when suddenly a hand from the wings reached out and grasped the lamp. The danger was over.



KATHERINE FISK

The famous contralto who will be one of the soloists at the symphony concerts given by Duss and the New York Metropolitan Opera House orchestra at the Alhambra theatre, the latter part of the month.

Marie Stewart Scores

When Miss Elfie Fay was at the Orpheum a short time ago, I regarded her as the "limit" in her line of work, but after seeing Marie Stewart the other night, at the same theatre, I realized that the "crazy soubrette" has a very talented rival. Miss Stewart appears in a sketch called "Paris," and she does not have the same opportunity as Miss Fay enjoyed in the stage centre, for there are other characters in the piece, but she is a comical host in herself. The bill on the whole is a vast improvement over that of last week, and one of its most popular features is Mr. Arthur Cunningham, the baritone, who recently scored a great hit in "The Highwayman" at the Tivoli. He sings several ballads, and his resonant baritone rouses the greatest enthusiasm.

They'll Open with Pinero

"Lady Bountiful," which introduces the new Alcazar stock company, ought to be interesting. It is by Pinero, and, wonder of wonders, it is said to be as pure as the perfumed breezes that sigh through the pine-clad summits of our own Sierras. Pinero is a little, dark, cynical Englishman who delights in writing dark, cynical plays. In "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Gay Lord Quex," he has treated sex problems with the frankness of an expert gynecologist, holding a clinical exposition. In "Letty," just produced in London, he has extremely irritated the English aristocracy by sharply pointing the moral that they eat too much. "Lady Bountiful" is a love story pure and simple, honeycombed with quaint humor, with a death scene as tear-compelling as that of the hectic hued "Camille." But, as the author declares in a prefatory rhyme, there is—

"No war, no lust, not a commandment broke
By sir or madam—but a history
To make a rhyme to speed a young maid's hour."

Alcazar players come and go, but interest is keyed up to unusual pitch by the advent of the late newcomers, and general manager E. D. Price, who went to New York last June to engage them, will be spitted upon the sharp spike of nervous uncertainty until they have passed the first night's ordeal. But Miss Block, Mr. Durkin, Miss Starr and Mr. Maher come with excellent records of achievement elsewhere, and will find cordial and impartial welcome. Miss Block, however, who has played leads in New York productions with E. H. Sothern and Henrietta Crosman, and as the serpentine and seductive Iras in the original "Ben



BOTHWELL BROWNE

Who will appear in the title role of the grand juvenile production of the burlesque extravaganza, "Cleopatra," in which one hundred and fifty children will take part, and which begins a week's run at the Grand Opera House tomorrow matinee.

Hur," confesses to a trepidation that she never felt elsewhere. It is a bit of unwritten history that the day after she signed with the Alcazar, she was invited to re-engage with Miss Crosman, and David Belasco sent for her to talk business.

L. R. Stockwell's starring engagement at the Central is proving a great financial success for the theatre, which is crowded at every performance. "My Friend from India," the Du Souchet farce, is no novelty to San Francisco, but Stockwell as Augustus Keen Shaver infuses new vim into this amusing character. The Central stock lends excellent support, as it usually does. The company is certainly deserving of approbation for the ease with which it slips from blood-curdling melodrama to a comedy such as this. After "A Midnight Bell" there will be another jump from farce-comedy to comedy drama, "Ranch 10" being the attraction announced to follow the Hoyt play.

The Third "Florodora" Company

"Florodora" is one of the musical comedies that will live, and of which we may expect periodical revivals. We may boast that our universities surpass those of England, and that we have proved our superiority over the Britishers in many spheres of activity, but we have not yet attained



The sextette of this season's Florodora company is characterized by extreme loveliness. It seems almost unfair to publish the picture of one of the "pretty maidens" when the other five are equally an ocular delight, but space forbids that all of their respective physiognomies should grace this page, and our composite photographer is on his vacation. The face above is that of Miss Mae Ellwood, whose lithe proportions and languorous demeanor are thoroughly representative of the world-famed Florodora girl. Since hers is the picture, we will let her speak for the entire sextette. She likes San Francisco—an unusual and original confession for an actress, by the way. She is delighted with the climate, the scenery, the habitues of the front row and, above all, our wines. She has met many hospitable people since her arrival, and naturally she sampled our wines. She says that she was especially pleased with Ayala. Far be it for *Town Talk* to criticise the young lady unduly, but her reputation as a connoisseur must suffer seriously from the fact that Ayala, instead of being a native wine, is an imported French Champagne. However, perhaps the young lady didn't think it was, and maybe after all this is merely a yarn of Ralph Pincus, the Columbia's promoter of publicity, remodeled. Who knows?

to their degree of proficiency in the art of playwrighting. And especially to the writers of musical comedies must the American doff his sombrero. "Florodora" is one of many successful musical pieces that have come from the other side of the water, and that combine a sparkling book abounding in dainty lyrics, and a melodious score replete with delicious measures. The company now appearing at the Columbia in this popular, jingling comedy is the third that has visited this city, and it gives a performance fully as satisfactory as those of its predecessors. It is short of vocalists but it has many pretty women, beautifully gowned. Miss Rush is a dainty Lady Holyrood, and Robert Graham is the best Gilfain we have seen.

"We Are Six"

The "original Florodora sextette" will probably be a standing joke long after the opera itself goes out of favor. In these clever verses the story of the multiplicity of the original sextette girls is told:

"I asked a little chorus maid,
All frills and winks and kicks:
Pray are there any more like you?"
She answered, "We are six."

"Nineteen are in the 'Silver Shoe,'
Twelve in the 'Jersey Rose,'
And thirty in the 'Runabouts'
Disport in gorgeous clothes."

The 'Prince of Kensico' has eight
At Daly's there are three;
And other theatres in town
Have fifty-six," quoth she.

"Ah, prithee, tell me true," I cried,
"And play me no rude tricks,
How many maids are there in all?"
She answered: "There are six.

"Nineteen won wealth down Wall street way,
And twenty-two are wed;
In Paris there are thirteen more,
And some, alas! are dead."

"How many are there, then," I asked,
"On either side of Styx?"
And still the simple sextette maid
Insisted, "We are six."

A few months ago one of the dailies published a picture of Miss Mildred Kearney, and announced that the was going East to win fame and fortune on the operatic stage. From what was said of her one might judge that she was a distinguished vocalist who had only to be heard in New York to be sought after by all the leading managers. It is that sort of fatuous puffery which incites young women devoid of talent to adopt a stage career. I like to keep track of them in order to blazon their triumphs. Miss Kearney is now playing a thinking part in a comic opera called "Winsome Winnie," which was produced last week in Baltimore.

There is talk of proposing John Drew for membership in the Union Club of New York, but it is doubtful whether he will be elected. There are few actors who are members of the leading clubs of New York. Lester Wallack belonged to the Union Club, but the late William Florence could not be elected there. There is no club too exclusive for Drew in this city.

The eleventh annual benefit in aid of the charity fund of San Francisco Lodge No. 21, Theatrical Mechanical Association, will take place at the Alhambra theatre, Friday afternoon, October twenty-third. The performances given to help along the good work of the "men behind the scenes" are always notable events and this year's program will be the strongest ever offered.

Ben Teal, the former San Franciscan, now stage director for Weber and Field's, was the man who staged "Ben Hur" in its Eastern productions.



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The Fascination of the Unknown

To take excursions into the realm of the invisible causes of things, and to study the psychological intricacies of all that is outwardly visible, possess an indefinable charm. The strong undercurrent of this innate desire to know all that may be known of "life's secret things" is evident in the large audiences that attend the lectures given by Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall, each Sunday evening. In his lecture on "The Elixir of Life," last Sunday night, Tyndall showed that the alchemists, who are popularly supposed to have been in league with demons, were merely scientific investigators, who probably knew of a substance corresponding to the newly found radium. The experiments that followed were made with marvelous accuracy and precision. Tomorrow night Tyndall will talk on "The Thought That Kills," giving further demonstrations of his psychic powers. "Money" will be the subject of the psychological talk on the Sunday following.

Features of Next Week's Bills

"Florodora" will have another week at the Columbia, ending Sunday night, October eighteenth. Robert Edeson in "Soldiers of Fortune" will come next.

The Neill engagement at the Grand closes after tonight's performance. Bothwell Browne's "Cleopatra Up-to-Date" will then have a week's run. The scenery and costumes will be new and beautiful. In the ballet will be introduced the smallest toe dancer in existence. Chorus features will be the symbolical ballet, "The Storm," which concludes with the pretty tableau, "Love Among the Flowers," the juvenile ragtime sextet, and the singing of the soul-stirring song, "The Way of the Cross," by one hundred and fifty children, the effect of which will be enhanced by an exceedingly beautiful tableau vivant. "The Christian" comes next.

"Lady Bountiful' is the selection for the opening of the new Alcazar stock company. John Hare starred in it when it was originally played at his own London theatre, and Georgia Cayvan, Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey shared its honors at the New York Lyceum, but it has never been seen here. In the church wedding scene, the choir boys of St. Luke's will sing. The play to follow will be Clyde Fitch's "The Cowboy and the Lady."

"The Paraders" will crowd Fischer's all next week.

The Tivoli will have "Mignon" and "Cavalleria" with "Pagliacci" as its alternating bills next week. Marchesini will sing the title role in "Mignon," Tromben will be Felina; Tedeschi, Wilhelm; Travallini, Lothario; and Eugenie Barker, Frederick. Benedetto will be Santuzza in "Cavalleria," Miss Barker will be Lola, and Agostini Turridu, with Zanini as Alfio. De Spada will be Neddo in the Leoncavallo opera, Ischierdo will be Canio, Gregoretti, Tonio, and Cortesi, Peppe.

Hoyt's masterpiece, "A Midnight Bell," will crowd the Central. The comedy was produced for the first time at the Alcazar when Mr. Stockwell created the role of Deacon Tidd. Since that time there have been many Deacon Tidds, but they have all suffered in comparison with Stockwell's inimitable impersonation, the part of the Deacon fitting him like a glove. Mayall will have the part of Lawyer Keene, in which Joe Grismer originally appeared; Shumer is cast for Labaree, the bank cashier and heavy villain of the piece; Miss Lawton will be Norah, the school teacher, first played by Phoebe Davies; and Myrtle Vane, the pretty soubrette role of Dot, the parson's daughter.

Colombino, who plays a whole farce by himself, impersonating six different characters, will make his first appearance in this city at the Orpheum; in addition, he presents caricatures of Wagner, Bizet, Rossini, Gounod, Mascagni and Strauss. The sisters Rappo, Russian, Siberian, Tscherkess and Cossack dancers, from Irkutsk, return after a long absence, and the three Crane brothers will be seen in "The Mudtown Minstrels," a burlesque on a conventional minstrel first part. Wallace Brownlow, the distinguished English baritone, will be heard for the first time in America. He has just arrived from the Antipodes. His opening selections will be "When Bright Eyes Glance," by Hedgecock, and "Doreen," by Allon. A. P. Rostow, the Russian equilibrist, will be new. Juliet Wood and Fred Ray will return for a week.

At the Chutes the newcomers will be Trask and Rogers, who have been with the best minstrel organizations in the country, in their original singing and dancing comedy act, John Tierney, who calls himself "a modern Irishman" and who comes direct from New York, Allen Wightman, a clay modeler and pastel painter, and Josie Ainsley, contralto. The "Penny Arcade" is the latest novelty at the Chutes *—The Playgoer.*

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Friday Night, Oct. 16th—Cottlow at Unitarian Church, Oakland

Just How Far?

Note.—The latest song hit in the East is "There's Everything in Knowing Just How Far a Girl Should Go."

It's pretty hard to tell what a new-century girl should do. When, for instance:

A clubman tells you a story, a bit risque, and the point of which is in French but perfectly plain to you—ought one to laugh, blush or frown?

If the first, he may think you too sophisticated; if the second, that you are feigning innocence; if the third, that you are a prude. In any case, he may never tell you another, and then how would you manage to get a repertory for dove luncheons?

If a man steals a kiss in the conservatory, after a waltz and a glass of champagne have had their mellowing effects, what ought one to do?

If you are angry, he will laugh and try it again. If you repulse him, he will think you are pining to have him repeat the offense.

If you return the salute, in fun, he will think your kisses are given to every Tom, Dick and Harry. 'Tis very hard to know just how far a girl should go.

If a man has given you every reason to believe he adores you, showered gifts upon you, and called frequently, but never asked you *the* question, how can you lead him up to it?

If you have Mamma or Papa sound him as to his intentions, he will consider you bourgeois. If you do a little dramatic business as a leader on your own account, you may scare him away. If you let him keep on coming, and conferring meaningless attentions, you may lose a better chance. What should one do?

If you have two nice men on a string, playing both with a loose line, and another man comes along who seems more promising, how can you throw him a line when each of the other fish holds the flies?

How can you disengage one of those from your only two hooks, so as to throw the line at the new fish?

If a man whom you like *very* much asks you to dinner, leaving the choice of floors to you, would you say first, second or third?

If the first, he will not ask you again, no doubt, but will take your dearest enemy next time. If the second, he will think you too cautious; if the third, too wise.

If the husband of your best friend invites you to an automobile spin, in his wife's absence, should you accept?

If you don't, he will think you dislike him. If you do, he will press his advantage and insist on taking you again and again. If his wife hears of it, she will hate you. If she doesn't hear of it, you will always be afraid she will. If she hears of the invitation, and that you didn't accept it, either of two things will happen. She will be offended that you couldn't trust her husband on a simple automobile spin, or else she will think you refused for a blind. In any case, you will be under suspicion.

In society, if you laugh frequently, they say you have had too much champagne. If you are witty, that you read Pinero and Wilde. If you flirt openly, they say that you are brazen; if you flirt quietly, that you would do worse things. If you are cordial, that you are diplomatic and pine for popularity. If you are reserved, that you are haughty, disagreeable and have things to conceal.

'Tis *very* hard to know how far a girl should go.

—*The Maiden.*

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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

The Symphony Leader's Au Revoir

It was the Fritz Scheel loved of San Franciscan music lovers, the artistic leader, burning with the hard, gem-like flame, that put the fine flavor of his personality into the farewell concert of last Tuesday afternoon. For me, for Mr. Scheel also, I fancy, the real concert came to an end with the finale of Franz Schubert's beautiful symphony in C major. On ears full of Beethoven's magnificence and Schubert's wonderful melodies, Dr. Stewart's "Montezuma" and even the Liszt "Rhapsody," fell with an inappropriateness approaching dissonance. Although not characterized by any great originality, the work of our talented local composer is well orchestrated, and in the Grove, with forest setting, with Schubert in the background, very much in the background, with the ear allowed an out-of-doors latitude, must have been most effective. The judgment of the audience as a whole, that forgot for the time being Beethoven and Schubert and Fritz Scheel, and remembered only Dr. Stewart of San Francisco, was no doubt juster than that of a critic engaged in the sorry business of making odorous comparisons. The composer was called for after the second movement of the suite, the intermezzo expressing the delights of love, and again at the end of the number. He very modestly stood at one side of the stage until Scheel compelled him to take a more prominent place. The "Montezuma" music will be heard in New York when Louis Robertson finishes the revision of his music-drama for Mr. Frohman.

Mrs. Moeller's Pupil Recital

On Wednesday evening of last week Byron Mauzy hall was filled with a large and friendly audience, which applauded freely the long and interesting program offered by the pupils of Mrs. Frances Moeller. It would be impossible to give detailed criticism of the thirteen numbers, though special mention should be given to four of them. Walter M. Leitch, who sang Trotere's "The Deathless Army," gave his number in fine style; Orville D. Fairfield's rendition of Buck's "Bedouin Love Song" was worthy of all praise; Mrs. Frank Bellhouse sang "I Am Titania," from "Mignon," with much spirit, and the quartet, "Absent," by Misses Tappan and Quire, Messrs. Springer and Schuler, was admirably sung. The last was the only number, save the final one, to which an encore was permitted, no recalls being the rule. The concluding number was the sextet, "When the Golden Sun," from Francis's "Royal Rogue," and was sung in costume. The feminine singers wore cardinal costumes with parasols of the same brilliant hue, and the masculines were in army uniform. Mrs. Moeller played all the accompaniments. Mrs. Moeller, by the way, was formerly one of the prominent lights in Sacramento's musical cult. She belonged to the Saturday Club, *the* culture club of the Capital.

Wagner Music at Trinity

Next Wednesday evening at eight o'clock at Trinity church, Mr. Louis H. Eaton will give his eighteenth free organ recital. It will be a Wagner program and the organist will be assisted by Mr. Louis J. von der Mehden junior, 'cellist. The organ numbers will be the Preludes to "Lohengrin," "Parsifal" and "Tristan and Isolde," Introduction to the third act and Bridal Music from "Lohengrin," Romance from "Tannhauser" and the overture to "Tannhauser," the only exception to the Wagner program being Bach's Prelude in E minor. Mr. von der Mehden will play Walther's Prize Song from "The Meistersinger."

The Royal Italian Band, which Channing Ellery has devoted so many years to bringing to a remarkably high standard, will be with us again soon under the management of Will Greenbaum. The organization is stronger and better than ever and the repertoire greatly increased by the library of Signor Chiafferali, the new conductor, who is said to be the best Italian bandmaster ever brought to America.

Augusta Cottlow at Lyric Hall

The program for the opening concert at Lyric hall next Tuesday night by Augusta Cottlow is a most interesting one. Miss Cottlow will play an arrangement of one of Bach's organ preludes and fugues arranged for piano by the great master, Busoni, a Brahms Cappriccio, Chopin's Nocturne in F sharp minor, and

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Scherzo in C sharp minor, Tschaikowsky's Romanze Op. 5 and Etude de Concert, and Polonaise in E major by Liszt. Mr. Blumenfeld, the violinist, and Arthur Weiss, 'cellist, will play with her Rubinstein's brilliant trio in B flat major. Mr. Blumenfeld will play Brush's arrangement of the old Hebrew air, "Kol Nidrei," two movements of a Bach sonata, Vieuxtemps' Air Savoyard and Reverie and Wieniawski's Rondo Elegante, accompanied by Fred Maurer. Thursday night will be devoted entirely to a piano recital by Miss Cottlow, and she will play Beethoven's thirty-two variations in C minor, Schumann's "Papillons," Chopin's rarely played Ballade in F major, MacDowell's Polonaise in E minor, the Marche Militaire of Schubert-Taussig, and two compositions by Mr. Samuel Bollinger, now a resident of this city. On Saturday afternoon, the seventeenth, Miss Cottlow and Mr. Blumenfeld will again appear together and play Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," besides brilliant solo numbers. On Friday night the two artists will appear at the Unitarian church in Oakland. After the Cottlow concerts Manager Greenbaum promises the finest orchestral concerts ever given in this city. The entire orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House will appear in four concerts under the great Duss, with such soloists as Nathan Franko, the violinist, Katharine Fisk, the contralto, and Madame Nordica.

The Wagner Festival

The least said, from a musical point of view, of the Grand Wagner Festival given last Thursday night, the soonest mended. For the lovers of the great modern, there was little but disappointment. For those who dislike him—and there are still many—there was much to confirm their preconceived unfavorable opinion. Wagner's music, being new and not conspicuously melodious, is easily made meaningless; it requires exquisite artistry to make it the wonderful thing that at its best it really is. The Thursday night performance did neither the performers nor the great composer justice, and therefore I refrain from detailed criticism. Perhaps before going to the concert I should have sat down, read and indigested Oscar Wilde's delightful sermon on "The Decay of Lying."

The concert given by Mr. Edward Xavier Rolker's pupils was too late for review in this issue. Few teachers, by the way, have had the satisfaction that came to Mr. Rolker, when his pupil, Miss Goodwin, whose voice he developed, returned from abroad last fall to continue her work under his guidance, after months of study with Marchesi in Paris, Withrow, and later on, Korbay in London. Miss Goodwin leaves for the East to complete plans for her operatic career. Miss Gertrude Wheeler, after another year's work, will go to Europe. Her work will be concert and oratorio.

Kathleen Parlow will give a violin recital in Stockton next Tuesday evening, in connection with Miss Clara Alexander's darky dialect recital. The affair has all Stockton's society leaders as patronesses, among them Mrs. Budd, Mrs. Sperry, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Hodgkins, Mrs. Terry and Mrs. Peters. When Miss Alexander gives her farewell recital in San Francisco next month, she will have a new baritone to assist—Willard Young. He has a magnificent voice, and is a member of two church choirs here, but this will be his debut in concert.

On Thursday evening the Photographic Salon opened at the Hopkins, a promenade concert with Henry Heyman directing the music being the charming accompaniment. The program included numbers by Komzak, Offenbach, Bizet, Strauss, Walteufel and others. A vocal and instrumental concert under Sir Henry's direction will be given next Thursday night and also on Saturday night the twenty-fourth of October.

—The Music Critic.

Oscar Wilde's "Salome" was warmly received in Berlin. It was "Salome" that came under the censor's ban when a London production was suggested.

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Automobile Topics

Charles B. Shanks, of the Winton Motor Carriage Company of Cleveland, Ohio, and editor of the *Auto Era*, arrived in San Francisco last Friday. He came for the express purpose of arranging for the appearance of Barney Oldfield, the most daring automobile racer in the world, in this city next month, for the race meeting of the Automobile Club of California, which by the way will be held on November the sixth and seventh instead of the seventh and eighth. "Oldfield is coming" was on every automobile enthusiast's lips the last few days. With Barney in the fray there can be no doubt that the meet will be the most notable ever held in the West. Mr. Shanks arranged all the details of Oldfield's appearance, with Mr. E. P. Brinegar of the Pioneer Automobile Company and secretary of the Automobile Club of California. Mr. Shanks says that great importance is attached to Oldfield's racing. So highly was it appraised at the Empire City track meet in New York that he was given forty per cent of the gross receipts. Mr. Shanks is very enthusiastic over the outlook for the development of the automobile industry on this coast. Asked what he thought of the Ingleside race track, he said that he found that the conditions were not only as favorable as they might be, but that the surface was just as hard as any of the Eastern tracks. However, Oldfield will probably not make as good time as he does on the Empire track, for that track is a hundred feet wide on the stretch while the Ingleside track is only eighty feet. Nevertheless he thinks that Barney should be good for close to a mile a minute.

The new Garage of the Pioneer Automobile Company, at the corner of Golden Gate avenue and Octavia street, is fast nearing completion and will be ready for occupancy in the course of three or four weeks. The new home of the Pioneer Company is certainly a magnificent building. For completeness it will no doubt surpass any garage in the United States, and it is the largest in the world today.

First it is getting married in an automobile, and then it is spending your honeymoon in a horseless carriage. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Le Baron arrived last week from Valley Ford on their honeymoon in an Oldsmobile. After spending a day visiting all the sights of this city, touring through the Presidio reservation and the Park, the Oldsmobile was driven via San Jose to Fresno.

That big motor bus that has been traveling around the streets of this city is the first auto of its kind that has ever been brought to the coast. It was received last week by the National Automobile Company from the Dailmer Company, New York. It is a thirty-two horse power, genuine Dailmer engine and is capable of carrying twenty passengers up a ten per cent grade. The vehicle has been purchased by H. E. Bothin.

One of the recent purchasers of a Cadillac machine is Dr. McCracken of Pescadero. The doctor last week purchased one of these motor vehicles, and accompanied by Mr. R. G. Emmons of the Western Automobile Company, left for Pescadero. "Though the trip was not made in record time," said Mr. Emmons, "we covered the distance in good time and very successfully. In carrying four passengers over the Grand View Trail, which is one of the hardest grades in the State, I think we were very successful, as the incline is nine miles long."

Mr. Leon Roos is one of the latest purchasers of a "White" touring car. He reports a very pleasant run last Sunday.

Last Sunday Mr. J. D. Spreckels took a party down to Menlo Park in his "White" touring car. From Menlo Park they took a long drive through the hills, making a total of nearly seventy-five miles.

—The Chauffeur.



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LETTERS

The Book of Nature

"Johnny Jones" has profited by his course in Nature Study, and recorded his observations. His mother has revised his spelling, but the ideas and illustrations are Johnny's own. Johnny apparently does not care to enter into a controversy respecting the relative merits of Spencerian and vertical handwriting, for he confines himself to print, and limits himself to capitals even there. But he has made a neat piece of work of his note book, and the Paul Elder Company has published it in first rate style, on Japanese paper, with bright red covers. Some of Johnny's recorded opinions will hardly be improved or superseded when he has added more years and experience to his present span. He says:

"I like a cow that's gentle,
And tied with good, strong rope;
I've never seen a wild one,
And never will, I hope."

* * *

"I'm very fond of little doves,
I love to hear them coo,
It's such a peaceful kind of sound,
And sort of mournful, too."

* * *

"Beetles are such poky bugs,
They walk around so slow,
It always seems to me as if
They don't know where to go."

* * *

"The things I hate the most of all
To have around. are fleas.
They jump and crawl all over you,
And bite you where they please."

"Johnny Jones" has done a more acceptable piece of work than Oliver Herford and the "Book of Nature" ought to find friends with young and old.

An Instructive Volume

We have been so deluged with historical novels and attempts to rehabilitate the past through the medium of fiction, and the majority of the essays have proved such doleful failures, that the jaded reader takes up a new addition to the long list with a mind predisposed to disappointment. With "Gorgo," however, the first page promises something far above the average historical romance, and with the five hundred and seventh page the promise reaches the final fulfillment, for Professor Charles K. Gaines has succeeded in making ancient Athens a living city, and her philosophers, soldiers and citizens something more than the half-forgotten names of a school history lesson. Professor Gaines is head of the Greek department of Laurence University, and it may be taken for granted that he is fully conversant with his subject. He has cleverly avoided the pitfalls which plentifully bestrew the path of the historical novelist, for instead of resurrecting an ancient manuscript miraculously preserved, and attempting to render the Greek language of that day into equivalent English, he lets the re-incarnated hero speak for himself in the modern tongue familiar to him. A student of the Greek class, called upon to read his portion of the daily lesson, excitedly contradicts his text book, a dissertation on the character of Theramenes, for it comes to him then that he, himself, was the Theramenes spoken of, and that in all the centuries that have intervened he has never been vindicated of an unjust charge. So, in justice to himself, he writes the story of his life, which is the story of the Peloponnesian war, and the long strife between Athens and Sparta. Theramenes begins his narrative when he, a small child of some three or four years, is snatched up hastily from his play, to flee with his father's household, from their country dwelling to the city of Athens, in order to escape from the ravaging hordes of the Spartan soldiery. He gives a spirited picture of an encounter with Cleon, the demagogue, in the market place, and of the crowded streets, the panic of the citizens, and the final immurement in their city residence. Theramenes is the only son of an aristocrat, and the description of his childhood, his school days and his military service, gives a graphic picture of the life and education of a youth of his rank. Amongst his school fellows are Critias, Thrasybulus, and others who became men of affairs later on, but they are here presented, not as philosophers, and soldiers, and statesmen in embryo, though they al-

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ready display the qualities which afterward distinguish them, but very much like our own school boys, eager for the last news from the front, partisan and excitable. Socrates, Alcibiades, Lysander, Nicias and others appear, not as combinations of alphabetical symbols, but as living men, and the customs, manners, religion, superstitions of the Athenians are all set forth. Places of interest are described, plans of battle unfolded, and much else, but the author is never didactic. The reincarnated Theramenes tells his story simply, just as he would relate it to his grandchildren, and neither description nor explanation is lugged in by main force. Gorgo, from whom the story is named, is a Spartan maiden, daughter of their chief, Brasidas, and beloved of Theramenes. She furnishes a contrast to the scenes of war by land and sea, and the political intriguery in the intervals of open hostilities. One may cheerfully and confidently recommend "Gorgo" to those benighted children who spend their Saturday afternoons painfully poring over the pages of the encyclopedias and laboriously copying facts and figures to supplement their scanty school histories. It is not unlikely that Professor Gaines had them in mind in writing his romance, and if this particular period of Greek history is not made to live for them the fault is not his. [Published by Lothrop, of Boston.]

The Brief Novel

The series of "little novels" published by the Macmillan Company is provoking comment and discussion. On the one hand they are seized upon to point the moral of this age of haste, and on the other they are commended for their compactness. It appears to be lost sight of both ways, that the stories now appearing in separate book form are not new works, but those which have appeared in magazines, usually before their authors were known to fame, and some of those connoisseurs who always look at the label before they pronounce judgment have had the very stories they now praise under their eyes before without knowing that there was anything meritorious in them. As to the beauties of short novels or long, the value of a literary production, like that of anything else, from a batch of bread to a locomotive, is to be determined from some other standard than that of bulk. There are many novels which could not be condensed into twenty thousand words. On the other hand, there are a *great* many which would improve with every page or paragraph edited out. Authors have no right to mount the pulpit and preach at readers unless they have something worth saying. Neither have they any right to conclude that Niagara Falls, or a very ordinary sunset, are discoveries and inventions of their own, to be exploited in as many words as possible. Wordiness is the worst fault of young writers, whether they have humility enough to style themselves journalists, or whether they aspire to the production of "pure literature." Apparently they are all under the spell of the paragraphers who chronicle the rates paid to Rudyard Kipling, A. Conan Doyle and others who have long since completed their apprenticeship. If so much per word or per page, the more words the larger the checque, reason these mathematicians. It never occurs to them that a five-thousand word story padded out to five times that length has just one-fifth as good a chance of being accepted, or that the extra composition and paper necessary to print a short story extended to three volumes is just that much out of their pockets. There is no question but that today the short novel is preferred to the lengthy one, but this is so largely for the reason that much that was once necessary for the elucidation of situations is now known to every one who has a pretence of an education or a familiarity with books. No author need describe noted scenery now, because all the world has traveled, even if it has been but fireside traveling by means of pictures and narratives of others. Moralizing is not relished any more, for readers feel as competent to pass judgment on situations and the motives of characters as the authors are. They resent having their time wasted by the obvious and platitudinous, and the wise writer economizes words and lets his story tell itself. There is no question but that in the production of fiction today the short story, considered in the mass, is infinitely superior to the longer novel. That is not to say that novels should be entirely superseded by short stories, but that when a book is permitted to expand to four or five hundred pages there should be sufficient body to it to justify the length. A short story pulled out by main strength is apt to be very thin in spots. —*The Bookworm.*

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W. W. KIMBALL, Commander U. S. Navy.

The President of Santa Clara College. MR. GEORGE MAYERLE—Dear Sir: The glasses ordered came in good time. They are excellent and I am more than pleased with them. Yours very truly, ROBERT E. KENNA, S. J.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

A. GRANUCCI, Plaintiff
vs.
A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of PIERRE LANGARON, Deceased, Eleanora O. Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee), Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleonora O. Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, Deceased,) John Doe, Richard Roe, James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto. Defendants

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of Pierre Langaron (deceased), Eleanora O Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee) Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleanora O Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, deceased) John Doe, Richard Roe James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in this complaint.

That the property involved in and affected by said action is described as follows, to wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, commencing at a point where the Northerly line of Union street intersects the Easterly line of Dupont street; thence running Easterly along said line of Union street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one-half (4½) inches thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-three (23) feet to the said Easterly line of Dupont street, and thence Southerly and along said line of Dupont street Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one-half (4½) inches to the point of commencement.

That the object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of the above entitled Court adjudging and determining that the above named defendants and all other persons claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the plaintiff's complaint adverse to plaintiff's ownership or any cloud upon plaintiff's title thereto have not, and that none of them has any estate, right, title, lien or interest whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof, and that the title of plaintiff is good and valid, and that said defendants and all of said persons unknown as aforesaid be forever enjoined and debarred from asserting any claim whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof adverse to the plaintiff, and for such other, further and additional relief as to the Court may seem meet and proper in the premises, and for costs of suit.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1903. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A DEANE, Deputy Clerk

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87243

ALFRED H. COATES, Plaintiff, vs. EMMA C. COATES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

EMMA C. COATES Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of this action and upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff as appears from the complaint on file herein to which special reference is hereby made; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT P. WHEELAN, Attorney for Plaintiff
222 Sansome St. Sixth Floor, Room 2.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. POWER, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary E. Power, Administratrix of the Estate of William J. Power deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix Mary E. Power at the office of J. J. Lermen, Attorney-at-Law, Rooms 908-911 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY E. POWER, Administratrix of the Estate of WILLIAM J. POWER, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, October 3, 1903
J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Administratrix

NOTICES TO CREDITORS

Estate of Bridget Ann Loughery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward Loughry, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Ann Lougnery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at Room 498 Parrott Building, No. 825-855 Market Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EDWARD LOUGHRY, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Ann Loughery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 3, 1903. JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for said administrator, Parrott Bldg.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of LAWRENCE FELVEY, Deceased

CATHERINE FELVEY, administratrix of the estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased, having filed her petition herein praying for an order to sell real estate of said decedent for purposes therein set forth,

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court, on Wednesday, the 4th day of November, 1903, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day at Court room of said Superior Court at the City Hall in said City and County to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, at either private sale or public auction as shall be necessary and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, October 5, 1903 J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

JOSEPH E. O'DONNELL, Attorney for Administratrix
460-461-462 Parrott Building

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87269.

ADELAIDE C. SHADE, Plaintiff vs. WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of September, A. D., 1903.
ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

MILTON S. HAMILTON, Attorney for Plaintiff
Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. —. No. 86531.

CLIFFORD E. LINTON, Plaintiff vs. ADDIE LINTON, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

ADDIE LINTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 14th day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff



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Thoughts on Life

Look upon the bright side of your condition; then your discontents will disperse. Pore not upon your losses but recount your mercies.—*Watson.*

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what upon they bore to Heaven. —*Young.*

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—*Sir H. Davy.*

Let us toil on; the world we leave behind us,
Though incomplete, God's hand will yet embalm
And use in some way—and the news will find us
In Heaven above, and sweeten endless calm. —*Anon.*

Life is like an apple. It has three stages, first the rind, which is sour—cynicism; next, the pulp, which is sweet—optimism; and thirdly, the core, which is rotten—pessimism.—*Michael,* in "The Descendant," Ellen Glasgow.

Four things come not back to man or woman—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.—*Omar el Khattlab.*

He lived with the sad severely, with the cheerful agreeably, with the old gravely, with the young pleasantly, with the wicked boldly.—*Cicero on Cataline.*

From Lorrimer's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son":

Life isn't a spurt but a long , steady climb.

Get the scent in your nostrils and keep your nose to the ground, and don't worry too much about the end of the chase. The fun of the thing is in the run, not the finish.

Unless you do the whole thing, you can't do anything in business as it is run today. There's still plenty room at the top, but there isn't much anywhere else.

It is not in the order of life for things always to go on just to our minds. That is the very point. If they did, we should never ask for anything better. That is just our folly and blindness.—*Maggie* in "Aunt Jane's Hero," Prentice.

To be happy is not the purpose for which we are placed in this world—*Froude.* —*The Gleaner.*

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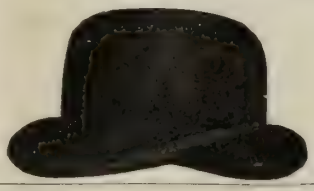
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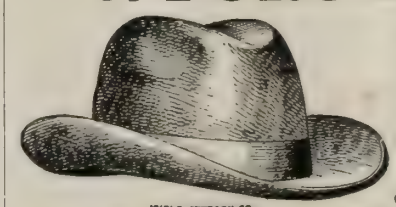
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Once upon a time there lived a Woman who had a Great Heart. Her Eyes being opened to the Wicked Way in which her Sex had been debased by Cruel Man, she determined to avenge the Poor Things.

"Men break hearts like Eggshells," she said to herself. "I shall make it my Especial Duty to smash as many of theirs as I can."

As she was a Fascinating Woman, she found little Difficulty in pursuing her Plan. She was Beautiful, and her beauty brought Sensuous Men to her feet. She was Clever, and therefore attracted Fools. She was Charming and Tactful, and scored with the Johnnies.

She became known as the Queen of Hearts. But she was a cold Coquette, and she soon fulfilled her intention of breaking men's Hearts.

Proud of her Triumph, she looked for the Applause and Gratitude of the Other Women, whose cause she had espoused and the Battle for Whose Rights she was Waging.

"See what I have done," she cried. "These men who broke your Hearts I have reduced to Despair."

But the Other Women refused to be Grateful. They called the Queen of Hearts a Mean, Nasty, Cruel Thing for treating the Poor Men so.

"What if he did Betray me?" said one woman. "He loved me, and maybe I could have won him back some time."

"What if he did jilt me at the altar?" said another. "There's no reason why you should treat him as if he were Dirt."

"If he were good enough to win my love," said another, "he's too good to be thrown down by You."

Then the Queen of Hearts turned from the Women of Society to the Sisters of the Midnight Hour.

"Here, surely, I will be Appreciated," she said, "for these poor things I have truly avenged."

But the Sisters turned from her. They said she had retained her virtue because she was Passionless, and, besides, they had no desire to be avenged.

Thereupon the Queen of Hearts lost her Temper. It enraged her to be told that She was Passionless. She maintained that she was naturally of an Amorous nature, but that she had control of her Feelings.

The Women of the Midnight Hour laughed at her. They said they Knew better; that she Flattered herself; that she was as Cold as an Iceberg; that she should be Pitied, nature having been so Unkind to her.

To prove them Wrong she decided to Marry, but she had Turned Down so many men that her reputation for Coldness had spread, and Nobody worth having would take a Chance. She finally married an Emaciated little Chap, and as a consequence she soon Concluded that the Women of the Midnight Hour had sized her up Aright.

The Moral of this Tale is that you shouldn't Concern yourself about Other People's Troubles until you have Lived and reached the Age at which membership in a Woman's Club affords you Opportunities for working off your surplus energy. —*The Fabler.*

Mr. Smart: Why are you so happy tonight?

Mrs. Smart: I was just thinking what Mrs. Swell said about me the other day—that I had no style.

Mr. S.: Anything amusing in that?

Mrs. S.: Not exactly. But I had the pleasure of telling Mrs. Swell this morning that her skirt gaped in the back—and she had already walked several blocks in the shopping district with it that way.

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, October 17, 1903

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The City Vindicated

Is no significance to be attached to the defeat of the proposition to issue bonds for the purpose of equipping and operating a street railroad in this city? That was the pet proposition of all the reformers, cranks, faddists and socialists in San Francisco. It was most warmly advocated by the newspapers which are urging the election of Franklin K. Lane, who is one of the leading representatives of the dissatisfied element of the community. Mr. Lane himself was heartily in favor of the proposition, or at least he pretended to be, though it was most likely in the spirit of demagogism that he so loudly proclaimed the expediency of government ownership. For weeks and months the advocates of the proposition have been beating drums and shouting through megaphones to arouse public interest in the election, and yet only about one-fourth of the registered vote was cast. The presumption is that those who did not go to the polls were not in favor of the city's owning a street railroad. If they were their interest would have been aroused by the clamors of the people whose sentiments coincide with their own, and they would have voted. The revolutionist is always aggressive. No doubt there were many people who were inclined to favor an experiment in government ownership, but who were deterred from voting owing to the conspicuous cranks, demagogues and calamity howlers who dominated the meetings at which the proposition was advocated. Many a sane man would have hesitated to confess himself in sympathy with the people who were red-eyed in their enthusiasm over the prospect of making a street railroad part of the political system of this city. The election was a vindication of the spirit that dominates this community. Ever since the election of Eugene Schmitz, a fiddler and a professional agitator, to the Mayoralty of San Francisco, this city has been viewed with distrust in financial circles all over the world. People in the East are wondering whether San Francisco is in the grip of the crank element. They would have been convinced that it was if the bond proposition had carried.

Are They Friendly?

Ostensibly the *Examiner* and *Bulletin* are booming Mr. Franklin K. Lane for Mayor, but if they are really friendly with him it behooves him to counsel a change in their tactics. Both papers are recommending him to the favorable consideration of the voters on account of his valuable services rendered in connection with the framing of the Charter, and at the same time they are warning the people that the Charter gives the city no protection from corruption. It is true that Mr. Lane was associated with Mr. Phelan and the other pseudo reformers of the Democratic machine in the framing of the Charter, and it is also true that their main object in formulating an organic law for the city was to facilitate the building up of a powerful machine for political purposes. But this is no time for Mr. Lane's friends to remind the people of his connection with that coterie of hypocritical statesmen. In his campaign speeches, the Democratic candidate unmercifully scores the Charter which he had a hand in framing, but he courteously refrains from confessing his responsibility. But in nearly every issue the *Examiner* and *Bulletin* expose Mr. Lane's culpability, but they do so with an air of innocence that is almost sublime. This is what Mr. Lane said at a recent campaign meeting:

> I want to say to you, my friends, that the Charter of the city and county of San Francisco will prove the greatest curse that has ever fallen upon this city unless there is manhood enough in you, unless there is strength of character enough in you, unless you are keen enough of insight to realize that now is the time when the city of San Francisco must be saved. There is a possibility within that Charter of building up the greatest corrupt political machine that has ever been offered to the people of this or of any other city.

Obviously, if the *Examiner* and *Bulletin* were sincere in their professions of friendship they would keep dark the fact that Mr. Lane was largely responsible for inflicting this city with a Charter surcharged with dire calamity.

A Clear-cut Issue

As the campaign progresses dispassionate onlookers are becoming more and more convinced that this is a fight of the conservative, level-headed men of all parties against the professional agitators, the fake reformers and the promoters of industrial turbulence. Fortunately the issue is pretty clearly defined, and it is also fortunate that the element whose defeat is devoutly to be wished is uncertain as to whom it should support. Mayor Schmitz and Franklin K. Lane are appealing for support to the same element in the community. Both have equal claims upon the suffrages of that element. Mr. Lane has sought to be all things to all men, and in his artful way he has played the demagogue and the high-minded citizen simultaneously, but his hypocrisy has not been so ingenious as he imagines. He has too closely identified himself with the fake reformers and the professional agitators to seriously entertain the hope of hoodwinking the respectable voters. He was groomed for this campaign before the primaries, when there was a prospect of Michael Casey's capturing the Labor Party machine, the program being to nominate a fusion ticket with Franklin K. Lane as its standard-bearer. Then he would not have dissembled. He would have scorned to appeal to the conservatives, and to the men who have suffered from constant industrial disturbances. But Mayor Schmitz upset the plans of Mr. Lane and his political associates, and thereupon the City Attorney experienced a frigidity in the extremities that impelled him to withdraw from the contest, but as he could not do so gracefully, and as Mr. Hearst and Mr. Phelan promised to spend

a lot of money to elect him, he was prevailed upon to run. Such is the history of this campaign up to date, so far as Mr. Lane's candidacy is concerned. He will not lose any money by being defeated. And surely, in view of the issue and the interests involved, there is no likelihood of the election of either Schmitz or Lane. Opposed to them is a gentleman who enjoys the confidence of the decent element of this community. Mr. Crocker is not a professional politician. No man or paper has ever intimated that he was actuated by dishonest motives, or that he would be subject to the dictation of any boss or bosses if elected. He is a man imbued with civic pride, intent upon identifying himself with the development of this metropolis, and if elected he would undoubtedly give the people an honest administration.

The Booming of Books

The Higher Journalist of *Harper's Weekly,* who, by the way, is W. D. Howells, discusses in the current number that bit of trickery by which new books are boosted through the offices of authors of established reputation, who are enlisted to help on the advertising by means of advance copies. The Higher Journalist deprecates the custom and scourges publishers and writers who solicit good words, but he might better direct his attention to those Higher Journalists, authors, clergymen, lawyers and other professional men who respond to solicitations, and write pages of fulsome flattery to silly society women who can help their wives and daughters to climb, or whose husbands can throw business or political advantages their way. From the amount of this extra-professional reviewing that is done, and the space that is accorded to it in daily papers, weekly periodicals, and frequently in monthly publications, there is justification for the belief that practically the whole edition of some books is sent about to those whose sole claim of capacity to judge literature lies in their more or less prominence in some other profession. The more insignificant and worthless the book, the more certain it is to find endorsement from Rev. This and Judge That, who often admit privately that they were caught and could not refuse. Reviewers who are regularly employed are often incompetent and ignorant, but they seldom deliberately falsify. The theory in America appears to be that any one who can read can write reviews, so the book department is too often put into the hands of the editor's wife or little sister or daughter just out of school. Having no basis of comparison with the literature of other lands, and knowing nothing of their own beyond the best sellers of the last year or so, and the few masterpieces which they have read under compulsion as part of their course in literature, they naturally find everything that is new to them in plot perfectly wonderful, but at least they are honest about it. Any reader of book-news quickly detects the tyro. But when men of standing in pulpit or bar are willing to sign their effusions, the first impulse is to give weight to their utterances and to buy the book on the strength of their endorsement. The second impulse, which comes after good coin of the realm has been squandered, is to recall the remark of the Psalmist concerning the veracity of mankind and to wonder how many dinner invitations have been squared.

Why Girls Go to College

"The generally accepted idea," says Caroline Halstead, "that college girls spend most of their time in profoundly scholastic pursuits, would be dispelled if occasionally a glimpse could be caught of the gay doings continually going on within the classic shades." Passing over the "classic shades" as applied to girls' colleges, one should like to inquire of the writer where and by whom it is the generally accepted idea that girls go to college for any other purpose than to participate in these same gay doings. Can one pick up a magazine, a newspaper or a Sunday supp. without being confronted by the photographs of "students" attired in fancy costumes, or taking part in some special festivity? Don't we all know about Float day, and theatricals, and hops, and receptions, and Ivy day, and Tree day? Is there any concealment of the hoop-rolling, May-pole festivities, and costume teas? College girls in all the undress of their basket ball and gymnasium costumes are as unblushing as unclothed infants before the camera, and they do not hesitate to furnish copies for the papers any more than do the footballers. No one who is capable of running and reading has any delusion about what takes girls to college. They go for the good time. Some prefer the co-educational colleges with their additional advantages in the shape of male society, but whether the college be co-educational or strictly femaley, the result is the same. It is not study or the opportunity for study which is the attraction, but fun. A college career prolongs the period of irresponsibility and dependence. A woman of twenty-five who is a member of a class is a young girl, though her sister of eighteen, engaged in some self-supporting occupation, is a woman. A college is a good place to make acquaintances; some girls have brothers who are worth cultivating; there are homes worth visiting, and a groundwork for a future social career may be laid by a judicious selection of a college. But whatever takes the girl to college, it assuredly is not a desire for study. There is no character which the attendant can assume so repugnant to her mates as that of the "dig." She will find herself the butt of practical jokes, the object of sarcastic remarks, and the fish out of water generally. She will discover in various ways that colleges are for the training of basket-ball and tennis champions, that time spent over books is wasted and that the accumulation of cushions and class pins is the main object.

The Perfection of Social Art

In these days, when form is superior to substance, so that there is an etiquette for the most trivial occasions, the rehearsal for any ceremony is quite as important as the occasion itself. Accordingly, our beaux and belles rehearse for their weddings, though their ancestors would have regarded any such performance as sacrilegious, and though the society journals have not yet told of the rehearsals for funerals, they are conducted on such lines that one is forced to conclude either that the principals have had the benefit of much experience, or that there have been private tryings-on, lest anything should go amiss and spoil the perfect ensemble at the last. Society is less reticent in other matters, however, so we have been treated to a glimpse of the modus operandi by which a fashionable mamma successfully guided her small son through his baptism. She

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was greatly perturbed lest the little morsel of humanity should cry or squirm, or otherwise transgress the laws of the Vere de Vere caste, so a fortnight before the date selected for the ceremonial she began to rehearse him in his part, even to the application of the water, so that on the eventful day he really behaved as though he were used to being baptized, and wore the proper blase manner of his world. It all passed off beautifully, and other society dames are recommended to do likewise. This one, at least, proved more sensible than another fashionable matron who concluded to make the baptism of her only darling the occasion of a "function." Now, baby knew not discipline, and his temper was fearfully and wonderfully developed, but mamma assured hubby that he need have no fears, for she had thought of a plan by which he would not disgrace them. And so she had. She sent the youngster to the park with his nurse, after her usual custom, when she wanted to be rid of him, with instructions to keep him out late, and it was not until it was time to proceed with the ceremony that it suddenly occurred to her that a child was a necessary bit of stage property. One can hardly regard baptism as a sacrament when it is administered only because it gives an excuse for social entertainment.

Luring Subscribers

Since the multiplication of magazines competition has become so keen that publishers are frequently driven to the expedient of offering prizes to each new subscriber to the face value, if not more, of the magazine itself. It is noteworthy, however, that unless the inducement is made in the form of a club offer of several periodicals at a substantial reduction from regular rates, the poorer the periodical the more strenuous the solicitation and the more showy the offer. One of these cheap interlopers into the realms of literature is importuning school teachers in particular to take advantage of an unparalleled offer, a choice of any one of twelve books. The first on the list is "The Ladies' Guide to Beauty," and it is lauded as furnishing infallible guides for the perfection of face, form and complexion. Next comes "How Women May Earn Money," and the fortunate possessor of this treasure need only peruse its pages to know all the domestic and decorative arts from A to Izzard. How she is to turn her knowledge to commercial advantage, after this lightning method of acquirement, is another story. Then, there is "The Art of Letter Writing," with its advantages properly set forth. The medical world should be overjoyed to note the fourth offer, "The Family Doctor Book," for by the time the family had been doctored there ought to be a lively demand for physicians. This is really an astonishing treatise, for it discounts the future and guarantees a cure for not only all known ills, but all that are ever likely to be known. Now we are getting down to the real thing, for failing to appreciate any of the foregoing, one may have "The Mystic Oracle," and what one cannot learn from this treatise about past, present and future, this world and the next, hidden treasure, the coming man and the meaning of dreams is not worth finding out. Having disposed of the universe, we are invited to inspect "A Cartload of Fun," a "Young Author's Guide," "Modern Etiquette," "A Handy Cyclopedia," a collection of "Humorous Recitations," another volume of "Wonders, Secrets and Mysteries," in which one may find the recipe for everything short of passing counterfeit coin; then a cookery book, a collection of comic songs and one of conundrums and riddles brings up at the end. Truly, a dainty and appetizing dish with which to tempt the schoolmarm. If the intellectual capacity of the editors and contributors approximates that of the compiler of this list of prize offers, the magazine itself must be both fearful and wonderful.

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238 POST STREET SAN FRANCISCO

Words

BY HARRY COWELL

In a block of Carrara the sculptor sees an infinity of faces and forms of unrealizable beauty. The love of the impossible takes possession of him. For a jest the three hags had aforetime lifted to his lips a wine meant for the gods alone, filling his veins with fire; and now the divine drunkenness comes upon him once more, and life within him leaps heavenward like a flame.

On the man fated for letters the dictionary has a similar effect. Therein are words, the wonderful material of his art. Lyrics of unearthly loveliness lie hidden there. With a hundred well-chosen words may a flawless sonnet be made and immortality attained. Between those dull pages lurk essays without number more reasonable than those of Elia or old Montaigne. What are stories by Boccaccio? What are the Arabian Nights? Words well chosen, well arranged.

The love of the word is the beginning of literary wisdom. How Flaubert, the faultless, worshiped it. To him the Word was God. And Ruskin, too—does he not somewhere tell of himself, how he spent a whole forenoon seeking a single adjective? Is not that in truth a red-letter day for writer or for speaker in which he finds a perfect expression? In the phrase, "The innumerous laughter of the ocean waves," the happier spirit of the sea is caught as in a shell. To read of lovers, that they were "imparadised in one another's arms," affects the spine as does the G string of a Stradavarius under the bow of a master.

To think that a few familiar words happily related may defeat Death "doth work like madness in the brain." More powerful is he who has fifteen thousand words at his command than he who has fifteen thousand soldiers. Often, indeed, do words move us to laughter or to tears where life itself leaves us indifferent.

Just now, the light failing, I looked up from my work. Through the most exquisite of pale purples shone the majestic Jupiter, resplendent, to look upon like a god. Wordsworth, of course, came to mind. "Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky," I quoted to myself. Now the life of the eye I love, and passionately. The senses and I are the very best of friends. But the beauty of the poet's simile is at this moment superior to the beauty of God's star.

"Words," says a master worker in them; "words have not merely music as sweet as that of viol and lute, color as rich and vivid as any that makes lovely for us the canvas of the Venetian or the Spaniard, and plastic form no less sure and certain than that which reveals itself in marble or in bronze, but thought and passion and spirituality are theirs also, are theirs indeed alone."

To a writer of my acquaintance the word "gray" is suggestive of all the sorrows of the ages. "Green" speaks movingly of laughing sunlight on young leaves in spring, of the glory of the grass, of the gladness of the world. So, too, Swinburne: "Green pleasure and gray grief."

How full of memories is "the past"; how full of hopes, "the future!"

"Love" is on every lip, and no one may hear it unmoved. Speak but casually the word of words in the presence of yonder silent woman, and the life will fade out of her cheek and a white fear freeze her eye. She remembers a joy that lived but a night, a bliss that was born in the amorous dusk, that died in the chilly dawn. How beautiful it looked by moonlight—living; how hideous, dead, under the light of day! And then there are "sleep" and "death," that "go to same sweet tune"—a whole world in each word. How brimful of delight is the little word Art. Thereat the eye thinks of statue and painting, the ear of music, both of literature.

The prevalent adjective is an almost perfect index of the quality of a writer's mind. "Green fire," "the white dove of the Eternal," "By Sundown Shores," "The Divine Adventure"—there you have the heart of the fairest myth of modern literature, Fiona Macleod. Delicate words, exquisitely subtle, words wherewith the finest distinctions may be made, characterize the works of Walter Pater and raise "Marius the Epicurean," for instance, to the level of French prose. The vocabulary of an author speaks volumes. Words left to steep in the soul of a writer take on tones, tints and flavors peculiar to his personality, and, together with an individual method of using them, stamp his literary product as his and not the possible work of any other man.

There are men—English-speaking men—who never make use of the word, "beautiful." Is it necessary to know anything more of them than that? With a raucous "screech," Stevenson changes the tune of Pan's pipes; De Maupassant's Beggar "unhooks" himself from his crutches, and the picture is complete, unforgettable. When from describing English architecture, Ruskin turns to paint Italian, he uses a different, a more beautiful tongue, freer and more colorful, as it were, than that of the British Isles.

Speech may have been given to man to conceal therewith his thought, but no man can speak much without speaking of himself. A perpetual avoidance of liquids and open vowels should be sufficient evidence to hang a man.

But beyond the reach of the Word is Life, and beyond the reach of music is life, and beyond the reach of whatever Art has in store for us is life; and yet it is only through art that the life beyond art is possible.

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The Pessimist

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Worth the labor put forth to raise it;
No scarlet mouth framed in dimpling mirth
Worth the breath that it takes to praise it.

There is no song like the one that's heard
In the time of a life's beginning;
No woman's love worth the empty word
That we waste in its useless winning.

There is no day with its sordid strife
Worth the serious thought we give it,
No passing hour in a careless life
Worth the trouble it takes to live it.

So pluck the rose while you chance to live,
Hold your pleasures as you may find them,
Forget, in joys that those red lips give,
The grin of the skull behind them.

MABEL PORTER PITTS.

Casey Discusses Native Sons

"I see be th' pa-apers that th' naytiv sons are wanst more off'rin' to sacrifice thimselves on th' althar iv civic juty," said Mr. Casey.

"Phwat's that yer sayin'?" asked Mr. Clancy.

"I've jist rimarked that those galint young men to whom this goldin West owes so much because they silected it f'r a birthplace, are again afther a few public jobs."

"Who'd have more right to thim, I dinnaw?" said Mr. Clancy. "I've sivin iv thim in me own fam'ly an' I ixpect them all to chase poleitical jobs as soon as they're able."

"More power to ye," said Mr. Casey. "You're a man afther Rosevilt's own heart. But don't make Dimmacrats iv them.'

"An' sure that's phwat they'll be."

"Then it'll do them no good to be naytiv sons. They might just as well have been bor-rn in Ireland as to be naytiv son Dimmacrats."

"It's hard to undershtand you, Casey."

"That's because you're not wise to th' usiges iv polite society in your adopted counthry. Th' naytiv sons is a sekrit organizashin, an' it don't permit you to introjuce politics unless you're a Raypublican. Whin a naytiv' son Dimmacrat is runnin' f'r a job divv'le a hand do they give him. 'It's agin' th' by-laws,' sez they, 'an' it's conthrary to th' spirit iv th' constitushin,' sez they, 'iv th' gr-rand ordher iv th' N. S. G. W.,' sez they, 'to use th' organizashin f'r political purposes.' But if a naytiv' Raypublican is out f'r a job it's diff'rint. He's a naytiv' son,' sez they. 'We must all be f'r him,' sez they. An' they are. There's Percie Velong runnin' f'r City Attorney on th' Raypublican ticket; he's a naytiv' son. A man from New York was on th' shlate but it was broken f'r Percie because he was a naytiv' son. He's what I call a profeshinle naytiv' son, but mind you, he's no Dimmacrat."

"Isn't Franklin Kay Lane a naytiv' son?" asked Clancy.

"Yes, iv Canada, where they raise Apayayes, but he's introjuced th' naytiv' son sintiment into th' campaign. He's th' father iv a naytiv' son an' he thinks that as he has made a contribushin to th' ordher he should be illectid May'r. But it has turned out that it was foolish iv him to make that an issue. Ugeen Schmitz is th' father iv three naytives, an' he's one himself, an' Hinn'ry Crocker hasn't been slow at all, at all, f'r he has a brood iv six growin' up, an' as he's a shtrong an' healthy man yet, there's no knowin' how far he may go. So it was a mishtake iv Lane to go blowin' about his solitary shpalpeen until he had a poll takin' iv what th' other fellows had been doin'. Besides, no man with only one child has any rayson to shwell up about it. Axidints occur in th' best regulated fam'lies. It takes more than one to prove deliberashin. However, Clancy, th' way that domestick energy an' fam'ly fertility ar-re cuttin' into this campaign goes to show that in this age iv race suicide, if a man is in politics it pays to have ividence iv th' fact that he's been shwellin' th' censis. If you've nothin' else to blow about you can point with pride to th' childher at home."

"Not unless I want a row on me hands," said Clancy.

"How's that?" asked Casey.

"If you knew Bridget Clancy you wouldn't nade to ask. Herself wouldn't shtand f'r me doin' any blowin' about me achavemints in that line. Bridget sez that th' mother is entitled to all th' credit. 'In soesciety,' sez she, 'it's not th' father that prefers pet dogs to their own flesh an' blood.'"

"An' begorra, she's right, Clancy. It's no throuble f'r a man to be a father. Nayther is he entitled to any credit. If he was, Brigham Young would have earned glory enough to run f'r Presidint. But whin a man who thinks that fatherhood is evidence iv greatness has only one child to blow about, there's something wrong with him. His intenshins are good but his execushin is damn bad. He should never be thrusted with th' administhrashin iv th' affairs iv a great city, f'r he lacks exhaycutive ability."

The modish woman's stationery is as much a part of her nowadays as her dainty wardrobe. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the newest modes in paper and envelopes, dies and seals.

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The Saunterer

One More Yellow Journal

Mr. Dent Robert, managing editor of the *Examiner*, went to Los Angeles last week with authority to start a Hearst paper in the heart of the citrus belt. Mr. Hearst has been contemplating the launching of another daily paper ever since he made a success of his Chicago venture. He looked over the field in Boston, and it has been rumored several times that he was about to publish a paper in that city. Since his election to Congress it has been reported that he intended to start a yellow journal in Washington, and more than once the story has leaked out that he had agents in Los Angeles looking over the newspaper field in that city, but it was not until Mr. Robert made his appearance there last week that it became known that Mr. Hearst's plans had matured. I understand that Mr. Robert was authorized to purchase the *Herald* providing the sum asked was not exorbitant; otherwise a press would be shipped from the East, and the new daily would be launched as soon as the plant was in working order.

The Joyful Journalist

With an influential paper operating in Los Angeles Mr. Hearst should have no difficulty in controlling the next State convention at which delegates to the National convention will be selected. The influence of the *Examiner* over Democratic politicians in the northern part of the State is tremendous, and I have no doubt that a Hearst paper in Los Angeles will be equally effective in dominating party affairs. The leading journal in the South, at present, is the Los Angeles Times, a Republican paper, owned by General Harrison Gray Otis. There is not a more ably conducted paper in the State, and there is none more profitable. It prints as much news as any San Francisco daily, and its net profits aggregate over one hundred thousand dollars a year. No doubt General Otis will prepare to give Willie Hearst the battle of his life, but he will find that he is up against the real thing in competitive journalism. Hearst has prestige and capital and he will make things hum in Los Angeles newspaper circles. There will be a rise in salaries instanter. The working journalist of Los Angeles is already joyful.

Why Williams Went to London

On the heels of the report that Mr. Hearst is about to launch a new daily in Los Angeles, comes the news to me from the *Journal* office in New York, that the purpose of Mr. T. T. Williams's trip across the Atlantic is to establish a yellow journal plant in London. When Mr. Williams went away it was said that Mr. Hearst had given him a vacation, and that he would stay in Europe until after the local election so that he would not be suspected of taking a hand in politics, it being well known that so great was his contempt for Franklin K. Lane that his sympathies would naturally be with the Republican candidate. But the report from New York is probably true. Mr. Hearst has great confidence in the business ability of the *Examiner's* business manager, and he is the man most likely to be selected for such an important mission. It was Williams who started the Chicago daily for Hearst, and he launched it in the face of opposition so fierce that he had to employ Pinkerton detectives to protect the delivery wagons. With a European daily added to his string of American papers Hearst will indeed be the Napoleon of journalism. The London office will give him a tremendous advantage over his contemporaries, for it will augment his news service to such an extent that there will be nothing approximating it in the field of journalism, except of course the Associated Press whose service he will continue to have.

Lane and the "Examiner"

There are few men in the country to-day more influential than William R. Hearst, and yet here he is in in California kow-towing to a little, insignificant Democratic machine, controlled by men who have slandered him, who hate him, and who are abusing him with cheap witticisms for the delectation of their followers. It is rather humiliating for a man of his exalted station to feel it expedient to further the political aims of his enemies, but such is the penalty of political ambition even when indulged by the owner of a string of powerful newspapers. The *Examiner* was opposed to Franklin K. Lane when he was a candidate for Governor, and as soon as the campaign was over Lane went East and sought an interview with Hearst in the hope of winning his friendship. Now Lane is a candidate for Mayor, and as it behooves Hearst to have the local Democracy behind him in his fight for the Presidential nomination, the *Examiner* is supporting the Democratic ticket from top to bottom. Meanwhile Lane, knowing that Hearst cannot afford to withdraw that support, affects an indifference to the *Examiner's* attitude. He calculates on having the support of the paper without losing that of its enemies, so he has authorized his touts to go about town quoting him thus: "Mr. Lane says that the *Examiner* can neither help him nor hurt him in this campaign; it may rehabilitate itself as a Democratic journal."

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The Schmitz Fund

The Schmitz campaign fund is said to amount to fifty thousand dollars, and unquestionably the expenses that are being incurred in his behalf will aggregate not less than that sum. Never before in the history of this city was money spent so freely in the interest of a candidate for local office. Every time Jimmy Phelan ran for office he opened an exceptionally large barrel, but never did he distribute money with the recklessness with which Eugene Schmitz is jingling his way through the campaign. There are three thousand saloons in this city, and there is not one that has not at least one Schmitz banner over the bar or one nailed on the outside. Some have two, and nearly all are liberally supplied with Schmitz cards of all sizes. The printing bill alone will amount to at least ten thousand dollars. His buttons bearing his picture, his sign-board and newspaper advertising, and his half-tone work, will aggregate nearly ten thousand more. His electric signs, each of which has one hundred and ten lights, are thirty in number, and each was erected at a cost of not less than one hundred and fifty dollars, and the expense of lighting them is about five dollars per night apiece. They are to be maintained about thirty nights.

The Source of Supply

To these trifles should be added such incidentals as hall-rent, cost of maintaining headquarters, salaries of numerous messengers, touts and banner carriers, and the price of maintaining a reputation for good-fellowship all over town. It will surely require the services of an expert business manager to keep the total cost of the campaign under fifty thousand dollars. However, as Mr. Schmitz has held office for two years he surely knows how much he is justified in risking in the venture which now occupies his attention. But of course all the money is not coming out of his pockets. He has put money into the purse of Mr. Ruef, several commissioners are indebted to him for a liberal salary, and one of them, Mr. Drinkhouse, has developed his business enormously through his influence as a Police Commissioner. When Mose Gunst was a Police Commissioner he amassed a fortune through the sale of cigars to the three thousand saloons under his official jurisdiction. Mr. Drinkhouse's cigar trade has also been greatly stimulated since his appointment to the Police Commission, for his drummers have been very active among saloon-keepers. A contribution from him of five or ten thousand dollars to the Schmitz campaign fund would be merely a happy business stroke. And then, last but not least, there is Mr. Abraham Ruef, who has become so eminent in his profession that his fees are said to aggregate sixty thousand a year under the benign influence of his tried and true puppet. So it may be readily seen that a fifty-thousand-dollar campaign fund for Eugene is a mere bagatelle.

Record Damages in a Libel Suit

The largest verdict in a newspaper libel suit ever recorded in this State was given here last week against the *Examiner*. The daily papers have an agreement under which they suppress news against the "peace, dignity and reputation" of one another, and consequently no mention of the suit or of the verdict appeared in any of their columns. The case is interesting in several particulars. It has been stubbornly fought through the courts for ten years, and, as there is sure to be another appeal, there is no telling how long it will last. The suit was brought by J. W. Turner, a Plumas attorney, against W. R. Hearst. In 1893 the case of a man named Thomas against Lotta Crabtree, the actress, was dragging on here in the courts. All sorts of charges were made in the complaint, and in writing up the case the *Examiner* reporter somehow got the name of John W. Turner mixed in the article with that of his client and referred to him as a man who had been charged with swindling. Turner promptly brought suit for fifty thousand dollars damages. An effort was made to patch up the case by offering to publish a retraction, but the retraction was not given to the world till some weeks later. Turner declared it came too late for any good and pressed his suit.

On the first trial he was given damages for five hundred dollars. Hearst appealed and a new trial was granted. Next time, in 1895, Turner got a verdict of one hundred and fifty dollars. This time it was Turner who appealed. On the third hearing, which occurred last week, Turner got a verdict for fifteen thousand dollars. Attorney J. C. Bates, who handled his case, sent up to Sacramento for Grove L. Johnson to come down and do the final talking to the jury, and, as Johnson has a grievance against the *Examiner*, he promptly responded. However, I do not think his client will ever recover any money, for the *Examiner* was clearly innocent of any intention to wrong him. The objectionable article was the result of the confusion of names, but the paper was somewhat slow in publishing a retraction. Heretofore the record damages in a libel suit in this State was seven thousand five hundred dollars, given in the case of Degan against Fitch. The average amount of damages in the fourteen successful libel suits against newspapers is about two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. The record libel damages in this country is one in New York, where a twenty-five thousand dollar verdict was awarded.

How Troy Wes Libeled

A few weeks ago the *Examiner* came near being involved in another libel suit through the blunder of one of its staff. A reporter was writing a caption for the picture of a murderer named Troy, and he put this question to his assembled confreres: "What are the initials of this man

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Troy?" The reply came in a chorus: "E. P. E." They all thought that he meant the local agitator who has been trying to purify politics and reform the community for several years. So the picture was published as that of E. P. E. Troy, and the proud possessor of those initials invaded the *Examiner* office the next day in a high state of choler. He was promptly given a retraction.

Lily Lawlor Has a New Angel

Lily Lawlor is to take my advice and impart to others some of her knowledge of the vocal art. She is to open a studio in New York where she will cultivate the voices of the Four Hundred. I hear that Mrs. Astor has taken her up and that she will pilot her through the eddies of the social whirl this winter. With such a sponsor Miss Lawlor will have no difficulty in getting ten dollars for a half-hour lesson, and that is the price she intends charging the swells. She is a very tactful woman and deserves success. Her cordial, urbane manner won her a great many friends among the wealthy people of this city, and when she decided to go to Paris to study the vocal art they subscribed generously toward a fund to defray the cost of the venture. She studied with the best masters and was entertained extensively by smart Americans in the French capital, where she lived in fashionable apartments. Indeed Miss Lawlor has enjoyed all those good things of life which are usually reserved for the daughters of the very rich, and yet when her father died all she had in the world was his insurance money, amounting to ten thousand dollars, no part of which has she ever found it necessary to spend.

The Power of Magnetism

Nevertheless she lives in luxury, dresses magnificently, sports a French maid, travels across the continent in a private car, and now she is the protegee of the Queen of New York's Four Hundred. The story of her career reads like a fairy tale, and one cannot escape the conviction that she is surcharged with personal magnetism. If she had a great voice one could more easily account for the interest that has been taken in her, but she hasn't. Of course she has excited envy. I have heard it said that when she was here last summer, her manner was at first delightfully cordial, and that she hypnotized everybody she met. She was invited everywhere, and presents were showered upon her, but towards the end of her visit she assumed an air of hauteur which lost her some friends. The fact is, I presume, she was bored, but since her departure the anvil chorus has been working overtime. A story has been circulated to the effect that she snubbed some people, and that one woman who had been very kind to her was given the "overlook" at her concert. This particular woman is not of the *haut ton* but she is very wealthy and had given Miss Lawlor many presents; yea, even the ermine coat Miss Lawlor wore that night, costing it is said a cool thousand, was the gift, so the knockers say, of this wealthy woman. However, if the wealthy woman complained, and spoke about her gift, all obligations so far as Miss Lawlor was concerned were off.

They Have Forgiven

When Leah Shingleberger eloped with Jack Daniel she forfeited the affection of her aunt and uncle, the Gustave Niebaums. Leah had lived in their family ever since the death of her parents, and she was like a daughter to them. She had everything that her heart could desire, and she made her debut in society under most propitious circumstances. But she chose to resign her luxurious home for love's sweet sake. The Niebaums would not forgive their pretty niece's act of disobedience for a long time, but a short time ago they relented, and now everything is harmony again. They have also, I hear, forgiven their nephew who, like his sister, made a romantic marriage.

The stork brought a gift to the home of Dr. Alonzo Hudgens, the Tonopah magnate, two weeks ago. As it was the first gift of that nature in the Hudgens household, its welcome was naturally very enthusiastic. Dr. Hudgens, it will be remembered, bought the Dunphy place at Millbrae some months since.

To Join Her Children

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson will leave for New York city in a few days, where she will spend the winter. She has leased apartments in Washington Square in the same house that Mrs. Frank Norris had her headquarters whenever she was in the metropolis. Mrs. Stevenson desires to be near her children, Lloyd Osbourne and Isobel Strong, who have made New York their residence. Lloyd Osbourne has been quite a disappointment to his friends. Great things were expected of him a few years ago, but he has not achieved much in a literary way. Austin Strong is said to have made a success as a landscape gardener and is in great demand by the multi-millionaires who employ him to improve the grounds of their country homes.

A Gentlewoman Shocked

The marriage of Miss Floyd, a rich girl, to a poor but respectable gripman, in this city last week, was a blow that almost killed Madame L. Bavarde. The thought of a rich American girl marrying merely for love staggered her with disgust and indignation. In her own picturesque language, it was "too incredible to be believed." She maundered about it for half a column. Her comments on the marriage read like the hysterical utterances of a mourner



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at an Irish wake. She attributed the action of Miss Floyd to the fact that she was not reared as a society butterfly, and then, with the candor born of an obtuseness almost profound, she told of the early training of the girl, showing that her young life was spent in a most wholesome atmosphere, and in a manner calculated to inspire her with higher ideals than are usually cherished by the simpering, soulless daughters of the conventional rich. But as her girlhood was spent far from the Friday Fortnightlies, where the seines are set by match-making mammas to catch the gold-fish, Madame La Bavarde felt that she was tremendously handicapped for life's struggle. Considering her early training, the probability is that Miss Floyd made a very good match, but despite the advantages of her youth, who knows but that she inherited a narrow intellect from her mother, who, according to Madame La Bavarde, was "the most exclusive, haughtiest woman of her day." I am inclined to sympathize with a girl who comes from that brand of mother. It would not be incredible that the daughter of such a mother surrendered her heart to a fellow who wasn't even an intelligent gripman.

Shafter and Sybil

Shafter Howard will find his occupation gone, now that the symphony concerts are over. He is worthily jubilant at their financial success, for which his excellent management was largely responsible. In these days business acumen must go side by side with art, else the latter languishes. Mr. Howard is as good a musician as he is a financier, and the songs he has written are charming. He may attempt an opera some day. Shafter Howard, by the way, was a playmate of Sybil Sanderson. When Sybil came hither with the Grau opera company, one of the first of her old friends with whom she renewed acquaintance was Mr. Howard, and she reminded him that they used to make mud pies together. However, she refused to go out to dinner with him, and when her godmother, Mrs. John F. Swift, who thought an opera singer could do anything, asked her why, she answered:

"Oh, I couldn't, you know, go out to dinner with a married man."

The Craze for Crests

The use of crests by Americans who have no right to them is becoming quite common. Of course the practice is undemocratic in the extreme but the crests are pretty and obliging stationers will provide you with them at very little cost. Some American families, of course, have crests, but few American families, even if they have them, have the right to use them, for that involves permission from the Heralds' Hall of London, and that is not only expensive but it involves tedious proof of links of relationship. Still, when there is a crest in the family, even when the intermediate links are not proved up and the Heralds' College never heard of the aspiring American, it is not quite so bad as getting one from the stationer. One of the funniest examples of the use of a crest in San Francisco is in a certain new house in the western addition. The owner of the house bought a fireplace abroad. It was of wood and beautifully carved and on the wood was the crest of the former owner. The fireplace was installed in the partially completed house and then the owner had the coat of arms carved in stone and mounted over the front door.

She Dislikes All Titles

I am told that Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish's dislike to titles is not an assumed one. She even objects to the word "gentleman," asserting that "man" is good enough for her. She was in a Broadway store one day and the floorwalker, who recognized her, kow-towed and asked:

"Is any gentleman attending to you?"

"Yes," responded Mrs. Fish, "I believe the nobleman with the bald head is looking after me."

Perhaps It Was Collusive

In a recent Oakland divorce suit there was more than a suspicion of collusion. The judge took the case under advisement and pending the issuance of the decree the husband went to his attorney and asked, "Is there any objection to my taking my wife out automobiling?"

"Well," said the lawyer, "under the circumstances I think perhaps you had better wait until the case is decided." They went, but it was after dark.

Stanford Students Indignant

The students of Stanford University are wildly indignant over the news that they are soon to be required to be indoors by eleven o'clock every night. Dr. Jordan has announced that he will soon give notice that such is the rule of the university, and that all electric lights on the campus will go out at that hour. To enforce the rule he intends organizing a system of police so that every infraction shall be reported to the faculty. The students say that if such a rule is enforced Dr. Jordan will turn the university into a prep. boarding school, and there is talk of mutiny. It was formerly Dr. Jordan's boast that he made no rules for governing the conduct of the students; that he merely expected them to behave as gentlemen, but this year he is so exacting in his discipline that the students feel as though they were under the dominion of a martinet. At the opening of the term the students found the bulletin board covered with little notices, signed by the president, of what they should do and what they should not do. There was considerable grumbling among the students, but it was not until they heard that they were to be expected to be indoors at eleven o'clock, that they began holding indignation meet-

MODEL GOWNS AND FRENCH LINGERIE REDUCED

Beginning next Monday, October 19th, the Emporium's beautiful model gowns for Fall and Winter 1903-04 will be offered at a reduction of one-third to one-half of the original prices. These charming examples of the dressmaker's art, designed by some of the most famous modistes in Europe, have been in the store but little more than a month, but they have served their purpose as model gowns, and now right at the beginning of the season they are offered at less than the actual cost of importation.

In conjunction with this sale a large line of French Lingerie —single pieces and bridal sets—will be offered at one-third less than regular prices. Every garment is made by hand, charmingly designed and beautifully trimmed.

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ings. They say that such a rule would be a reflection on their manhood, that it would shatter college traditions, and make them feel as though they were still in grammar school.

At Outs with Mrs. Stanford

Mrs. Stanford, by the way, is no longer an admirer of David Starr Jordan, and before her departure she did not hesitate to express her disapproval of his methods. She felt very keenly the criticism which the university received at the time of the dismissal of Professor Ross. She blamed Jordan and Jordan blamed her. She is now in India, whither she went after visiting her brother-in-law in Australia, and she will not return home for two years. She is now over seventy years of age but she says she has no fear while traveling because her husband and son are always by her side. I hear that she intended to adopt her niece, Jennie Lathrop, of whom she has always been very fond, but that her attorneys informed her that such an act might complicate the university endowment yet to be made. Miss Lathrop was educated in convents in this State and in Paris, to which she was sent by Mrs. Stanford.

Mrs. Mills Stood Aloof

Apropos the engagement of George Crocker's stepdaughter, Emma Wallace Rutherford, and Philip Kearny, grandson of General Phil Kearny, an Eastern paper reports that Mrs. Crocker has not found smooth waters to sail on at all times since her residence in New York. Several of Mr. Crocker's relatives and old family associates did not take kindly to her. She has been treated courteously by Mrs. C. B. Alexander and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, but Mrs. Ogden Mills has stood aloof. George Crocker, through his purchase of "Darlington," became one of the three owners of the beautiful Ramapo Valley, and he is now building a million-dollar house on a height overlooking the valley. Philip Kearny will inherit about a million dollars out of the estate left by his grandfather.

When They Were in Paris

The W. H. Mills's are contemplating a trip abroad, and they expect to have a better time this trip than when they were in Paris during the Exposition. At that time they had little idea of the way the French live, and they amused the Parisians by having their own Irish cook as a part of their menage. Though she was all right in San Francisco, she was not a success in Paris. She could speak no French, and as the cooks of Paris do their own marketing, she was seriously handicapped. Mrs. Mills tried to do the catering, but shopkeepers in Paris object to ladies' marketing, and prefer to deal directly with the cooks, who receive a little commission. When Mrs. Mills and her home importation had both failed to accomplish the marketing, the latter was replaced by a French cook. Miss Mills will not accompany the rest of the family if they go abroad as she intends going to Manila. Elizabeth Mills, the younger sister, who never came out in society, is expected to do great things in literature. She is credited with having the brain of her father.

Her Nob Hill Millinery

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has arrived in Newport, and according to a New York paper she has with her the latest "Nob Hill millinery." The society reporter probably saw her under that white bonnet with the nodding plumes which she wore in a box at the Columbia theatre some weeks ago, and which was a wonderful and impressive creation. It wasn't inartistic, but it was in the nature of an anachronism on the head of a grandmother. However, Mrs. Martin has a right to affect the raiment of the young if it suits her taste, even though it accentuates her age. The same New York paper that referred to the "Nob Hill millinery" wondered how many servants Mrs. Lil would discharge during the visit of her mother-in-law. Evidently the reputation of the Mrs. Astor of San Francisco, for economy, preceded her to New York.

Some Romantic Doings

Secret marriages, runaway matches and precipitate weddings are the theme of society's gossip these days. There have been some very romantic and some very sensational occurrences of late, in the inner circles. Many of them are discussed in whispers. The news of the secret marriage of Marian Harrison and Richard Sperry a year ago, which has just come out, occasioned a deal of surprise. The two were sweethearts when they were little tots. "Richie" has always been true to his first love, but Marian has had much sentimental experience in the twenty-one years of her life. Her dimples and her fascinating ways won her many admirers. At one time it was understood that she was engaged to Jack Hoffman. That was when she was spending much of her time as the guest of his sister Alice in San Rafael. Then there were rumors of her engagement with Tom Van Ness, who was a devoted swain for a time. Jack Wilson was next on the list, and his admiration for the pretty girl was expressed in many ways. Cupid surely plays strange pranks. From an experienced man of the world to a boy not yet of age is certainly a radical change of heart. Richard Sperry is a handsome youth, son of the late James W. Sperry, manager of the Sperry Flour Mills. His courtship was conducted under difficul-



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ties, for both Mr. and Mrs. Harrison were opposed to the match. His meetings with his lady-love were held clandestinely but they managed to see a great deal of each other.

There is a big demand for houses in San Mateo, and all the available ones in Burlingame have been secured for Eastern people who are coming out this winter to play polo. Many of our society people have gone East to attend the Horse Show in New York which opens on November sixteenth, but they will return for the winter gayety which promises to be greater than ever. The Raoul Duvals are among those coming out for the polo games.

The Professional Husband of Bagdad

Dr. Sundberg, ex-consul to Bagdad, has been delighting large audiences of women here with discourses on the ways of men with maids in the far-away, amorous, mysterious East. Dark are they, and one too many for the modern philosopher, as for Solomon of old. Compared with them the way of ship on the sea or of eagle in the air is simplicity itself. Nothing is more entertaining to women than to hear how Cupid behaves himself abroad—except, of course, how he misbehaves himself at home. In Bagdad, as we are informed, courtship is hard, divorce easy. Let a man, for any reason, or no reason at all, grow aweary of the wife of his bosom, or, rather, one of the wives of his bosom, and all he has to do is to say to her before witnesses, three times in as many months: "You are divorced!" and the thing is done and the marriage undone. As it is unlawful for a man to remarry his divorcee until she shall have wedded another and been again divorced or else widowed, there are those who make a profession of marrying divorced women wanted back by their former husbands. The business is diverting and profitable.

Diagnosing Under Difficulties

The good doctor related with much gusto and no little artistry an adventure that befell himself in a Mohammedan harem in Bagdad. One of the wives of a rich merchant fell sick and Dr. Sundberg was called on to prescribe for her. With a pardonable scientific interest the Western physician waited. Enter a black gunnysack. It is the patient. The doctor would like to feel her pulse. A white hand is slipped through an opening. Good; and her tongue—Impossible! No man save her husband may see the face of a woman and live; or, more accurately, no woman may unveil her face to any man save her husband, and live. His professional interest aforesaid deeply aroused, the diplomatic doctor insists. The difficulty is at length solved by the eunuch-in-chief: Though the woman may not lawfully unveil herself, the doctor under the circumstances might perhaps be allowed to crawl in under the gunnysack and so examine the telltale tongue. "Delighted, I'm sure," says the doctor, and does so. Then, after the most thorough diagnosis imaginable, he prescribes, as did Abernethy before him: "A little sun and air!"

"Society is just pining for a new sensation," writes a contemporary chronicler of social events in the East. It is quite different out here-where we have new sensations galore. The latest seems to be Ayala, a new French champagne which is creating no little stir in the circles of the exclusive.

His Hawaiian Experience

Southard Hoffman is expected here early in December. Since taking up his residence in Honolulu he has had much interesting experience. For awhile he shone as the Ward McAllister of the islands but lately he has dropped from view. His engagement to a prominent Honolulu belle caused quite a flutter at one time, and during one of his visits here he spent his time selecting presents for her. Gorgeous silk stockings and a silver toilet set were in the collection. It was after this affair was over that Mr. Hoffman's devotion to one of our local society girls, who was on a tour of the world, caused a good deal of unpleasant gossip in Honolulu. By the way, Ogden Hoffman expects to give up his detective work very soon and go into business in China.

Kempton and Wace Abroad

Jack London is going to get at the heart of things in London's East End, when he takes up his residence in the world's metropolis. He will live with the poor, eat what they eat, and enter thoroughly into their hard daily lives. This has been done before, and recorded in Walter Besant's novels, but London will do it in his own way, and the result should be Zolaistic. The author has been prevented from taking his contemplated trip by the illness of one of his children. Miss Anna Strunsky, his collaborator in "The Kempton-Wace Letters," is in London where she will remain for some time.

Elsie Tallant will probably debut this winter. She was thrown into mourning about a year ago by her father's death, and her entrance into society this season will likely be under the wings of her aunts, Mrs. Brice and Mrs. Fred Tallant. Miss Tallant is a very pretty girl, rosy-cheeked, with black hair and eyes. She was educated abroad and has been passing several months in the East with Mrs. Tallant.

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Marie's Little Sister

Marie Wells has a younger sister who is going to make a hit when she is of age to enter society. She is only fourteen, but she is so tall and well developed that she looks fully two years older. She is to be taken abroad soon to study under foreign teachers. George R. Wells, their father, recently had an offer to sell a mine he owns for one hundred thousand dollars, but he refused it.

Mrs. Sam Buckbee will not probably be seen at any large functions this winter. She is wearing light mourning for her father-in-law, Rev. C. A. Buckbee.

Mrs. W. H. Clary and Mrs. J. D. Peters were among those who entertained Miss Clara Alexander during her visit to Stockton this week. In Sacramento she was also the recipient of hospitality from the society leaders of that city. Last night she gave a recital in Chico, and I understand will shortly go to Vacaville with Miss Daisy Polk, the latter giving a violin recital in connection with Miss Alexander's darky dialect. Miss Polk was a member of the original Saturday Morning Orchestra here. She is a sister of Willis Polk, the architect, and Dan Polk, the banjoist, who forsook society for the stage some time ago.

The Return of Spring

Henry Spring has returned to San Jose after an absence of several years, during which time he toured Europe. His long, sensational legal battle with his wife in the divorce courts, and the litigation over his property, resulting therefrom, aroused much interest at the time, and his reappearance in California has excited considerable speculation, for it is understood that the two hundred dollars a month alimony which was granted the wife is still running. Mrs. Spring was a daughter of John Tennant, now deceased, one of the wealthiest men of Santa Clara county, and at his death Mrs. Spring inherited a large portion of his estate. Henry Spring became one of San Jose's most prosperous business men, and about six years ago his wife brought suit for divorce and connected his name with the wife of another prominent business man. She was granted a divorce, but meanwhile Spring left San Jose for the East without paying the alimony as ordered. To collect what was due her, Mrs. Spring caused an attachment to be levied on a big clothing establishment of which her husband had been proprietor, but it was then found that he had turned over all his property in San Jose to Fred W. Moore, his brother-in-law, and after protracted litigation Mrs. Spring failed to secure anything. While the litigation was in progress Spring was enjoying the sights of the old country. During the past year or two Mrs. Spring has resided in San Francisco and the report has gone out that she has spent or lost nearly all the fortune which she inherited from her father.

She's Skilled With the Sword

A very interesting woman has taken up her residence in Sausalito. She is Mrs. Francis Davis who recently came to California from the East. As Miss Chapman she was a noted beauty of Philadelphia. She was an heiress and belonged to the smart set of Baltimore as well as of the Quaker City. Mrs. Davis is a very accomplished woman but it is as a fencer that she is especially skilled. Indeed she enjoys the reputation of being the best woman fencer in the world. She studied with some of the most expert duelists of France and Italy, and she frequently gave private exhibitions during her sojourn abroad. Mr. Davis until very recently held large interests in the coffee industry in Brazil. It is a great treat to be invited to the Davis home in Sausalito.

When She Was Engaged to Peter

Isabelle McKenna, whose engagement with Pitts Duffield, General Duffield's son, was wired this week from Washington, was seven years ago the fiancee of Peter Martin. I have always understood that the betrothal of the daughter of Justice McKenna of the Supreme bench and the son of Mrs. Eleanor Martin was not a real heart affair, but a family arrangement. Peter was at college when the engagement was first hinted at, and his aunt, Mrs. Donahue, and his mother were delighted to think the lad's affections had been so worthily bestowed. The fond mamma and auntie kept interest alive in the McKenna home by sending frequent gifts of flowers to Peter's fiancee. But something occurred to change the course of true love. The engagement was abruptly broken, and then the gossips began to speculate as to the cause. Somebody gave currency to the report that Peter Martin had never been in love with Miss McKenna, and that he squirmed out of the engagement. That story was given credence and is believed by many to this day, though it is absolutely untrue. It was Judge McKenna who broke off the engagement, and his reason for doing so was for years unknown to anybody outside of the McKenna and Martin families except the late Senator Steve White.

The Woman in Politics

The American wives of foreign statesmen appear to be taking a deep interest in the vacant British Ambassadorship at Washington. So far no man has been considered

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eligible for the position who has not an American woman for a wife. Unlike the German, the British Foreign Office has no objection to sending to a foreign country a representative who is married to a daughter of that country, and in England the impression prevails that the man who will be deemed most qualified for the Washington post is one who has a wife noted for her amiability and tact. Feminine influence is more potent in British political circles than anywhere else in the world.

The Stork in Oakland

The stork descended in Oakland this week, as I predicted he would, and left a baby girl in the household of Dr. and Mrs. J. P. H. Dunn. Now he is hovering over the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Magee.

An Epigrammatic Tot

The girl baby of the late Thomas Magee is, according to all accounts, a wonderful prodigy. Her epigrams are being constantly repeated in social circles. She is a miss of only three and yet she is credited with this: "I do hope they have a good cook in heaven; if they don't my father will leave and go to hell."

A Mistake in Walters

The Walter Magees and the Walter Hobarts are great friends, and in the same social set, consequently this little misunderstanding was quite natural. Not long ago a son was born to the Walter Magees, and one of the Blingum set remarked to a friend that "Walter" had a son. The friend, knowing that the Hobarts were hoping for a son, immediately cabled a message to England conveying the joy of Blingum to the Hobarts. Other cables followed and the Hobarts knew not what to make of the rain of messages. However ten days later their little son was born. Then they cabled:

"A little in advance, but thanks all the same."

The Photo Solon

An usual throng commingling society and representatives of the arts attended the members' reception opening the Photographic Salon at the Hopkins' on Thursday night of last week. There was the usual good music rendered by Sir Henry Heyman's orchestra, and the usual criticisms passed upon the exhibits. But there was a much larger disgruntled element present than heretofore. At the last photographic salon nearly everything sent in went with the committee, and the result was a most genial feeling among our local camera experts. This year the percentage of accepted prints was small, only one hundred and seventy-five out of the one thousand submitted having passed the censors. It was not because the eight hundred and twenty-five were not good, but that the others were better. The committee cannot be blamed for rejections under such conditions, nevertheless a deal of bitterness obtruded itself among the non-elect. Among the prints Pedar Bruguiere's "Trees and Clouds" holds conspicuous place. It has quite a Cadenasso atmospheric effect. Boye's "Joaquin Miller" is artistic and lifelike. Walter Zimmermann sent some fine prints from Philadelphia. Dassonville, Maurer, Wilcox and the other art-photographers make a good showing. But interest largely centres in the works sent by the Photo Secession of New York, which cover the walls at the east end of the gallery.

The Newspaper Artists

The most interesting art exhibition ever given in this city was that of the Newspaper Artists in Maple hall last week. Anybody who missed seeing it cannot too deeply regret the loss. There was no great style about the affair, but the pictures were worth spending a whole day over. The marine sketches alone could have formed an exhibition by themselves. Coulter's big painting did not properly come under the sketch head, but it could not have been spared. There is not space here for mention of each artist, but I warrant no other city can show more talented and brilliant work. Laura Foster shows the touch of genius in her pen-and-ink sketch, "On the Crest of the Sunset Sea," a woman's nude body buffeted by the waves. There's poetry in Maynard Dixon's "Spirit of the West," and Newberry's pretty women ought to make him as famous as Gibson or Wenzell. Haig Patigian and Virgil Nahl have the Parisian touch in their sketches. Nahl is decidedly the inheritor of his father's talent. Another man of genius is Cahill. His big sketch of a girl's head, dreamy eyes looking out from a mass of raven hair, is one of his most poetic contributions to newspaper art.

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J. W. Cantrell of the *Call*, who has quite a showing in the exhibition, is making more money than the average artist. He adds to his exchequer by painting whisky signs throughout the country. Whenever in his travels he gets an inspiration for a picture, he makes a sketch, and brings his canvases to town later on. This combination of talent and business ability is hard to beat.

Surprised by His Wife

Train-robber Chris Evans is once more trying to get out of the penitentiary on the score of ill-health, mental sufferings, etc. It was his habit to spread a good many of such afflictions before they succeeded in penning him behind the bars. Singularly enough his supporters all believe he would be a free man today if it had not been for his wife's surprising action; the same wife who stood by him so devotedly the time he was being chased up and down the Sierra slopes by ordinary blood-hounds, poor Indians and worse detectives. Why she acted as she did none of them vouchsafe to explain. It came about in this wise: The last time Evans got up his petition for liberty he was given a tip that if he could get the county officials, the right railroad people, the jury that convicted him, and his wife to sign the petition it would be granted. By hook and by crook he obtained all the signatures asked for down to that of his wife. When the paper was presented to her she flatly refused to sign it, and Chris still groans out his life behind the bars and dreams of other petitions. They say he has failed a great deal in the past year. Confinement and the loss of an arm and eye in that famous fight with the deputy sheriffs at Stone corral, where his partner Sontag was killed, have completely altered him from the daring fellow who defied the pursuing posses so long.

How "Pete" Bequeathed His Fame

"Pete" Bigelow, who glorified his pyrotechnic career in that exciting "man hunt," through his interview with the bandits for the *Examiner*, has left one kind of imperishable fame in the Fresno uplands, and that is the name of Bigelow. In the course of bandit chasing "Pete" got very chummy with Clark Moore, the man who stood "next" to Chris Evans. He became thoroughly enamored of the picturesqueness of the landscape there and bought a quarter section of land from Moore. Soon afterwards he moved the whole Bigelow family—his father, brother and sisters—from this city to the ranch. The brother and sisters have since married and now there are little Bigelows running all over the Sierra hillslopes thereabouts. Aside from farming several mellow hill patches the brother has a position of forest ranger, so between what is furnished him by Providence and what is given him by the government, he gets along comfortably—a family situation to delight the heart of the resourceful "Pete."

That Famous Interview with Evans

By the way, the true story of how "Pete" got his famous interview with Evans and Sontag has never been told. At the time most people believed the interview was a fake and took no stock in the highly colored stories of the affair offered by enterprising papers. But the interview did take place and a man who was present gave me the details. The meeting was purely accidental. At the time Bigelow was haunting the environs of the Sanger-Millwood road, trying, like the detectives and professional "gun-men," to locate the robbers. One day while he was trying to get over to Samson Flat Clark Moore came driving up the road from Squaw Valley. The two had never met before. "Clark," called the storekeeper, "here's a young feller wants to get over Samson Flat way. How about giving him a lift?" and he winked at Clark. "Pete" was spending *Examiner* money freely on that trip and the wink signified that he was O. K. on that score and had no affiliations with the hated railroad people. "Hop in," said Clark, and "Pete" hopped in. In those days everybody was talking Evans and Sontag and the two dropped naturally into that discussion. "Pete" frankly told his business and said he would give anything in life for an interview with the bandits. Clark looked uninterested. Presently they came to a clearing in the forest at the further end of which stood a cabin. A man suddenly appeared in the doorway and shouted to Moore. "Hold the lines," said Clark and he jumped out. In about twenty minutes he returned to Bigelow and said: "So you want to meet Evans and Sontag, do you? Well, come along; I've fixed it up for you." Moore first searched the newspaper man to make sure he carried no weapons, then he took him to the cabin. Inside, Evans and Sontag, armed to the teeth, were seated on the side of a rough cedar slab bed. They made Bigelow sit close between them, and while Clark Moore stood watch outside the famous interview took place.

End of the Melodrama

The people who stood out so luridly in that exciting melodrama are now scattered widely over the Pacific coast. The family practically dropped out of sight when the weird play, written around the mother and children to exploit the feats of the daring train robbers, was taken off the boards. The flaxen-haired Eva Evans, who so spunkily stood up for her father on all occasions, married and settled on a Washington farm. The mother and the other children are working about Visalia, Goshen and that vicinity. Clark Moore joined the Klondike rush. One winter's day he started over a rough trail and was never seen again.

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Some Posthumous Poetry

With this issue of *Town Talk* begins the publication of a series of poems from the pen of that gifted writer, the late Dr. C. W. Doyle, of Santa Cruz, whose literary achievements won for him the praise of some of the most captious of critics. Dr. Doyle was a true poet. He was skilled in the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination; the art of doing with words what the painter does with colors. And he has written poetry that deserves to be remembered. The poems that have come into my possession are from a manuscript volume which the poet had compiled shortly before his death. The one which appears in this issue, entitled "Interpretation," the theme having been suggested by a quatrain from the "Rubaiyat," is decidedly novel. There is in it that vigor of thought and great warmth of feeling which were characteristic of the poet's work.

The Mikado's Fighters

Let no one deceive himself into the belief that a conflict between Russia and Japan would result in anything like a walkover for the former. Quite the contrary. Japan can put up a stiff fight against any power in the world. Her navy, it is true, is only about half as powerful as that of Russia in number of ships, but it has its advantage in being concentrated in Oriental waters, at the scene of probable operations, where the Russian fleet assembled is barely a numerical match for it. When it comes to types of ships, Japan has, if anything, slightly the better of it. Her battleships are of larger size and greater power than those of Russia, and are the latest products of the best European shipyards. Her cruisers are mostly recent outputs of English and American yards, and she has even built some excellent ones herself. When it comes to *personnel*, I should pin my faith in the Japanese. The Japanese officers, both of the army and navy, are highly educated, highly trained men, well versed in the technical theory as well as in the practice of their professions. Many of them have received their military education in the best schools of Europe and at the Annapolis Naval Academy. They are masters of their art, and their little brush with China a few years ago gave them good practice in actual war. Their ships are well kept and well handled, and as for their army, its admirable qualities were well demonstrated during the campaign of the allies in China three years ago, when the sturdy little Japs showed themselves to be splendid fighters and the best marchers in the whole column, ending their day's march nearly every time well in advance of their Occidental competitors, fresh, spick and span, and in the pink of fighting condition, while the other troops were generally dirty, foot-sore and tired out. With the remarkable adaptability, intelligence and earnestness in progress which have characterized their tremendous strides forward along other lines of civilization, the Japs have developed a highly trained, thoroughly equipped and efficient army and navy of which any nation might be proud. The Russians will have their hands full unless they can prolong the war until Japan's financial resources are exhausted.

His Favorite Story

Word comes from the East that Dr. Mackenzie is meeting with the same success in his new charge as always attended him in his old. He is as canny as ever, very prosperous financially and immensely popular as a dinner guest because of his wonderful gift for telling Scotch stories—a gift not surpassed by that of Ian Maclaren. One of his favorite stories was about his visit to his good grandmother in Scotland. The old lady lived in a primitive, peat-stained cottage, and when her grandson reached the house and they had been joined by a neighbor she went to a hospitable cupboard and produced a bottle of Scotch "whuskey" which she offered to her guests. Dr. Mackenzie declined to drink, whereupon the old woman reproached him for being above drinking with an old woman in her cottage. It took him some moments and cost him some effort to explain that in America clergymen, even Scotch clergymen, do not drink. The old woman was not satisfied, but finally, as a compromise, she insisted that, since her grandson would not drink with them, he should at least ask a blessing over their nips, which he did.



DR. CHARLES W. DECKER
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Married a San Franciscan

It was in San Francisco that Admiral Kempf, who was retired last Sunday after a long and worthy naval service, met, wooed, won and married his late wife. She was Cornelia Selby, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Selby, and her wedding with Lieutenant Kempf was one of the notable events of that day. The Selbys, who were among our wealthiest people, occupied a fine house in what was then one of the most fashionable residence quarters of the city—Harrison street near Second. Every winter they gave large functions.

Will Go East to be Married

Mary Kip is having a very elaborate trousseau made for her marriage with Dr. Robinson, which is to be celebrated at the home of the former's sister, Mrs. Guy Edie, in Columbus, Ohio. The Kips gave up their home some time since, and as they are in mourning for the late Rev. W. I. Kip the wedding would of course be a quiet one if solemnized here. Dr. Robinson, I hear, is a most devoted fiance. One of his gifts to his bride-elect was a beautiful diamond ring. Solitaires, by the way, are no longer the correct thing for betrothals. Either the birthstone set in diamonds or a medium-sized solitaire framed in tiny diamonds is the proper caper in engagement rings.

Trouble at a Wedding Rehearsal

An interesting difference of religious opinion, rare in these days when differences of creed count for so little, occurred at the rehearsal for the Davis-Morgan wedding The bride is an Episcopalian, and the groom comes of most distinguished Unitarian ancestry, being the grandson of Thomas Starr King. The couple were married according to the Episcopal forms, but the pastor of the First Unitarian church assisted and gave his blessing. When the rehearsing party came to that portion of the marriage service in which the groom is required to say, "With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," the spirit of dissent that animated the famous and fiery King asserted itself in his much tamer and more pacific grandson, and the young man said, "I don't want to say that." The clergyman explained that he must or the whole service would be of no avail. The bride looked pained and her mother looked stormy while the groom hesitated, and presently he said, moodily, "Well, I'll say it if I have to, but I don't believe it, and to say what you don't believe is a lie."

The Pithy Odes of Horace

Here is the latest from the Bohemian mart: Sam Shortridge rushes up to Horace Platt and exclaims, eagerly: "Horace, have you heard my last speech?"

"No," replies Horace, "I wish to heaven I had."

Concerning Turkish Consul Hall

George Hall has been lying at death's door with a fever that rendered him unconscious for a time, but he is convalescent. I hear that the representative of the Ottoman Empire is shortly to add to his other decorations the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Mr. Hall's wedding day, by the way, is as yet unsettled, although no fiance could be more constant in his attentions. Miss Carroll receives letters from him every day, and has a collection of verses that it is a pity cannot be seen by other eyes than hers.

Doctor Kierstedt and his wife—Edith McBean that was—who have been at Fort Miley ever since their marriage last spring, will leave next week for Washington. Mrs. McBean will be one of the party, and expects to be away all winter.

A Sierra Club Dinner

A dinner was given last Tuesday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Colby and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Le Conte, by Mr. Bernard Pacheco Miller, Mr. Edward T. Parsons, Mr. H. F. Peart, Mr. C. P. Gooding and Mr. J. Arthur Elston. All are members of the Sierra Club. Mr. Elston is now Governor Pardee's executive secretary and he is taking an active interest in social affairs at the capital.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs have gone East and will shortly go abroad for a year's stay, which will include a trip to Egypt. Mrs. Tubbs, who was Miss Hager of Colusa, inherited a million at her father's death about a year ago.

Captain Lemley, a retired officer of the Army, well known on this Coast, and William Herbert Reynolds, a lieutenant commander in the Navy, are two of the eight corespondents in a divorce suit instituted in New York several days ago by Rupert Hughes, author, sculptor and poet.



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A Pedagogue for Mare Island

For the first time in its history, the Mare Island Navy Yard is to have a full-fledged Professor of Mathematics, with gold-braid attachment, on its staff of officers, Professor T. J. J. See, U. S. N., having just been ordered to duty at the observatory there. It is not every one that knows that the Navy includes in its staff corps the titles of Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineer, the officers holding them, in spite of their anything but martial callings, being authorized, indeed required, to provide themselves with brass-bound uniforms, epaulettes, swords and all the other panoply of war. See is a comparatively recent addition to the Navy's scientific staff, having been but four years in the service. He is an astronomer of some note, although a young man, and has already achieved some fame not only in astronomy of the ordinary, garden variety, but in the higher realms of cosmology, in which the conclusions he reached from his observations were not always in strict harmony with generally accepted theories. He has hitherto been on duty at the Naval Observatory in Washington, and at the Naval Academy.

An Energetic Naval Surgeon

Surgeon John M. Edgar, of the Navy, who has just been ordered to the battleship *Wisconsin,* is a medical officer well known for his deep devotion to his profession. Too many naval surgeons, assured of a fixed and growing income for life, take things easy and content themselves with a rather perfunctory performance of their duties, attending to them with just enough zeal to satisfy the naval regulations. Not so with Edgar. He has always been an enthusiast and always eager, when in foreign parts, to spend his time ashore in the study of hygienic conditions, the diseases of their inhabitants, and the cases at their hospitals. He was on Dewey's ship in the Mediterranean some years ago, and was the surgeon of the Marine battalion which captured Guantanamo, Cuba, during the Spanish war.

Promotion No Longer Slow

The rapidity of promotion in the Marine Corps of the present day, as contrasted with its stagnation during the long period preceding the Spanish war, is strikingly illustrated by the cases of Major-General Charles Heywood, the late commandant, who has just been retired, and that of Brigadier-General George F. Elliott, who succeeds him. Heywood entered the service in 1858, and made his way to the front by long, soul-trying years of patient waiting. Elliott entered in 1870, and was still a captain in 1898, when he took part in the spirited capture and plucky holding of Guantanamo, Cuba, by the marine battalion. He has gone from the captaincy to the general's grade and the command of the corps in four years. During the same period, plenty of youngsters have been advanced from second-lieutenancies to captaincies.

Gallant Lieutenant Standley

The little gunboat *Petrel,* one of the earliest of the "New" Navy, and a member of Dewey's famous Manila bay squadron, has just been placed again in commission, and I note among the officers ordered to her, Lieutenant W. H. Standley, recently of the training-ship *Adams.* Standley is one of the most promising of the younger officers in the service. Perhaps I should not say promising, for he has already made good the promise of earlier years. It was he who, when detailed to act as lookout between ship and shore at the time of Lieutenant Gilmore's ambush and capture in the Philippines, stuck to his post, in company with but one man, hour after hour, surrounded by the enemy, until all chance of even one of Gilmore's party escaping had vanished, when he and his companion reluctantly obeyed the recall to the ship. His other service in the islands was strikingly meritorious. With the exception of a brief tour of shore duty in the Branch Hydrographic Office in this city, Standley has been almost continuously at sea since his graduation from Annapolis. Like all men with the real stuff in them, he is extremely modest and reticent about his own gallant deeds.

Lieutenant Martin, whose marriage at Nagasaki with Miss Mabel Wood I recently mentioned, is regarded as a great lady-killer in Manila. At one time, so say the gossips, he had five matrimonial engagements to his credit. Miss Wood was a school teacher, one of the many who went to the Philippines at the first call for recruits to teach the young Filipino idea how to shoot. She is uncommonly pretty and attractive.

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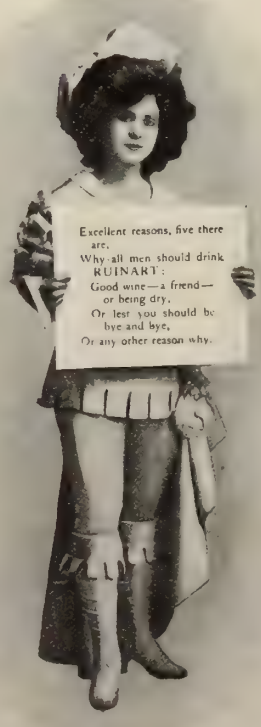
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Interpretation

I.

Wake! For the Sun who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a shaft of Light.

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

Awake! Forever shall the Liar, Night,
With darkening creeds, like curtains, screen the Light?
Draw back the curtains, and let in the Dawn!
Wake for the Sun who scattered into flight

All mocking shadows, and the mists that blight,
And blinking shapes that grope with purblind sight,
Cow'ring before the Victor's shafts that drive
The Stars before him from the Field of Night.

Too long we've given Allah likes, dislikes;
And stemmed his Ocean with our shallow dykes:
His Ocean spreads, his Sun drives Error's stars;—
—Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes

With "whirlwind Sword" the rear ranks in the flight—
The Priests, and Moollahs, preaching Wrong for Right—
Blind Bats, and Owls! They scatter as he smites
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II.

Before the phantom of false Morning Died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried:
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshiper outside?"

Before the Morn, that now spreads pinions wide,
Its semblance—*Subhi Kazib*—to us lied:
But *Subhi Sadik's* crow dispelled the Bat
Before the phantom of False Morning died.

Uneasily the City changed its side,
Once more to sleep addressed, and tried, and tried:
But, as the purple deepened in the East,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried:

"Better the Tavern's loud hilarious din,
The well-known Sinner than the Secret Sin!
Why should the True Believer hesitate,
When all the Temple is prepared within?

"He thinks of Fame?—a Phantom deified!
Of wealth? or Power?—troubles that abide!
Why, when the Table blushes ruby wine,
Why nods the drowsy Worshiper outside?"

C. W. DOYLE.

In Financial Circles

The spell of dullness so long prevailing at "The Stock and Bond Exchange" continued unbroken during the past week. Transactions in various bonds aggregating $119,000 and $16,000 in United States bonds and in stocks sales amounted to 345 shares Gas and Electric, 362 shares Spring Valley Water Company, 300 shares miscellaneous and 710 shares of Sugar stocks.

The coming municipal election is undoubtedly exercising an unfavorable influence on public utilities. The Geary-street bond issue for the acquirement of the road by the city having met with decisive defeat, the attitude of the Board of Supervisors in the matter of the sale of a new franchise is awaited with considerable interest.

Sugar shares remain dull and inactive, though reports from the plantations are quite encouraging, and dividends on most of them may be confidently looked for in the near future.

The Contra Costa Water Company has passed its monthly dividend. *The Financier.*

The ability to properly pronounce every name on a fashionable menu is a true but severe test of cosmopolitanism. Those who aspire to be entirely up-to-date in these matters often accept coaching from a faithful waiter. The encroachment of the French language upon the English where food and drink are concerned still continues. New and almost unpronounceable dishes are of daily occurrence and several wines have been lately added to the lists. One of these is Ayala. The traveled pronounce this without difficulty, for in England and on the continent it is the champagne of the connoisseur. According to the highest authority, Ayala is pronounced as though it were spelled i-yol-la.

The Star of "Soldiers of Fortune"

Bob Edeson dates his success from his term of service at the Boston Museum, where, during a revival of "Our Boys," he was discovered by Charles Frohman. Though his present play deals with "Soldiers," it is not punctuated with pistol practice. In fact there is only one shot fired during the play's action, and that kills a man in the third act. But when Thomas originally arranged the drama, there were more pistol shots, and Mr. Edeson had to do some brisk talking to have them cut out. To illustrate his point he told one of his own experiences in ultra-realistic stage warfare. It was in a battle scene calculated to raise the roof, and it came pretty near doing so. There were supers without number on the stage, and each one of them had a gun with instructions to shoot. Beside these guns there were cannon and a rapid-fire gun, whose performance was "featured." Well, the time to shoot came and everybody shot. The din was bad enough, but it wasn't a circumstance to the smoke that quickly filled the stage and poured into the theatre. The supers couldn't see the signals of their leaders, so they kept on firing as long as the blank cartridges held out. The audience couldn't see the stage, and hardly knew when the curtain dropped. They cheered, however, and the curtain was raised, the only thing in sight being a very fair imitation of a London fog. The thrilling stage picture was wholly obscured. The battle scene was the climax of the third act, but the smoke lasted throughout the rest of the play, which was acted before a house that gasped, gurgled and coughed incessantly. And that's why Mr. Edeson objects to target practice on the stage.

Helene Montrose, late of Fischer's, has just declined a most tempting offer with the "Florodora" company. Manager Ryley hopes to secure her for a New York production later in the season.

On Wednesday evening Miss Carrie Sheuerman, a pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt, gave a piano recital in Maple hall, too late for review this week.

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THE STAGE

An Alcazar Triumph

The Alcazar's new stock company has the true histrionic ring. It is an aggregation of talent that attests the perspicacity of Manager Price, who went East some months ago to round up a band of mummers capable of standing the severe test of a stock season. He did not look for them in Broadway, where the actor folks strut impressively, flaunt their laurels and dream of their glorious achievements in the calcium's white light. He was in quest of histrions spurred by ambition, who regard Broadway as the Mecca of their hopes, and whose accumulation of press notices is yet incomplete. To learn to what extent his search was rewarded go to the Alcazar. I should also advise you to go while "Lady Bountiful" holds the boards. "Lady Bountiful" is by Pinero, and it affords excellent opportunity for study in the evolution of a playwright. Pinero is today the most brilliant of English-writing dramatists. His up-to-date work is noted for its exquisite finesse, for its thumb-touch delicacy, its subtlety and its piqueing dialogue. It deals principally with sex problems, with scenic transcripts of conditions that bespeak the demoralization of polite society. "Lady Bountiful" is one of his earlier works, and it was written before the cunning playwright drifted into the habit of appealing to the lovers of salacity. It is a play of homely sentiment, and it is marred by conditions of construction, but it abounds in heart interest, and it contains many scenes of genuine dramatic feeling. It shows every evidence of painstaking workmanship. There is an occasional weary waste of words, but there is no paucity of action. The torch of Pinero's genius sputters at times, but infrequently. On the whole, it glows luminously. It is evident that the author was intent upon ranging before his audience a series of distinctly drawn characters, and in this he is most successful. He gives you in this play vital men and women, and their personalities are interesting. There is a strong touch of Dickens in some of them, and there is not one who is without a purpose in the development of the plot. The character of Roderick Heron is a gem. It is that of the spendthrift parent, careless of the future, firm in the belief that his rich relatives owe him a living; an utterly worthless individual, as heartless as an adventuress, as simple as a wayward child; a man utterly irresponsible. This part is played by John B. Maher, one of the cleverest character actors that we have seen for a long time. He is a notable acquisition to the Alcazar's stock. His personality dominated every scene, and he made the character stand out with cameo distinctness. Two other extremely well-drawn characters of the Dickensonian type are those of John Veale and his wife. They are of subordinate interest, but they are of the flesh-and-blood variety of stage humans. That veteran actor, George Osbourne, played Veale, and he did not seem to be acting at all. He was the part. I have frequently seen him as George Osbourne when he was supposed to be impersonating quite a different character, but in this play he is John Veale to the life, and there is not an Osbourne mannerism to produce a jarring note. Marie Howe has the quaintness of Mrs. Veale, but she is too vociferous. A little shading would help out. She should remember that the acoustics of the Alcazar are good. I have no intention of overlooking the leading members of the company, though it must be said that Miss Adele Block did not grip her audience sufficiently to insure recollection. However, that is not her fault. The character of Camilla Brent is one in which even a Bernhardt could scarcely hope to enthrall. It is hard to sympathize with a woman who loses her lover as she did, and then tries to win him back when he has fallen in love with another. Besides, just in the climax of the play, the Pinero third act, interest shifts to Margaret Veale, who has become the wife of the hero. She is all there is to the act, barring the clock whose ominous sound is the sombre accompaniment of her passing into the shadow of death. And this is the act in which Pinero gives you the thrill which is guaranteed with every Pinero package. In the preliminary scenes of this act you are bored. You feel that the great promise of the first two acts is not to be fulfilled; the sentimentality of it is weak, and you look for the curtain to fall with a thud, when suddenly you sit up and take notice. You are under the thrall of the master dramatist. It is only a death scene, but it grips you. The clock is the artistic feature of it, but Miss Frances Starr rounds out the absorbing charm of it. She is an artist of temperament and talent. Her performance is superbly realistic. Miss Block has the last act, the scene in the church, and proves herself to be a very capable actress. She is skilled in repose, she is handsome and she knows how to dress. Above all, she gives a womanly, tender and inexpressibly sad portrayal. The new leading man, James Durkin, is a robust chap, well mannered and with a well-modulated voice. There is not an episode in the play that he fails to grasp, and there is not the slightest touch of artificiality in his work. The performance on the whole is a triumph for the Alcazar. Not one member of the company detracts from the smoothness of the performance, though the staginess of Mr. Butler is a bit annoying. Even Eleanor Gordon, in the part of the serving maid, scores a hit, and the mounting of the play is most creditable. There is not a detail slighted, and in the last act the church scene is a delightful setting, full of atmosphere and impressive in its solemnity. In this scene the Episcopal church marriage service is introduced, the surpliced choir preceding the bride and groom to the altar, where the minister awaits them. The singing of "Oh, Promise Me" by a boy soprano is an incident which contributes not a little to the enjoyment of the performance.

After Pinero—Fitch

The Alcazar, absolutely unique among the stock houses of America, has taken another tremendous stride forward in the triumph of the new stock company. It is such a company as one would expect to find in a high-class New York production, and it brings with it the style, manner and atmosphere of Broadway. "Lady Bountiful" will be followed Monday by Clyde Fitch's buoyant and at times highly dramatic comedy drama of Western life, "The Cowboy and the Lady." It is the story of a Harvard lad who becomes a Colorado cowboy, and the beautiful, well-bred woman of fashion who is fettered by wretched alliance. Its pictures of mountain pass and dance hall and country court house,

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with its tense, tight-strung episode of trial for life, are fascinating in freshness and unconventionality, and as playwright below the conventional mere dramatic base. The piece centers on Mr. Goodhue and Theresa Knox, but as James Young and Alice Fleet Sylvester assist with the talented daughter of the latter. Jane Cowl's power has been as the sensational half-breed Indian. Marie Shotwell interprets the piano player of the Same Old Joint with delightful naïveté keeping, while Miss Fletcher Locke carries a third leg triumphant for the part played. The performance throughout is complete. I hope we may have it to be followed by a period of comedy.

"A Midnight Bell"

The [illegible] Harry Lindsay has had no part in the awakening of interest in his farce comedies and the exact [illegible] Lindsay is wisely [illegible] at the Central theatre. The popularity of Mr. Lindsay's many sketches is nothing remote [illegible] that those fellow-players are out of date, the acting is likewise out of [illegible]. "A Midnight Bell" is not one of the farces written to mirror a passing craze. It is still full of life and comedy to interesting type-[illegible] have used it in bygone times. Something, of course, of this interest is due to the admirable manner in which it is staged and played. It is a good, strong company that presents the Hoey comedy this week. The part of Beverly Lennox, [illegible] was created by Stockwell in the original production, and he still retains his mastery and successors in the role. Miss Lawton is the school teacher and I warrant the part has never been better played. Millar Kerr as Martin Talbot, Ward as the [illegible] Flower as the [illegible] Sturgeon as the irascible [illegible] Miss Woodthorpe as the old maid, and Miss Vane as the new [illegible] with Harrington, late of the Nell company, has a small part which she renders with considerable interest. The scenery in the last "A Midnight Bell" has [illegible] set as in the city. The [illegible] are clean cut, the costumes appropriate, and the [illegible] sound sufficient for classic comedy.



CATHRINE COUNTISS

Cathrine Countiss, the talented Eastern actress who will appear as Glory Quayle in "The Christian" at the [illegible] House the week beginning with tomorrow's matinee.



FRANCES STARR

The [illegible] of Frances Starr in the part [illegible] in "Lady Huntley" at the Grand [illegible] the theory that one must begin at the foot of the ladder. Absolutely without experience, two years ago, she made her bow to the stage in "Nobody's Widow" in her native city, Boston. Before the end of the week she had been advanced to the principal ingenue role, which was taken away from an experienced actress. Since then she has played in her respective company, the honors not now distributed, Murray Hill stock of New York, where, during a three years' stay, she played scores of leading ingenue roles in melodies, farces and dramas of sentiment. She has the potent and appealing gift of tears.

McIvor Tyndall and Invisible Forces

[illegible] I heard to remark that "Dr. McIvor-Tyndall was destined to smooth over the rough places left by the onslaught of the late Ingersoll." The remark was particularly apropos. Tyndall has the peculiar faculty of expressing the most unorthodox views in a manner that does not offend those who do not hold similar ideas of life. There is an air of sincerity, of sympathy and tolerance about the telepathist. "The Thought that Kills" proved one of the most attractive of the series, every seat being taken, and many standing. The experiments on "Jones" made more of a character calculated to strengthen the convictions of those who had witnessed the marvels performed on other occasions. It is possible that Tyndall will give his psychic impressions of the coming election on the occasion of his lecture and entertainment tomorrow (Sunday). Tyndall will take for the subject of his discourse, "Money: the Psychic law Governing it." On Sunday evening, October twenty-fifth, the subject will be "The World Invisible." There will be further manifestations of psychic power following the lecture.

Our Italian Visitors

How few of us out here on this edge of the continent ever reflect on our good fortune in being afforded an opportunity every year to hear the standard operas. Greatly are the music lovers

of the city indebted to the Tivoli for what it is doing for them. This week "Mignon" is alternating with "I'Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." In the first named Cleo Marchesini has the title role, and in it does the best work she has done this season. Her voice and general style are too heavy for the part, but the music brings out some of her best notes, which she makes the most of. Unfortunately, she was not becomingly gowned for the part. Tromben sang the role of Felina brilliantly and acted with charming vivacity. Miss Eugenia Barker was obliged to repeat her solo Monday night. She has a facile mezzo soprano and uses it effectively. Tina de Spada scores as Nedda in "Pagliacci." Indeed the opera is most effectively sung throughout. Gregoretti was especially felicitous as Tonio, and was given more than one ovation. "Cavalleria" was a trifle out of joint.

The prettiest feature of the "Cleopatra" burlesque at the Grand is the minuet danced by the children in the first act. If everybody may not approve of Bothwell Browne's female impersonations, they all concur in awarding him the palm as a maitre de ballet. There is nobody here who can excel him in arranging harmonious color effects in costumes and limelight, and the rhythmic measures of a ballet. That play Charlotte Thompson wrote for Florence Roberts, "Silver-Mounted Harness," would have lacked one of its most attractive effects had the "Storm Cotillion" been omitted. It was Bothwell Browne who arranged the cotillion scene and coached the actors and actresses who took part in it. There's a pretty storm ballet in the "Cleopatra" production. The burlesque is sufficing to fill out the week, and will probably draw large crowds at the final matinee, for the children always enjoy anything in which other juveniles are the moving spirits.

Those Critical Sunday Nighters

The regular Sunday night patrons of the Orpheum constitute a distinct element of the community. They are vaudeville connoisseurs, and woe be it to the man or woman who appears before them for the first time and fails to "make good." Those Sunday night patrons flatter themselves that they know a good thing in the vaudeville line as soon as they see it, and they seldom fail to express their judgment vociferously. Consequently strangers on the Orpheum circuit are always nervous on their first appearance in this city. However, I have come to the conclusion that the Orpheum critics know a great deal more about sketch teams, low comedians, acrobats, and grotesque song and dance artists than they do about any of the higher forms of art. It's the occasional midweek audience that gives art its due. Last Sunday night I heard one of the most talented vocal artists that ever made his appearance on the local vaudeville stage, sing at the Orpheum, and I saw him leave the stage without getting a hand from more than three people in the audience. I refer to Mr. Wallace Brownlow, an English baritone, formerly of the D'Oyle Carte company of London, a man who frequently awoke thunders of applause in the Savoy theatre, and who is as great a favorite as Melba in Australia. Mr. Brownlow has a resonant baritone of golden quality, and his singing is of the most artistic character, but those Sunday night patrons had never heard of him, and though he sang three charming numbers, he failed to spring a mawkish ballad, or a rollicking ditty, and he was therefore unappreciated. When he has had a little more experience in vaudeville he will know that the song is the thing, and that it must be a certain style of song, and that the voice and art are considerations of less moment.



ELLEN BURG

It was in "Incog," the brilliant comedy by Mrs. Pacheco, that Miss Ellen Burg, who will be seen at the Columbia theatre next week in the supporting company of Mr. Robert Edeson, made her first appearance in America and her debut on the English-speaking stage. In Germany Miss Burg had occupied a position similar in many ways to that now held in this country by Miss Maude Fealey, the youngest leading woman on the American stage.



J. S. DUSS

J. S. Duss, the famous musician, who will conduct the New York Metropolitan Opera House orchestra at the Alhambra theatre October 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th.

The charity fund of San Francisco Lodge, T. M. A., will have a benefit at the Alhambra next Friday afternoon, at which talent will appear from all the theatres. The music will be one of the strong features, and several of the scenes will be set and struck in full view of the audience by members of the lodge.

Features of Next Week's Bills

The "Florodora" company will say good-bye at the Columbia at tomorrow night's performance. There is a large advance sale for Robert Edeson's engagement in "Soldiers of Fortune," the play Augustus Thomas wrote from Richard Harding Davis's popular novel. In the star's support are Ellen Burg, Dorothy Tennant, Harry Harwood and other sterling actors.

"The Christian," with a new Glory Quayle (Miss Cathrine Countiss) will be the Grand's attraction. Asa Lee Willard, an Eastern actor of reputation, will be seen as John Storm, and the other people in the cast will be Allan St. John, Arthur Lane, W. B. Fredericks, Nicholas Cogley, Frederick Esmelton, Charles Edwin Inslee, Edwin J. Kadow, Thomas De Laney, Winena Bridges, Charlotte Hammer, Hazel Kilday, Efilena Blair, Paula Herbert and Marie Horton. At the Sunday matinee, October twenty-fifth, the farce comedy, "Spotless Town," will be produced, with Leslie Morosco and Lelia Shaw in the leading characters.

"The Cowboy and the Lady" will be the second offering of the new Alcazar stock.

"The Paraders" appears to be in for a long run at Fischer's. "Rubes and Roses" will follow. Fischer's will have the new patent self-folding opera chairs in their private boxes in a few days.

Meredith's border drama, "Ranch 10," with its sensational plot, dressed in clever and often humorous dialogue, will please the Central's patrons. Stockwell will have the capital role of "the little sawed-off Judge from Cheyenne," who manufactures laws to suit his prejudices and interprets the same way. The scenery will be superb, and the storm in the Rockies will be a magnificent stage effect, while the cast will embrace all the Central favorites.

"La Boheme" has scored such a success that it will be repeated at the Tivoli on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights with the same cast. Tuesday night is set for the "Verdi night," when selections will be given from Aida, Rigoletto, Trovatore, Forza del Destino, Nabucco and Traviata. On Thursday and Sunday evenings and Saturday matinee the opera will be Giordano's "Andre Chenier," which was produced here for the first time last season. Ischierdo will have the title role and Gregoretti the great part of Girard.

The new people at the Orpheum will be the Waterbury brothers and Tenney, musical comedians, who reappear after a long absence in "A Cold Day in July"; "Whistling Tom Browne," who piped his way into popularity as the bartender in Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown"; Herbert Lloyd, comedy juggler, known as "The King's Jester," assisted by Lillian Lilyan, who appear in this city for the first time. Brownlow will sing "On the Road to Mandelay," the toreador song from "Carmen," and "Skylark," by Arthur Leonard; the Golden Gate quartet and Fanny Winfred will have a new act.

At the Chutes will be the Yerxas, contortionists, and the Freeze brothers, tambourine manipulators and solo dancers. Trask and Rogers, black-face comedians, will change their specialty, John Tierney, the "modern Irishman," Allan Wightman and May Lamson will remain.

★TIVOLI★

Performances begin at 8 sharp. Matinee Saturday at 2 sharp

Tonight, last performance of "Mignon." Sunday Night last of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci"

NEXT WEEK—Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Evenings Puccini's Great Modern Work, "LA BOHEME." Tuesday, Special Verdi night, selections from Aida, Rigoletto, Il Trovatore, Forza del Destino, Nabucco, Traviata, etc. Thursday and Sunday Evenings, Saturday Matinee, Giordano's Wonderful Opera, "ANDRE CHENIER."

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Sunday Evening, Oct. 25th

If She Wouldn't Sing

Though Isadore Rush of the "Florodora" company has all the style of a New Yorker born, she does not really hail from that State. She was born in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. She is the daintiest and most stylish little woman that has yet appeared here in musical comedy, but it is unfortunate that she does not recite her songs from beginning to end. Occasionally she breaks out vocally, and the effect is far from pleasant. She emits sounds that distress the ear. Equally unpleasant is the singing of the Dolores of the present "Florodora" cast, but though I have heard five different women in that role—two in New York and three in this city—I have yet to hear one capable vocalist or competent actress. The part of Dolores is an important one. It is the prima donna role, that of Lady Holyrood being a soubrette part, but it has never been put into competent hands in this country. The woman who played it in London made a tremendous hit. We have yet to see the prettiest musical comedy of late years produced by a company of competent artists.

Morgan and Helen

Just a few short months ago the Rialto gossips were discussing the marriage of E. J. Morgan and Gretchen Lyons, the divorced wife of Lucius Henderson, Florence Roberts's leading man. And now comes the news that Morgan has taken another wife, in Windsor, Canada, none other than dashing, fascinating Helen Bertram. This is the fair Helen's third matrimonial venture, by the way, not to speak of her little love affair with George d'Essauer who ruined himself for her. Her first husband was the musical director of the Emma Abbott opera company. Miss Bertram was a chorus girl then but later she became prima donna of the Duff opera company, and later still of the Bostonians. Her second husband was the very much lamented, gifted "Teddy" Henley. Poor Henley dissipated himself to death, and his widow refused to be consoled. She had his body cremated and wore the ashes in a jeweled receptacle, dependent from her neck, the way camphor bags were used years ago to prevent contagion from small-pox. She said she would wear her poor husband's ashes to her dying day. But one day in San Francisco she and the admiring D'Essauer were out at the Cliff House. The prima donna, to prove the quality of her love for her companion, drew the receptacle with its precious burden from her bosom and cast it into the sea. Morgan, Miss Bertram's newest husband, is credited with a temperament and predilections similar to those of "Teddy" Henley. He puts the same intensity of passion into his acting, and possibly that is what attracted Miss Bertram to him. When his late wife—the one before Gretchen Lyons—divorced him, it was said Morgan was addicted to dope, but later it appeared that the wife, not E. J. Morgan, was the morphine fiend. But Morgan is a very eccentric fellow, and he is said to talk to himself a great deal, on and off the stage. He has played in San Francisco many times, his best work being as Defarges in "The Only Way" and as John Storm in "The Christian." Miss Bertram's latest role was the widow in "The Prince of Pilsen." She, by the way, is the devoted mother of a young daughter, the child of her first husband.

Landers Stevens and Georgie Cooper made such a hit in their Fresno engagement that they are arranging for a return date in the raisin city. Stevens's acting was likened by one critic to that of Henry Miller. When Landers Stevens and Georgie Cooper were married, their intention was to go East, but they stopped in Oakland.

A Treat for the Sex

In "Her Own Way," the new play which Clyde Fitch has written for Maxine Elliott, that lovely lady "does" her hair, "right out on the stage," as Chimmie Fadden would say. What an object lesson to the wilderness of conventionally coiffed women who have tried to fathom the method of doing up that black satin hair. However, Miss Elliott's style of coiffure is not likely to be copied extensively, because it is seldom a head so beautiful is created to wear a style so simple and classic.

Rosabel Morrison, step-daughter of Florence Roberts and daughter of Rose Wood, is now playing the leading role in "The Deserted Bride" in the East. She is said to resemble greatly her beautiful mother.

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Automobile Topics

Messrs. L. P. Lowe, N. J. Messer Jr., E. Courtney Ford, Sam Buckbee, E. P. Brinegar and C. A. Hawkins, the committee in charge of the Automobile Club of California's race meeting, which is to take place on the Ingleside track November sixth and seventh, have about completed arrangements for the event. Every effort is being exerted to make the affair a notable sporting event. Besides a number of Eastern racing machines which will be shipped out here especially for this meet, two of the most daring automobile racers in the United States are to take part. Barney Oldfield, the premier racer, will surely be here for the great event. W. G. Cunningham, the well-known auto racer of Detroit, and the only one who made Oldfield taste defeat, is due here in about two weeks. He will enter the races, but in what sort of a car is not yet known. The following telegram received by the Pioneer Automobile Company from Barney Oldfield in Cleveland this week signifies the intention of the latter to journey West: "Ship both machines from here twelfth by freight. Prizes must be cash as per Shank's wire." Two thousand five hundred dollars will be appropriated for purses, with many fine cups for second places, and not a few special prizes are to be offered by individuals. Two hundred and fifty dollars has already been offered for the fastest mile during the two days of racing below the one-minute mark. The programme of events which has been arranged includes fourteen races, seven each day, and also a five-mile handicap for motor cycles each day. Work has commenced on the track, which, no doubt, will be as smooth as marble for the event. Of course many of the large motor vehicles are to be brought from the East, but the Coast will be represented also by several big cars, such as George Whittell's Mors, a Mercedes and a Panhard. Harold B. Larzelere, manager of the Pacific Motor Car Company, left the early part of the week for the East. He will have sent out a special racing Cudell and Packard, both of which cars, he says, he will drive in the races. Stock machines are all the White Sewing Machine Company will enter. Cuyler Lee of the Western Automobile Company will enter in his Cardillac, but does not intend to have a special racing machine sent out here.

The White touring cars were conspicuous last Sunday. J. A. Benson and a party of friends drove over the Fish Ranch road. Ellis Parrish had his White out, and W. J. Gorham was seen in his White horseless carriage. Leon Roos, Dr. Shields and Dr. Clow were some other autoists who had their Whites out for a run. John D. Spreckels, with a party, drove to Menlo in his White touring car, returning by way of the Mission road. Mr. Spreckels said that it was the worst road he ever saw in his life, and he doesn't see how he ever managed to get over it.

G. O. Heine, who has the agency for the Ford automobiles in this city, made a trip to Gilroy last week. Mr. Heine, accompanied by his family, left in a Ford last Friday evening a week ago for Monterey. The party left Oakland about 11:30 p. m., arriving in the Garden City at two o'clock Saturday morning. About 2 a. m. the journey was resumed, and at Gilroy a cloudburst prevented the automobilists from going on, and the return trip was at once begun.

The Autocar agency in San Francisco has opened up a new garage at 123 City Hall avenue, where the Autocar will be handled exclusively. The buyers of the autocar for the first week are Mrs. Claude Maze of Modesto, J. R. Burnham of Oakland, and C. S. Middleton of San Francisco. It is the intention of the company to build a three-story garage somewhere in the retail district.

Hanford, California, has recently been seized with the automobile fever, and four Ramblers were sold there last week by the National Automobile Company.

Charles B. Shanks of the Winton Motor Carriage Company of Cleveland left last Saturday for Los Angeles. The Easterner in an interview stated that his company had already booked up two hundred orders for 1904 machines. It would seem from this that the same trouble will be experienced next year as formerly: that of getting machines from the factory fast enough to supply the trade. Mr. Shanks says that this is not only true of the Winton factory, but of all the factories in the East which manufacture standard machines.

W. C. Robertson of the Edgemere hotel of this city has been spending considerable time lately touring this State in his Winton. Mr. Robertson expects to leave shortly on a trip overland in his auto to Spokane, Washington.

Fourteen Winton touring cars were counted last Sunday by a spectator who was amusing himself.

When Barney Oldfield comes to town he will no doubt be lionized and pedestaled. He is the hero of the auto world. He has had some very narrow escapes from death, but his seeming recklessness has never diminished. However, he is not as reckless as people imagine. He is daring, but he has a cool head and rare judgment. —*The Chauffeur.*



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LETTERS

A Pedantic Poet

Frederick Milton Willis makes his bow to the public in a small volume of verse entitled "The City of Is and Other Poems." On a little printed slip inserted into the book and entitled "For the Courtesy of a Review," Mr. Willis rather deprecates his own effort, stating "that it is with considerable compunction that he ventures to invade the reviewer's time and attention." In these days of push and poster such modesty is, to say the least of it, refreshing. Mr. Willis is without doubt a young man, and his verse, like that of all youthful poets, is reminiscent. There is a little too much Poe in it, to give but one instance, particularly in the matter of refrain and metre. The resemblance is very apparent in the poems entitled "Through the Valley of Nil," "The Demon," "The Dawn of Hope." The poetry itself is not so much obscure as top-heavy, overweighted with learning. Mr. Willis would do well to forget the most of his psychology and philosophy, and his stock of dictionary words. These things do not stimulate the imagination of a poet, which, as a recent critic has said, "goes off at a touch and carries but a light charge of learning." Mr. Willis's poems do not sing, they lack inspiration, they are manufactured rather than created. There is but little poetic association in such phrases as "demiurgic efflux," "Rational Doubt," "paramount duty," "stratified rocks," "ultimate trend," "rational soul," "inchoate will," nor in such epithets as "mayavic," "gamutic," "hyaline" times—culled at random from Mr. Willis's pages. And what may be the meaning of this stanza?—

"But the gradient, paved with irradiant,
Vacuous violet light,
Had shrunk to a slender rill
Of fluctuant spirit, to the sight
Of the child in the Valley of Nil."

The stanzas entitled "Excess," a song from an unpublished romance, are strongly remindful of the old ditty:

'Oh, carry me down in the dark hole
And cover me up with charcoal."

They read:

"Bury me in a grave, oh,
And cover it over with snow, oh
For—a ha, ha, ha, and a ha, ha, ha,
This is too merry a world, oh!

"Carry me up on a cliff, oh,
And off of it heartily throw, oh,
For—a ha ha ha, and a ha, ha, ha,
This is too jolly a life, oh!"

And so on for a matter of four stanzas. This is poor stuff and has passed well over the borderland of the ridiculous. Mr. Willis could have spared it from his collection. Mr. Willis has many of the gifts of a poet. He has imagination, a sense of rhythm and color, a large vocabulary and sensitive thought and feeling. But there is too much head and too little heart in his writing; it breathes the aroma of dry books rather than of life; it lacks simplicity and directness. The book is neatly gotten out with a frontispiece by Ernest Peixotto. [For sale by Paul Elder, 238 Post street.]

Another Washington Story

In "The Congressman's Wife" John D. Barry has attempted to show Washington political society from the social standpoint. He has not succeeded very well, but neither has he altogether failed. He wants to emphasize the wide divergence which may exist between the private honesty of a politician in connection with his own affairs and his family, and the very different standard by which he is governed in public matters. For this he has taken a rising young lawyer of New York and sent him into the House of Representatives. Douglas Briggs is one of the kind who makes friends readily and, by managing to be just the right thing to every one, maintains his popularity. He is married and has two children, to whom he is devoted, and his wife is just the right woman for him. Briggs has, of course, practically to abandon his law practice, and he soon finds that his salary of five thousand a year is not a drop in his bucket at the rate he pleases to live, so he falls a ready victim to a lobbyist and thereafter he flourishes—until he is found out, and not having been a good party man he is snowed under at the next election. Meanwhile his wife, having discovered that he was taking bribes, does as wives do under such circumstances, and between his domestic frost and his political snowstorm Briggs, who is not inherently corrupt but rather the victim of circumstances, comes to himself and makes a new start. Mr. Barry deals altogether with Douglas Briggs. He takes it for granted, and apparently he expects his readers likewise, to believe that Helen Briggs is upright and incorruptible, but it is rather difficult to reconcile her complacent acceptance of the good things with her common sense and experience. She was the child of a country clergyman who sent his sons to college and kept his daughter at home on eight hundred a year, and when she married Douglas he was in receipt of an annual income of one thousand dollars, so she must have had a pret-

A Favorite with Tourists

Tourists, and out-of-town residents, coming to San Francisco for limited stays, have found their ideal stopping-place the Hotel Pleasanton. The central location of the hotel, convenient to so many car lines, is one of the reasons of its popularity with transient visitors. Then the splendid service, and the courteous attention accorded to each guest, have also proved potent factors of popularity. Manager de Wolfe has lately expended ten thousand dollars in improvements on the hostelry, and everything is of the very latest and newest. As a family hotel the Pleasanton has always maintained prestige above all other San Francisco hotels.



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is out of reach of competition. Popular preference, here, there, everywhere has but one verdict for this whiskey, viz:

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ty accurate idea of just how far one hundred cents could be spread. Yet we find her living in a house which is the envy of Washington society, keeping a retinue of servants, a carriage and horses and other accessories, dressing to suit her position and giving entertainments which cast two thousand dollars, knowing all the time that her husband's income was his salary. In addition there was a country home and a city house in New York. How could she, or any other woman, rising from her narrow circumstances, help knowing that when the living expenses ran above thirty thousand dollars a year and the available resources were about one-sixth of that, the difference must be made up by some underhand means? Farley, the newspaperman, is the best character in the book. Miss Wing is just a little too brazen for even a female blackmailer. The author has headed off comparison by contrasting his own work with that of Brand Whitlock in "The Thirteenth District." Mr. Barry shows promise of being able to do something better than he has accomplished this time. [Published by the Ess Ess Company.]

Ignorance of Booksellers

The enterprising manager of a clippings bureau recently addressed Laurence Sterne and John Ruskin, through the medium of publishers, being urged to activity through having seen notices of new editions of their works. He ought to go into partnership with the manufacturing jeweler who, in the height of the souvenir spoon fad, wrote to Miss Fanny Burney, in care of the *Lippincotts*, asking for photographs of some place of interest connected with her life which could be suitably engraved. One of the most astonishing things in connection with books and book selling is the amount of ignorance that can be absorbed by some of those who make their living by connection with them. It rarely happens that a clerk in charge of a book counter knows anything whatever of books except as commodities, and it is impossible to get any assistance in making selections. This is particularly the case in regard to juveniles. It is not an infrequent occurrence that people who have been out of touch with children's books for a generation are called upon to buy reading matter for the little folks, and they have nothing to fall back upon but those which were favorites in their own generation. Unless they adopt the comfortable doctrine that anything is good enough, they are in danger of making unwise selections out of pure ignorance. While one does not expect the book counter clerk to read everything and be a walking encyclopedia of general information, it does seem as if he could keep up as well with the qualities of his stock as do the dry goods clerk and shoe salesman.

Ruth McEnery Stuart's stories of Southern negro life are sympathetic and unique. She is neither a reformer nor an apologist, and she points no moral, but to read one tale is to pine for more. Who can forget Moriah, and the unique wedding gift of her second husband, a complete mourning outfit for his predecessor? And there was "Napoleon Jackson, the Gentleman in the Plush Rocker," whose mother providentially "marked him for rest," and so many before, and nothing in their line could be better. George Washington Jones is a homeless and friendless little black boy who recalls a story told him by his grandfather who, in the days "befo' the wah," had been given to "the loveliest mistress in all the world" as a Christmas gift, and the forlorn little son of freedom determines to make a Christmas present of himself to some lady who will fulfill his ideal. Now, who but Mrs. Stuart could think up such a situation, much less carry it to a conclusion without drowning the humor in maudlin sentimentality?

—*The Bookworm.*



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A NEW LAW

The Board of Commissioners in Optometry according to a new law enacted by the last Legislature, has issued a Certificate to Mr. George Mayerle, the German Expert Optician at 1071 Market Street, authorizing him to practice Optometry and prescribe glasses to those having weak eyes and poor sight. Mr. George Mayerle has probably prescribed glasses to more prominent men of the world than any other optician in this country. The fact that the highest U. S. Army, Navy and Government officials and most eminent clergymen, judges and educators of California are using his glasses should be sufficient evidence of his wonderful ability to treat most complicated cases with accuracy and absolute perfection.

Commander U. S. Navy. MARE ISLAND CAL., July 20, 1903. MR. GEORGE MAYERLE—Dear Sir: The eyeglasses you made for me are the most satisfactory pair I have had in the last thirty years. Check in payment is enclosed herewith. Very respectfully,
W. W. KIMBALL, Commander U. S. Navy.

The President of Santa Clara College. MR. GEORGE MAYERLE—Dear Sir: The glasses ordered came in good time. They are excellent and I am more than pleased with them. Yours very truly, ROBERT E. KENNA, S. J.

Office Chief of Police. It gives me much pleasure to recommend to the public, Mr. George Mayerle, of San Francisco. I have been using glasses for the past four years, and during that time have consulted several opticians, but not until I had consulted Mr. George Mayerle and had him fit glasses to my eyes did I get entire satisfaction. Respectfully, J. H. ANDERSON, Sergeant of Police.

Admiral Dewey, who used George Mayerle's glasses during the Spanish-American war, and is still using them with much satisfaction, highly recommends Mr. George Mayerle, and sends the following testimonial: MR. GEORGE MAYERLE—My Dear Sir: I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent me at Manila; also the new ones suit my eyes perfectly. Yours very truly, GEORGE DEWEY.

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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

The Rolker Recital

A Patti audience greeted Mr. Edward Xavier Rolker's pupils at their song recital of last week. Standing room only was the rule, and the display of toilettes would have done justice to a Grau affair. It was the first public appearance here of Miss Maud Goodwin, who returned from abroad last fall to continue her work with Mr. Rolker. Miss Goodwin has a most attractive stage presence and a brilliant and flexible voice, two qualities which should argue for her success in light opera, the career which she has chosen. Her two groups of songs were received with enthusiasm. She was at her best in Chaminade's "Summer" and the Viardot-Chopin "Aime-Moi." I did not care for "Elizabeth's Prayer." No singer can be equally good in everything and this was out of her genre. The recital opened auspiciously with Schubert's beautiful "Coronoch," the ensemble work of Misses Goodwin, Judson and Wheeler being almost perfect. Miss Goodwin looks like a prima donna, and, as was evident after her first solo, sings like one, too—with a dash that is delightful. The voice is not all velvet, but one hears it gladly; it is refreshing, heart-finding. Miss Mignon Judson, who was styled on the program a mezzo-contralto, is a beautiful young woman with a face like a cameo and a voice to correspond. She has a pure and sympathetic organ and a sweetly serious manner. She was delightful in Grieg's "Princess," in her two Willeby numbers, and in Beach's "June.' For an encore she gave the old favorite "The Kerry Dancing" which I have never heard better done. Three cardinal virtues—temperament, artistic reserve, and moving quality in the middle register—characterize her singing. With but one exception—Willeby's "Cuttin' Rushes"—all her numbers had the added charm of things happily chosen, through which personality has a fair chance of making itself felt. Miss Gertrude Wheeler has some lovely notes in her contralto, but she lacks life. She did not really show what she is capable of until her two last numbers, Rubinstein's "Der Asra" and her encore "Three Little Green Bonnets." Miss Wheeler's voice is velvet throughout; but well sung as her songs are, they fail to suggest the repressed fire that should burn in the soul of the singer. A little more feeling would make them much more effective. The Toreador Song was not a very happy selection for Mr. Carl Yoho. In English it is almost invariably bellowed; it should be sung in Italian. There is promise in Mr. Rosborough's voice. The "Sword Song," however, was a little beyond him. Miss Janes is a most sympathetic accompanist.

Under the direction of Mr. C. Ernest Edwards, a series of classical concerts has been arranged to be given this season in Hearst hall, Berkeley. The first, which occurred on Wednesday evening, will be more fully mentioned next week. The participants were Edward W. Tillson, the New York pianist, Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, soprano, Mrs. Grace Carroll Elliott, contralto, and Hother Wismer, violinist.

Miss Morgan's Recital

Miss S. Isabel Morgan's studio lecture on song interpretation proved to be a very able exposition of the subject. She was also particularly fortunate in her pupil, Mrs. Lillian Werth Fruhling, who rendered songs by Scarlatti, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Purcell, Schumann, and more modern composers. Mrs. Fruhling has a clear and pure voice, a good method, and a rare gift of expression. Her versatility as an artist made her equally successful in many different kinds of song. Her interpretation of Scarlatti's "Violette" came very close to Trebelli's rendering of the same. She was equally at home in Denza's spirited "Girls of Seville," in a chanson by Bemberg full of roulades and trills, in Schumann's "In a Foreign Land," and in two quaint little slumber songs by Liza Lehmann. The evening proved a highly enjoyable one for the lovers of song who were present. The next lecture and recital will be devoted to ballads.

The Carrington Pupil Recital

I thought the encore affliction had been forever banished, but at the recital given by Madame Abbie Carrington's pupils last Friday evening it was there in all its tedious variety. Not only one, but two and even three encores were the rule—a very bad rule. There is nothing added to an audience's enthusiasm by

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TEL. PAGE 2254

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doubling and tripling a program in that way. There were eleven numbers on the program, two of which were piano solos by Mr. Emlyn Lewys, and the rest, songs by his wife's pupils. The best of them from a critical point of view were the aria "Vision Fair," from Massenet's "Herodiade" by Mr. Cecil Smith, and the songs "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side" (Clay) and "The Silver Ring" (Chaminade) by Miss Clara Lewys. Mr. Smith has a strong, resonant voice, and he brought out the dramatic side of the aria with excellent effect. Miss Lewys reminds one a bit of the late Mrs. Henschel. Her voice is not strong but is of pleasing quality, and her expression is refined and delightful. The audience seemed to prefer Mrs. Cora Hall, who gave the "Fors e lui" aria from "Traviata," for they demanded three recalls after her number. The other participants for the most part could not be fairly judged, their selections being too ambitious for their abilities. Had they chosen simpler songs, they would perhaps have been heard to better advantage. The hall was packed at this recital.

Mr. Otto Spamer, who did such fine solo work with Scheel's symphony orchestra, will give two concerts in Lyric hall next Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon, under the direction of Mr. Shafter-Howard. He will be assisted by Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, Mrs. L. Snider Johnson and Fred Maurer Jr. The programme on Wednesday, at 8:15, will include the Paganini-Wilhelmj Concerto in D major, Romance and Polonaise by Wilhelmj, Chaconne by Bach, the Chopin-Sarasate Nocturne, op. 9, No. 2, and Wieniawski's "Air Russe." Mrs. Blanchard will sing compositions by Massenet, Brahms and Taubert. At the Saturday matinee Mr. Spamer will play numbers by Bruch, Wagner-Wilhelmj, Bach, Paganini-Wilhelmj and Wieniawski, and Mrs. Johnson will sing an aria from Bemberg's "Joan of Arc," and a group of English songs, two by Shafter-Howard. Mr. Spamer is a favorite pupil and a nephew of the great Wilhelmj. The patronesses of these concerts include Mesdames Tucker, Harrison, Goewey, Merrill, McLaren, Hearst, McKinstry, Davis, Ames, Day and Howard.



MISS CARRIE SHEUERMAN

Miss Carrie Sheuerman, Hugo Mansfeldt's brilliant young pupil, who made her debut at a piano recital on Wednesday evening in Maple hall.

Miss Augusta Cottlow, pianist, is possessed of marvelous technique, or, more correctly, is possessed by it. Her work is intellectual, not emotional, and music is nothing if not emotional—that is, it is very little. She has the mastery of a man, but she has not the delicacy of a man. The delicacy of a woman she has on occasion; and in art at least female fineness is inferior to male. In life it may be otherwise. In Miss Cottlow's playing there is something of the poet, much of the scientist. She woos you not at all; her touch does not caress the ear, and the applause she wins of you is for her power. To make a physical thing of music is to unmake it, to reduce it to noise. Technique is a means, the end of which is (in this case) music. To forget that is a common fault of skillful youth. Miss Cottlow is very skillful and very young. Such remarkable talent should produce more musical results. Her Bach was big, but it was not quite Bach. The like may be said of her Brahms. In the "Scherzo," and in the little encore, there was indeed Chopin—Chopin minus the poetry. The Liszt "Polonaise" was played almost perfectly, but then, as Oscar Wilde has it, Liszt is not quite the sort of young lady one would care to marry. Mr. Natorp Blumenfeld, the violinist, came in for a goodly share of the applause. He was heard at his best in the Haydn "Serenade" and the "Air Savoyard" (Vieutemps). His Bach, however, was not so happy. Of the Rubenstein trio, Miss Cottlow made a solo for the piano; the strings struggled to be heard—in vain. The accompanying of Mr. Fred Maurer was, of course, faultless. Wherever he plays there is music.



MME. LILLIAN NORDICA

Mme. Lillian Nordica, the world's greatest soprano, who will appear in conjunction with Duss and the orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House at the Alhambra theatre October 27th.

Mr. Samuel Bollinger, two of whose compositions were rendered by Miss Cottlow at her Thursday recital, ranks among the leading American composers. His works are in the repertory of William H. Sherwood, the dean of American pianists, Miss Cottlow, Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler, Ernest Kroeger, Margarethe Schambe and others of like note. Mr. Bollinger's compositions are marked by great charm and delicacy and a distinctly scholarly style. Among them are a spirited Scherzo in B minor, a brilliant Mazurka in E flat minor, and a poetical Romanzo Lamentoso in B major, which were played for the first time in Leipzig at a Royal Conservatory concert, and were highly praised by the critics; three characteristic dances, full of originality and beauty; an Idyl, Barcarola and Humoreska of unique treatment; and a Sonnet which the composer dedicated to Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler. The last is among the later works of Mr. Bollinger. The composer is a finished pianist, understanding all the technical points which his works so well illustrate.

Mr. Andrew Bogart has taken studios at 546 Sutter street, having decided to remain in San Francisco during the winter. He will accept a limited number of students desiring to study the method of singing as taught by the elder Lamperti. Mr. Bogart has been identified with Mr. Francis Stuart of New York for several years, and has had the advantage of spending several seasons in London, Paris, Berlin and Italy. He is the only representative of the Lamperti method of singing on the Pacific Coast, and the only exponent of Mr. Francis Stuart's method.

The interest of the local amateur musicians, young men and women, is at present centered in the successful organization of The Minetti Orchestra of San Francisco, a creditable symphony orchestra in which they are afforded rare opportunities and advantages never before offered. The organization realizes the long-expressed desire of the amateur for a substantial orchestra in which practical experience may be gained in the proper study and in the artistic performance of the best in music. Applications for membership may be addressed to Meredith Sawyer, the secretary of the orchestra, city P. O. box 2673.

A Big Musical Treat

The biggest event of the musical season will be the concerts by the complete orchestra of the "Metropolitant Opera House" of New York City, under the direction of that eminent conductor, Mr. J. S. Duss, and with Nordica, the great dramatic soprano, as one of the soloists. Mrs. Katharine Fisk, the contralto, and Nathan Franko the violinist, also accompany this great organization on the tour. The concerts will be given at the Alhambra, the first being on Tuesday night, October 27th, when Nordica will be the soloist. A fine program will be rendered, including Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" by Weingaertner, the march "With Pomp and Circumstance" composed for King Edward's coronation by Edward Elgar, the overture to Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth" and the introduction to "Parsifal." Nordica will sing two grand arias. Tuesday afternoon there will be a popular concert of excellent works, including the suite to "Lorna Doone" by Nevin, and solos by Mme. Katharine Fisk, and Franko the solo violinist. Thursday night's concert will be under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Music Club, when the public will hear one of the Richard Strauss Tone Poems "Don Juan." Strauss is said to paint tone pictures with the broad brush of the impressionist and in a most original and striking manner. Mme. Fisk will sing the beautiful aria, "Softly Awakens My Heart," from "Samson and Delilah," and a "Summer's Night," by Goring Thomas, with violoncello obligato by Mr. Paul Miersch. Nathan Franko the violin soloist will play "Theme and Variations" by Corelli. The same programme will be played at Stanford University on the Tuesday afternoon of the 27th. Friday matinee will be the farewell concert, and an immense programme will be rendered with Nordica and Franko as soloists. On Wednesday night the entire organization, with Nordica as soloist, will appear at the Macdonough theatre in Oakland. The sale of seats will begin on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, at Sherman, Clay & Co's, and Manager Greenbaum expects another Mascagni triumph. The orchestra is one of the best in the world, and the soloists also of the highest rank. The prices will range from $1.00 to $3.00, with special rates of from 50c. to $2.00 for the Wednesday "Pop," which will begin at 3:15 p. m. for the convenience of school children and teachers.

Following the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra at the Alhambra, the "Ellery Royal Italian Band," which has made so many staunch friends on its previous visits here, will begin an engagement for one week only, opening Sunday, November 1st. The band will be stronger and better than ever, having been improved by the addition of a number of new soloists, and the clarinet section has been materially strengthened. The band has now an enormous repertoire, including selections from all the new Italian operas, such as "La Tosca," "Andre Chenier," etc., and the leader this year is claimed to be the greatest Italian bandmaster that has ever left Italy. His name is Chiaffarelli, and he is said to be fully as magnetic as Creatore was, and a much finer musician. Many of his compositions will be played during the season here. Popular prices will prevail.

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I am told that the only two women's clubs in California that remunerate the musicians who take part in their programs are Adelphian of Alameda and the Saturday of Sacramento. How far this is correct, I have no means of ascertaining except by denials from the other clubs, but I am assured that it is the case. It scarcely seems possible that the wealthy San Francisco clubs should pay nothing to the instrumentalists and vocalists who contribute to their pleasure at the "open meetings," though perhaps the performers may consider themselves repaid by the honor of appearing before the cultured ladies.

A feature of "Ben-Hur" which has attracted a great deal of attention is the musical accompaniment which was provided by Edgar Stillman Kelley, Professor of Music in the College of New York, and a former resident of this city. The orchestration is rendered by twenty-four musicians. Mr. Kelley is considered the foremost authority on this side of the Atlantic on ancient and Oriental music. —*The Music Critic.*

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

A. GRANUCCI, Plaintiff
vs.
A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of PIERRE LANGARON, Deceased, Eleanora O. Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee), Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleonora O. Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, Deceased,) John Doe, Richard Roe, James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto, Defendants

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of Pierre Langaron (deceased), Eleanora O Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee) Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleanora O Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, deceased) John Doe, Richard Roe James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in this complaint.

That the property involved in and affected by said action is described as follows, to wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, commencing at a point where the Northerly line of Union street intersects the Easterly line of Dupont street; thence running Easterly along said line of Union street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one-half (4½) inches thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-three (23) feet to the said Easterly line of Dupont street, and thence Southerly and along said line of Dupont street Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one-half (4½) inches to the point of commencement.

That the object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of the above entitled Court adjudging and determining that the above named defendants and all other persons claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the plaintiff's complaint adverse to plaintiff's ownership or any cloud upon plaintiff's title thereto have not, and that none of them has any estate, right, title, lien or interest whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof, and that the title of plaintiff is good and valid, and that said defendants and all of said persons unknown as aforesaid be forever enjoined and debarred from asserting any claim whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof adverse to the plaintiff, and for such other, further and additional relief as to the Court may seem meet and proper in the premises, and for costs of suit.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1903. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87243

ALFRED H. COATES Plaintiff, vs. EMMA C. COATES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

EMMA C. COATES Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of this action and upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff as appears from the complaint on file herein to which special reference is hereby made; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT P. WHEELAN, Attorney for Plaintiff
222 Sansome St. Sixth Floor, Room 2.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. POWER, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary E. Power, Administratrix of the Estate of William J. Power deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix Mary E. Power at the office of J. J. Lermen, Attorney-at-Law, Rooms 908-911 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY E. POWER, Administratrix of the Estate of WILLIAM J. POWER, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, October 3, 1903
J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Administratrix

NOTICES TO CREDITORS

Estate of Bridget Ann Loughery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward Loughry, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Ann Loughery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at Room 498 Parrott Building, No. 825-855 Market Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EDWARD LOUGHRY, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Ann Loughery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 3, 1903. JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for said administrator, Parrott Bldg.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of LAWRENCE FELVEY, Deceased

CATHERINE FELVEY, administratrix of the estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased, having filed her petition herein praying for an order to sell real estate of said decedent for purposes therein set forth,

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court, on Wednesday, the 4th day of November, 1903, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day at Court room of said Superior Court at the City Hall in said City and County to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, at either private sale or public auction as shall be necessary and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, October 5, 1903 J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

JOSEPH E. O'DONNELL, Attorney for Administratrix
460-461-462 Parrott Building

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87209.

ADELAIDE C. SHADE Plaintiff vs. WILLIAM F. SHADE Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California this 4th day of September, A. D., 1903.
ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

MILTON S HAMILTON, Attorney for Plaintiff
Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. —. No. 86531.

CLIFFORD E. LINTON Plaintiff vs. ADDIE LINTON Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

ADDIE LINTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 14th day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff



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Human Nature

The final test of a man's character is the card table. Whatever there may be in him of weakness, whether it be a mean avarice, cowardice, or a deceitful disposition, will there inevitably appear. If I were the president of a bank, the general of any army, or the leader of any other great enterprise, I would make it a point to test the character of my subordinates in a series of games at cards, preferably played for money. It is the only sure test of character that the wisdom of the ages has been able to devise. —*From "A Game of Cards," by W. C. Morrow.*

It seems to me that nowadays clergymen, like Dr. Watt's naughty dogs, only delight to bark and bite.—*Ouida.*

From "A Modern Instance," by W. D. Howells:

That ideal life of which every one who sins or sorrows is sooner or later aware; that strange separation of the intellectual activity from the suffering of the soul, by which the mind toils on in a sort of ironical indifference to the pangs that wring the heart, the realization that, in some ways, his brain can get on perfectly well without his conscience.

He suffered from the loss of identity which is a common affliction with country people coming to town. The feeling that they are of no special interest to any of the thousands they meet bewilders and harasses them; after the searching neighborhood of village life, the fact that nobody would meddle in their most intimate affairs—if they could—is a vague distress.

Woman

Anne Boleyn had her head off for flirting.—*Ouida.*

The flirt can only practise her audacities safely by grace of those upon whom she uses them, and if men really met them half way there could be no such thing as flirting.—*Howells.*

When a man loves a woman whom he has no business to love, there is always danger for at least three persons—the woman, her husband and the lover.—"*A Problem Unsolved,*" *W. J. Henderson.*

There are plenty of women who know too much of their own sex ever to wonder that a man doesn't marry, though of course we don't say so; 'twouldn't be to our interest. * * * I don't think I would have married if I'd been a man, though I'd never admit it, of course, to one of them.—*Lady Marabout, Ouida.*

Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. —*Bacon.*

Constant frivolous interruptions are like expecting a setting hen to answer the doorbell.—*Lowell.*

—*The Gleaner.*

Residence 814 Grove St., S. F. Telephone Page 81

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TOWN TALK

VOL. XII. No. 582 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 24, 1903. PRICE 10 CENTS

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The Problem

Dick Clay stared at the several letters that lay on his desk. He had read them all more than once, but in the last one lay the gist of the problem that confronted him. He read that one again, but still he could not make up his mind where his duty lay:

Mount Joy, June sixth.

Dear Dick,

Yes, it is lonely here without you. I sent you away, but that does not make my loneliness the less intense. Everything around here breathes memories of you—that dear week. How could you spoil it, Dick? Why don't men love the same as women do? Why can't they live in the ideal? Must they always intrude a discordant note? I never loved any man but you, dear, and I don't think anything could ever change my feelings toward you. I forgive you everything, but I never wish to look upon your face again. Why did you write, when I was trying to forget? Your letter brought it all back again, the bitterness of that last scene. I said it must be farewell—and it shall be. I am going away, Dick, somewhere where I shall meet new people, and try, if I can, to banish the wretched regret that overwhelms me when I think of you. I don't say the sin was all yours. I am willing to take my share of the blame. But I was foolishly ignorant, Dick, and you—you knew.

Good-bye. *Gwen.*

* * * *

Santa Barbara, July 10th.

Dear Dick,

You really should try to get away from business long enough to come down here. We are having such a charming time. Mother is quite delighted with the climate, the people and everything. Gordon came with us, and I never knew our big brother could thaw so. He's doing society in quite a dashing way, and all the girls are in love with him. But he has developed a pronounced crush in one direction, and so is impervious to the most fascinating smiles of the others. *She* is not a beauty, either, but I like her the best of anybody we've met here. We met her in an unconventional manner, too. She is staying at the hotel, and is quite alone. She is reserved in manner, and never spoke to anybody until we almost forced ourselves upon her notice. Sister Jen's little girl was playing with a knife—naughty child!—one day and it slipped and cut an awful gash in her hand. There was no one about at the time, except Miss Durham—that's her name, you know, Gwendolyn Durham—and she tied up the wound and soothed poor Tootsy's cries. Of course, Jen was very grateful. We all were, for fancy what might have happened—lockjaw and all sorts of horrid things. We insisted on having Gwendolyn come and join us at lunch, and though she did not seem to like having her armor of reserve broken into, we are used to having our way, and we got it as usual. I am simply insane over Gwen—she's the sweetest thing. She is clever, too, but not obtrusively so. Mother has taken an enormous fancy to her, and Gordon—well, you know what a man of thirty-five is when he gets interested in a woman for the first time. *Do* come down, Dick, if you can.

Your affectionate sister, *Mayme.*

* * * *

Santa Barbara, July fifteenth.

Deer unkle Dick,

We miss you verry much and hope you will come down soon. I dig in the sand. I cut my hand and a lovely lady tied it up for me. Her name is Miss Gwen. She loves little girls. I love her.

Your neece, *Tootsy.*

* * * *

Santa Barbara, July twentieth.

Dear Dick,

Do you believe in fate? I did not choose this part of the world for any particular reason. Fate must have willed it so. I suppose I should go away at once. But they are so dear to me—your mother and sisters. Your brother, too, treats me as women should be treated. Why weren't you like that, Dick? Because I was not a society girl, of your world, why did you have less consideration for me? You did not think me worthy to stand beside your sisters, but I think their regard for me is real. Would they care less, would they despise me, if they knew? Why is there one rule for you, and another for me? If you tell me so, Dick, I will go. I will leave this place, which is so pleasant to

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Bed of Calaveritas Creek at Calaveritas Heavy With the Precious Metals

Gravel Carrying Sand Running $6000 to the Ton Located

There is perhaps no more famous mining district in the world than Calaveras county, Cal. In the early fifties Calaveritas was a thriving mining camp with a population of upward of 2,000 people, money flowed like water in the creek by the same name that ran through the town. In those days men got rich separating the gold from the gravel of the surrounding country with the crude rockers then in use, and millions of dollars have been carried from this section on pack mules to the then distant town of Sacramento and thence to the seaboard at San Francisco.

Now, at this point there are but a few deserted cabins, an occasional ranch and the bed of the old stream, dry in summer but a tumbling torrent in the winter, while for forty-five years not a pick or shovel has entered this ground.

Calaveritas is situated on the mother lode about midway between San Andreas and Angel's Camp, and it was here that W. G. Rifenburg, E. M., a miner and prospector of years of experience, uncovered a deposit of gold a few months ago that proved so rich as to dazzle the imagination of even the most experienced and accustomed assayers. At a depth of twenty feet in the bed of this creek he found a black sand, the assayer's recovery from which was $6,000 per ton in pure virgin gold, while the free gold was $40 per ton. Mr. Rifenburg states that this is the richest sand in the world yet discovered.

Mr. Rifenburg hastened to San Francisco, and after co-operating with a few gentlemen formed a company, to be known as the Calaveras Dredging and Mining Company, to whom he had the property deeded and made the following report:

To the Calaveras Dredging and Mining Company, San Francisco—Gentlemen: I have finished the examination of your property, situated at Calaveritas. I find that by careful free tests that the gravel will pay 50 cents per cubic yard in free gold. This is principally surface work; that it contains seven pounds of black sand; that a portion of it is the richest I have ever worked. The lowest recovery was forty-one ($41.00) dollars per ton; the highest was six thousand ($6,000.00) dollars in gold, the richest sand known to me on the globe. It is a great mystery to me that this has not been worked before. However, I obtained the values and am prepared to do so again.

The richest sand I ever tested before was from the Porcupine district, in Alaska, it running two thousand three hundred ($2,300.00) dollars per ton. I frequently find values as high as two hundred and fifty ($250.00) dollars to three hundred ($300.00) dollars per ton. I believe your recoveries will not be less than three million ($3,000,000.00) dollars from this deposit.

I consider your selection good and must recommend you to invest and push this to a finish. Take in the situation and natural advantages, a better property will be hard to find.

There is no method that will surpass the modern dredger for working gravel and recovering gold. There are hundreds of them now working. The modern dredger is with us and has come to stay.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed.) W. G. Rifenburg, E. M..

Mr. Rifenburg announces that the only way to work this property is by a modern dredger.

The company owns two and a half miles of this creek. The ground is free from logs or large bowlders, and can be successfully worked by a dredger of modern type. Such a dredger will be incorporated and will handle 2,000 cubic yards of gravel per day of twenty-four hours, with modern concentrators for working the black sand. These dredgers are no experiment, as they are today working successfully in nearly every gravel mining camp on this continent, as well as in South Africa. The profits from such a dredger at Calaveritas would be over $1,000 a day net. Samples of the free gold and black sand heretofore mentioned can be seen at the office of the company in San Francisco.

The incorporators of the company have subscribed a number of thousand dollars for the preliminary work of getting together the necessary material for working this proposition, and now they have concluded to place a limited amount of the treasury stock within the reach of small investors on monthly payments, if desired, on the following terms, the par value of the shares being $100, and the company being incorporated for 10,000 shares. This small amount of stock will be sold at $25.00 per share, $5.00 per share being cash and the balance at the rate of $5.00 per month. The day the dredger is installed the company will have an income of $1,000.00 a day, and, as the company does not owe a dollar, no more stock will be sold, and the dividends will begin immediately. Not only will dividends be paid, but the stock will advance to par at once.

This stock is absolutely non-assessable and non-forfeitable. If any subscriber is unable to meet deferred payments, it is arranged so that the stock for every dollar he has paid will be issued him.

If there are any readers of this paper who desire to stand in in a small way on this wonderfully rich proposition they are advised to put in their application at once, as the opportunity will not last but a very short time, for more than one-half the money required is now in the treasury.

Maps, pictures, affidavits and information regarding the property and work now being done will be furnished free upon application to A. P. Fuller, secretary, or W. G. Rifenburg, E. M., at the office of the company, suit 402, Callaghan building, 1312 Market street, San Francisco, who will personally be glad to assist any interested person to a clear understanding of this opportunity, and any persons who are desirous of seeing this property the company would be pleased to show them the ground and pay all expenses if a sufficient amount of stock would be purchased, provided the proposition proved as represented.

me. I will never see them again—your mother, darling Tootsy, dear Jennie and Mayme, who calls me her dearest friend, and Gordon. Must I, Dick?

Gwen.

* * * *

San Francisco, August seventh.

My dear Dick,

Can't you come to town for a day? I should like to talk with you. I am in love, Dick, in love for the first time in my life. She's not a society woman, but she's a gentlewoman. She is not a beauty, but she is more than that. She does not love me—but I would rather marry her and have only her friendship, than the love of any other woman. When one loves at my age it is the real thing. You, my dear younger brother, with your success with the sex and your consequent indifference to any especial one of them, cannot enter into my feelings. But I want to talk to you. I want to tell you all about her, and treat you to the rhapsodies of a lover. It will bore you, but I can't keep it bottled up forever. I must tell somebody. Mother and the girls love her. Jen's little girl adores her. She's the most adorable woman in the world—but she says she cannot marry me. You must tell me how, Dick, you who know women so well, how to shake her resolution. I am foolish, I am a boy again, when I think of her.

Yours, *Gordon.*

* * * *

Los Angeles, September first.

Dear Dick,

The hardest question of my life I bring to you to answer. Shall I? Can I? I don't know what to do. I do not love your brother, but I feel that I could learn to love him. Not with that wild, reckless love you won—and cast aside—but the calm love that is based on mutual respect and friendship. You asked me, Dick, to be—well, I refused. Your brother has asked me to be his wife. Must I refuse? *Gwendolyn.*

—The Psychologist.

Murillo's Magdalen

Framed was I for Love's offices; Thy hand
Shaped me for Love's embraces, Thou dread Lord.
The scheme that was by Thee, my Maker, planned,
Hath reaped its harvest,—paid the reckonings scored!
I came not to this stress of my accord:
Thyself didst face me down the fatal road
That leads to Hell! Wherefor, dear God, afford
Ease to Thy creature in her last abode.

Ah, how I loved! O God, dost understand
How I Thy Son did love—I, The Abhorred?
His feet my tears have washed and freed from sand;
This golden hair has dried them. My reward:
Thy everlasting Hell, Thy ceaseless sword,
Tortures unending, fires and thirst that goad,
—Predestined all! Give, Saviour, Thou Adored,
Ease to Thy creature in her last abode.

Take back my beauty! Let Thy dread command
Efface it—with its guilt! My breast is gored
—My guilty breast!—with levin for thy brand.
Yet was I but Thy sport! Shall I, ignored,
Abandon hope of Paradise star-floored?
Wander the steppes of Hell by Thy stern code?
O God, have mercy! How I have implored
Ease to Thy creature in her last abode!

L'ENVOY.

O Prince of Peace, upon whose feet I poured
My spikenard and my burning tears, my load
Of sin predestined loose. Give peace restored,—
Ease to Thy creature in her last abode.

June 13, 1900. C. W. DOYLE.

Any Analogy?

"McAdie says we're going to have a severe and cold winter."

"Cupid Danforth says this is a record year for marriage licenses." *—The Mathematician.*

REPUBLICAN TICKET

1903

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DISTRICT ATTORNEY....EDWARD S. SALOMON
CORONER.....DR. THOMAS H. MORRIS
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FOR

Public Administrator



WILLIAM E. LUTZ

Republican Nominee

William E. Lutz, the Republican Nominee for the office of Public Administrator, is essentially a self-made man.

At the age of sixteen, he enlisted in the Army, and served through the entire war, and received an honorable discharge. He is now a member of the George H. Thomas Post of this city, and was Secretary of the Executive Committee that had charge of the National Encampment of the Grand Army, which was held in this city in August last.

Shortly after the termination of the war, he removed to San Francisco, where he has since resided. After his arrival in this city, he worked for several years at his trade as a butcher in the California Market, and is well and favorably known to all who are engaged in that business in this city.

During the years that he was working at his trade, he devoted his spare time to study and self-improvement, and has advanced himself to such an extent that he has for many years past occupied positions requiring a man of strict integrity and ability. He is at present engaged in the insurance business at No. 205 Sansome street, and is also Secretary of many business associations.

He has for more than twenty years devoted himself to charitable work in fraternal organizations to which he belongs, has served for many years as a member of various relief committees, and for several years was one of the directors of the German Benevolent Society, and also Vice-President thereof.

The Public Administrator is intrusted with estates where it is incumbent upon him to protect the interests of widows and orphans, and he should therefore be a man of unquestionable integrity and ability, and a man of mature years and judgment.

As Mr. Lutz possesses all these qualifications, we think he is entitled to the suffrages of the voters of San Francisco.

TOWN TALK

San Francisco, October 24, 1903

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The Campaign Lie

Mr. Franklin K. Lane has the reputation of being a very adroit campaigner. His friends say that he is a good "vote-getter;" that he knows how to "jolly" an audience. He has what the Irishman calls "the gift of gab," and with it he combines the tricks of the mummer to impart plausibility to his utterances. Mr. Lane's first occupation on leaving college was that of a stump-speaker. He hired out as a boy-orator on the pay-roll of that old charlatan, "Vinegar Bitters" McDonald, and became a propagandist in the temperance cause. Later on he was employed as a stump-speaker for various politicians, and finally he started out to campaign for himself, and he has been a job-chaser ever since. He is not a polished orator, but he is a good rough-and-ready talker of the camp-meeting exhorter style, and he becomes truly eloquent when expatiating on his own virtues and superior claims to public confidence. But studies of one's own exalted personality have a tendency to contract the views and deaden the sensibility of those who follow them with assiduity. It is by repeatedly perusing and intently contemplating a few great models that the mind is best disciplined. Demosthenes is said to have transcribed six times the history of Thucydides. Mr. Lane is content to contemplate himself, and draw inspiration from the subject for panegyrics on the Democratic candidate for Mayor. In consequence of the narrowness of his view-point he has, like other men of circumscribed intellect who have posed as orators, indulged in lively sophistry and exaggeration which deceive the auditors for the moment. He does not stop to consider that his remarks are taken down by stenographers and published by the daily papers. Those speeches are not read with the temper of those to whom they were addressed. We all know that the object of oratory alone is not truth but persuasion, but the wise candidate for office addresses himself less to the audience than to the reporters. He thinks less of the few hearers than of the innumerable readers. No doubt Mr. Lane impresses his hearers with his bald assertions and his passionate entreaties, but his fallacies do not escape detection when read at leisure. His speeches proclaim the mountebank. When as a hired spieler he was shouting the virtues of vinegar bitters he was not more reckless than he has been since the opening of this campaign. A man with so little regard for the truth as he appears to have would be a very dangerous individual to clothe with the authority which is vested in the Mayor of this city. One of the yarns which he has been spinning with great gusto is about a combination between Ruef and the Republican manager. He has repeatedly asserted that Schmitz was the choice of the Republican managers, and that Crocker was nominated to draw votes from the Democracy. The absurdity of this fiction is so patent that it is not worth discussing, but it is an index to the character of its author. Mr. Lane knows that Schmitz and Ruef have been repudiated by the Republican leaders, and yet he boldly and unblushingly takes his stand on a public platform, and with the effrontery of a patent-medicine spieler lauding his worthless wares, gravely asserts that a combination has been made by the leading Republicans of this city which has for its object the betrayal of their own party. Mr. Lane is popularly believed to be a plausible and tactful faker and an accomplished dissembler, but he isn't. He lacks the discretion employed by the successful gold-brick artist. He is not an artful liar. He appraises his own keenness too highly and underestimates that of others. Moreover he lacks the repose of the successful campaigner. He should be content to let his newspaper organs slander his opponents, and at the same time affect disapproval of the employment of hoodlum tactics. Even a candidate for Mayor of San Francisco may conduct himself as a gentleman without jeopardizing his own interests. The spectacle of Mr. Lane taking himself seriously on the stump, and apotheosizing himself in rounded periods, is diverting, but when he dons the garments of the fish-woman he superinduces nausea.

The Shifting of Innes

The Rev. Stephen Bonaparte Innes, an Episcopal clergyman of this city, has announced his conversion to Catholicism. There is nothing remarkable about his defection. The Catholic church is full of ex-Episcopal ministers, many of whom have become priests of the Church of Rome, but there is no likelihood of the Rev. Innes entering the priesthood. He is married and devoted to his wife, and therefore he would be extremely reluctant to take the vow of celibacy, but even though he were a bachelor he would find it difficult to break into the Catholic priesthood. If he attempted to do so the objection would be urged against him that—to borrow from the argot of the politician—it was hard for him to "stay put." Stephen Bonaparte Innes was formerly a Catholic. Certain circumstances which he does not care to mention rendered it impossible for him to become a priest, and as he felt that he was unfit for other vocations he became an Episcopalian minister. Rather a strange reason for an honest man to change his religion. A man who feels that the ministry is his vocation, and who, because he cannot enter it in one sect, joins another, has no very positive convictions. There have been many Catholics who felt that they would like to join the priesthood but who were deterred from entering because of the vow of celibacy. Though the ministry was the profession of their choice, their conscience as well as their temperament restrained them from entering it, and they took to some other occupation. But they remained loyal to the church whose doctrines they believed. Not so the Rev. Stephen Bonaparte Innes. He decided to sample Episcopalianism, the discipline of the church being less

strict, and after seven years of it he has decided to wander back again. And now he says that, after mature deliberation, he reached the conclusion that as compared with the Catholic church the Episcopalian is merely the shell without the kernel. Perhaps after a little while he will conclude that as compared with the Episcopal church the Catholic is merely the kernel without the shell, and jump back again, or else become a Presbyterian in the hope of finding the kernel and shell intact. A great deal may depend on the success that attends his efforts, for evidently it is the matter of vocation that concerns Dr. Innes. Perhaps he feels that he is qualified to take the place of Henry Austin Adams, the Catholic convert from Episcopalianism who lectured to large profits under the auspices of Catholic societies, until he developed an illicit passion for a pretty girl, and then levanted to Australia. We shall deeply sympathize with Dr. Innes in whatever he undertakes, for when a man is in a state of uncertainty regarding the precise manner in which he should provide for the future of his soul, he requires a great deal of soothing encouragement.

Contagious Diseases

Rheumatism is the latest addition to the list of contagious diseases, and just as soon as the daily papers begin to reprint articles and paragraphs from the medical journals we may expect to see an agitation over the need of a quarantine law. Thus far the proofs adduced do not seem to prove anything, for they appear to be confined to the relation of instances in which more than one case of the disease has appeared in a single family, either simultaneously or successively. Apparently no attention has been given to the obvious fact that like causes will produce like effects, so that if a dwelling place is damp or draughty all the inmates are as likely as any one of them to suffer from the effects. If all are engaged in the same occupation under practically the same conditions, what will induce rheumatism in one case is more than likely to produce it in the others, so that the several examples of illness are quite as likely to have been contracted at first hand as "caught" from another member of the family. Another cause is also lost sight of—that of unconscious imitation. There are people so constituted that they invariably imagine they are afflicted with every disease they hear of, and if the symptoms and sufferings are described with sufficient minuteness of detail they do induce the disease through sympathy, though if they heard nothing on the subject they would worry along very well without it. The compounders of patent medicines show a profound knowledge of human nature when they publish pamphlets in which they set forth at length the grateful tributes of those who have been miraculously preserved by swallowing their concoctions. Nine people out of ten are like the immortal J. of "Three Men in a Boat," who, after poring over the Medical Encyclopedia, found himself afflicted with every disease set forth except "housemaid's knee," and he would not have let that miss him if he had known what it was. The less that is said about disease in general and the less theories and remedies are discussed in the public journals, the less likelihood there is for raising a community of invalids. Good health is just as contagious as disease if people would make it so.

The Belligerent Club Woman

The little ruction amongst the Daughters of the Confederacy is a very mild affair in comparison to what the gentle dames are doing elsewhere. The alacrity with which women's associations split themselves into factions, and declare war upon one another, makes the mere man pause in wonder as to what will be the aspect of the political field if they are granted the "right to suffer." This is not the first time that our local hen-clubs have pecked and cackled so lustily that the echoes have reached beyond the lodge rooms, but thus far they have not disrupted churches, broken up business relations by wholesale, or been summoned before police magistrates to answer charges of assault and battery and disturbance of the public peace. They had a sewing circle in an Illinois town a few years ago, and somebody commented on some one's cat-stitches, and the result was pandemonium. The ladies took sides, and their husbands, brothers, sweethearts and fathers were involved. One set wanted to give a social for the benefit of the church and the others won over the janitress, so that they obtained possession of the keys, and there was not even admittance, much less fire and lights, vouchsafed the enemy. Then representatives of the two factions met on the street and missiles heavier than words were exchanged, millinery was mauled from heads, and clothing torn, until the police took a hand and marched as many as could be captured off to the police station. Just now the little village of Stapleton, on Staten Island, is undergoing a similar experience. The Ladies' Missionary Society was holding a stormy meeting in the room adjoining a hall where the lecturer was addressing the Sunday-school. The ladies became so vociferous that a messenger was sent to caution them to lower their voices, and as might have been expected, they took umbrage at the insult and adjourned their meeting. The officers of the association and their immediate followers voted to withdraw from the church, while a goodly number of other members thought there was not cause sufficient for so radical a proceeding, so they, regarding themselves as the original body, proceeded to elect a new set of officers and to demand of the seceders the records and the contents of the treasury. Of course the demand was refused, and as in the Illinois case, the male contingent was called into action, with the result that the church is divided and business relations which have endured for years are at an end. The Woman's Auxiliary of the Spanish War Veterans showed themselves equally belligerent last month, when the annual business meeting was held in New Haven, Connecticut. The delegates of one chapter had not the last pass-word and were thrown out of the hall bodily. The officers of the chapter again demanded admission and on being refused, attempted to force an entrance. Some of the most muscular sisters amongst the insiders set their backs against the door, and for awhile it looked as though there would be active need for a carpenter, but force of numbers prevailed, the door suddenly slammed shut, and one of the insurgents had two

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fingers caught and badly crushed, while others were thrown down, trampled, scratched, bruised and generally done up, and the damage to best gowns and the latest millinery concoctions was enough to draw tears from the stony eyes of the Bartholdi Goddess of Liberty. Oh, there is no question but what the woman is arriving, and what these affairs will be, after another generation, when the dear creatures have had the experience and training derived from collegiate color rushes, no one dare contemplate. So let us be thankful that our daughters and dames, native and colonial, have thus far confined their warfare to mere words.

The Tuberculosis Problem

Medical opinion continues to change on the tuberculosis problem. It is probably the most important problem with which the scientific world has to deal, and there is no disease concerning which medical opinion has changed so often. The theory of hereditary transmission upon which all medical men agreed some years ago is now generally discredited; all the old familiar methods of treatment have been abandoned, and physicians are divided as to the climate which is most effective in staying the ravages of the disease. The identity of bovine and human tuberculosis has within the last five years been disputed by high authorities, and though it is beyond question communicable, there are many who refuse to accept the common theory of the contagiousness of the disease as generally understood. Probably the most eminent authority on the subject today is Professor von Behring, who says that rarely is tuberculosis acquired in adult life, though it may be stirred to activity after lying dormant, as it were, from infancy. The main source of infection, according to his opinion, is milk, whether it be the milk of the mother or cow's milk. Professor von Behring recently awakened the interest of the medical world by announcing that he was perfecting a prophylactic similar to Jenner's in small-pox. His method has as yet been employed only in animals, and he is not ready to put it to the test in human infants. He is confident that before long he will be able to announce the discovery of a vaccine against tuberculosis.

An Object Lesson for Journalism

What a fine object lesson Colonel Henry Watterson presents to the autocratic editors of the big metropolitan journals! Colonel Henry Watterson is the editor of a comparatively small daily newspaper in a comparatively obscure town in the old but comparatively unimportant State of Kentucky. Yet whenever the grand old Kentucky colonel opens his mouth on a public platform or dashes off an editorial on a national topic, all the other editors in the country sit up and take notice. There is not an editor in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia or any of the other large cities of the country whose utterances command the respectful consideration that is given to those of the Louisville journalist. Yet the Louisville *Courier-Journal* is not noted for its mammoth circulation, nor is Colonel Watterson distinguished as the brainiest of newspaper men or the most sagacious of statesmen. Why then should so much importance be attached to his statements? Simply because he is known to be an honest man and a conscientious editor who says what he thinks, and who does not seek to mould public opinion by misrepresentation and specious argument. It is the theory of the latter-day journalist that the editorial is a superfluous feature of a newspaper; that people no longer care for the opinion of the editor, and that the way to mould public opinion is to color the news. The theory of the latter-day journalist is in a measure correct, for his character is judged by that of his paper, which is usually very bad. As a consequence his preachments are unheeded. He can no more hope to influence his readers by direct appeal than could a minister who bore a reputation for immorality hope to impress his congregation with his views. That the editorials of the new school of journalism are of no importance is evident from the absolute futility of newspaper support of any man or measure in this city. Whatever influence the local dailies exercise emanates from their news columns, and that is not great because their most intelligent subscribers are incredulous. Nobody ever quotes their editorial opinions seriously. Their editorials are merely explanatory of the position they have assumed, and serve to prepare people for the tone of their local columns. What a splendid contrast the Louisville *Courier-Journal* affords! A short time ago Colonel Watterson issued a jeremiad against the fashionables of Newport, and he was quoted in nearly every daily in the country. His opinions on national politics never fail to provoke discussion. Recently he turned his guns on the French Panama canal company, and he startled not only the Eastern press but the statesmen of Europe. He alleged that the French company offered at private sale all its rights, privileges and property in the isthmus for six millions, or thirty-four millions less than the United States bound itself by treaty to pay. Later on the company agreed to take twenty millions for its share, and that twenty millions more should be divided among members of the United States Senate who should succeed in passing a bill for the selection of the Panama route. He also charged that members of the United States canal commission received their share of this corruption fund, and that the Washington correspondents of several American newspapers pocketed all of it that they could lay their hands on. Now Colonel Watterson's statements are being challenged on all sides, but the Colonel is sticking to his guns. Nobody doubts but that he wrote what he believed was true and upon evidence sufficient to influence the judgment of a sane man. Some day a man of the Watterson type may start a daily newspaper in San Francisco, and then we shall see how long the personal organs of our rich politicians will be able to hold their subscribers.

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Faces that Mean Something

BY HARRY COWELL

Some one—George Eliot, if I mistake not—speaks touchingly of faces that mean something. The exact phrase I cannot at this moment call to mind. That is not a matter of any importance. My concern here is with the idea rather than with the words. Her own is a face that means much, having its full share of infinity, its fact behind the fact. It is not handsome, but its high homeliness is significant, suggestive, and has eternal charm. It is not a poem; it has, however, that "other beauty" of prose. If it does not delight the eye, it moves the imagination. It provokes the long, long thought of the adult that dreams. Recreated by the fancy of the beholder, it at length becomes almost beautiful. And if George Henry Lewes had come to consider it more lovely than that of the divinest of Raphael's Madonnas, his taste, to my way of thinking, would not have been so ridiculously at fault as it would have appeared to those to whom a fact is a fact and a face such and such features. Nor would his preference have been merely the result of one of those everyday miracles wrought by the lover's eye. Really beautiful to me has at times been the "horse face" of the author of "Daniel Deronda," transfigured, as it was, by fancy, seen through a veil of romance.

More and more I find myself interested in the strange beauty—beauty of beauty or beauty of ugliness—of the faces of those who have lived;—tell-tale faces, written all over by the hand of the master-realist, Experience; faces that are often palimpsests and always symbols. See, here is the wondrous handiwork of Love, there the touch of Tragedy, and this is no other than the faultless finish of Sorrow, "the work of the file."

In the face of a woman which I once saw at a concert was visible, written in letters of fire, the whole history of the Jewish race. A fateful face it was, very reserved, yet all the more eloquent because fools and wayfaring men would have called it inexpressive. The irreparable wrong done to the Semite was there; the pride of a people chosen of God was there; there also scorn for the heartless Aryan, forever incapable of understanding the red-ripe Semitic heart. Physical and spiritual persistence were there, and the over-soul of those who still walk under the protecting shadow of Jehovah's wings. "I am fit," it seemed to say. "I am fittest. The world against me, I have survived." In the droop of the eyelid was the story of Leah, the forsaken, of Rachael who wept for her children that were not, and would not be comforted; in the nostrils that opened to breathe in life itself, and emitted as it were a fine flame, and in lips the color of passion, and in cheeks to match, and in the burnished amorous hair, and in the limpid eyes, was the song of songs, the song of Solomon, the greatest love poem in any language.

As I watched her, I wept for sorrows which neither she nor I had suffered, and blushed for infamous deeds which I had never done nor ever dreamed of doing—sorrows suffered by the hearts of her forbears because of infamies inflicted by the hands of mine. As I watched her I read, now the large history of the human heart, again the lesser history of a great and strange and fascinating race, and yet again, the still lesser history of an unknown woman of thirty, type of "the woman of thirty" whom men adore. What a task—how sad, how delightful—the attempt to disentangle the individual sorrow from the racial, the racial from the universal—the omnipresent sorrow, widespread as man!

Here is but a hint of what a face—not that of a friend—meant to me one evening. I watched it more than I listened to the music. The music that evening was, alas, meaningless. Had it, however, been full of meaning, I should have heard it all the better because of that face.

No bud-faced girl, with her pleasant perfume of young womanhood, all surface, obvious throughout, could possibly affect me as did that full-blown rose of Sharon, that deep, sad-faced daughter of Israel, so far wandered from the well loved, sun-kissed East, with mystery and infinity writ large and lovely upon pale brow and drooping lid.

This reading of faces is no facile physiognomy; it is a distinct art, intimate, pleasant to practice, but difficult to perfect.

There are dog-fanciers, pigeon-fanciers, flower-fanciers and others, and each class is able to distinguish and delight in certain minute excellences in the respective objects of their interest, which the uninitiated do not see unaided, and seeing do not appreciate. As for me, I belong to the man-fanciers, the lantern of my eyes ever alight, looking for a fine specimen. What would I not give to find a male face fit mate for Mona Lisa! Never shall I get over my disgust at a certain literary man who declared unblushingly that he preferred the shallow beauty of a certain modern maiden, who had lived her little twenty summers on the surface of things, to hers who had been "a diver into deep seas," who had been "dead many times and learned the secrets of the grave."

Mere faultlessness of feature pleases me as a flower might please, but the genuine interest and pleasure of the man-fancier lie in disengaging whatever modifications the particular life of each man has made upon his original face, the gift of parents and other ancestors. For each of us who lives intensely fashions a face for himself. To the connoisseur the meaning of faces is clear. To him meaningless beauty in man or woman is a non-human thing, uninteresting, almost repellant.

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The Disappointed Job-Chaser

Once upon a time there lived a Politician who nursed a Great Ambition. He was of the Legal Profession, but he lacked Capacity except for one thing, and that was to appreciate his own Inability to achieve success at the Bar. So he decided to become a Statesman, for he had certain qualities of Mind which fitted him for the Trade. Chief among them was a faculty for adjusting himself to both sides of the Same Question. He was also a Master of Equivocation, and an accomplished Dissembler. To achieve his Ambition he began, at an early Age, to cultivate a Glad Hand and a Winning Smile. He utilized both to such advantage that he was soon elected to Office. Then he proceeded to give Rein to his Great Ambition. He plied his Glad Hand and lavished his Winning Smile on all sides and in the course of a comparatively short time was Nominated for Governor of a Great Commonwealth. The attainment of this Job was his Great Ambition and it looked Easy. His Opponent was a Cow County Job Chaser, who didn't stand well in the large centres of Population, but he was not such an easy mark as the Politician with the Great Ambition imagined. The latter was so flattered at finding Himself the Standard Bearer of a Big Party that he spent most of his time Pointing to Himself with Pride. He developed a well-defined case of Megalomania. He called all the People to Witness that he was It; that he was doing them a Favor in Condescending to become their Ruler; that they Needed him in their Business, and that he was the Choice of the Divinity. When the votes were counted it was discovered that he had Almost won. He was beaten by None save the Only man that ran against Him. His Great Ambition had receded somewhat, but he did not lose Courage. He said to Himself that Faint Heart ne'er caught the Early Worm and as he had taken the Precaution to Hold on to the Job to which he had been previously elected he was not exactly on the Bum. He resolved to Bide his Opportunity, perfect the Motor of his political Air Ship, and wait for propitious Zephyrs to soar again. His Glad Hand was still busy, and within one year he was regarded as the Logical Candidate for Mayor of the only town wherein he reduced the majority of the Cow County Job Chaser. It occurred to him that, after having tried for the Governorship, it might be Infra Dig to run for Mayor, but the Job Chasing Habit had a firm hold on him. It also occurred to him that he was going Backward, but he persuaded himself that the Mayoralty was a Steppingstone to his Great Ambition. Besides he couldn't lose. So he was soon again spurring his Jaded Steed in hot pursuit of the enticing job. And once more he posed as the Claimant by Divine Right, the only blown in the Bottle, and incidentally the solitary Simon Pure, predestined Savior of the People's Rights. He proclaimed Himself The Man of the Hour. He composed lyrics in laudation of Himself. He rhapsodized over his own Peculiar fitness, and he abused his adversaries. There were three of them this time, and more's the pity, for when it was all over, it was found that having stopped in the stretch to contemplate himself rapturously in his Pocket Mirror, he had failed to come inside the money. The blow sickened him, but thereafter he undertook to make an Honest living. The change was so Violent that he was a Failure at it.

The moral of this historic tale is that it is hazardous to take oneself seriously in politics. —*The Fabler.*

Clancy on the "Situashin"

"Now Clancy, I'm no mind reader, but I know jist phwat you want me to tell you. Now don't ashke me or there'll be throuble. There hasn't been a man in here today who hasn't put th' queshtin' to me an' I'm sick an' tired iv tellin' them. Phwat you want to know is the ixact situashin an' I'm not goin' to tell you. I don't like to desave a frind. Iv coorse I could do like some people I know, who'll tell you phwat'd happin if th' illecshin took place today, but I hate equivicashin. Have you met him, Clancy?"

"To whom have you rif'rinse?" asked Clancy.

"To th' cawshis man who has both hands on th' public pulse an' who knows jist phwat th' ixact situashin is today, but whose modesty forbids him fr'm tellin' you phwat changes might possibly take place bechune now an' Novimber. Iv coorse I know ye've met him. He waylays you on ivry cor-rner. 'It's jist like this,' he sez, 'Ugeen had a head shtart,' he sez, 'on all iv them,' he sez. 'He beat th' barrier,' he sez, 'an there was no recall flag,' he sez. 'He's close to th' rail,' he sez, 'an' goin' fasht to th' quarter,' he sez. 'If it was ownly a half mile,' he sez, 'it'd be all off but th' shoutin',' he sez. 'I know,' he sez, 'that if th' illecshin took place today,' he sez, 'Ugeen would walk in, but—,' he sez, an' then he pawzis an' looks at you knowingly. If you appear to take him seryusly he'll go on. 'But iv coorse,' he sez, 'it's a long way off till illecshin day,' he sez. 'Lane is a great campaigner,' he sez, 'an' Crocker,' he sez, 'is a great mixer an' makes many frinds,' he sez. 'Howiver,' he sez, 'Lane'll be third in th' race unless—' an' then he pawzis again. By the time he gets through with you, he has had all three iv them third in th' race undher certain circumshtancis. Lasht year he was around askin' people if they'd heard about th' poll that was takin' iv th' clerks in Roseinthawl's shoe shtore. I believe it was two f'r Schmitz, three f'r Wells an' fifteen f'r Tobin. This year he will tell you how th' men iv th' Union Iron Wurrks are goin' to vote. It's evident to me, Clancy, that th' humerists are goin' into pollaticks an' that th' pollatishins are becomin' unconshis humerists. There's Lane f'r inshtinse, who sez himself that he's th' man an' plashters th' fensis with th' announcement. Would he do it if he wasn't fond iv a joke? It's his unconshis humer. Iv course I know that th' habit iv self-contemplashin is so shtrong in him that it's har-rd f'r him to see anybody in th' campaign but himself. Howiver, occashinly he makes a conceshin to other greatness than his own, as he did th' other day when he said some nice things about Abe Lincoln jist



to show that he wasn't wrapped up in himself entirely. I shpose that as long as Abe is dead and in no way likely to dishpute th' limelight, Frankling Kay felt that he could afford to be magnanimous."

"I shpose," said Clancy, 'that th' only way to find th' throo shtate iv affairs about th' illecshin is to watch th' newspapers."

"Well, I dinnaw," said Casey. "Far be it fr'm me to disparidge th' pallajims iv our liberty, but I don't think they're throwin' much light on th' situashin. They remind me iv Riley th' night he was caught comin' out iv me shtore with two bottles iv whishky under his coat. The poeleece wanted to know about th' whishky but Riley wanted to talk about th' weather. You see, Clancy, one pa-aper is boomin' Lane as th' only honest man in th' city, an' th' other pa-apers are quotin' fr'm th' columns iv their hated contimprary to show that it didn't think so a year ago. It's been caught with th' goods on but it doesn't care to dishcuss the matter. It prayfurs to quote fr'm th' columns iv its contimpraries to show that they 'are boomin' men f'r office whom they had preveyusly denounced as thaves and rascals. As Father Nunan wanst said, 'Ye can't have much confidense in them that has no confidense in themselves. Afther shtudeen th' pa-apers closely I've come to th' conclushin that they don't believe phwat they say themselves. They're especially oblivyus to th' truth in campaign times, because th' truth is gin'rally disasthrus to any man runnin' f'r offiis. You must lie about your own candidate because it wouldn't do to confess th' truth about him, an' you must lie about th' other fella to make him out worse than he is. That's phwat th' pa-apers are doin', an' incident'ly they're lyin about one another an' about themselves. Lane's evenin' or-rgan shtated th' other day that it hadn't been able to support a Raypublican candidate for Mayor f'r several years because th' Raypublican leaders wouldn't nominate good men. Yet two years ago that same pa-aper was supportin' Asa R. Wells, th' Raypublican candidate against Joe Tobin, as clean an' good a man as iver lived. An' by th' way, Clancy, that reminds me that James Dewval Phelan is out iv town. There's a shrewd man, Clancy, f'r he has th' shrewdness to deceive himself. He thinks that by goin' away people won't know that he's interested in th' illecshin. It's Phelan's money that's payin' Lane's expinsis. It's Phelan that secured f'r Lane th' support iv th' evening pa-aper that wouldn't support Joe Tobin lasht year. Do you know why he didn't get th' support iv th' pa-aper f'r Tobin?"

"No," said Clancy, "why didn't he?"

"Do you know that he promised it to Tobin?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, he did, but I won't tell you why he didn't keep his promise. It's enough f'r ye to know that Michael Feeneys are bor-rn here as well as in th' ole country. An' it's also enough f'r ye to know that many a frind iv Joe Tobin will vote agin Jim Phelan's man Lane next Novimber."

The Saunterer

A Test of Sentiment

According to the *Examiner* "all the elements of society which are against good government and public order are against Mr. Lane and the Democratic ticket." The day after which that statement appeared in the Monarch a poll was taken of the men on Mr. Hearst's pay-roll, and the result was a surprise. Notwithstanding the *Examiner's* dissemination of vigorous rhetoric designed to go straight to the gizzard without regard for syntax, it appears that the influence of the great daily is scarcely felt even among the bright young journalists and skilled mechanics employed in the several departments of the paper. It is evident that the *Examiner's* employes have not that acute sense of the municipal peril which is responsible for those horrendous yawps across the back page of that highly entertaining daily. It seems that the working journalist has a higher regard than his employer for consistency. A year ago the *Examiner* staff was against Lane to a man, and the paper has been unable to switch its men in such a short space of time. But let the poll speak for itself. There were one hundred and fifty-seven men interviewed. Of that number twenty-two were for Lane, forty-four were for Schmitz and ninety-two were for Crocker. From these figures it appears that some crooked work was done, and I believe the guilty party was a well known political writer who voted twice for Crocker.

Ruef's Star Play

There are more ways of making a political campaign than are to be found in the philosophy of the average jobchaser. That artful dodger, Abe Ruef, has introduced a few new wrinkles. He is not content to flaunt the banners and the warm and engaging personality of his bewhiskered automaton. He believes in the potency of spectacularity of another sort. Hence the springing of the Police Department sensation which brought to light the grafting propensities of an enterprising young sergeant. Abe Ruef's Police Commissioner, Drinkhouse, was hot on the trail of the grafter, and Abe's Mayor was worked up to a high pitch of indignation over the revelations of blackmail. All of which had a tendency to convince the unsophisticated that the men who are spending a fortune in trying to reelect that paragon of virtue, Eugene Schmitz, are intent upon purifying the Police Department. The clever ruse contributed to the gaiety of the tenderloin, and even a few careless police officers wore a broad grin when they read about it.

Perkins for Secretary

With characteristic diplomacy Senator Perkins informed a reporter the other day, while discussing the story of the resignation of Postmaster Montague, that when it came to recommending a successor to that unfortunate and highly incompetent old gentleman, he would confer as usu-

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al with his colleague, Senator Bard. I have no doubt that he will extend that courtesy, for Senator Perkins is one of the most courteous of diplomats, but it will be the Perkins recommendation, however, that will go through. Senator Perkins, by the way, is today one of the most influential men in Washington. Few people in this State are aware of the esteem in which he is held by his confreres of the Upper House, or of his tremendous pull at the White House. I was recently told by a prominent naval official that in the East it was pretty generally believed that Perkins is the coming Secretary of the Navy.

Fisk His Choice

That Postmaster Montague is destined to retire to the obscurity of his stove-shop in the near future there is not the slightest doubt. Aside from the scandals that have sprung up under his nose he has given us a wretched administration, and the department is in need of just such a young man as Arthur Fisk to revolutionize affairs in the local office and vitalize the moribund staff of subordinates. Fisk is in all probability the choice of Perkins. It will be remembered that when the rival Senatorial forces were preparing for the fray in the last Legislature, the preliminary skirmish involved the Speakership, and that Fisk was the choice of the Perkins leaders for that strategic office. As Senator Perkins is distinguished for loyalty to his friends Fisk will no doubt get the job if he wants it.

Unsentimental Mackay

Now that the Mackay property at the corner of Fourth and Market streets has been sold, people are wondering why the Bonanza King never erected a monument to himself in this city. He built two fine structures in New York, but he never seemed to have sufficient confidence in the future of this city to invest his money in an imposing Market street building, and sentiment never influenced him in commercial affairs. His revenue from the ugly rookeries was larger than any that he could derive, according to his way of figuring, from a big building which would involve a heavy investment. But years ago, whenever the Supervisors threatened to force him to tear up the dilapidated wooden sidewalks along the Market street frontage and to substitue the regulation concrete, he always persuaded them to postpone action by saying that he was having plans drawn for a new building. For years he maintained those wooden sidewalks by false representations. In reporting the purchase of the property, the dailies stated that the local syndicate had borrowed six hundred thousand dollars. The total amount of the loan was in the neighborhood of one million dollars.

The Strange Case of Rev. Innes

The Reverend Innes has renounced the Episcopal Church and all its works to return to the jurisdiction of St. Peter's successor of the Vatican, but his salary will run on until January because his resignation from the church of which he is still rector will not take effect until the end of the year. I have heard no comment on the complaisance of the good people of the church of St. Mary the Virgin, but it strikes me as remarkably significant. Here is a minister who has made public announcement of the fact that he is no longer a communicant of the Episcopal Church; that he has found after careful investigation that Episcopalianism is all wrong; that it is not the true faith, and that he will have no more of it, but yet he is to continue to serve as rector of an Episcopal church. So says one of the daily papers, and I haven't heard the statement denied. Perhaps the gentleman with the elastic conscience has designs on the whole congregation and contemplates having them baptized in the Catholic faith. If such be his fond desire perhaps we shall hear somebody intimate that he has been acting as the emissary of Rome ever since he quit a Catholic seminary to become an Episcopal minister. However, in this age of religious unrest and fierce intolerance, the spectacle of a Roman Catholic serving as rector of an Episcopal Church is positively refreshing. But I fear that if the Rev. Innes continues to pose as a reverend he will find that he cannot at the same time be a communicant of the Catholic Church, even in the humble capacity of a layman. The Catholic Church discourages all forms of mockery.

Thought They'd Lose Their Rector

There was consternation in the vestry of St. Luke's a few weeks ago when it was learned that there was a prospect of losing the popular young rector, Rev. Burr Weedon. While he was on his vacation he received a call from a fashionable New York parish at a salary just twice as large as that he is now receiving. He would have accepted it were it not for the fact that Mrs. Weedon's fragile physique could not stand the rigors of the New York winter; so St. Luke's goes on its way rejoicing. There is a scarcity of pulpit orators in San Francisco these days, and the Rev. Burr Weedon is recognized as one of the most eloquent men in the city. He is an attractive personality, and to the fire of youth he adds the fire of enthusiastic devotion to a Cause spelled with a large "C."

The Power of Eloquence

The new church was built because Mr. Weedon's audiences filled the old church to overflowing and before the new auditorium is paid for, lo, it is already too small for those who come to hear. So it pays to have a man who can talk well. Many people think that the best preacher in the entire bay region is the Rev. Charles R. Brown of Oakland, and many people cross the bay to hear this eloquent young Southerner preach the faith of the Puritans. Mr. Brown



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is also a good politician and business man. The new rector of Grace church, Rev. Robert E. Lee Craig, is, of course, a Southerner by birth and traditions, but he comes here from an Omaha parish. Grace church has such a peculiar congregation that no one but a Southerner will do. The parish used to consist, it was said, only of old maids and bachelors. There are a few married people in it now, but there are not half a dozen children of parishioners in the Sunday-school. Nearly every one belongs to the aristocratic old Southern set in San Francisco, the set which includes the Colemans, the Gwins, the Ashes and all the rest of the Southern families. Dr. Foute was a Southerner and a Confederate officer, and none but Southrons need apply.

Anticipating a Will Contest

Claus Spreckels, I hear, has executed deeds conveying all his property to his wife and favorite children, his purpose being to preclude a will contest. Deeds may be the subject of contest, however, as well as a will, and disinherited children are not likely to forego the pleasure of prosecuting litigation over a big estate.

The Motor Races

Automobile enthusiasts are taking a great interest in the preparations for the motor and cycle races which are to take place on November sixth and seventh under the auspices of the Automobile Club of California. There are to be many sensational Eastern attractions, and some very daring chauffeurs will make their first appearance on this coast. Society will be well represented at the races.

The Economical Plan Abandoned

The politicians of San Jose are amused over the latest turn of affairs in the Board of Trustees of the Normal School. Dr. Dow and Frank Babb, the appointees of Governor Pardee, have been preaching economy ever since they took office, and last July they reduced the salaries of Miss Riebsen and Miss Isabelle McKenzie, a sister of Harbor Commissioner McKenzie. Last week their salaries were raised to the old figure, and incidentally the trustees created a job for Professor Volney Rattan, appointing him curator of the museum at a snug salary. Professor Rattan was dismissed from the faculty a year ago. Evidently the exigencies of politics have demanded that the practice of economy be discontinued.

The Wives Like Gotham

A long time ago Joe Redding said he only staid in New York that he might make money to live in San Francisco. And Tom McCaleb has often given voice to a similar assertion. Hermann Oelrichs long ago said he would rather spend his life here than in New York, and he has given practical illustration of his kindly feeling toward San Francisco. Now comes Francis Burton Harrison, a dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker, and expresses a desire to buy a place in California and spend the rest of his days here. Young Harrison is tired of New York, having found out the shallowness of society, and he likes the simple life we lead here. But Mrs. Harrison prefers New York, which is still a novelty to her though she had a season or two in the Gotham swim before her marriage, and she will not yield to her husband's desire for a Californian home. And from Newport I hear that Peter Martin is nourishing a feeling of *heimweh* that has turned his hair gray and tinged his erstwhile high spirits with an Hamletian melancholy. He is his wife's abject slave, however, and will probably never come West without her sanction. Mrs. Martin *mere* is earnestly entreating daughter-in-law Lily to visit us.

A Menlo Park Debutante

Olga Atherton, who will be among "the rosebud garden of girls" this winter, is the adopted daughter of Faxon Atherton, and a niece of Major Rathbone, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre and Mrs. Percy Selby. She will consequently have relatives enough to give functions in her honor. The Atherton clan is remarkably large. Mrs. Faxon Atherton was Miss Adams of Menlo.

Suing for Orphans' Money

Mrs. Richard Sprague with the Wallace family made a hard fight in the Federal court to deprive the orphan asylums of this city of some of the money bequeathed to them by her former husband, J. Mervyn Donahue. Mrs. Sprague inherited nearly half a million dollars from Donahue, and before his death she secured from him a block of downtown business property. That was when she was threatening to sue him for a divorce. After his death she contended that he had bequeathed more to charity than the law allowed, her claim being that two-thirds of the estate being community property the one hundred and fifty thousand which he had bequeathed to charity was in excess of the amount which he was privileged to dispose of. A contest followed, the purpose of which was to determine how much of the estate was community property. Meanwhile complications arose over the legacy of twenty-five thousand

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dollars bequeathed by Donahue for the erection of the fountain and statuary dedicated to the machinists of San Francisco as a tribute to the memory of his father. Ryland B. Wallace, a brother of Mrs. Sprague, acting, it was supposed, under her power-of-attorney, entered into an agreement to the effect that if the money were paid out of the estate, when it came to a final settlement the amount would not be charged against the sum set aside for charitable purposes. Mrs. Sprague secured about all that she claimed, reduced the amount to be distributed to the asylums to the extent of twenty-one thousand dollars, and failed to allow even the twenty-five thousand dollars paid for the erection of the statuary. It was to recover that sum for the orphan asylums that suit was instituted by Garret McEnerney, as the attorney for Archbishop Riordan.

An Amazing Defence

The strenuousness with which the Spragues resisted the action, and the extremes to which they went to deprive the orphan asylums of the money bequeathed to them, constitute a remarkable chapter in judicial history. The action was originally instituted in the State courts, but the Spragues set up the plea that they are residents of Lousiana, and as a consequence the case was transferred to the Federal jurisdiction. In the State courts two-thirds of the jury may render a verdict, but a unanimous verdict is necessary for a judgment in the Federal court. Attorneys are usually satisfied to try a case before Judge Morrow without a jury, but the Spragues were not. And yet it appears from what was developed on the trial that they had a perfect defence to the action. It was rather an odd defence, and one that many people would hesitate to make, but not so Mrs. Sprague. And, evidently, not so Judge Wallace, her distinguished father. Likewise, not so, Ryland B. Wallace, the son of his father. Mrs. Sprague's defence was that her brother was not acting under her power-of-attorney when he executed that agreement. In other words, he entered into an agreement which he had no right to make.

She Needed the Money

As Ryland B. Wallace is a reputable member of the bar of this city there was some curiosity regarding the position that he would take. Reputable attorneys are not accustomed to executing agreements without authority. Nevertheless he took the witness stand in Judge Morrow's court and swore that he did not have his sister's power-of-attorney when he executed that agreement. His only excuse for deceiving the other attorneys, and even one of the courts, was that he confidently expected to obtain his sister's consent. Naturally this testimony occasioned a great deal of surprise. However the proceedings abounded in surprises, and it will be the theme of discussion in legal circles for many a day. Mrs. Sprague is a very rich woman, and her second husband is a rich man, but she evidently felt that she needed the money. It is unfortunate that she could not have been prevailed upon to refrain from putting her brother in such an embarrassing position. Her father, Judge Wallace, evidently approved of the whole thing, for he was in court consulting with his daughter's counsel. And by the way, in view of the air-tight defence to the Archbishop's claim in behalf of the orphans, the array of counsel for Mrs. Sprague was astonishing. It consisted of Pillsbury & Sutro, Morrison & Co., and Peter F. Dunne, together with Judge Wallace on the side.

Maud—Why, I thought you told me that you had no use for him.

Clara—Yes, but that was before we were engaged. To tell you the truth, I don't think I shall have much use for him after we are married.

Female Editor from Nome

Mrs. Coe has returned from Nome after selling out the paper founded there some years ago by her husband, Cassius Coe, who contracted a fatal illness during his first winter in the Frozen North. Mrs. Coe was formerly Evelyn Lister, and she was one of the bright young newspaper women of the *Call* staff before her marriage. After her husband's death she conducted his paper successfully. She has had a splendid musical training, having been educated in Italy with Thea Dorre, who sang "Carmen" here in Madame Tavary's company. She now possesses a fortune that enables her to live at her ease, but she expects to make occasional trips to Nome, where she owns the building in which the newspaper she sold is published.

The candor of a woman is sometimes expressed in the cut of her decollete gown.

Hail to the Chef

San Francisco is destined to achieve a higher reputation than ever among epicures. Hermann Oelrichs is resolved to make the cuisine of the new Fairmount famous all over the world, and to that end he has offered the management of the cafe to Sherry of New York. Oelrichs is an expert in gastronomy, and he believes that a good chef is equal to all the other comforts of home. Contemporaneously with the report of the offer to Sherry is the announcement that a chef is coming all the way from Carlsbad to become the dictator of the St. Francis kitchen. It is to be hoped that he has not entered into contract to increase the number of disordered livers that are exported from this city to Carlsbad every year.

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That Iron Mine Yarn

The truth is often slow in overtaking a lie. Several years ago, when the Hays brothers became prominent in the political and social circles of San Jose, the report was started that their riches came out of an iron mine which was said to have been located by their mother through spook influence. As the story has been frequently repeated in the daily papers and as it has never been publicly denied, nobody seemed to have any doubt of its authenticity. Recently, Mrs. Hayes-Chynoweth, who is a very religious woman, provoked unpleasant criticism, while inveighing against the follies of the world, by disparaging the frivols indulged at a public function conducted by a woman's club of San Jose. Some of the women resented her sweeping statements, inferring as they did that she disapproved of the character of their function, and thereupon it was remarked that they objected to being dominated by spook influence. There was talk of retaliation, and the story of the teapot tempest was told in the newspapers. I gave some space to it, and incidentally discussed the alleged spiritualistic leanings of the Hayes family. Since then I have been advised that the old iron mine story, which has been in circulation for years, was absolutely without foundation. Indeed I am told that there are no spiritualists in the Hayes family. Not only am I pleased to correct inaccuracies, but also to give publicity to this letter which bears upon the subject:

San Jose, Cal., October 17, 1903.

Editor *Town Talk*,

Dear Sir: In two recent issues of your paper I noticed certain statements regarding Mrs. Hayes-Chynoweth of Edenvale. As a friend and admirer of hers, I feel it my duty not only to enter a word of protest, but to write a word in explanation. Mrs. Chynoweth I know personally is not a spiritualist, and never has been a spiritualist. No one has taken more pains to denounce the religion of mediumship than she has. Nor has she done anything but good during all the years of her life. She is a simple Christian woman of exceptionally strong character and immovable faith, who, like her Master, goes about doing good. I think I am not wide of the mark when I say that no person in Santa Clara county is more beloved than is Mrs. Hayes-Chynoweth. So many families could rise up and testify to acts of love and charity in times of extreme need, that it seems a pity that any one should find it in their hearts to write anything that could wound her feelings. I am sure that this explanation is all that is required to have the matter set right. As a journalist of many years' honorable standing, I know you will not refuse publicity to this communication. It is a matter of justice to one who has been deeply and grievously wronged.

Yours truly, *Mrs. Edwin K. Johnston.*

Stevensonia

A Stevenson Club is the very latest literary institution organized for the purpose of collecting information concerning the life and letters of the writer and keeping each other informed of the appearance of Stevensonia from time to time. The Stevenson cult is one of the literary phenomena of the age. The man was not such an unparalleled genius that it is necessary to go to all this trouble to exploit him. Neither his birth, nor his life, nor his death was so obscure that it is obligatory to institute special expeditions to ferret out facts. On the contrary, there is, if anything, altogether too much known about him and his performances. Whenever a periodical runs short of matter of interest we can count on a photograph of Stevenson, solus, or in a group, and we have been treated to reproductions of the envelopes in which certain of his letters were mailed, as well as the streets he traversed. Every saloon in Merchant street claims recognition as the one where the expatriate "called for a mug of ale," and we have even had propositions to reclaim Portsmouth Square, our historical Plaza, from its surroundings of Oriental filth, not because of the events which make it a centre of interest in our pioneer history, but because, forsooth, Stevenson was wont to sprawl his length there in the sun. The whole Stevenson outfit, even to the step-grandson, has made a living out of the connection, and every one who ever had a letter from Robert Louis Stevenson has turned it to good account. If Stevenson is in need of anything in the way of a club it is one that will impose a heavy fine on any member who will mention his name or the name of any of his books, or exhibit a photograph or any other object which will call him to mind. He will never find his true place in literature until he is left alone long enough to settle.

The Roasting of Kipling

From the manner in which literary critics have taken to picking at Kipling, one might imagine that he was subsidized to turn out a large quantity of prose or verse on time, and up to a fixed standard of merit. Every time he ventures into print there goes up a long howl of complaint and dissatisfaction, and just now there is a tendency to compare what he is doing and has done up to his thirty-eighth year with the work of others at that age, and to make a special grievance of it that Kipling is not Swinburne or Tennyson, or some one else. It is not impossible, or even improbable, that Kipling will never again chain the public fancy as he did in those first books, but what then? We have them, and we can read and re-read and re-enjoy his "Plain Tales," and "Soldiers Three," or whatever other volume our own particular favorite happens

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to be included in. The "Barrack Room Ballads" are not out of print, and for those who enjoy them and do not care for the later verse, they are still available. Perhaps it is true that Kipling began too young and wrote too much to develop staying powers, and again, it is just as likely that he did not. If he had waited until now to write those fascinating tales of India, would he have written them at all? It is on the same principle as complaining in August that the few abortive violets one finds are not like the first spring flowers, and imagining that had the plants held back their store in March and April, there would be superior blossoms in the summer and autumn. If Kipling has given us his best, may we not enjoy that and thank him for the pleasure he has afforded, instead of throwing stones and calling names?

A Critical Estimate

Last week I gave but a casual review of the works exhibited at the Photographic Salon at the Hopkins'. The exhibition contains many noteworthy works which deserve more than mere mention. The committee's selections, however they may have been caviled at by the "turned down" camera artists, were certainly good. The most artistic work of any of the local professionals is that of Wilcox. L. M. Kaiser's "Sands that edge the Ocean" contains some exquisitely soft tones. Walter A. Scott, one of the most active members of the Camera Club, does splendid work; "The Top of the Grade" is one of his best. W. J. Street's "Plowing in Mendocino" and "Through the Fog" are admirable studies. George T. Power has a beautiful "House on the Hill." T. H. Palache's "Weird Giants of Monterey" is worth more than a passing glance. Dr. Bull of Alameda has some dainty bits, and Crandall of Palo Alto shows two fine things, cats and also a panel in brown of fleecy clouds. Blanche Cunningham's prints show the true touch of the artist. Mrs. Jeanne Bennett of Baltimore has some lovely prints. Mr. Burbank's freckled little girl in her mother's gown is a charming and natural pose, as is his study of an old lady. D'Estrella's "Rio Chico" is finely treated. Dassonville's child Margaret is a pretty pose. Ferdinand Frohman's "Soap Suds and Tears" is delightfully true to nature. Eisen, Adelaide Hanscom, Le Breton and Kemp are all well represented.

One of the new chalets added to the Inverness colony is that of Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard. It is one of the most picturesque homes in Inverness.

A Sympathetic Auditor

An amusing incident occurred in Market street the other evening where a street preacher of more zeal than eloquence was busy haranguing quite a large crowd. "What is God?" he asked in thundering tones. Naturally there was no reply, though he seemed to pause for one. "What is God?" he yelled again, and finally, still searching for inspiration, he asked the question for the third time. A half-drunken tramp standing on the outside of the crowd took pity on the preacher.

"Well," said he, in a juicy voice, "I'll be the sucker. What is God?"

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A "Perfect Gentleman," Too

The squeamishness of our grandmothers is becoming more old-fashioned every day. Up from Paraiso Springs comes the news that massage is administered there to both sexes by a fine looking young fellow who is described by a society woman as "a perfect gentleman." I hear that many people well known in society have been reducing flesh at Paraiso. Several very charming women who have been losing some of their graceful lines recently went through a course of training down there. They started out in the morning before breakfast, in sweaters, and tramped a long distance, and on their return they bathed and then subjected themselves to the skilful manipulatious of the masseur.

"The Parvenues have fixed up a good pedigree with the aid of old silver, portraits and antique furniture."

"I wonder why they didn't think of buying some old tombstones?"

Gee Gam's Retort

The retort clever was heard in a street car the other night, where some toughs were making it uncomfortable for white-haired Rev. Gee Gam, the Chinese Congregational preacher. Gee Gam wasn't seeking conversation with the whites but it was forced upon him.

"Well," said one of these representatives of the "superior" race, "I don't want to go to Heaven if there are going to be any Chinese there."

To which Gee Gam retorted meditatively, "Oh, well, you'll find plenty of them in the other place."

A Bret Harte Jinks

Though Bret Harte did not leave many friends to mourn him in California, where his early genius was fostered, his literary works are still loved and Charles S. Aiken has chosen him as the subject of his jinks at the Bo-



hemian Club tonight. Mr. Aiken invites his fellow Bohemians to the jinks in these words:

We'll sing, we'll sing a song tonight, to the man of Murderer's Bar.
We'll drink, we'll drink a health to you, our friend, where'er you are:
For ghosts of Bohemia rise once more and chant a siren song.
And lure us to Sierra skies, o'er trails where you belong.
We'll think of pines and prospect pans, of life at Poverty Flat.
And we see the spot at Sandy Bar where Tennessee's partner sat.

We'll sing, we'll dream, of days long gone, and watch the camp fire glow,
And hear that tale of Little Nell its wondrous charm bestow;
While Truthful James and William Nye throw down their hands and rise
To make surrounding atmosphere resound with Ah Sin's cries;
And old John Burns of Gettysburg lifts his white hat to greet
The twins of Table Mountain, when they 're shooting up the street.

The years, the years, they will not wait—gone are the days of gold;
Outcasts of Poker Flat were we, but for the tales you told;
With you we ring the Angelus and touch the farther past;
Your skilful hand the pictures drew,—our sunset dream and last:
And ghosts of Bohemia rise once more, and chant a siren song.
And lure us to Sierra skies, o'er trails where you belong.

Chorus—
O, it's hoo, hoo, hoo!
And it's wow, wow, wow!
For the owl and coyote!
For the whiskey hot,
And the man who shot
A hole in Sandy McGee!

Dr. H. J. Stewart, Will Irwin, Joaquin Miller, Charlie Field, Bank Somers, L. Maynard Dixon, Bob Aitken, Dr. J. Frank Shiels, Tom Rickard, Harry Melvin, Clarence Wendell and others will be on the program.

Barred Out the Men

The women students of the University of California never gave a "jolly" or a "jinks" out of which they harvested so much fun as they did out of the recent masquerade given in Hearst hall. All sorts of precautions were taken to bar any man from gaining admission by disguising himself in a deceptive costume. And so it was that in making sure that those with admission cards were genuine co-eds the merry-makers had almost as much fun as they did later on in the rout on the floor. The girls claim that no Peeping Tom was anywhere inside the building. Their argument is that if one had gained admission "he'd be sure to brag about it, and so far there hasn't been one single claim that a man was there." Every conceivable character that could possibly rise in the raging nightmare of a college girl's dream was in the procession. But the grotesques that attracted the most attention were the "football," the "tamale" and the "college pennants." The "football" was simply a self-controlled girl encased in a gigantic brown covering all padded out in oval shape and duly laced up on one side to resemble the famous pigskin. Two little feet twinkled from the base of the peripatetic leather. How she ever managed to dance is a mystery, but she did. For that matter, where in this wide world is the burdensome or awkward material that can stop any girl from dancing when she has made up her mind to trip the light fantastic? It was the same with the "tamale." She looked as though it was difficult for her to creep, but when the music struck up she was off as light as a piece of thistle-down. The "college pennants" was a gown all a-flutter with college colors the world over and all happily and harmoniously blended. The dance was interrupted for a short vaudeville program. Among the numbers given was the big favorite of the last Freshie's Gym. Jinks, "Hanki-Panki-Poo." For the occasion Miss Sophie Treadwell specially wrote the words and music of a new song, "She Wasn't Sufficiently Urged." It scored the hit on the bill. It ought to have done so with such a title on such an occasion.

"You say that their courtship was begun on an automobile trip to San Jose and that they came to an understanding before they reached that town. Rather quick work, wasn't it?"

"Oh, no; you see, they had a break-down, and it was a moonlight night."

Handling Hysterical Crowds

The mental condition of a big crowd under suppressed excitement is past finding out. I couldn't help noticing that fact on board the ferry boat *Oakland* last week, on the return trip following her collision with the *Newark*. The boat was fairly jammed with passengers; they were even pressing against the chains connecting the outer jack-staffs, for double trains of commuters had reached the wharf during the *Oakland's* delay in the fog off Goat Island. Almost the whole boatload was under the stress of strong emotion, so strong, in fact, that before she cast off a score or more of them struggled to get back to the wharf. All of these "cold feet," as the others called them, were typical family men and they didn't want to take any chance—not of another collision—but of the danger sure to ensue in such a jam should a thoughtless one become hysterical and start a stampede. I saw a case of that kind once on board this same ferry boat, *Oakland,* and I don't wonder that some people fear an hysterical crowd that a cry impels to mad rushes.

Had To Beat Madness Out of Them

It happened during the time the new union depot was being built. The *Oakland* had pulled out some thousand yards from the slip when by some chance a big piece of pile became entangled in one of her paddle-wheels. As the loaded wheel revolved there followed such a tremendous battering, pounding and smashing of timbers that a frightened landsman could jump only to the conclusion that the machinery was somehow trying to tear its way

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through the bottom of the vessel. "We're sinking!" shouted a panic-stricken passenger, making a rush for the doors on the lower deck. Instantly each one was fighting madly to get through the doorway first. There is no telling how many might have been killed or crippled had not the deck-hands realized what was the matter and kept their heads. "We're all right," they shouted, "go back; it's nothing but a break in the wheel," and with their hands they tried to wave the crowd back, but they might as well have tried to stay the winds. The crowd would have swept over them and many, in their frenzy, would undoubtedly have jumped overboard, had not the doughty deck-hands punched right and left at those in front of them. They didn't hesitate, either, to bruise the faces of the most obstreperous. After the paddle-wheel was stopped and the excited passengers were made to realize what had been the matter they went to the other extreme and became hysterical with joy. Numbers of the wildest tore down the life preservers, strapped them on, and paraded up and down the decks, arm in arm, just as they did right after the recent collision when they realized that there was no danger.

Showed His True Character

There was a bit of family tragedy happened on this same occasion I speak of. A well-known lawyer here in town, his wife and little child were sitting outside when the sounds of smashing timbers vibrated through the vessel, and every heart stopped beating for the moment under the firm conviction that the boat was sinking. This man turned pale, jumped up, seized a life preserver and rushed for the rail, where he stood prepared to jump overboard and save himself at the first lurch of the vessel. When he realized that there was no danger, he dropped the life preserver and walking back to his wife he extended his hand to pat her on the shoulder reassuringly, as he said, "Well, there was no danger after all, my dear." She shrank back from him and pressed her child closer to her side. "Don't," she said, "don't ever touch me again. This ends it between us." And she got up and walked away from him. She kept her word, too, for the same week she began proceedings for a divorce.

An Impossible Business

It is not generally known that Mrs. Henry T. Scott has a well developed sense of humor. On her recent trip from New York to Liverpool, there were among the passengers a wealthy young bachelor of this city and two young ladies whose father made his money in the restaurant business. Though they do not yet bear the brand of the elect they are rapidly "getting there." The bachelor is an acquaintance of Mrs. Scott, and thinking it would be pleasant for the girls to meet her, he asked if he might present them. "Oh, dear me, no," was the reply, "I never could recognize them in San Francisco. Their father, you know, was in an impossible business." The bachelor is still abroad, but he wrote about the incident to a friend of his in this city, who remarked that it was another sample of Mrs. Scott's delicious humor.

Irwin Has Arrived

Wallace Irwin has been heard from. He is writing skits and comical lyrics for Weber & Felds. He tried his hand at that sort of thing out here, but failed to receive proper inspiration. In the broader field of New York events of great moment are of such frequent occurrence that the popular satirist is never at a loss for themes. Irwin's reputation had preceeded him to New York for his "Hoodlum Sonnets" had a big sale in the East.

Family Talent Galore

Will Irwin, the Sunday editor of the *Chronicle* and one of the rising young lights of the literary west, is the father of a ten-pound boy born last week. Young Irwin should be an interesting chap, for his parents are overflowing with the artistic temperament. His mother is the youngest of the Hyde sisters, all of whom have artistic ability of no mean order. Mrs. Irwin is also a Stanford woman who specialized in mathematics and who has histrionic ability. With this strain on his mother's side, combined with his father's cleverness in letters which is shared by Wallace Irwin, the little chap's uncle, the latest scion of the house of Irwin should turn out something interesting and important. However, sometimes rare abilities on both sides of the house seem to neutralize each other and produce only a "nice boy" or girl, good for nothing in a pre-eminent degree. Let us hope for the best.

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San Francisco to Los Angeles, including stop and two days' accommodations at the hotel, $22.00. Tickets, Southern Pacific Co., 613 Market St., and Third and Townsend St.



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The Petrel's Commander

The little gunboat *Petrel,* the first gunboat of the "new" Navy, has been placed in commission again at the Mare Island Navy Yard, under the command of Lieutenant-Commander Benjamin Tappan, and both ship and commander are to return to the scene of their former prowess on the Asiatic station. Both took part in the battle of Manila bay, and after that historic fight Tappan was given the command of one of the small vessels captured from the Spanish—I think it was the *Manila.* In this small vessel Tappan, during the subsequent operations, including the advance upon the city of Manila, was conspicuous for the closeness with which he approached the enemy's batteries. He always made it a practice to get his guns as close to the enemy as he could, wholly regardless of the fact that such tactics also brought him closer to the hostile weapons. Tappan was Admiral Casey's flag-lieutenant on the *Wisconsin* at Panama this time last year, and he had not a little to do in the delicate intermediary negotiations that brought to a close the last Colombian revolution. He is a fine fellow and a fine officer as well.

Going on a Long Cruise

The officers of the Pacific squadron which left this port last Thursday, made social hay while the sun shone during their brief stay here. The squadron is going on one of the longest cruises it has taken for some time, and families and friends of the departing ones are grieving sorely. The vessels will be gone for the greater part of the winter, I am told, on a cruise to the South, during which they will visit the Mexican and Central American coasts, the Hawaiian and perhaps other islands within the squadron's territory.

The Eccentric Newcomb

The assignment of Professor of Mathematics, T. J. J. See, to the observatory at Mare Island, reminds me that there is another naval professor, who is *sui generis.* I refer to Professor Simon Newcomb, whose fame as a mathematician is world-wide. So entirely absorbed is Newcomb in the large subjects of science, and so devoted is he to his pet hobby of the elimination of the unessential, that his taciturnity is at times humorous. In a recent magazine article he depicted a stage of the world when everything became so well-known and so commonplace that for a few days at a time the morning paper laid on the breakfast table contained nothing but the bare statement: "Nothing worthy of note has occurred since our last issue." That was directly in line with Newcomb's trend of thought. I remember an incident at a tea given in Washington at the Newcomb home by the professor's daughter, Anita, now Mrs. W. J. McGee, who inherits much of her father's scientific propensity, and has even achieved much fame herself in researches into the hazardous region of stirpiculture. Newcomb, at this tea, was silently wandering among the guests, with a bored look, and not vouchsafing so much as a monosyllable to any of them. Mrs. McGee reproached him for his gloomy silence. His only reply was: "I have nothing new to impart." Then he went his way.

To Improve the Course

It has taken the Navy Department a long time to wake up to the folly perpetrated some years ago when the two courses of navigation and engineering respectively were combined at Annapolis. From the late "sixties" until the passage of the silly Robeson bill of 1882, there were but two classes of cadets at the Naval Academy, the cadet-midshipmen, destined for the Line, and the cadet-engineers, destined for the Engineer corps. The Robeson bill, in addition to its other iniquitous provisions, blended the two, and forced all the studies and exercises into the four-year curriculum. The result was harmful to both, and the engineering course suffered particularly, as a consequence of which the officers graduated of late have been, as a rule, anything but competent engineers. Had it not been for the practical experience and ability of the warrant machinists who have been standing most of the engine room watches in our new warships, it is highly probable that the list of mishaps to machinery would have been longer than it has been. I see now that the Navy Department has organized a board composed of Captain George A. Converse, Commander J. H. Perry, and Lieutenant Cleland Davis, to formulate a plan for the special training of officers for the engineering duties of the Navy. Such a system is necessary. The duties of the Line and of the Engineer Corps are difficult and complex enough to constitute separate professions by themselves, and the effort to make a man expert at both is ridiculous.

Deceived by a Militiaman

All the officers of the San Francisco division of the California Naval Militia are not content with masquerading as sailors and "veterans" for spectacular purposes. I have just learned that one officer has been splurging socially under false colors, thereby winning favors that would not otherwise have been extended to him. This militiaman, a few weeks ago, made a yachting trip in southern waters, visiting among other places, the fashionable resorts of Catalina and Santa Monica, where the ennuyed fair ones were eager to entertain gallant officers of the United States





navy. The militiaman generously gave them the desired thrill by posing as a lieutenant of the navy "on sick leave." He managed to work up considerable feminine interest in himself, and he was entertained extensively. It was not until some days ago that a few of his hosts and hostesses learned that they had been duped. It is said that on one occasion he displayed what he said was his Annapolis class ring. "In what class did you graduate?" he was asked. "Oh," he responded, gaily, "if I told you that you would know my age, you see!"

"I suppose he made his money honorably."

"Oh, yes, he got a corner some years ago in one of the necessaries of life."

A Surprise in Jewish Social Circles

The announcement of the engagement of Milton Bremer, son of W. H. Bremer, the stock and bond broker, with Miss Bartholomew, took away the breath of many people in the inner circles of Jewish society. To say that it caused a profound sensation would be to put it mildly. For a long time Milton Bremer has been looked upon as a most desirable "catch" by more than one match-making mamma, and I believe that one charming young woman, the daughter of a very wealthy merchant, flattered herself that he was actually engaged in formulating a proposal to her. However, if so, her calculations were not well founded, for young Mr. Bremer has long been an ardent admirer of Miss Bartholomew, who is a strikingly handsome young woman with an exquisite figure. But the sensation in Jewish social circles was not due so much to the fact that Bremer failed to satisfy the yearnings of certain charming young women as to the circumstance of his having been won by one who was not of his set. Miss Bartholomew has been employed as a saleslady in a cloak store. In addition to her pulchritude she has many fine qualities of mind and heart, and therefore Bremer is to be congratulated even though he didn't propose to the heiress.

Mrs. Blingum (Just back from Europe): "No, I didn't enjoy myself abroad and I'm never going again."

Mr. Newrich: "Why not?"

Mrs. Blingum: "Why, I didn't meet anybody over there except some breezy Americans who bored me to death."

Koshland's Experience

After spending a small fortune on a beautiful residence it is decidedly unpleasant to have somebody proceed to erect unsightly flats on an adjoining lot. Flats have depreciated the value of many a fine residence in this city. Mr. Koshland, the wealthy wool merchant, who is just finishing one of the most superb residences on Presidio Heights, was threatened with having his beautiful place ruined and it cost him nine thousand dollars for protection. The adjoining lot was bought by a man who announced his intention to erect flats, and Koshland immediately began negotiations for the purchase of the property. The lot, I hear, was worth about four thousand dollars, but when an offer was made for it by Koshland the owner demanded an exorbitant sum. Koshland indignantly refused to pay, but later on he changed his mind. Then the owner raised the price, and Koshland once more refused. Later on he again agreed to pay the price, and once more it was raised. Finally the owner had plans drawn for his flats, and started the erection of the building. Then Koshland came to the owner's terms and secured the property for nine thousand dollars.

Secret Marriage in San Jose

There was consternation in the palatial home of H. H. Main, in San Jose last week, when his daughter Hazel revealed the fact that she had been following the latest San Francisco fashion, by secretly marrying Louis Colombet. For several months E. C. Brunhouse, a rising young business man of San Jose, had been paying her devoted attention, and it was pretty generally believed that they were to be married. The old folks looked with favor on the suit of young Brunhouse, and they had objections to Colombet. But Dan Cupid has little regard for the wishes of parents. Last Saturday the daughter of the house of Main announced that she had been wedded for several days to Colombet, a Justice of the Peace having performed the ceremony. This is the second secret marriage in the Main family. Miss Bertha, a younger sister, eloped with W. A. Meyer.

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Service Gossip

Major Stephenson and Captain Frederick Johnston will divide the bouquets at Presidio functions this winter. Captain Johnston has held the belt for some time, but the Major is expected to make a close fight for it. The Presidio will be gayer than usual this year, for the newly arrived officers of the Tenth Infantry, those of the Artillery Corps and the Cavalry are already uniting in laying plans for dances a little more elaborate than the "Presidio hops." As the Army is still attractive to girls of the civilian sets, invitations to the dances will likely be at a premium. There will be a lot of Army brides, however, to dispute belleship with the unmarried.

Major and Mrs. Leon S. Roudiez, who made so many friends here during their long station at Angel Island, returned recently from Manila where they have been since our acquisition of the Philippines. Mrs. Roudiez, who has been very ill, is recuperating. Their next station is to be at Fort Reno, Oklahoma. Captain J. E. Cole, Sixth Cavalry, and Mrs. Cole left for their new post, Fort Meade, N. D., last Thursday. They were the recipients of many social attentions during their stay from the old friends of Mrs. Cole, who spent two years at the Presidio when she was Nan Marshall. She is the daughter of Colonel J. M. Marshall, who was then quartered in San Francisco.

They Were Schoolmates

The Clary sisters will spend the winter in town with their parents. The family home in Stockton has been rented, and they will stay at the Occidental during the season. They are great friends of the Voorhies family. Mrs. Clary and Mrs. Voorhies attended the same school in Maryland, an old-time seminary where Southern girls of good family were educated. I am surprised that some Eastern magazine writer has not devoted space to this famous school, which was attended by young women of historic name, many of whom are now prominent in the Daughters of the Confederacy and Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Voorhies Girls

Mrs. Malcolm Henry will spend the winter here with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies. Mrs. Henry was Kate Voorhies, the second of four daughters. Marie, the eldest, is the only unmarried one of the sisters. Anna married Tom Bishop and Leila, Lieutenant Guy Scott. Marie is the devoted chum of her father, and one often sees her out walking with him. She goes in for charity a good deal, and is a most generous though inconspicuous giver. She is a clever girl, and has ideas in house decoration that would make her a good living were her parents willing for her to choose an independent career.

Wheeler Was Converted

Miss Jessica Peixotto has been installed at Berkeley as an instructor in philosophy. President Wheeler is said to be opposed to the employment of female pedagogues in the university, but Regent Reinstein converted him to the cause of Miss Peixotto who is very highly esteemed in Jewish circles. I have heard, by the way, that Regent Reinstein expects to secure some very large donations to the university.

The Hysterical Press

The daily papers were never quite so hysterical as they are in this campaign. They are making this the liveliest municipal campaign that was ever held in San Francisco. But the man in the street doesn't appear to be taking them seriously. They fail to exercise any perceptible influence on the betting. The Lane organs are making the most noise, hurling the fiercest invective and throwing the most mud, but all the while the Democratic candidate appears to be losing ground. As a last resort they have begun interviewing prominent cits who think that Lane should be elected. One of the enthusiastic Lane men, according to the *Bulletin*, is Dr. C. F. Buckley, who was so bitterly opposed to the election of Joe Tobin last year on account of his personal grudge against the whole Tobin family. I believe he was writing letters to the *Bul-*

The duck shooting season has opened most auspiciously and all of the hunters are reporting most satisfactory results. To the keen sportsman what can be more delightful than to turn out of his warm blankets in the early dawn of a foggy morning when birds are plentiful and flying low, to return at night tired, wet, yet withal happy on account of the size of his bag, and then to take a warm bath, clean dry clothes, an excellent dinner at the club house with game of his own shooting, and washed down by a quart of Ayala as the *piece de resistance*. To such a one life for the moment has nothing further to offer.



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letin in that campaign. The doctor would have greater political influence if he were an American citizen. He has never been naturalized though he has lived in San Francisco many years.

The Ferocious Editor

Apropos the ferocity of the press in this campaign, *Town Talk's* freak odesmith hammered his muse until the following lines were wrought. They are addressed to "The Ferocious Editor":

What's this
I see?
Ah, what bliss!
A candidate for office!
Now's the
Springtime
Of our jubilation
Made glorious
By this
High station
Seeker.
A worthy sacrifice
He,
To lend
Eclat
To a journalistic holiday.
Ah!
He smiles!
Smash the caitiff job-chaser.
Forthwith bring
The Mephitic Slander
From his fetid cage,
And let
Him rage,
And roar,
And snarl.
Unleash
The Bloodhounds of Libel,
And lash
Them
To frenzied passion;
For here's an impudent job-seeker
Intent
On serving the people.
Swift
The penalty shall be.
Now for the
Rift
In the lute
Of his ambition,
So twist the
Tail
Of Slander!
Prod
The hounds of Libel!
Uncork
The vials
Of our effervescent wrath.
Muster
All the bluster
Of the free, untrammeled
Moulders
Of Public Opinion!
Concentrate
All the dire engines
Of our vengeance!
Summon all
The Editorial Terrors!
Turn loose
The Double-leaded
And hydra-headed
Fierce
Invective!
At one
Fell swoop
We'll teach the
Danger of coming 'twixt
The Dragon
And his wrath.
A bas
The
Candidate!

In Financial Circles

Another dull and uneventful week in the local investment market, transactions on "The Stock & Bond Exchange" aggregating $109,000 in bonds, and 1,812 shares of stocks, divided in 335 Lighting stocks, 812 Spring Valley Water Co., 215 miscellaneous and 450 Sugar shares.

The Bond market has evidently suffered by the continued depression of the Eastern markets, first grade Eastern bonds having declined steadily, making their rate of income appreciably higher than that of ours here. Another reason may be assigned to the activity of the Real Estate market, which removes the Savings Banks from the column of investors.

Transactions in Stocks are ridiculously light. It seems to me the brokers ought to be up and doing something. There are a number of local corporations whose stocks ought to be listed, as it is at present the material dealt in is too limited.

The news of the formation of a rival lighting company published by one of the dailies had no effect on the price of the stock of the S. F. Gas & Electric Company. It was not taken seriously. Prices as a whole were well sustained; there was no pressure to sell. —*The Financier.*

For Mayor

Henry J. Crocker

Republican Nominee

For Auditor

WILLIAM BRODERICK

Democratic Nominee

For Sheriff

PETER J. CURTIS

Democratic Nominee
Union Labor Party Nominee

For Tax Collector

Edward J. Smith

(PRESENT INCUMBENT)
Regular Republican Nominee

For Assessor

WASHINGTON DODGE

Democratic Nominee

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of LAWRENCE FELVEY, Deceased

CATHERINE FELVEY, administratrix of the estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition praying for an order granting leave to sell real estate of said decedent for the reasons and purposes therein set forth, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS ORDERED by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before said Superior Court, Department 9 thereof, on the 23rd day of November, 1903, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., of that day at the Court room of said Department of said Court at the City Hall in said City and County, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, at either private sale or public auction, as she shall deem best and as shall be necessary to pay the debts and expenses of administration, accrued and to accrue, and the family allowance in said estate, and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, October 20th, 1903. J. V. COFFEY, Judge of said Court.

JOSEPH E. O'DONNELL, Attorney for Administratrix,
460-461-462 Parrott Building.

The Road of a Great Desire

There are bridges, once crossed, that 'twere wise to burn
On the road of A Great Desire,
There are havens of rest that 'twere well to spurn,
There's the touch of a hand we may not return;
Place all longings, but one, on Ambition's pyre
Ye who travel the road of A Great Desire.

There are faces so young and with hearts so old
On the road of A Great Desire,
In their eyes lie the shadows of hopes untold;
Though the pulses beat swift yet the blood is cold,
For they know but the lust of Ambition's fire
They that travel the way of A Great Desire.

There's a shrine bathed in warmth of the world's caress
On the road of A Great Desire,
It is reached through the valley of Weariness
And the god of the temple is called Success;
Lay the dreams you have known on its altar fire
Ye who 've traveled the way of A Great Desire.

MABEL PORTER PITTS.

The Collaborators

A modern version of a scene from Dickens.

"I am so glad," said Dora, "that I can help you in your work, dearest."

"So am I, darling," answered David Copperfield, kissing his little wife's rosy lips, "and I'm sure this historical novel will be the best of best sellers. Now read me what you 've written, pet."

Dora hunted through her work until she found the sheets of scented note-paper on which she had recorded her contribution to the great novel she and David had planned during the treacle-moon.

"But why, sweetness," asked David, "didn't you write on the copy paper I gave you? I never heard of using scented note paper—with a crest on, at that—for manuscript."

"Oh, I couldn't bear the sight of that ugly brown paper," said Dora, with a fetching pout.

"But that ugly brown paper is what I write all my stories on," returned David.

"That doesn't make any difference. You know, old darling, you 're only a man. A woman likes to do things her own way."

Pause, during which a few kisses are exchanged.

"Now," said Dora disengaging herself from David's embrace, "if you don't let me read you what I've written we'll never in this wide world get to our novel."

David resigns himself to listen.

"'Queen Elizabeth,'" read Dora, puckering her brows over her rather illegible chirography, "'was sitting in the midst of a crowd of courtiers. She was engaged in the task of manicuring her beautiful finger-nails. No other woman of her time had such exquisite hands as Elizabeth. Long, slim and taper-fingered, they were a poem, a dream. They had inspired Raleigh, Leicester and Essex to indulge in verse-making. And the Queen used nothing but gold instruments for her manicuring. Her scissors were of gold; her file of course was steel but with a gold handle. Her polisher had a gold back—'"

"But, my pet," interrupted David, "I don't believe they had manicure instruments in Elizabeth's time."

"Don't *believe?*" exclaimed Dora, with asperity, "Do you *know?*"

"I have no authorities to support my supposition," answered David, "but I should judge that the instruments, if they had any, would be of the crudest."

"Should judge! Well, *I* feel sure that a dainty, beautiful creature like Elizabeth would have the very latest things for her lovely hands."

"But, my own wife, it is absurd to begin a book like that. People would think it a josh, like Mark Twain's fake history."

Dora stamped her pretty foot.

"Josh! I'd like to see anybody call my book a josh."

"Your book, my love? Why, I thought we were going to col laborate on it. Our book, you should say."

"Well, if you begin to pick flaws in my work I'll write the whole thing myself."

"But, Dora sweet, one should try to be accurate in an historical novel."

"I don't care a rap for accuracy. Who cares anything about old history and things? What we must do is to make our heroine attractive."

"But she wasn't. You know Elizabeth was never called a beauty."

"Well, she shall be a beauty in my book."

"Our book, darling."

Dora took her sheets of scented note-paper and tore them to bits.

"There! I'll not write a book at all. Do it yourself if you think you can write a better one. Put your old history in, if you like."

"Dearest"—David's tone was very tender, "I never knew my little love had a temper."

Dora burst into tears. She put her golden head on his waistcoat and sobbed into his shirt-bosom.

"You're so mean and cruel, David," she sobbed, "why, I wrote lovely essays at school, and I thought I could be such a—such a h-h-elp to y-y-o-ou in your work. And you say I don't know anything—that I-I-'m a f-f-ool."

David was able to cope with the difficulty. He needed no arms, for his were clasped about the weeping figure.

"Don't cry, pet," he said, "we'll leave that old book and begin another. We'll write a love story—the history of our own courtship."

Dora smiled through her tears.

"There'll be no difficulty about making *that* accurate, will there, dear?" she said.

—*The Sentimentalist.*

The Important Problem

Mrs. Jones—Here is an article in the Sunday Supp on "How To Hold The Wife You Have Won."

Mr. Jones—That's just the way with those Sunday Supp. writers; always telling people what they don't care to know. The problem that confronts most men is how to lose the wife that has been won.

Mrs. Jones—Are you one of that class?

Mr. Jones had been speaking in an absent-minded manner but his wife's question brought him to his senses, and by way of reply he kissed her tenderly.

—*The Josher.*

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Alexandra JEWELER

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Was the Idol of London

It was some months since that a returned San Franciscan told me of the "crystal gazing parties" over which fashionable London had gone temporarily mad. Andrew Lang started the craze, and it raged for an indefinite period, the prices of crystals meanwhile going up to an exorbitant figure. Madame Livorno, the crystal gazer, became the rage and her readings from the crystals, with her wonderful palm delineations, were enjoyed by the Royal family, and lesser nobilities, as well as distinguished authors and musicians, stars of the stage, diplomats and Army and Navy officials. She read the palms of Queen Victoria, Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of York—now Prince and Princess of Wales—the Princess Clementine of Belgium and Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, and her presence at a smart function was sure to make it a success. Later she went to the Far East, where she met the Viceroy of India, the Maharajah of Kapurthala and the Gaekwar of Baroda, and increased her fame and collection of mementoes. Madame Livorno arrived in San Francisco the other day, and society will now be adding "crystal gazing parties" to the program of the winter's gayeties. She is at the California hotel, where I had difficulty in seeing her, her fame having already spread abroad and the reception room being filled with waiting clients. She has been bombarded by interviewers, yet received me very graciously. Though she has traveled all over the world and met all kinds of people, she said she considers San Franciscans among the most charming and cordial of all.



The famous chiromant and crystal gazer is a beautiful woman, with reddish brown hair and a complexion as soft, pink and white as an infant's. She has the delicately modulated, even English voice that is always such a pleasure to hear, and her manner is sweet and gracious. I asked her about the crystal gazing that London went wild over, and she said it was a very simple thing. "No, everybody cannot see pictures in the crystals," she said, "but they think of what they wish to see, and I look in the crystal and the picture forms itself there. One needs no dark room," she added to another question, "but a dark cloth is placed back of the crystal and the effect is like a photograph."

Madame Livorno is not only one of the fortunate elect who can decipher occult messages; it is as a chiromant that she has attained her greatest fame. Indeed, even Cheiro has not a wider vogue abroad, and in Mexico I have heard that her visit was accorded the enthusiasm evoked by royalty. She has just finished a season in the latter country, and while there read the hands of President Diaz and his family, and those of all the leading diplomats. She has some interesting photographs and letters in her collection of souvenirs. One of the most interesting to Americans is that of Captain Sigsbee of the *Maine*, who found her reading of his hand "remarkably clever." She also has letters from Rear Admiral Greer, U. S. N., Sir Thomas Lipton, the Crown Prince of Siam who so lately visited us, and Mrs. Roosevelt, and autographed photographs from William Gillette, Helen Redmond and other American stage stars.

"How interesting it would be," I suggested, "if you would let the public know some of the things you discovered in those hands."

But Madame Livorno did not see the matter in that light. She said that would be a breach of confidence. Nevertheless, I could not help wishing that she would compile a book of reminiscences. What delightful reading would such a volume make! Her experience in Mexico, a birds-eye view of which was vouchsafed me in this brief interview, would alone constitute valuable literary material. It appears that Madame Livorno did not know the identity of her illustrious clients, the President of the Republic, Senora Carmen Diaz, his wife, and Senora Amada Diaz de la Torre, his daughter, when they came to her for readings, but they did not remain long *in cog.* After the delineations they were so delighted that they introduced themselves.

One would like to know, too, what were the characteristics that she found in the palms of the children of the Princess of Wales, which so pleased their royal mother. "Your delineation of my children's characteristics was wonderfully accurate," she wrote to Madame Livorno.

"Do you believe one can exactly determine the time of death by the life-line in the palm?"

Though people were waiting, I determined to ask this question, one that the amateur palmist finds hardest to answer.

"The approach of disease can be determined," was the reply, "and warded off by this knowledge."

She then told me that she had spent two years in hospital work, for the purpose of finding out the manner in which the various diseases assert themselves in the lines of the palms, and in the finger-nails. From her observations in this special training Madame Livorno declared and demonstrated that she is able to detect the presence of tuberculosis and other diseases, as shown in the hand. It is not a mere theory of hers, but a practical demonstration of her discoveries when a student of the hands of patients in the hospital. I wished for another half-hour in which to hear more on this subject, which physicians as well as laymen must find of absorbing interest. But with those clients waiting—well, I had to bid Madame Livorno a reluctant *au revoir.*

Lawrence Martin.

The Stage

Soldiers of Fortune

The genuine, every-day, South American revolution is a theme pregnant with material for the play-builder, and I am surprised that more of them have not been dramatized. They should inspire not only the writer of melodramas, but also the farce-comedy writer and comic opera librettist. Richard Harding Davis discerned the possibilities for fiction writing with which those constantly recurring upheavals are fraught, and the result was his charming little story which Augustus Thomas dramatized, and in which Robert Edeson is now starring. All things considered, Mr. Thomas did excellent work. "Soldiers of Fortune" is a stirring combination of straight comedy and sublimated melodrama. The first two acts are comedy pure and simple, and they are most enjoyable. There is an effervescent vein of humor running through them, and the dialogue is sparkling and wholesome. Your interest is seized in the first act, and as the plot develops you are carried along with it until the revolution breaks out in the third , and then you begin to feel that it behooves you to become passive and keep in mind the fact that it is a South American revolution you are witnessing, and that therefore you should not take it with greater seriousness than it is apparently regarded by the hero, who is inclined to view it with complacency. There were some very stirring incidents in the revolution, but no serious damage was done. The President's palace is invaded, but only one man is killed. The hero is never alarmed, though he faces some very treacherous-looking fellows, and even the women stay in the picture. The hero is at all times as unruffled as was Sherlock Holmes in the most trying situations. Nevertheless your interest is keyed up, and you follow the fortunes of the insouciant hero to the very end. Robert Edeson is a new luminary in the theatrical firmament, this being his first season, I believe, as a star. He is a capable actor, and is well suited to the role of Robert Clay. Indeed he plays it as though it were written for him. He has good support in all the important roles, and Ellen Berg is especially effective as Hope Langham. It is surprising to see this little woman impersonating a girl not out of her teens but she does so successfully. And yet Ellen Berg was not an inexperienced actress when she appeared in this city in the early eighties. Dorothy Tennant hasn't much to do as Alice Langham, but she smokes a cigarette effectively. She blows the smoke through her nose without inhaling it, and does other things in imitation of mere man. The MacWilliams of Harry Harwood is a breezy impersonation, and Helen Ware plays Madame Alvarez as though she had a few drops of Castilian blood in her veins.

Verdi Night at the Tivoli

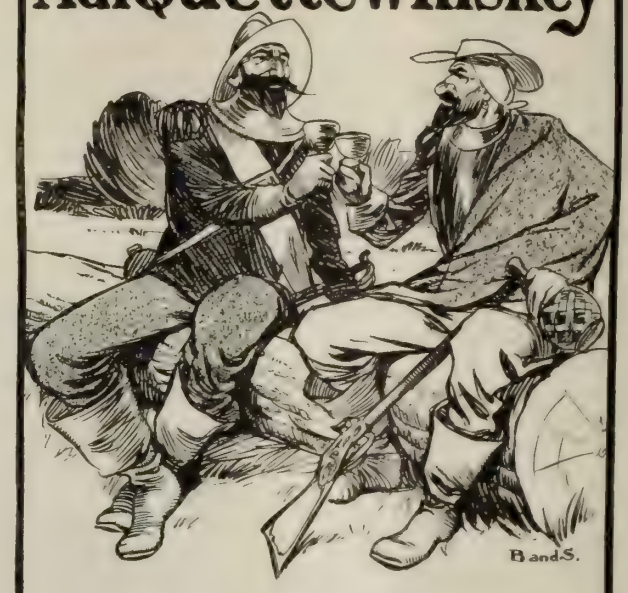
All Little Italy was gathered together at the Tivoli last Tuesday night to do honor to its maestro—Verdi. Five-sixths of the audience were Italians who shook the house with their lusty bravos. A box party consisting of the new Italian Consul, Count Gremani and his friends, gave official dignity to the scene. Agostini and De Spada, who sang in the first act of "Traviata," which opened the long program, watched the remainder of the performance from a lower box and were conspicuous for the enthusiasm they expressed for the other singers. Benedetto and Gregoretti were given more of a chance than the others to show their voices in the difficult arias of Verdi. Benedetto appeared as Aida and Leonora in "Trovatore" but was heard to best advantage in a scene from "Il Forza de Destino." I have heard Gregoretti when he was in better voice but he made a big sensation by his singing in "Il Forza." Dado sang the big solo from "Nabucco" in his usual artistic manner and was obliged to give an encore. The fourth act from "Rigoletto" was given with the boy tenor Tedeschi as the Duke and Tromben as Gilda.

Tedeschi is singing Rudolpho in "Boheme" this week and Agostini watches his performance with great interest from the audience. Taking into consideration the fact that the young tenor is new to the role, his interpretation is quite wonderful. Except for a tendency to force his tones his singing is delightful.

From Pinero to Fitch

Miller Kent appeared in "The Cowboy and the Lady" at the California some seasons back, but the play as presented at the Alcazar is a much more worthy production than that given by the Eastern road company. It is a clever comedy, not without an emotional note to its humor, and it contains some farcical touches that are in the real old-time Fitch vein. The cocktail scene in

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the first act is very natural, and the Colorado background is most effective. There is something of the picturesque flavor of Owen Wister's "Virginian" about the characters, and the company manages to retain this flavor in interpretation. Marie Howe is particularly good as Miss Prissims, the old-maid pianist at the dance hall, and the predicament in which her tight shoes figure would move a grave-digger to laughter. Miss Block has a much better chance to assert her individuality in this play than in her part of last week. She plays Mrs. Weston with some fine touches. Miss Belgarde is scarcely recognizable in the character of Molly Larkins. She has played society women so long that it seems incredible that she can so well conceal her identity in that of the tough proprietor of the dance hall, but she does it in a thoroughly artistic manner. Mr. Durkin is sympathetic as the Harvard cowboy. This new leading man has a voice that is capable of rarely tender expression.

The Alcazar's Future

The triumph of the Alcazar's new stock players has been swift and emphatic. Never before, in the history of the theatre, have newcomers established themselves in popular regard to swiftly and surely. The inaugural fortnight has shown them in society play and Western comedy drama, and a third turn of the kaleidoscope next week will reveal their adaptability to the purely romantic. Interest in a stock company too often centres in one or two people. In this instance it is fairly divided between a leading man of dignity and distinction; a leading woman of talent and rare taste in dress; an ingenue of temperament and appealing tenderness, and a comedian who is an artist to his finger-tips. It will be interesting to see them in "Under the Red Robe," which has all the elements which quicken the pulse of men and the heart-throbs of women. Very ingeniously constructed by Edward E. Rose, it is based upon a fanciful tale by Stanley Weyman that has commanded as many readers as the most florid fiction of Anthony Hope or the elder Dumas. The matinee girl dotes upon such heroes as Gil de Berault, who carouses, gambles and pricks with rapier point, with the gallantry, grace and airy humor of a D'Artagnan. James Durkin will personate the fascinating swashbuckler; and Adele Block will find her first real dramatic opportunity as the spirited, sensitive but fiery and fearless ward of the great Richelieu. "Under the Red Robe" has but one week allotted, and then begins a month of comedies, to be inaugurated November fourth, with William Gillette's convulsively funny frivolity, "Too Much Johnson."

A New Glory

We have seen "The Christian" in San Francisco so many times that it has ceased to interest the majority of theatre-goers. But I do not think any one should miss seeing the present production at the Grand, chiefly for its Glory. Miss Countiss gives to the Hall Caine heroine the right touch. She is intense at the right time, and that is not what one could say of all the Glory Quayles we have seen. In the powerful scene where John Storm succumbs for an instant to his passion, Miss Countiss rises to the occasion with emphasis. Mr. Willard is an admirable John Storm, too. He does not give us the Morgan version of the role, but his version has points that Morgan missed. The play is splendidly staged, and the support fills all requirements.

At the Grand, beginning tomorrow matinee, will be the much talked of musical comedy, "Spotless Town." In New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago it broke all previous box office farce comedy records, and in each city its season had to be prolonged. "Spotless Town" is a good-natured satire upon Municipal Government. The people of "Spotless Town" enter upon a crusade against dirt, and in their zeal go to a ridiculous extreme. The owner of everything or anything is fined ten dollars for every spot found upon it—even on his dog. Clocked stockings or polka dot waists are subject to the penalty, so that a young lady addicted to fancy fabrics in hosiery or other gear would need the wealth of a Carnegie to indulge in her mania. The troubles of the townspeople are increased by the arrival of two Germans who want to buy the place. Being travel-stained and dirty, they are pounced upon by the entire municipality and hurried to jail.The dilemma of the unfortunate Germans entails a number of amusing complications and situations which have their climax when they are carried through space on the sails of a windmill to escape captivity. The play will be given an excellent cast, the principal features of which will be Leila Shaw, a beautiful girl and a clever and vivacious comedienne who sings charmingly, and our old favorite, Leslie Morosco, who during his long absence has made an enviable reputation in the East.

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The Emporium

Back to Melodrama

The Central is reveling in melodrama this week, melodrama in which there is plenty of picturesque material. "Ranch 10" has some scenic effects that dwarf even the pretty toboggan scene of last week. There's a blizzard, for one thing, a snowstorm that makes the audience reach for its wraps and regret that they are not furs. Then there is an explosion that is realistic to its core. Stockwell has a part in which his humor has free vein. Miss Vane has the most striking woman's part, and as Silver Bud is very charming. Miss Lawton as the Massachusetts girl is demure and sweet, and Miss Woodthorpe makes a hit as the old maid. The other parts are all in good hands.



LEILA SHAW

Leila Shaw, a most beautiful girl and a clever and fascinating singing comedienne who has created quite a furor in the East, will be a principal attraction at the Grand Opera House the week beginning tomorrow matinee. Miss Shaw will be seen as Fleur de Lis, a Parisienne serio comique. She will introduce a number of new and catchy songs and will wear several stunning costumes.

Beginning Sunday matinee, November first, the Ellery Royal Italian Band, which made itself so popular last season, will play an engagement for one week only under the management of Will Greenbaum, at the Alhambra. The band has a new leader in Signor Manfredo Chiffairelli, one of Italy's greatest bandmasters and a composer of reputation. He is said to be a most magnetic conductor and draws the most expressive music out of his men. The personnel of the band is about the same as last year, but four new soloists have been added. Signor Decimo, the new solo clarinetist, is said to be the finest in America. The prices will be popular, ranging from fifty cents to one dollar. The sale of seats will open Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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One of the finest programs ever offered here is the opening program for the concert by the Metropolitan Opera House Symphony Orchestra under the direction of J. S. Duss at the Alhambra next Tuesday night. Madame Nordica will sing the Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde," and the Polonaise from "Mignon." Although down for but two numbers on the program Madame Nordica, with her usual graciousness, always sings a number of encores, with piano accompaniment played by Mr. E. Romayne Simmons, well remembered as her excellent accompanist on her recital tour. The orchestral numbers that are entirely new here are march, "With Pomp and Circumstance," by Edward Elgar, overture "Cricket on the Hearth" by Goldmark, the "Rhapsodie Norwegienne" by Hallen, and Weingaertner's instrumentation of Weber's Invitation to the Waltz. Other numbers are the prelude to the third act of Massenet's "Heriodiade," vorspiel to "Parsifal," and Tschaikowsky's descriptive overture "1812." At the Wednesday "Pop" Mrs. Fisk and Nahan Franko will be the soloists. Wednesday night the entire organization will play at the Macdonough in Oakland with Nordica as soloist. The box office is at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s where complete programs for the four concerts may be obtained.

The great demand for seats for the concerts to be given Tuesday and Thursday nights and Wednesday and Friday afternoons at the Alhambra theatre, by Duss, the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra, Madame Nordica, Mrs. Katharine Fisk and Mr. Nahan Franko, augurs well for the success of the venture. Equally favorable reports have been received from Sacramento and Oakland.

Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall has the happy faculty of uniting a fascinating , mysterious, and exciting entertainment with instructive and practical lectures along psychological lines, and there are enough people in San Francisco who like instruction with their entertainment to fill Steinway hall every Sunday evening. Last Sunday evening there was the customary large audience, the subject for discussion being "Money: the psychic law governing it." The lecture was practical rather than metaphysical, and contained some valuable suggestions for the business man. The demonstration was even more than usually interesting, the election (psychically) of the next Mayor causing much merriment. Tomorrow night Tyndall will talk on "The World Invisible, with experiments and manifestations illustrative of his subject. The subject for the following Sunday evening will be "Spiritualism."

John Morrisey, resident manager of the Orpheum, accompanied by Mrs. Morrisey, left Tuesday morning for a brief sojourn in the southern part of the State. They will spend a few days at Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Catalina Island and other places of interest.

Carl Reinecke, the celebrated composer, has dedicated his latest composition to Sir Henry Heyman of this city. It is a Romanze for piano and violin and a work of rare beauty. Sir Henry is an intimate friend of the composer, who was for years director of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic. Reinecke is now seventy-eight years of age.

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The Great Chariot Race

The coming of "Ben-Hur" to San Francisco is looked forward to with keen interest. Klaw & Erlanger's production of General Lew Wallace's popular masterpiece will be seen at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, November second, and will continue for four weeks with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday of each week. The production is noted for its dramatic excellence, its sumptuous mounting, and its faithful representations of scenes and costumes of a most picturesque period, but paramount to these is the interest centred in the realistic chariot race in the fifth act, for which a staff of expert mechanics have prepared the stage of the Grand. This is considered the most effective reality ever seen in a theatre either in this country or abroad. Its development into an actuality may be considered the triumph of stagecraft. In this incident sixteen horses and two chariots will be shown apparently racing at break-neck speed, the animals galloping with all their power. Four horses, the two blacks and the two whites, are driven by Messala, and the Arabian bays by Ben-Hur. Messala leads. Ben-Hur smashes the wheels of Messala's chariot; the Roman falls beneath the feet of the crazed horses and Ben-Hur wins the race. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday, October twenty-ninth at 9 a. m.

McCarthy's Latest

Justin Huntley McCarthy's new play, "The Proud Princess," which shocked Detroit where it was tried on the dog, has reached New York, and Acton Davies says that though the harem scene had been pruned and expurgated, there is enough left to show that Detroit had reason to be shocked. He characterizes the play as mediocre melodrama with a dash of "Everyman" on the side.

Next Thursday evening will be given Madame Fabbri's second subscription performance at Golden Gate hall. "Her Only Fault," a one-act farce, a Spanish song and dance, a German comedy, a Japanese song and dance and the farce "A Husband in Clover" will be given.

On the heels of Helen Bertram's marriage with E. J. Morgan comes the report that her erstwhile lover, S. George D'Essauer, is petitioning for a pardon from Joliet penitentiary.

Getting Ready for Light Opera

The new Tivoli is rapidly approaching completion, and lovers of light opera are getting on the tip-toe of expectation. Meanwhile the management is rounding up talent for the company with which the new house is to be opened. Though there will be many familiar faces in the new company there will also be some new ones. Among the latter will be that of Wallace Brownlow, the English baritone now at the Orpheum, who has had a great deal of experience in comic opera both in London and in the Antipodes. It is to be hoped that the new Tivoli will be strictly up to date, and that its patrons will be accorded the privilege of hearing some of the latest musical successes. Some of us should be glad enough to hear even a few comparatively old ones that have been shelved in the East after long runs but that have not been produced on this coast.

Mansfield Was Polite

Mr. Richard Mansfield opened the new Lyric theatre in New York last week in an artistic production of "Old Heidelberg," the same play in which young Boucicault enhanced his histrionic reputation last season. At the end of the play Mr. Mansfield made a polite speech, an innovation which no doubt disappointed many of the audience. Mr. Mansfield must have been very well pleased with himself, with the play and with the new theatre.

Miss Millicent Levenburg has returned to New York and will have her classes in gymnastics as usual this winter. Miss Levenburg's classes are quite the thing among the smart young women of Gotham who go in for athletics. Some of them have become expert boxers.

The Dewey theatre of Oakland has been added to the Sair & Havelin circuit, and tomorrow night those managers will present at that house a melodrama entitled "Over Niagara Falls."

Fischer's has secured a successful burlesque of last season, "Chow Chow," which will have an early production at this house.

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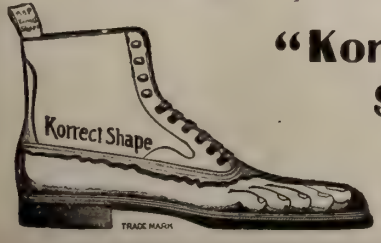
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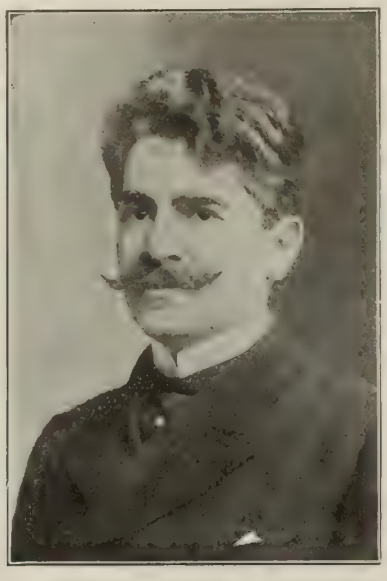
Features of Next Week's Bills

"Under the Red Robe" will have a week at the Alcazar with "Too Much Johnson" to follow.

"Andre Chenier" will be continued at the Tivoli, to alternate with "Un Ballo Maschera." The casts will include all the favorites.

"Spotless Town" will be a big drawing card at the Grand.

The headliners at the Orpheum will be McWalters and Tyson. Their stage setting shows the interior of a dressing room, and they make up for their various roles in full view of the audience. Their number closes with a transformation scene in which the dressing room changes to a swamp, filled with giant lilies. Coleman's cats and dogs, direct from the Alhambra, London, the three Richards, acrobats, who were here six years ago, Crawford and Manning, black face team, and Wenona and Frank, who hold the world's championship for rifle and pistol shooting, will complete the novelties.



NAHAN FRANKO

The famous violinist and concert master of the New York Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, which opens at the Alhambra theatre Tuesday night.

Robert Edeson in "Soldiers of Fortune" will have another week at the Columbia and then will come "The Storks" direct from the Dearborn theatre, Chicago. In the company are the Countess von Hatzfeldt, and the much talked of "Rosebud Garden of Girls."

"The Paraders" is still crowding Fischer's, though "Rubes and Roses" is ready to clap on at any time when the public taste changes. A new soubrette and a new comedian have been added to the Fischer forces.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" will probably crowd the Central, for the play is always a money-winner. There will be one hundred people in the cast, and fifty negroes in the cotton-picking scene. The specialties will embrace Southern plantation melodies, buck-and-wing dancing and cake-walks. Herschel Mayall will be George Harris; Eugenie Thais Lawton, Eliza; Ernest Howell, Uncle Tom; Myrtle Vane, Topsy; Henry Shumer, Simon Legree; Edwin T. Emery, St. Claire, and Messrs. Webster, Nicholls, Booth, Bacon, Whipple and Edwards, Margaret Leavy, Genevieve Kane, Anita Fallon, Grace Stoddard, and Lola Hinchliff will have acceptable parts. In the mounting seventeen sets of scenery will be used.

At the Chutes will be John World and Mindel Kingston, singing and dancing novelty artists, John Mathews and Emily Hoff, singers and instrumentalists, direct from New York, and Phoebe Gibson, a talented young violinist. —*The Playgoer.*

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Monday, Nov. 2—Inaugural of a month of comedies beginning with
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Tonight, Sunday Night and for another week,
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LETTERS

The Career of Mrs. Osborne

Some books demand entirely too much of the reader's credulity. One has to admit so much before getting foot on common ground with the author that it is like taking leave of one's sanity. "The Career of Mrs. Osborne" is one of that class. It is woven of the material which supplies the plots for farce comedies, the sort of thing that one sits through and laughs at, but once out in the free, fresh air, one feels ashamed of having appeared to enjoy. The Mrs. Osborne whom Helen Milcete has pictured for us is, according to her standard, a very clever woman—and an American domiciled in London. When she was Jane Egerton she was very poor and very much in love with a man as poor as herself. The orphan of a United States Senator, with the wife of the English Ambassador for her godmother, Jane was not made of the stuff that marries poverty, so they kissed and parted. In due course of time a cousin married wealth and the rich husband, dying conveniently, left Jane a legacy of a million in his will. Then Jane married an Englishman, George Wilton, impecunious and untitled, a captain in active service in the British army, and at the time the story begins, on duty in India, while his wife and sister-in-law are on a visit to the Wilton household. The Wiltons are rather tiresome people, it must be confessed, but they have a decent regard for the ten commandments and the conventions, all of which grate on the nerves of Mrs. George Wilton and Miss Sarah Egerton. The conjunction of two paragraphs in one of the society journals suggests a brilliant scheme to Mrs. Wilton and she proceeds to put it into working order. One bit of information is that her former lover, one Van Imden, who, like herself, has unexpectedly come in for a fortune, is in London, and the other is that there is no reigning Beauty in the smart set. Mrs. Wilton, being a beauty, resolves to apply for the vacancy, and at the same time, to re-capture her old lover, so she invents an excuse to go up to London, and "Mrs. Osborne" is born. The name is that of the widowed cousin whose husband left her the fortune. Forthwith a flat is engaged at Kensington and a maid installed, in order that the Wiltons may have an address for their letters and a place to be received when they come to town. "Mrs. Osborne," at the same time, takes a fashionable residence in a stylish locality and proceeds to enjoy herself after her kind. One might question how she so speedily reached the outer circles of royalty, and several other things, if it were worth while, but when one has to admit so much in the first place there is no use in balking at mere straws. However, she not only becomes, in less than a fortnight, the most admired and talked-of beauty in the social swim, but she has Van Imden stepping in her train, and whether he makes love to her or she to him it would be hard to say. Meanwhile life goes on at the flat, and it *is* life. It is set at such a rapid gait that the other tenants of the building take active measures to have the lady Jane and her sister ejected, though the author appears to think they were conducting themselves most admirably. Mrs. Wilton has a lively time trying to keep her identity with "Mrs. Osborne' a secret, and her midnight adventures in omnibuses and restaurants would do credit to a man of her years. Sarah Egerton is supposed to be the balance-wheel of the combination, and it is badly needed, but Sarah, with her demi-monde get-up, her visit to the music hall unescorted, and her nonchalant cigarette, for which she requests a light from her nearest neighbor, is no improvement on Jane, and it passes belief that only one solitary "blond gentleman" attempted to force his attentions upon her. But enough of all this. The plum in the pudding comes at the end. Mrs. Wilton finds discovery close on her heels and decides to put an end to things. She sees her Van Imden and puts a hypothetical case and gets some plain answers: "A woman like that would not expect me to marry her." "I have no fancy for shop-worn goods in women or anything else." He promptly tells her that he would

(Continued on Page 34)

GEORGE H. BAHRS.

The nomination by the Republican party of ex-Judge George H. Bahrs, for Assessor, was a tribute to that gentleman's popularity. Judge Bahrs has demonstrated his capacity as a vote-getter, and he has made it apparent that there are many thousands of people in this city who have confidence in his integrity and ability. During his career on the Superior Bench he showed that he possessed a judicial mind as well as many of the qualities that are essential to the proper administration of the office of Assessor. He is making a very lively and aggressive campaign, and his speeches are very impressive.

WILLIAM BRODERICK

The Democratic candidate for Auditor, is well known to the people of this city. He has had a great deal of experience in the office, and he is regarded as the most efficient Watch-dog of the Treasury that this city ever had. In view of his past services he should be elected. During the next two years the office of Auditor will be the most important in the city government, and the tax-payers of the city should hope to see it in charge of a man of the character of William Broderick.

HENRY H. LYNCH.

The Republican candidate for Sheriff, is a man with an established reputation for executive ability. He is an ideal man for the office of Sheriff, and if elected he will undoubtedly administer the affairs of the office fearlessly and honestly.

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LETTERS

(Continued from Page 32)

not be dragged through the mire and muck of a divorce court for any woman, and all her beautiful air castles fall in a heap. Evidently the author imagines that the English laws are as lenient as those of America and as liberally interpreted in favor of dissatisfied women, while the idea of a husband being consulted when his wife decides to get rid of him is the last thing that occurs to her. However, the virtuous Sarah has telegraphed to the absent George, and he gets a leave of absence which brings him home at the psychological moment. Of course, he takes it all as a matter of course, and Jane falls in love with him, and we are expected to believe that a woman could deliberately plan such a career and carry it out, and come through it with no more moral deterioration than a child gets after a summer day ramble. And the last statement in the book is the final damnation of the inadequate Van Imden. "All the time he was making up to Jane he was living with some one else." Think of the perfidy of the man! That Jane was married to some one else all the time she was making up to him—well, little things like that don't matter apparently. As far as the book has any moral it is of the worst. Nevertheless, no one need be surprised if the thing is dressed up for the stage. Another of the *Smart Set* publications.

"Widows, Grave and Otherwise"

This is a companion to the volume of "Bachelor Bigotries." There is a selection for every day in the year, and if on the whole, the sentiments are less striking than those in the previous volume, it is only in comparison that they suffer. Taken by itself the book is all that any one could demand. Like the "Bachelor Bigotries," the quotations are culled from every source, and we find classical and Scriptural sentiments cheek by jowl with something from the last comic paper. Says Robert Louis Stevenson: "Once you are married there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good."

And Benjamin Franklin: "One good husband is worth two good wives, for the scarcer things are the more they are valued."

Dorothy Dix adds: "Get a wife who has learned how to keep house on your predecessor, and is in no danger of giving you dyspepsia while she experiments with cooking school recipes."

Josiah Allen's Wife assures us that: "She was a good-lookin' woman and had seen trouble. It stands to reason she had, with four husbands. Good land!"

There is a proverb to the effect that one should "Never marry a widow unless her first husband was hanged," and another from the Spanish tells us that "He who marries a widow with three children marries four thieves." A Dutch epigram has it:—

"Said Jan, twice wedded to a scolding wife,
'Church-going is the greatest pleasure of my life;
'Tis strange and sweet to see a man, oh, rare!
Keep full five hundred women quiet there.'"

But this is enough to show the style of the text. As to the rest, it is from the Paul Elder Company's press, and there is no more to be said. Illustrations in black and scarlet are by A. F. Wilmarth and are neat and appropriate. The volume, which is listed at $1 net, will make an appropriate Christmas gift, being just as useful, far more interesting and decidedly more novel than the conventional calendar.

WASHINGTON DODGE.

Dr. Washington Dodge, the Democratic candidate for Assessor, has proved himself a faithful official. He has equalized the assessment roll of this city, and has assessed a great deal of personal property that had previously escaped taxation.

Clubjoy—Give me the effervescent actress every time—one with the sparkling champagne temperament.

Bloodleigh—And with the same sort of thirst, too, I suppose?

Clubjoy—No, not while I have a beer income.

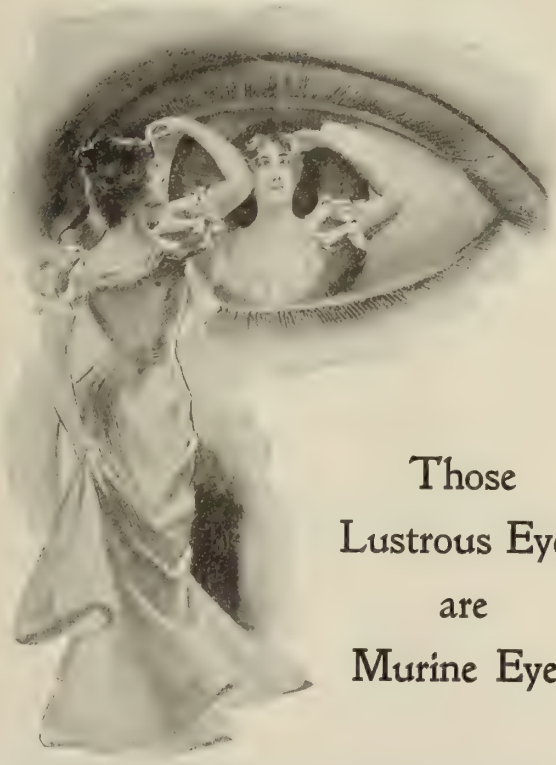
CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after October 21st trains for Byron Hot Springs will leave San Francisco—at 8 a. m., 10 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. The 10 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. trains carry through Pullman cars. No change of cars at Martinez.

October and November are the pleasantest months of the entire year.

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Automobile Topics

With quite a bit of interest have local automobilists watched the progress of the motor cars in the great Eastern Endurance and Reliability run. Up to date nothing definite has been heard regarding the official report of the great competition. Two telegrams, one to the White Sewing Machine Company and the other to the National Automobile Company, have given the enthusiasts some knowledge of the possible winners. The one directed to the White company, dated October seventeenth, at Cleveland, Ohio, reads: "The White Touring Cars made best average performance of any make in New York, Cleveland and Pittsburg endurance contest, also best record English Reliability Trials. Details impossible until official report of contest out."

From the Knox Automobile Company, dated October sixteenth, Springfield, Mass.: "Model C. Car arrived in Pittsburg two o'clock yesterday. Roads almost impassable."

From the Pope Motor Car Company, dated October sixteenth, Toledo, Ohio: "Toledo car arrived Pittsburg leading all of the thirty-four contestants, having lost but eight points or eight minutes since leaving New York. Nearest competitor about seventy-five points behind. Others to hear from. This remarkabble rec-five points behind. Others to hear from. This remarkable rec-of the world."

Evidently the rush for automobiles will continue all through the winter season in the East. The factories are running at full capacity and are still behind. Especially is this so with the Olds Motor Works, which is very much behind. The Pioneer Automobile Company here reports sixteen on their waiting list for Oldsmobiles

Dr. F. H. Bangs of San Jose has just returned from a tour through Humboldt county in his Stevens-Duryea and reports a very pleasant trip.

It was reported last week, in one of the Stockton papers, that Mr. W. J. Hansel of Stockton was arrested for fast driving in his Stevens-Duryea and that he was going at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. This report is not credited by the Pioneer Automobile Company, the Pacific coast agents for the machine.

Mr. H. L. Ricks, an enthusiastic owner of a "White" touring car, was in San Francisco last Sunday. He intends to return for the races. Mr. Ricks is a resident of Eureka and reports some long trips through the Humboldt redwoods in his car.

Mr. David Scouler is one of the latest purchasers of "White" touring cars. He is a resident of New Zealand and expects to take his car to that place.

Mr. M. German, who with his wife journeyed all the way from San Diego to this city in a Knox automobile, will return in his horseless carriage.

The National Automobile Company will be right in line for the November race meeting. They will have several speedy rigs in which to compete.

Miss Bertha M. Dolbeer made a trip last week in her Packard through the northern counties. The ride was a very successful one.

On Sunday, October eighteenth, Cuyler Lee and D. O. MacNabb made a trip from the Hotel Del Monte to Twelfth and Broadway, Oakland, in five hours and thirty-eight minutes.

Walter Grothe, H. O. Ryus and Frank A. Garbutt will all race in "White" automobiles in next month's race meet. Word was received the other day from Garbutt that he would be on hand.

—*The Chauffeur.*

International Banking Corporation

Special attention is directed to the advertising columns, wherein appears the full particulars of the International Banking Corporation, setting forth its large capital, its numerous and important branches and its powerful and influential directors.

This will be of special interest at this particular time, when our American bankers from all over the United States are with us.

The International Banking Corporation is the chief American bank authorized to do business outside of the United States. The bank is already doing a large and profitable business in China and the Philippine Islands, where it is the designated fiscal agent of the United States government, and is doing splendid work in advancing the interests of American commerce abroad.



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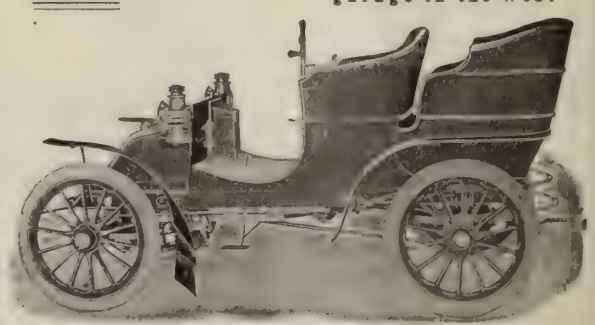
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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

A Talented Girl

Carrie Sheuerman, Hugo Mansfeldt's young pupil, proved a surprise of the right kind. The young girl—she is not fifteen—showed that she is not only possessed of power and technique, but of what is more vital—temperament and imagination. Her program was divided between two modern masters, Grieg and Tschaikowsky, and at least half of her selections were new to a San Francisco audience. Grieg may be termed a painter in music, indeed it has been said that a trip through his music is like a tour through Norway. It requires some poetry of soul to interpret his sudden changes of mood and bold and daring harmonies. The right atmosphere was not lacking from Miss Sheuerman's readings. I enjoyed all her Grieg numbers, but admired most perhaps the Holberg Suite, of whose difficulties she made light work. The Tschaikowsky numbers occupied the second part of the program. In these the young girl was equally at home. The Nocturne (op. 30 No. 1) was ear-caressing in its tenderness. Miss Sheuerman expresses a preference for the Russian composer, whose Oriental color she seems to comprehend instinctively. It is a platitude that musical genius and talent ripen early, otherwise it would be incredible that so young a girl could achieve such breadth and maturity of expression. Miss Sheuerman is the embodiment of physical health and vitality, and it is to be hoped that she will continue to advance in the career which she has so auspiciously begun.

Schlott Plays at the Hopkins

Never has a finer program been given at a Hopkins musicale than that on Wednesday evening, when the members of the Bankers' Association who are holding their convention this week were the guests of honor. Henry Heyman had increased his orchestra for the occasion and it was heard in the Mary Frances Searles gallery in a program comprising selections by Wagner, Ole Bull (a melody harmonized for strings only by Svendsen), Gounod, Strauss, Gilmore, Ponchielli, Bizet, Schubert, Titl and Hauschild. The Titl number was a serenade with horn solo and flute obligato. Ernst Schlott rendered the horn solo, and it was a marvelous thing, and worth going many miles to hear. Schlott is one of the great horn players of the world, yet he elects to remain in San Francisco and fill a modest position in a theatrical orchestra, because he likes the place and the people here suit him. He could win fame abroad if he wished. His appearance at this Hopkins musicale was an artistic treat. While the orchestra concertized in the Searles gallery, in the "House" gallery there was another program rendered, the participants being the Knickerbocker male quartet, Homer Henley, Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, Mrs. Lena Carroll Nicholson and Otto Fleissner, organist and accompanist. Tonight, which sees the close of the Photographic Salon, there will be a musicale in which will appear Miss Annabelle Levy, soprano, Miss Josephine Parker, violinist, Miss Mabel Hill, accompanist for Miss Parker, Hubert Clyde Linscott, tenor, and Otto Fleissner, organist.

Music in Oakland

Two hundred and fifty of the best vocalists in Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley have formed an organization and have been rehearsing in the auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association for the past six weeks, and are planning to give two concerts in the Macdonough theatre Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, November tenth and eleventh. The object of these concerts is to provide special funds to be devoted to the furnishings of the new auditorium contemplated in the new building of the Association at the corner of Fourteenth and Jefferson streets. The rehearsals which are taking place from week to week would indicate that the chorus will be the best ever gathered on the coast. The singers read at sight and their voices have been well trained. It is seldom that trained voices are willing to do work of this kind but the object has brought such an organization together and those who will hear them will appreciate their work. All the singers are giving their time and this includes the leaders, Messrs. Crandall, Hughes, Dow and Stewart. The latter gentlemen have been present at every rehearsal and have done much to arouse enthusiasm among the members of the chorus. An orchestra of thirty-five pieces will accompany the chorus and will also give several selections. The orchestra will be the best that can be secured around the bay and every effort is being made to secure a special soloist for each evening.

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Art Association Concert in Berkeley

Hearst hall, Berkeley, was crowded on Wednesday evening, when the first of the Art Association series of concerts was given under the direction of C. Ernest Edwards. The program was generously encored by the audience, which manifested great interest throughout the evening. Those taking part were Mr. Edward W. Tillson, pianist, Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, soprano, Mrs. Grace Carroll Elliott, contralto, and Mr. Hother Wismer, violinist. Mr. Wismer's playing of Sinding's Presto and Adagio movements was exceptionally fine and received vigorous applause. Mr. Tillson, who is a recent arrival from New York, did all the accompanying of the evening and rendered two solos. Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue, op. 35 No. 1, was excellently played, showing clean-cut execution and understanding. The audience became quite enthusiastic over this number. Mrs. Northrup's group of songs contained a new composition, "Each Hour You Are Away," which was dedicated to her by the composer, John W. Metcalf. It is not yet published and was rendered from the manuscript, but promises to prove a catchy number when offered in the music stores. Mrs. Northrup is a soprano whose work is marked by steady improvement. Mrs. Elliott's singing of the "Fairy Love Song" by Willeby was particularly pleasing; an English song was substituted for Hartmann's "Schwanenlied" which was programmed.

Adelina Patti will arrive in America direct from Craig-I-Nos in November and begin her tour at the New Maryland theatre in Baltimore. She brings forty people, all artists of high standing. Manager Friedlander will shortly announce the particulars of the concerts to be given in this city. Those who heard her in the old days are recounting stories of her early appearances. Among those her London debut was perhaps the most momentous. At that time Mapleson was manager of Her Majesty's, one of the two grand opera houses of London. He positively refused to have anything to do with a girl who had nothing but an American reputation behind her. Gye, the manager of Covent Garden, promised to give her one appearance and to decide afterwards what she should be paid. Adelina made her first appearance as Amina in "La Somnambula." So well did she please the staid old Londoners that Gye was glad to retain her, and it was in this way that Covent Garden became her London home for so long.

On Tuesday evening a recital was given in the Alameda Unitarian church by piano pupils of Miss Elizabeth Westgate and violin pupils of Alexander T. Stewart, assisted by Miss Eugenia Burbank, soprano, pupil of E. D. Crandall, and by Messrs. Margaret Davis, Aimee Davies, Winifred Warner and Ruth Bruce, accompanists. The program was an interesting one, and the participants were Isabel Meyer, Clay N. Burrell, Fern Frost, Mary Van Orden, Gertrude Hibberd, Mina Clarke, Fannie Lawton, Sydney Miller, Marion Speddy, Mary Sherwood, Ethel Amann, Helen Sutphen, Winnie Bruce, Grace Marshall, Lillie Chrestoffersen, Isabel Seal, Harriet Huggins, Cornelia Loring, Charles H. Blank, Vere Hunter, Ray Rugg, Edwin Duval, Fred Seifert, M. Lytjen and John Poston.

Music in Alameda has received considerable impetus through the good work done by the musical critic of *Tidings*, which is the organ of Alameda's clubwomen. All the musical events in San Francisco, Oakland and Alameda are recorded in *Tidings*.

The sixth operatic costume recital of Professor Joseph Greven's pupils will take place in Native Sons' hall on November sixth. Mrs. Lenore Greven recently sang at a concert given by Salesian Council, Y. M. I., and made a great hit in Arditi's "Il Bacio" and the "Ernani" aria. —*The Music Critic.*

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Office Chief of Police. It gives me much pleasure to recommend to the public, Mr. George Mayerle, of San Francisco. I have been using glasses for the past four years, and during that time have consulted several opticians, but not until I had consulted Mr George Mayerle and had him fit glasses to my eyes did I get entire satisfaction. Respectfully, J. H. ANDERSON, Sergeant of Police.

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Other People's Ideas

From "The Little Minister," by J. M. Barrie:

The praise that comes of love does not make us vain, but humble rather.

"Can a man like a woman against his will?" Gavin blurted out. "Of course he can," said the Egyptian, speaking as one who knew. "That is the very nicest way to be liked."

We should be slower to think that the man at his worst is the real man, and certain that the better we are ourselves the less likely is he to be at his worst in our company. Every time he talks away his character before us he is signifying contempt for ours.

I never see a respectable man not smoking, sir, but I feel indignant with him for such sheer waste of time.—*Dr. McQueen.*

Oh, if I were a man I would wish to be everything I am not, and nothing that I am. I would scorn to be a liar, I would choose to be open in all things, I would try to fight the world honestly. But I am only a woman, and so—" (*Babbie*).

Love, it is said, is blind, but love is not blind. It is an extra eye, which shows us what is most worthy of regard. To see the best is to see most clearly, and it is the lover's privilege.

No man can stand long on nothing,—he must think out a religion or accept a theology.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

From Lorrimer's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant":

With most men duty means something unpleasant which the other fellow ought to do. As a matter of fact a man's first duty is to mind his own business. It's been my experience that it takes about all the thought and work one man can give to run one man right, and if a fellow's putting in five or six hours a day on his neighbor's character he's mighty apt to scamp the building of his own.

It isn't enough to be all right in this world; you've got to look all right as well, because two-thirds of success is making people think you are all right. So you have to be governed by general rules, even if you are an exception.

If there's anything worse than knowing too little it's knowing too much. Education will broaden a narrow mind, but there's no cure for big head. The best you can hope for is that it will swell up and bust—and then, of course, there's nothing left. Poverty never spoils a good man but prosperity often does. It's easy to stand hard times because that's the only thing you can do, but in good times the fool-killer has to do night work. —*The Gleaner.*

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

A. GRANUCCI, Plaintiff
vs.
A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of PIERRE LANGARON, Deceased, Eleanora O. Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee), Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleonora O. Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, Deceased,) John Doe, Richard Roe, James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto, Defendants

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of Pierre Langaron (deceased), Eleanora O Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee) Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleanora O Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, deceased) John Doe, Richard Roe James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in this complaint.

That the property involved in and affected by said action is described as follows, to wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, commencing at a point where the Northerly line of Union street intersects the Easterly line of Dupont street; thence running Easterly along said line of Union street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one-half (4½) inches thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-three (23) feet to the said Easterly line of Dupont street, and thence Southerly and along said line of Dupont street Thirty four (34) feet and four and one half (4½) inches to the point of commencement.

That the object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of the above entitled Court adjudging and determining that the above named defendants and all other persons claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the plaintiff's complaint adverse to plaintiff's ownership or any cloud upon plaintiff's title thereto have not, and that none of them has any estate, right, title, lien or interest whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof, and that the title of plaintiff is good and valid, and that said defendants and all of said persons unknown as aforesaid be forever enjoined and debarred from asserting any claim whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof adverse to the plaintiff, and for such other, further and additional relief as to the Court may seem meet and proper in the premises, and for costs of suit.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1903. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A DEANE, Deputy Clerk

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87243

ALFRED H. COATES, Plaintiff, vs. EMMA C. COATES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

EMMA C. COATES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of this action and upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff as appears from the complaint on file herein to which special reference is hereby made: also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT P. WHEELAN, Attorney for Plaintiff
222 Sansome St. Sixth Floor, Room 2.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. POWER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary E. Power, Administratrix of the Estate of William J. Power deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix Mary E. Power at the office of J. J. Lermen, Attorney-at-Law, Rooms 908-911 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal., the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY E. POWER, Administratrix of the Estate of WILLIAM J. POWER, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, October 3, 1903
J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Administratrix

NOTICES TO CREDITORS

Estate of Bridget Ann Loughery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward Loughry, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Ann Lougnery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at Room 498 Parrott Building, No. 825-855 Market Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EDWARD LOUGHRY, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Ann Loughery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 3, 1903. JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for said administrator, Parrott Bldg.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of LAWRENCE FELVEY, Deceased

CATHERINE FELVEY, administratrix of the estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased, having filed her petition herein praying for an order to sell real estate of said decedent for purposes therein set forth,

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Superior Court, on Wednesday, the 4th day of November, 1903, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day at Court room of said Superior Court at the City Hall in said City and County to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, at either private sale or public auction as shall be necessary and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, October 5, 1903 J. V. COFFEY, Judge.

JOSEPH E. O'DONNELL, Attorney for Administratrix
460-461-462 Parrott Building

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87209.

ADELAIDE C. SHADE, Plaintiff vs. WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 4th day of September, A. D., 1903.
ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

MILTON S HAMILTON, Attorney for Plaintiff
Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. —. No. 86531.

CLIFFORD E. LINTON, Plaintiff vs. ADDIE LINTON, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

ADDIE LINTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 14th day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff



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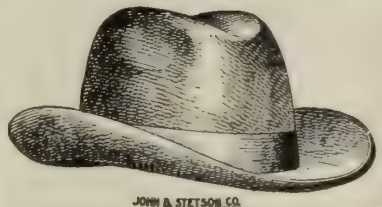
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TOWN TALK

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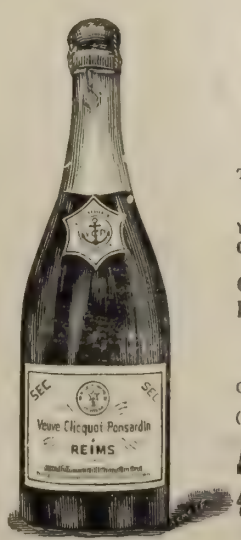
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Pro Honore

Where got you that rose, my daughter Annie;
Where got you that rose, tell me?
"In a garden it grew,
With thyme and with rue,
And my lover he gave it to serve his plea,
My lover so bold and free."

Where got you that look in your face, Annie,
In your face so white of blee?
"I hastened and ran
A league and a span,
From a ghost who followed close, close upon me,—
A most fearsome ghost to see."

Where got you that blood on your hands, Annie;
Where got you that stain grisly?
"My love offered wrong,
He was stour and strong,—
But I stabbed him thrice for mine honour and thee,
I stabbed him to death, woe's me!"

C. W. Doyle.

Some Risque Witticisms

The editors of the *Pelican*, a comic paper published at the University of California, have succeeded in shocking the co-eds of the institution. Indeed, they have startled the faculty by the boldness of their humor, and there is talk of appointing a censor, for some of the jokes in a recent issue are considered decidedly risque. That they are a trifle spicy there is no doubt, but then the *Pelican* is not a religious publication. The paper has the approval of President Wheeler, who says that it contains material superior to much that appears in the San Francisco newspapers. He explains that as it is a humorous magazine it should not be taken seriously. Here is one of the jokes that is susceptible of more than one interpretation:

"This is your beginning," she sighed, breathing with difficulty.
"Big inning," he said, and raised the remaining arm to turn the feeble gas jet.

Quite an innocent witticism, perhaps, but not if you analyze it. Scarcely the sort of intellectual diet that should be served to young co-eds.

Here is another, the author of which is probably in training for a job on one of the risque Parisian magazines:

The Professor—Willum, what is a virgin forest?
Bill (with no hesitation)—One what's never been axed.

These are in a milder vein:

"Doctor, what degree will I get if I group on child study?"
Doctor—MA, I suppose.

"I have hooked thee a ring,"
Said the cannibal king,
And the maiden all blushing replied:
"Oh, Bill, what a shame
Now 'tis summer again
Surplus clothing I must lay aside."

There was once a sculptor called Phidias
Whose statues were perfectly hideous
'Till he made Aphrodite
Without any nightie,
And we had to take something to stiddy us.

Charles H. Parker, a graduate student and leading member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity, is the editor, and the managerial board consists of Arthur L. Pierce, Will T. Hale, John Geary, Walter de Leon, Rudolph Langworthy, Jack Levy, Rube Goldberg and Mark Daniels.

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Our Next Mayor

TOWN TALK

San Francisco, October 31, 1903

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING CO.

THEODORE F. BONNET - - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - - - Manager

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded. We cannot undertake to preserve or return manuscripts.

Lane's Conspicuous Unfitness

The Lane boomers of newspaperdom are opposed to the election of Henry J. Crocker to the office of Mayor, because he has had no opportunity to perfect himself in the science of municipal government. They have sought to prejudice people against him by misrepresentation, slander and ingenious prevarication, but their only serious and well-founded objection to him is that he has never been a tax-eater and that consequently his education has been neglected. It is this very unsophistication of Mr. Crocker that should commend him to the favorable consideration of intelligent voters. There is nothing cryptic about the science of municipal government. It is not founded upon abstruse principles. It involves no study of complex technicalities, and it presents no complicated problems to befuddle the man of ordinary intelligence. The best Mayors that San Francisco had were raw recruits from the ranks of private citizenship, untainted by the slime that clings to those who wallow in the mephitic pool of politics. Mr. James D. Phelan was one of them. During his first term he rendered brilliant service to the people, but after two years he became an accomplished politician and a demoralized public servant. In two years the apostle of reform was metamorphosed into an exponent of dexterous perfidy. Mr. Franklin K. Lane was a shining light in the political school of which James D. Phelan was the founder, a school in which has been avowed pernicious principles that were without the disguise of a palliating sophism, and that were assumed as the fundamental axioms of all political science. Mr. Franklin K. Lane is unquestionably an experienced tax-eater, but with all his experience in job-chasing and job-holding it does not appear that he derived any intellectual benefit therefrom. Experience, like education, is wasted on those who lack ability. Mr. Lane has a talent for stump-speaking, but he has given no evidence of other attainments. If he were a capable man in his profession he would not be continually chasing small political jobs. Capable lawyers achieve things in their professional capacity before entering the political arena. Mr. Lane has had no experience in his profession except through his political associations. As City Attorney he has had plenty of opportunity to practice his profession, but realizing his shortcomings he depended entirely on his office staff except in the Spring Valley Water case. He persuaded the Supervisors to appropriate twenty-five thousand dollars for special counsel in that case, and now he is very indignant because it was intimated that he would pocket some of that fee. A statement to that effect by A. P. Van Duzer was stigmatized by Lane as a lie. It is easy to denounce people as liars. It is usual for crooks to denounce their accusers as such. *Town Talk* knows nothing about the Van Duzer charge, but we do know that if Mr. Lane were an honest and conscientious official he would not have sanctioned the appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars of the people's money to pay for work which it is his duty to perform. Moreover we do know that there are many lawyers in this city who would be quite willing to split up the fee with him. Indeed there are few who, if employed under the circumstances, would not feel that they were indebted to Mr. Lane. However, in view of Mr. Lane's record as City Attorney, it is perhaps fortunate that special counsel has been provided for in the Spring Valley water case. His record in that office has been one series of blunders. The most costly of them was the one which invalidated the bond issue, about which Mr. Lane has had nothing to say since the beginning of this campaign. Indeed Mr. Lane has cautiously refrained from discussing his official acts. He has not even sought to explain why the suit for the removal of the Mission tracks has been permitted to drag along for three years without the slightest effort at prosecution on the part of the city's legal department. The *Examiner* and *Bulletin* profess to be much concerned over the Mission tracks, and they fear that if Mr. Crocker be elected those tracks will not be removed. What assurance have they that, as Mayor, Mr. Lane would be more aggressive in his attitude towards the railroad company than he has been as City Attorney? They know that in the suit against the railroad he has been guilty of negligence so gross that it is unparalleled in the history of litigation in this city. Do they believe that his apathy in that matter is merely the result of a constitutional weakness? Is it to be accounted for as an oversight, or as the result of sublimated ignorance, as in the School Department case in which Mr. Lane astounded the Supreme Court by his failure to file a bond on appeal? Mr. Lane has done a great deal of talking in this campaign but he has touched on none of these matters of vital interest. He prefers to deal in glittering generalities about the peril of the city government, and his eminent fitness as a savior of the people's rights. The conceit of the man is both astonishing and disgusting. That he has not yet been jeered off a platform is amazing. Fancy a candidate for Mayor uttering such rot as this, and not being guyed off the stage: "If you want protection to your fair ones and your little ones, your schools and your homes, I appeal to you to vote for me." Could anything more eloquently proclaim the mountebank? Mr. Lane's habit of concentrating his thoughts upon himself is probably affecting his brain. It looks like a case of self-contemplation superinducing paresis. And yet we are told by his newspaper touts that he is mentally sound, and well balanced. We happen to know, however, that they don't mean what they say. Both the *Bulletin* and *Examiner* have proclaimed Lane an incompetent. That was before they deemed it expedient to support him in this campaign. That was their honest judgment of him. It would be discourteous to speculate as to their reasons for changing their views.

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER
DENTIST—Phelan Bldg., Rooms 6, 8, 10, 48. 806 Market St. Phone John 3841

The Fight Against Crocker

In view of Mr. Lane's official record it were not uncharitable to assume him to be incompetent. And at the same time Mr. Crocker should be felicitated on not having a public record. He is known merely as a private citizen who has been engaged in various activities, and who has quite frequently demonstrated that he was possessed of civic pride. He has always taken a little interest in politics, as becomes a good citizen, and he has always been identified with an element in his party that was striving for good government. He was never engaged in proclaiming his virtues or his capacity from the stump, and nobody ever heard of his seeking nomination for office. Yet he was sought by the leaders of the Republican party and prevailed upon to become a candidate for Mayor. Surely he must be a man of parts. Public office is not thrust upon men who are lacking in intelligence and force of character. So far his newspaper opponents have not been able to rake up any very serious charges against him, though they have shown an inclination in this campaign to go as far as the Health Department will permit. Their main objection is that he isn't a political hack of the Lane type. The *Examiner* objects to him because of his genial nature. That highly moral journal blushed at the sight of Mr. Crocker handing a man a glass of beer. The *Bulletin* affects the fear that he has entered into entangling alliances with certain predatory politicians. The *Bulletin* had no such fear two years ago when it was backing Asa R. Wells, the choice of the same people, and incidentally the protege of Martin Kelly. But as the campaign draws to a close the *Examiner* and *Bulletin* are becoming desperate. So glaring and preposterous has been their exhibition of hypocrisy and inconsistency throughout the campaign that the prospect of their candidate's coming in third in the race is decidedly alarming. After the fight they have put up the defeat of Lane will be a hard blow, and perhaps when they come to think it over it will occur to them that their methods were not conducive to the best interests of their candidate.

Why He Should Be Chosen

Town Talk espoused the cause of Mr. Crocker in this campaign because we believe that the Chief Executive of this city should be a man of courage and independence, imbued with a desire to conduct the city government in the interest of the people, and in a manner calculated to reflect credit on himself and the community. Mr. Schmitz has proved himself unworthy of public confidence, and Mr. Lane has a past by which the presumption is warranted that he would be the tool of a man no better than Abe Ruef, and that like Phelan he would devote most of his time to perfecting a political machine for his own aggrandizement. With three such men as Crocker, Lane and Schmitz in the field it should not be difficult for a conscientious voter to make his choice. Mr. Crocker is not a scheming politician; he is not the tool of any man in this community, and his sole purpose in becoming a candidate for Mayor is to lend a hand in the development of this city, and to merit the approval of his fellow-citizens. Those are worthy objects to inspire any man, and the people of this city should be eager to encourage its public spirited men who, like Mr. Crocker, have time to devote to high civic duties, and who have no selfish motives to actuate them in the discharge thereof.

Grover's Boom

Though Grover Cleveland does not enjoy the admiration or the confidence of the leaders of the Democratic party, and though it is pretty well understood that his sympathies are with the great financial interests of the country, there is undoubtedly a warm and general public interest in the only living ex-President of the United States. He may stand no chance of being nominated by the Democratic party next year, but he must be reckoned with as a Presidential possibility. The politicians despise him, but there are many sane and intelligent people who regard him as the greatest living American. There are many honest and sincere Democrats who denounced him as a traitor, and there are others who praise him as a man devoted to principle and as an intense patriot. At present he appears to be more beloved by Republicans than by Democrats, though he continues to argue in favor of tariff revision. He was in Chicago last week, and he aroused great enthusiasm. According to the *Inter-Ocean*, every third man by whom he was greeted expressed the hope of having an opportunity to vote for him again. The Hon. Carter Harrison is reported to have decided to have a sore throat as long as Mr. Cleveland was in Chicago. The *Home and Farm*, an influential Springfield paper, took a ballot on the question "Who shall be the Democratic candidate for President?" Mr. Cleveland received twelve hundred and eighty-three votes more than Bryan, Johnson, Hearst and Hill combined. Yet if you follow the *Examiner* closely these days you will be likely to get the impression that the only Democrat who is being mentioned as a Presidential possibility is William R. Hearst.

The Hearst Boom

Undoubtedly Mr. Hearst is a factor in national politics, and unquestionably labor sentiment throughout the country is with him. His most earnest supporters are the labor papers in all the great cities, and the other papers ignore him because they desire to create the impression that he is not seriously considered. Under the circumstances it behooves Mr. Hearst to give his boom publicity in his own papers, and at the same time to refrain from discussing the prospects of the other ambitious patriots. With three big metropolitan papers boosting him he cannot be entirely overlooked; and in view of the conspiracy of all the other influential papers to kill him off by not mentioning him, why shouldn't he work his own presses and linotypes to the greater glory of himself? He knows the value of newspaperiety and it cannot be denied him. Even though nothing ever comes of his boom he will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he occasioned some alarm among the big financial interests, and that he had the backing of a powerful element in the industrial world. Mr. Hearst is a newspaperman first, and a politician incidentally, and his political activity will at least emphasize his importance in the field of journalism. Perhaps after all that is the main purpose of his boom. If so, whatever happens, he cannot lose. So he need not worry himself. Booming himself for President is a pleasant diversion, and it helps his business,

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while at the same time there is always the possibility ahead of his receiving the nomination. At present Mr. Cleveland is his only formidable rival, but the followers of Bryan still call the Princeton sage a traitor and will have none of him. It remains to be seen whether the followers of the Nebraskan control the convention. Meanwhile, Mr. Cleveland's utterances are read with great interest by the American people, and Mr. Cleveland is being favorably considered in the South, and the South is not without influence in the Democratic councils.

Funston's Recommendation

A few weeks ago General MacArthur reported to the War Department that there had been a great many desertions from the army during the preceding year. His figures startled the officials of the War Department, and provoked speculation as to the causes. Nobody appeared to attach much importance to the circumstance that Uncle Sam's fighting men are required to work for meagre wages. But now comes General Funston with the recommendation that the wages of all enlisted men and non-commissioned officers be raised, and probably in view of the alarming number of desertions his suggestions will be heeded. We do a great deal of boasting about the superior intelligence of our army, and about our brave and manly soldiers, but apparently we do not consider them of much value. The average free-born American citizen would feel that he had been humiliated were he to accept the wages of a soldier, and the man who becomes a soldier in this country in times of peace is regarded with contempt by many people. If General Funston's suggestions were adopted there would be some incentive to men to enter upon a military career. And then the army would not be recruited mostly from the ranks of despondents, or be filled with men devoid of ambition, or merely intent on keeping body and soul together until a more congenial occupation presented itself. It is not enough to know that we treat our soldiers a little better than the soldiers of foreign countries are treated. We should treat them as men and inspire them with self-respect.

The Protest Against Capital Punishment

The sickly sentimentalists are mourning over the "judicial murder" of three brothers executed in New York for the assassination of their uncle. The young scamps are referred to as "boys" and "lads," and one would suppose, from the tenor of some of the newspaper articles, that they were mere children whose prank had a more serious ending than they contemplated. The "lads" were grown men, the eldest twenty-seven and the youngest over twenty-one, and they, with a cousin who saved his neck by turning State's evidence, set out from their home and drove several miles with the deliberate intention of murdering the old man and robbing the house. They had been desperadoes for years, and their neighbors drew a breath of relief when they were finally rendered incapable of doing further harm. There is all the usual silly talk of want of proper bringing up, emancipation from parental control, and all the stock phrases which make up the sermons in such cases are heard, but there is no escape from the plain, indisputable fact that the culprits were of the criminal temperament. If they had been imprisoned instead of electrocuted, in the course of a few years they would have been liberated to resume their lawless operations. Eventually they would each have committed other crimes, and in all likelihood some of them would have adorned the limb of a tree or a convenient telegraph pole when endurance had reached its limit. It was a question of sooner or later. Was it better to have the "judicial murder" committed by the proper officials, decently and in order, or to have a mob collected, a jail stormed, and in all probability better lives sacrificed? With all the delays, technicalities and precautions invoked to save the necks of desperadoes from the noose in these days, there is precious little room left for doubt of deserts when occasionally some criminal meets his doom. If these three Van Wormers had not grown up with contempt for the authority of the law fostered by their experience and observation of the ease with which punishment is evaded, they might have stopped short in their career. To have let them off with a reprimand would have been to offer a premium to others to follow their example. In London, where crime is followed by punishment close upon the heels of its commitment, there is an average of two murders a year. In the United States, where everything is made as easy as possible to those who can pay for it, we have upward of ten thousand murders every year, and long before the cases come to trial all but those immediately interested have forgotten all about them, despite the diligence of yellow journalism in spreading all the facts, real, alleged or surmised, before a gaping public. Only last week a man died in the Oakland jail after waiting eighteen years for a trial. Instead of making any hue and cry over the electrocution of the Van Wormer "boys," the press of the country should unite to laud the New York authorities for a good thing well done.

Life's Mirage

Within my bruised heart the night of life
Let down the sombre curtain of the past
  Dull-leaded with despair:
Within the gray and ambient gloom
  Sat sullen sorrow:
The blackest hour had come when, lo, a light
Illumined all the barren, arid waste
  And Hope stood trembling there.
I dared not trust; I dared not lift my head;
In awe, I whispered, "What art thou?"
  .....She said
"I am the everlasting dawn
  Of life's tomorrow."

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What's the Use?

BY HARRY COWELL

Nothing was ever worth doing except the impossible, and that, since science has learned how to do it every day, no longer has any charm. To do nothing is nowadays the only thing worth doing well. No one does that. To be a nobody is to be somebody. What's the use of sinning? Every one sins. No man, except one who is willing to do as all the world does, will take the trouble to commit adultery. What the devil the Devil's been up to lately is more than I can make out. Talk of original sin. I haven't heard of an original sin for ages. What a benefactor of good society would he be who should invent a new naughtiness! The Devil has disappeared from modern life, and the loss is irreparable. The times are tame because of unbelief.

Does any reader—of the fair sex or of the foul—wish to be distinguished? Alas, it is all too easy. Don't write a book; have a temperament other than the artistic; remain faithful to your wife or husband; believe in God. Once upon a time a woman might have endangered her soul for your sake; now she can't; she hasn't any. Once for one sweet hour of heaven on earth with you, she could have dared an eternity of hell. Nevermore can fear of everlasting fire give flavor to love. The day is degenerate. Romance is dead. Science alone survives. What is now the use of making unlawful love? There is no hell.

Would-be Don Juans labor under the delusion that French dinners *a deux* are good for the digestion and bad for the morals and therefore altogether delectable. On more than one tomorrow they wake up to the discovery that, although the dinner lies heavy on the stomach, the—well, the after-dinner does not lie heavy on the conscience; and for the life of them they cannot pleasure themselves with the proud sense of having sinned. What's the good of French dinners *a deux?* Your choice sinner never descends to deeds. Action, as Amiel has it, is vulgarized imagination.

Duty I aforetime thought the most detestable word in the English language. When the thing came in at my door, I flung open my window and delight went out thereat, and I would gladly have gone with it but for an æsthetic distaste for such a death. Now that no one does it, I can at least bring myself to speak the wretch's name.

Many years ago a friend of mine, in a spirit of finest self-sacrifice, married a woman of exquisite beauty, and made a green-eyed monster of himself, in the hope that I might find a dare-devil joy in kissing her. He thought he had done a rare thing and a romantic. I refrained from kissing her and thought I had done a rare thing and a romantic. Finally each made confession to the other. Now he knows, as I do, that for a husband to find joy in kissing his own wife is a rarer thing and much more romantic. He (my friend) and she (the woman of exquisite beauty) are to this day every whit as happy together as they could possibly be were he the husband of another woman and she the wife of another man.

Long since—I was very young then—I adored a woman. Adonis himself, as it seems to me—yes, I was very young—would have been altogether unworthy of her. Imagine my disenchantment when, after one short winter day's wooing, she accepted—me! Man's vanity invented woman's virtue. Men are often accused of thinking more of women while they are being wooed than after they have been won. Well, is not the average man amply justified in thinking less of a woman because of the mere fact that she is willing to marry *him?*

What's the use of wooing at all? It is impossibly commonplace. Youth fancies that this thing that has befallen it is new and strange and of a beauty until now unknown—the eighth wonder of the world; or at least flatters itself that it can add to love's language; but age knows that fully ninety-nine per cent of its love-making is merely imitation; that its quick words are but quotations from dead poets; that living lovers, or lovers that have long been dust, are singing or have sung the self-same rapturous songs, are saying or have said the same sweet nothings.

What's the use? Over the sun, back of the beyond, may be something new, but here under the sun—nothing! However original soever the life of a man may be, most of it (so says Science) is of necessity imitation. To repeat—of what earthly use is that?

But if science disenchants us, it is upon science that we must fall back for reinspiration. No two leaves are alike, no two lovers. Not only is it true that of all the myriad men that are or ever have been, no two have made love after exactly the same manner, but it is also true that no man can kiss twice the same woman. While he says "I love you," the infinite flow of things has altered the speaking subject, "I," has given a new meaning to the matchless predicate, "love," has caused a change to come upon "you," the beloved object. Today repeats no yesterday that ever was; no tomorrow that ever may be can repeat today. You from whom I parted, saying, "Till we meet again," I never more shall see. Change, that daily, hourly, perpetual death, will have made you other and me other. Shall the new you love the new me more or less than the old you loved the old me? A strange question, truly, sad and strange and unanswerable.

In so changeful a world as is this, a world where nothing is and everything was or is to be, by what miracle of miracles does love last fifty years or even the life of a moon? I know not. I know nothing, not even that I know nothing; but I feel the earth (*terra firma,* forsooth) spinning through insufferable space and fall to wondering if the solar system knows its way about; and—but what's the use?

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Casey Discusses the Democracy

"Do you ramimber, Clancy, phwat Frankling Kay said in his faymis letter to th' Dimmacratic convenshin?"

"Divvle a wur-rd iv it do I ramimber," was the reply.

"Well, I'll refresh your mim'ry," said Casey. "'Fr'rinds an' fellow Dimmacrats,' he said, 'I know,' he said, 'I'm th' logical candidate f'r May'r iv this, my gr-reat city,' he said. 'I know th' people need me,' he said. 'I know,' he said, 'that you know,' he said, 'that th' hand iv Providinse,' he said, 'p'ints to me,' he said, 'an' that a shtill, small voice,' he said, 'cries out, "Lane's the man,"' he said. 'I'm proud,' he said, 'to know,' he said 'that I'm the keeper iv th' people's conshinse,' he said, 'an' that unless I'm illected,' he said, 'th' Divine wrath,' he said, 'will be turned against this gr-reat methroplis,' he said."

"Did no one throw a brick at him?" asked Clancy.

"He wasn't there," said Casey. "It was his letter they were readin'. An' continuin', he said, 'But gintlemin, I'll not run,' he said, 'unless,' he said, 'I receive th' nominashin fr'm th' united Dimmacratic party,' he said. 'The party,' he said, 'must unite on me,' he said, 'or surrind'r to th' Raypublicans,' he said."

"An' they did unite," said Clancy.

"Long enough to intice him out iv his hole," said Casey. "They gave him th' united nominashin an' now they're givin' him th' double-cross."

"Ar-re you f'r him, Casey?"

"Yis, like some more iv them, but I defy any man to look over me sholed'r whin I'm shtampin' me ballot."

"Hasn't he bin known as an honest man?"

"I shouldn't wondher; he's bin known as ivrything fr'm an Apeeaye to a Roman Catholic, almost. But I see th' only thing he's thrue to is timprinse. He preached th' cause iv Spring Valley an' vinegar bitters years ago, an' I see fr'm th' pa-apers that he took a smash at Hinry Crocker th' other night f'r drinkin' beer with th' boys down in the twenty-eighth district. I think he thinks he's runnin' on th' Probishin ticket. He surely can't be ixpectin' a united Dimmacratic vote. If he was he couldn't be makin' a roar about people drinkin' one iv th' beveridges that makes a poor Irishman feel like a rich Jew. He talks as though he ixpects th' votes iv th' Women's Christian Teetotelers' Union."

"Do you think there's a chanst iv him bein' illectid?" asked Clancy.

"Well, I dinnaw," said Casey. "It's never safe to bet on th' Dimmacratic party when it's united as it is in this campaign. Th' number iv Dimmacrats that are wearin' Lane buttons on th' lapels iv their coats, Schmitz buttons on their vests an' Crocker buttons on their suspinders is to my way iv thinkin, just a bit ominis. I'm afraid that there's a prejudice here against a man fr'm Canada. I dinnaw why; it may be on account iv th' recent row over th' Alaskin boundry queschin, an' again it may be on account iv th' number iv Orangemen that shneak over th' border to become American citizens. Far be it fr'm me to disparidge Frankling Kay on account iv his Canadeyin past, but, Clancy—(whisper)—they do say that there's as many Orangemen in Canada as iver dessicated th' soil iv Ireland. However, Clancy, I know my juty as a Dimmacrat. I'm wearin' a Lane button on th' lapel iv me coat, an' I've kept me coat buttoned iver since th' openin' iv this campaign."

"Tell me, Casey, do you sispect him iv bein' an Orangeman?"

"Clancy, I niver expose me suspishins about a man's caricht'r. It's all right to suspishin him f'r your own protecshin if you misthrust him, but you may do him an injustice if you talk about him. All that I know about Lane is that he's from Canada, which in itself is no crime; that when he came to this country he settled in Oakland, which in itself is a suspishis circumstance but not primey fashie evidense, an' furthermore when he calls f'r vinegar bitters an' it isn't on hand he goes to th' orange bitters, a habit that he appears to be unable to shake off. But whatever be his affiliashins, Clancy, you can do him no har-rum by withholding your vote. In one iv his speeches th' other night he said that he could make more money in his profeshin than he could holdin' a job. If that's so, why not let him make an honest livin'?"

"Do you believe him, Casey?"

"I niver shtop to consider whether a man is tellin' th' thruth when his uthrance enables me to act towards him conshinshusly, just as me feelin's were promptin' me to act."

Cut-Glass

"Are you going to join one of the euchre clubs this winter?" asked Mrs. Pacific Avenue.

"No," returned Miss Army, "to me an afternoon card club resolves itself into a roomful of women fighting for a piece of glass." —*The Eavesdropper.*

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The Saunterer

The Sprague Case

Archbishop Riordan failed to win his suit in behalf of the orphans against Mrs. Richard Sprague (*nee* Wallace), but the members of the Wallace family have no cause for rejoicing over the result of the trial. Notwithstanding the fact that Ryland B. Wallace, son of Judge William T. Wallace, swore upon the witness stand that the contract upon which the suit was based was executed by him without authority from his client, the jury failed to reach a conclusion. Consequently there must be another trial, and Ryland B. Wallace must again take the witness stand and make a very humiliating spectacle of himself. From the revelations made in this case it appears that the germs of queer moral twists flourish in the Wallace blood. While the onus of whatever is discreditable is on Ryland B. Wallace, an attorney of mature judgment and experience, it appears that he was forced into his embarrassing position by his wealthy sister who would rather have her brother confess that he was guilty of what savors of a breach of the ethics of his profession, than separate herself from a small fraction of her fortune. It also appears that William T. Wallace, an ex-Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, sanctioned the humiliation of his son, and stood by while the latter feebly sought to justify his conduct in the presence of a jury. The best that he could hope for was a verdict of the jury finding that through the unfortunate conduct of his son his daughter was enriched to the extent of twenty-five thousand dollars, but he was denied even the pleasure of that victorious climax.

That Fountain Agreement

It may seem harsh to parade the unusual and extraordinary features of this case, but when people of great wealth and high social standing see fit to balk the efforts of a clergyman in behalf of public charities by invoking legal technicalities based on the questionable conduct of one of their number, I think that sound public policy demands widespread publicity. The history of the case is somewhat complicated. J. Mervyn Donahue was a rich man whose dissipations led to domestic infelicity. His wife forced him to a financial settlement by which she secured a valuable piece of property. Shortly before his death he executed a will bequeathing a large portion of his property to charity. His widow opposed the distribution to charity on the ground that the estate was community property and that therefore he had no right to make the large charitable bequests. Archbishop Riordan, representing the Catholic Charities, agreed, through his attorneys, to consider two-thirds of the estate community property, and to scale down the bequests proportionately. The representatives of other charities declined to enter into this agreement and a contest followed. Meanwhile a question arose regarding a bequest of twenty-five thousand dollars for the erection of a fountain in memory of deceased's father. There was talk of this being a preferred claim, in the nature of a provision for a monument which should come out of the entire estate. If this view were accepted it would be charged against the charities as well as the community property, and therefore it was to the widow's interest that it should be determined to be an ordinary bequest to charity. Ryland B. Wallace, the attorney for and brother of the widow, acting, it was understood, under a power-of-attorney, entered into a written agreement with Archbishop Riordan's attorney to the effect that whatever the decision of the court upon distribution, the fountain bequest should not be charged against the Catholic charities which had agreed to make no contest.

Wallace's Silence

The attorney for the Archbishop went so far as to acquiesce in all that was contended for by Wallace in court, believing of course, that the interests of the orphans were protected under the two agreements. Judge Angelotti decided that the community property was less than two-thirds of the estate. In view of this decision the Catholic charities received twenty-one thousand dollars less than they would have received had the agreement regarding the community property not been made. Incidentally he decreed that the fountain bequest should be included among the legacies to charity, and therefore not be charged against the community property. If it were not for the fountain agreement the Archbishop's attorneys would have appealed from that portion of the decision relating to the fountain bequest, but they relied on the agreement and took no action, never suspecting that Mrs. Sprague would repudiate her brother's action. They allowed her to take her share of the estate, believing that the twenty-five thousand dollars would be forthcoming on demand. But it wasn't. Ryland Wallace offered no explanation, and the time in which to appeal had lapsed. Finally suit was begun, and still the Archbishop could obtain no explanation of Mrs. Sprague's refusal to pay. It was not until Ryland Wallace went on the stand in Judge Morrow's court and swore that he had no authority to make the agreement, his power-of-attorney having been revoked, that Mrs. Sprague's defense was revealed.

Some Remarkable Testimony

The cross-examination of Ryland Wallace is worth reading. He swore that he knew he had no authority to execute the agreement, and he admitted that at no time did he ever intimate to the Archbishop or his attorneys that the agreement was a fraud. By way of palliation of his conduct he said he expected to obtain his sister's approval. Later on, when she failed to ratify the agreement, he remained silent because he believed there would be a compromise. He understood that Archbishop Riordan had a prejudice against litigation, and that he would never sue anybody, and therefore he felt that the transaction would never be exposed. He related also that he signed the agreement to please George R. B. Hayes, who was the attorney for the Archbishop at that time, and he quoted Hayes as saying that it would never amount to anything. Hayes is dead. In justice to Ryland B. Wallace it should be said that there is serious doubt of his having committed a fraud notwithstanding his own positiveness on the subject. Garret McEnerney, the attorney for the Archbishop, is equally

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positive that Wallace is guiltless so far as his professional conduct relates to the agreement. McEnerney is sure that, notwithstanding the date of the agreement, it was not delivered until several months later, when the power-of-attorney was again in force. He has certain correspondence which corroborates his version of the matter, and he testified that Wallace was wrong so far as the date of the transaction was concerned. But Mrs. Sprague did not rely altogether on her brother's testimony as to his deception. She contended that the agreement was void because it was made without consideration. The other side contends that the community agreement was the consideration. By that agreement the Catholic charities lost twenty-one thousand dollars, and they will be out twenty-five thousand more if they fail to win the suit which on its first trial ended in a disagreement of the jury. Taking a charitable view of the case, Ryland Wallace was led into a predicament through a misapprehension regarding the loyalty of his sister. Of course it would be absurd to speculate as to the view of the case taken by the jurors who heard all the facts, but the attorney for Mrs. Sprague did not rely on the facts. He took occasion to inject a little religion into his argument, which never fails to have effect.

Back From the Old World

Few globe-trotters have such opportunities for insighht into the affairs of the Old World as were enjoyed by John S. Drum, the well-known young attorney of the Tevis estate, who has just returned from a trip through Europe. He spent seven months abroad, and during that period he did not content himself with viewing historical relics, contemplating the surviving grandeurs of the centuries agone, or listening to the stereotyped yarns of voluble guides. Wherever history was being made Drum was there. He was in the House of Lords on the third reading of the Irish Land bill, and he heard the distinguished Duke of Devonshire talk. He says that the Duke is no polished orator, but that he talks straight to the point, and gives the impression that he is a practical man bubbling over with sound sense. Drum was in Belgrade two days after the assassination of the King and Queen, and he found that there was not the slightest bit of excitement. Business was progressing as if nothing unusual had happened, and people discussed the crime, when questioned, just as though it were an incident of trivial importance. He visited Rome, and attended one of Pope Leo's closing receptions. It was about two months before Leo's death and he was then very feeble. His attendants sought to persuade him to discontinue the receptions, but he said that he had no other excitement, and as he had heard that there were many German pilgrims who came a great distance to visit them he insisted upon seeing them. Mr. Drum was among the pilgrims. He says that it was like a death-bed reception, the aged pontiff being in a reclining position in a chair, surrounded by his attendants, and among them was his physician. Notwithstanding his weak condition he spoke a few words to each visitor.

He Saw the Sultan

Mr. Drum was in Naples at the time of King Edward's visit. The two Crown Princes of Germany and Queen Amelia of Portugal were also there. Later on he visited the dominions of the Sultan, and had a good look at the Turkish potentate. The Sultan visits a mosque just outside the walls of the city every Friday, a custom which he inaugurated because the death of a predecessor was concealed for a long time from his subjects. He says that the people may see him every Friday and that if he doesn't visit the mosque they will know he is dead. He makes the trip in a ceremonious fashion, and it is made the occasion for a procession of troops and also of the ladies of the harem, who are in closed carriages, alongside of which walk tall young eunuchs. Among other interesting things that Mr. Drum learned was that the Sultan's harem is about two miles distant from his palace. It is on the shores of the Bosporous, but it is connected with the palace by a pathway enclosed by walls sixteen feet high. The Sultan doesn't visit his harem but when he wishes to commune with one of his two hundred wives he sends a courier for her. There are many of them who haven't had a chat with the old chap for many a moon, and they are very lonesome. Occasionally all the ladies of the harem are given an airing on the Bosporous, and that is about the only excitement they have. On such occasions they become very gay, and try very hard to get up a flirtation.

A Poet's Neglected Grave

An occasional correspondent writes me, from Paris, that pilgrimages are now being made to the grave of that unfortunate genius, Oscar Wilde. He also says that there is talk of exhuming his dust and conveying it to England for reinterment. The reaction has set in, and cultured people are now eager to pay tribute to the memory of the poor, degenerate poet who died in exile, dishonored and disgraced. He lies far out from Paris in a distant suburb, a place called Bagneux. It is a neglected graveyard, covering an immense stretch of territory, a place where lie the bourgeois of the Parisian suburbs. The grave is covered with weeds, marked by a simple gravestone, bearing his name and age and a verse from Job. Interest has also been awakened of late in the Hotel d'Alsace in the Rue des Beaux-Arts, where the poet died in misery and while suffering intense pain. It has been learned that during the last months of his life he did hack work for people who published it as their own. The landlord of the hotel was Wilde's benefactor. Although he put him out of the house for non-payment of his room-rent, he afterwards met him in the street, and learning that he was without shelter, persuaded him to return to his old quarters. He also went to another hotel where Wilde's trunk was held and settled his bill amounting to twenty-five dollars. He is treasuring the receipted bill as a souvenir.

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The Phantom Burglar

Alice Hager is suspected of an ambition to elevate the stage, and all because of that press-agent story about her search for a burglar with a pistol in one hand, a candle in the other and a determined look in both eyes. The rumor is that she contemplated starring herself in a melodrama entitled, "The Female Hawkshaw, or the Burglar That Never Came," but I am authoritatively informed that there is nothing in the story. The suspicion regarding her histrionic aspirations was no doubt due to the fact that the newspaper accounts of her courageous search for a burglar bore all the familiar traces of the press agent's yarn. It is usual for a society woman with histrionic aspirations to hire a press agent, but Miss Hager disclaims a yearning for the footlights. She won't even admit that she has a press agent, but it is hard to believe that any genuine newspaper man wrote those ridiculous stories. The one in the *Bulletin* was especially press agenty, since it contained this statement: "She has an enviable golf record, so it did not occur to her to sit still and scream." Thus was the fact that Miss Hager is a corker on the links dragged into the story. Of course an enviable golf record is not a prophylactic against the screaming habit, and no young woman should be deluded into the notion that by acquiring skill in the game she may overcome the inclination to yell when she sees a mouse or persuades herself that a desperado is under the bed.

"His wife doesn't speak to him when he's drunk."
"And I've been wondering why he stayed on such long jags."

Rulofson's Legacy

The decision of the Supreme Court of California in the case of A. C. Rulofson's inheritance of four hundred thousand dollars from an eccentric sea captain was not final, as many who read the romantic story suppose, for it merely referred the case back to the lower court for a rehearing. Along the lines of the Supreme Court's ruling the case would appear to be decidedly in Rulofson's favor, and his friends are joining with him in the hope that a final judgment will soon be made granting him the award of his guardian of early days.

The Unconventional Mrs. Savage

Since the death of Colonel Richard Henry Savage in New York a great deal has been written about him, but I have seen very little on the subject of his wife, who is a unique personality. Mrs. Savage is a remarkably handsome woman. She is of German birth, but her first husband being a Russian she preferred to be called "La Belle Russe." She was a noted lobbyist, and she handled some very important measures for the Russian government. She was instrumental in securing the acceptance of the bid of the American Fur Company for sealing privileges in Alaska, and I have heard that she received ten thousand dollars from Lloyd Tevis and D. O. Mills for her services. During her residence in this city she was noted for her indifference to the conventions. On one occasion she stimulated gossip by presiding at the floral booth of a church fair in an extremely decollete ball gown. In the days when General McDowell was the host at Black Point it was related that Mrs. Savage attended a reception there without an invitation. However she approached the hostess with outstretched hand, saying, "I have not the pleasure, Madame, but—." She was interrupted by Mrs. McDowell who told her that she had made a mistake; that it was some other reception to which she had been invited.

Much less was written of Colonel Savage's death than one would have expected, remembering the sensation his novel, "My Official Wife," made at the time of its publication. The success of that work, by the way, was largely due to the clever editing of Archie Gunter, who cut out all the non-essential chapters and retained only the dramatic features. In its play form it was presented in this city by Minnie Seligman and her then husband, Bob Cutting, the latter appearing as the titled Russian. Colonel Savage was the son of Savage, the iron man, whose death shortly preceded that of the author, and he was a brother of Lincoln Savage, the attorney. Though at one time Colonel Savage had plenty of money, he died poor and in debt, I am told.

"I see that Miss Passebelle left by the transport for Manila this week."
"Yes, she thought it her last chance for a husband."

Is Going East to be Married

Lee Burgess Raymond will leave next Tuesday for Conneant, Ohio, where he is to renounce his bachelorhood. The bride-elect is Miss Marion Watson, whose people are of Conneant's inner circle. Mr. Raymond is a nephew of Dr. O. O. Burgess, the pioneer physician of San Francisco. He is an enthusiast over baseball and lacrosse, and is an athletic young fellow. He will return shortly with his bride, after enjoying a honeymoon trip in the South.

A Broken Trothplight

Word comes to me that the engagement of Emmett Sullivan, Frank Sullivan's brother, with a noble Italian lady has been broken. Emmett Sullivan, it will be remembered, was educated abroad and though he returned here and stayed two years, he did not care to remain. He went abroad again and has remained there ever since, passing most of his time near Brussels, where he moves in the highest society. The old home of the Sullivans in Oak street, by the way, is at present closed up.



The Liars of the Press

To lie with impunity appears to be the privilege of the up-to-date daily newspaper. There was a time when character was believed to be essential to success in journalism, but that theory has long since been abandoned. High ethical principles no longer enter into the methods of the enterprising modern daily. It is deemed consistent with professional ethics to bolster up a bad cause by judicious prevarication. Witness for instance the conduct of the local dailies in the present campaign. All of them appear to be acting upon the presumption that the exigencies of a spirited political contest release them from the obligation of truthfulness. Much of their lying is quite palpable. Many of their narratives appear to have been construed without an effort at verisimilitude. But occasionally there is a deftness in their lying which renders their yarns somewhat plausible, but on the whole it is of a character that indicates a very low estimate of the intelligence of their readers. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the story published by one of the dailies to the effect that William F. Herrin had issued orders through ex-Secretary of State Brown to desert Crocker and get behind Schmitz. Brown was referred to as a Herrin lieutenant though it is well known in political circles that Brown is a disgruntled Republican who was long ago repudiated by the Republican leaders, and who has been behind the Ruef band-wagon ever since the opening of the campaign. Of course the purpose of the story was to create the impression that Crocker was growing weak and to secure for Lane the vote of all conservative people who are intent upon defeating Schmitz.

Lane's Misrepresentation

It may be urged in extenuation of the misrepresentation of the dailies that they are frequently given erroneous information, but the prevarication of Franklin K. Lane cannot be accounted for upon any such hypothesis. When Mr. Lane announces from the platform that during his term of office no money has been spent in the employment of special counsel to attend to the city's litigation, he is not laboring under any misapprehension. His purpose is to glorify himself, and he does not hesitate to trifle with the truth. It was during Mr. Lane's term of office that special counsel was retained by the Civil Service Commissioners to test the question raised by the employes of the County Clerk's office when they denied that they were subject to civil service regulations.

The Inquisitive Wag

The wag in the gallery contributes to the gayety of many an assemblage, and he is usually alert in campaign times. He amused himself at the expense of General Salomon, one night recently, at a Republican meeting. The General has a fine war record and he has not neglected to hint at it since his nomination for District Attorney. In the opening of the campaign he related that about the time his opponent was struggling to get into the world he (Salomon) was having a horse shot under him at Gettysburg. Later on he increased the number to five horses, and at one meeting a voice in the gallery asked:

"Were *you* shot, General?"

The General took no notice of the interruption. He was about to resume when a voice from another part of the gallery asked:

"Were you *half-shot,* General?"

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The Gaiety of the Campaign

The most amusing contributions to the literature of this campaign have come from those merchants who take themselves so seriously that they imagine the whole city is anxious to know how they are going to vote. Several of them have permitted themselves to be made ridiculouus by partisan newspapers intent upon influencing the "silent" vote. The inveigling of poor old Asa Wells into the gallery of contributors was positively cruel. The old gentleman is so sick that he hasn't been out of his hotel for months, and yet he was persuaded to express the conviction that Lane was leading the race. Of course he based his opinion in a measure upon what he had been reading in the newspapers, and with him the wish was largely father to the thought. He was beaten two years ago, and it would pain him to see a Republican win this time. So he was given an opportunity to publicly expose his soreness. Nearly all the other men who expressed the opinion that Lane was going to win were job-chasers of the old Phelan push, or men who had reasonable expectation of being appointed to some commissionership in the event of Lane's winning. The Lane organs have been strenuously seeking, during the week, to swing the doubtful voters, the men who want to beat Schmitz, over to the Democratic candidate, by misrepresenting matters regarding the strength of Crocker. The fear of the Republican leaders was that Lane wouldn't hold a sufficient number of his own party votes to insure the election of Crocker. That Lane is a bad third was generally admitted, even in the *Bulletin* office, where he was touted the most vociferously, and hence the screeching headlines born of desperation.

As to the "Graft"

For the first time in the history of a municipal campaign the people have ceased to take an interest in any contest save that of the Mayoralty. The Chief Executiveship of this city is now recognized as a big prize, and that is why there is such absorbing interest in the fight over it. It remained for Eugene Schmitz and Abe Ruef to awaken people to the importance of the Mayor's office. Heretofore it was considered important only because of the dignity attached to it, and the number of departments of the Government under the Mayor's direct control. But now people are thinking of the size of the "graft." The other day a prominent merchant of this city informed Treasurer Arthur Fisk of the Crocker campaign committee that he would be willing to put twenty thousand dollars into Mr. Crocker's fight on condition that he be promised a police commissionership. Of course he figured that the job would enable him to increase his business. But that is not where the "graft" comes in. There are over thirty-five hundred saloons in this city, and many saloon-keepers have found it expedient to retain an attorney during the Schmitz regime. Supposing only half of them deemed a regular attorney essential to their business, and supposing that he exacted only twenty dollars a month from each. How long would

"QUEEN OF CHIROMANTS"—N. Y. Herald, Paris Ed.
Livorno
PALMIST AND CRYSTAL GAZER
34 KEARNY ST. (Next to Maskey's)

it take for his fees to aggregate half a million dollars? How many saloon-keepers do you think Abe Ruef represented before the Police Commissioners in the past two years?

He Is Not "All Right"

Governor Pardee has come to the conclusion that he was handed a gold-brick when Tompkins was appointed Warden of San Quentin. He was consulted by the commissioners in reference to the appointment, and though he at first objected to Tompkins he was assured that the latter would be "all right," and he gave his consent. So the appointment was made, but the new Warden has proved "all wrong" so far as Pardee is concerned. The Governor has been given no share in the patronage of the prison. He hasn't influence enough with the Warden to secure the appointment of a guard.

The Bret Harte Jinks

One of the most successful jinks ever given by the Bohemian Club was that of last Saturday night—the Bret Harte Jinks—which is likely to result in a San Francisco monument to the famous author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp." A design for a monument has been submitted by "Bobby" Aitken and, contrary to general expectation, instead of being "The Luck of Roaring Camp" it is from "Tennessee's Pardner" and shows a miner mourning over a new-made grave. The Jinks was one of the most novel in the history of Bohemia and made even blase members sit up and take notice. Some of the disaffected members who come for a little while to scoff and then go over to the "Family" and knock the whole show were so interested that they remained to bray their approval. On the walls of the jinks room were cheap nudes such as one sees in country saloons, and the pictures were shrouded in mosquito netting. On the ceiling was that perforated tissue paper used to lure the unwary fly and keep him off the furnishings and all else was hidden by gunny-sacking. All about the room were odd signs with "S's" facing the wrong way and queer misspelling, such as:—

"No mixed drinks; you've got to take our whiskey strate."

"Gentlemen will pleas not spit on the floor. The banker is with us tonite."

At the head of the stairs, receiving each man as he came up, was Charlie Dickman, made up in black wig and huge black moustache as a Jewish proprietor of a faro game. He had diamonds as big as walnuts all over him and he wore a wonderful Prince Albert with bindings an inch wide, and a silk hat with a straight brim.

Some of the Features

The programs were fearful and wonderful things and the names under which well-known men masqueraded were clever in themselves. Sandy Stewart of Red Dog, Yuba Bill Irwin, Joaquin Miller, Lanky Field, Shorty Somers, Deadeye Dixon, Buster Bobby Aitken, Charley Stoddard of Massachusetts Bar, Sojer Soule, Comanche Shiels, Saintly Sabin of Blazing Star, Roaring Rickard, "Judge" Melvin, Wingdam Wendell—these were a few. The performance opened with a chorus, "The Owl and the Coyote," dedicated to Bret Harte. The words were by Charles S. Aiken, the clever young editor who has made such a success of the *Sunset* magazine, and who sired the Jinks. The music was by Theodore Vogt and the chorus was sung by eight men from Red Dog, Lusty Lamberton, Wingdam Wendell, Lanky Field, Grasshopper Bakewell, Saleratus Sis Hopkins, Ginger Pop Nielsen, "Judge" Melvin and Shorty Somers. All of these men were in picturesque costumes as miners, gamblers or tenderfeet. It should be said, too, that the front part of the Jinks Room was set with tables at which gamblers and miners sat and played and swore. Billy Smith was dressed as a Mexican senorita and his attendant was Gordon Ross, a cowboy. When someone insulted Billy, the cowboy promptly whipped out a gun and wiped the intruder off the earth. The killing was voted justifiable by the crowd and the corpse, represented by Bobby Aitken, was promptly hustled out without further ado.

Other Reminiscent Material

The swearing throughout the performance was beautiful and picturesque and the visiting bankers could scarcely have had a more moving picture of California pioneer life. After the Sire's opening remarks came a poem by Charles Warren Stoddard, "The Silent Singer." Joaquin Miller talked of Bret Harte, the Man, and H. A. Melvin made one of the hits of the evening by singing Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," set to some very clever music by W. J. McCoy. Frank Soule's paper was entitled "Recollections," and Ina Coolbrith's poem on Bret Harte was read by Frank Deering. Thomas Rickard sang Bret Harte's beautiful "Two Ships," set to music by Wallace Sabin and Will Irwin's paper, conceded the best of the evening, though he did not read it very distinctly, was entitled "Harte's Gift to California." Dr. Jack Shiels gave a recitation, "Dow's Flat," and Homer Henley sang "The Angelus," music by Dr. Stewart. After an intermission, during which there were two serious speeches by visitors, neither of them on the program, and the gourmets of the club had treated their startled stomachs to brown bread, pork and beans, two kinds of pie and beer (nothing else had been provided) there were part songs by the chorus, and then a scene, "His Answer to Her Letter," very cleverly worked up in stage business by Dick Hotaling as Truthful James, and Jo of Poverty Flat, who was Dr. Shiels. The chorus sang another song, "The Owl," words by Porter Garnett, music by McCoy, and then came the side-splitting Spanish Dance, with Billy Smith as Rag Gulch Rosie and the lissome Gordon Ross as Lofty Louis. "Rhythmical Rhapsodies and

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Pungent Prose" was the title of Charlie Field's clever paper and then there was a drinking song, "Crossing the Bar." The last tableau, "Dickens in Camp," was highly affecting and charming.

The Next Jinks

There is probably not a club in the world that can furnish such clever specialties in a literary and musical way as those that have made the Bohemian Club famous. For the next jinks they are talking of having a clever satire on "Everyman" to be called "Every Member." It is to be a record of the Progress of every member from the initiation fee to the manager's office, when he is hauled up for non-payment of dues, and will describe every member's trials and tribulations, especially his financial ones, with many witty take-offs on prominent members. The scenario is said to be side-splitting.

The Club Must Move

The Bohemian Club will be forced to move from its present quarters within the next few months. The lease of the building at Post street and Grant avenue will soon expire and the owner does not care to renew it as the income from an office building on that site would be much larger than the rental paid by the club. The members are in a quandary and although time flies no suitable building has yet been found. The Levi Strauss residence at Post and Leavenworth streets is for sale and has been considered. The house would either be entirely remodeled, or torn down and a new building erected. But the price of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars gives the directors pause. It would virtually mean paying a small fortune for the lot alone, considering the improvements necessary. Another objection is the location, which many of the members contend is too far up town.

The Pity of It

If the new world—particularly the western side of it—would only learn repose! At a smart little dinner the other night, two gracious daughters of the house were doing the honors, with a zest that betokened an honest fear that all things beyond the scenes were not propitious. Conversation waxed more brilliant as the intervals between courses lengthened. Anxious glances toward the head of the table were unavailing, for Mrs. Malaprop, during one of the breath-takings, addressed the nearest guest in audible confidence: "And to think I pay that Chinaman fifty dollars!" It takes the three proscribed generations to breed an indifference to the whimsies of the culinary department.

Ladies to Cater for Club Men

The gentle sex is invading all avenues of industry nowadays. Nobody ever thought that they would break into a gentleman's club, but they have. The cuisine of the University Club, which once attracted gourmets, has lately been the worst ever. Frank J. Symmes, the financier with the hypnotic eye, undertook to run the club on an economical basis, and after he had afflicted half the members with dyspepsia, the other half fled to the Pacific-Union. The cuisine was then pronounced impossible, and finally a demand was made for a change, and by way of experiment the Misses Friedlander were engaged to do the catering. The Friedlanders were once society girls whose father was as noted for his hospitality as they were for the clever satire in which they occasionally indulged. They are competent judges of a chef's art, and they know the sort of menu that tickles an epicure's palate. Hereafter the University Club will be well fed.

Glad Miss Dean Is Going Away

All the buds and belles are secretly rejoicing that Miss Helen Dean has determined to spend the winter abroad. They have been quaking in their little shoes for fear she wouldn't. Miss Dean is the most popular girl who has come out in many seasons, and when her engagement is announced more than one girl will say fervently, "Allah be praised." Miss Dean has an invincible combination of good looks, manner, family influence, cleverness and money. Most debutantes have at the most but three of these essentials to social success and they are easily eclipsed by such a young woman as Miss Dean. She was *persona gratissima* to the army and navy set, to which, by the way, a girl is seldom warmly welcomed unless she is rated well in Bradstreet's for it would be suicidal for an army or navy man to marry a poor girl. Alma McClung was an exception. Miss Dean was enthused over in both the army and navy, and Lieutenant Skipwith of the *Marblehead,* who was attentive to Lurline Spreckels for awhile, was later on the devoted cavalier of Miss Dean. But with that young woman in Europe the less attractive girls will have their chance to shine, and they are all hoping that she may marry abroad.

The Moan of the Debutantes

This season the debutantes are less numerous than last. At the De Young vaudeville last season reference was made to the debutante crisis. Mistress Mary, when watering her pots, had these lines sung to her:

"Oh, Mistress Mary, quite contrary, how is your garden now?
Silver bells and cockle shells, and debutantes all in a row?"

The debutantes say it wouldn't be so bad if they didn't have to compete against belles of several seasons, grass-widows and flirty young married women.

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Mrs. Darling's Epigram

When Mrs. John A. Darling announced the engagement of her daughter, Mrs. Louise de la Montagne, with C. E. Maud, the golf champion, no one was surprised. Mrs. Montagne is a Hastings, and there is a prejudice in the Hastings family against grass-widowhood. Mrs. Darling, the mother of Mrs. Montagne, has said that woman should be maid, wife or widow; that a divorcee has no status. When she married for the second time she said she felt that she owed it to mankind. "It wouldn't be fair," she said, "to go to my grave thinking marriage a failure without giving it a second trial." And she has been happy ever since, for the Darlings are devoted to each other. Mrs. Darling, by the way, approves of divorce as a remedy for evils that resist other curatives. When discussing the matter one day this brilliant woman dropped this epigram: "Divorce runs in our family, but there are worse things—locomotor ataxia, for instance."

The De La Montagnes

Mrs. de la Montagne's husband that was, Ernest de la Montagne, was once a great power on the turf. He was deeply interested in blooded horseflesh, and his only other passions were his wife and little son, to whom for a time he was devoted. It was when the wife was abroad that her husband began to be "whispered" in the New York smart set. De la Montagne's infatuation for the wife of a Philadelphia stock-broker became the talk of two cities, and as the whispers increased in volume they were megaphoned across the ocean. His wife, who has her mother's spirit and decision of character, promptly sent him an ultimatum which he did not heed, and she then notified him that he was no longer her husband.

Rose Hooper's Marriage

The buds won't have much to fear from the bachelor girls this winter, for there are few of the latter left to dispute the palm for belleship. Rose Hooper is the latest defection from the ranks of the bachelor maids. She was married early this week to Charles A. Plotner, in the East, and is expected to return to San Francisco soon and set up a menage of her own. Miss Hooper is a clever girl, not a beauty, but refined and sensible. She has a lot of business acumen, and accumulated quite a fat bank account by the sale of her miniatures. She is one of our best miniaturists. She is also a daring equestrienne and was at one time one of the star riders of the San Francisco Riding Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Blaney of San Jose have left for Chicago where they will spend the winter with the parents of Mrs. Blaney. Mrs. Blaney's father is millionaire Williams of the "windy" city. Next spring they will go abroad and spend some time in Egypt.

Recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were W. O. B. Macdonough, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kirkpatrick, Miss Olive Findley, Dr. James W. Keeney and his two boys, Mrs. W. S. Gage, Mrs. Alexander Boyd and Mrs. H. St Clair Boyd and T. S. Bergin.

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Smart Sunday School Children Will Appear

Society, the Episcopalian end of it, is interesting itself in the benefit for the P. E. Old Ladies' Home, which will take place on the thirteenth and fourteenth of November in Lyric hall. The affair is under the patronage of all the Episcopal churches. It is to be rather unique in scope, taking the form of "A Day and Night in a Toy Shop." The dolls will be impersonated by children from Trinity, Grace, St. Luke's and the other Episcopalian churches. Miss Jean Logan is drilling them in their songs and dances.

Premature Anticipation

Anent the felicitous denouement of a certain romance, there is a side on which the lime-light of public criticism has not been turned. It is a remarkable finish to a bit of the *comedie humain*, one unprecedented and omitted from the calculations of the fair matron in question. A young wife is receiving the congratulations of relatives and friends on the improved health of her liege-lord and master, while to her secret soul, and, possibly to the best friend, she confides her plaints of disappointment and chagrin. The gentleman concerned, none other than the lady's husband, on the nuptial eve gave promise of a speedy translation. Inwardly cherishing dreams of freedom, the bride gladly agreed to the trip across the pond, and while in the shadow of the Parisian Mecca, selected an entire wardrobe of sombre and fetching millinery. But alas for hopes of mortals! Lazarus-like, the groom, full of years and sanguine of the future, has risen from his bed, and gently but firmly reclaims his ante-widow from premature mourning. In the sacredness of the boudoir there is much bitterness, and the best friend whispers to the impassive bull-pup: "But you should see that crape!"

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Carolan and Harry Poett will be rather a large, smart house affair, although the invitations have not been general. It will occur on the seventeenth of November, at the home of the bride's parents.



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She's Pretty and Modish

At the Bruce-Stephenson wedding one of the prettiest frocks was worn by Miss Bessie Dunsmuir. Miss Dunsmuir, who is the daughter of the former Premier of British Columbia, the millionaire coal dealer, has been at the Palace a few days and has been much rushed by her friends. She visited San Francisco some years ago, so she has many acquaintances here. Miss Dunsmuir is a very pretty girl who has had the benefit of travel, which adds so much to one's conversational powers.

The Rustics Were There

The reception given to the visiting bankers by the local plutocrats at the Mark Hopkins house last week was a little indiscriminate, as those functions invariably are. Perhaps this indiscrimination was responsible for the *olla podrida* of dress exhibited. San Francisco usually distinguishes itself by doing the wrong thing in clothes. There were perhaps fifty women in the house in correct evening clothes; the rest were in anything from shirt waists to day-reception gowns with evening hats. By far the majority of the women had their heads covered. It was a crush but there was a good supper, and quite a number of society women assisted "behind the line." The motley garments did not matter much, though, for the Eastern nabobs were conspicuous by their absence. The only strangers present were the representatives of country banks who had a "perfectly lovely time."

Where Style Was Exhibited

This was not true of the reception given by the ladies of the Century Club to the prominent ladies the same week. All of the New York women attended that reception and the gowns were really beautiful, likewise the wraps. The Grill at the palace was interesting during the stay of the visitors. Many of the women dined nightly in the splendor of bare shoulders and full evening dress and the restaurant had all the gayety of an opera season. Even the employes of the hotel noticed the difference in appearance between these people and the Christian Endeavorers, the Epworth Leaguers, the Knights of Pythias and the Grand Army Vets who occasionally swarm down on the city. In spite of the moralists it would seem that the quest for the root of all evil improves the taste, the manners, the appearance and the dress—all honor to the Root.

Mrs. Baxter-Tevis's Aunt

Among the visiting bankers none made more friends than Mr. "Gus" Robertson, who is president of one of the banks of Nashhville, Tenn., and a very jovial and witty companion. The Nashville banker has his wife with him on the trip. They were married thirty-one years ago, and are still a charming pair of lovers. Mrs. Robertson is a typical Southern woman of the sweet, clinging type. She was a Miss Baxter, and is an aunt of Mrs. Cornelia Baxter-Tevis.

Exhibited Their Frocks

A novel feature of the ball given by the Daughters of the Confederacy was a society reporter of one of the dailies who was detailed to write a description of the gowns. Her work was most graciously facilitated, for the women subjected themselves to the deepest scrutiny, and were apparently delighted at the prospect of having their fine feathers described in a morning paper. They turned round for inspection, wheeling from right to left so that every good point of the costume could be seen, and not a few of them called attention to some of the trimmings. There was a woful lack of dancing men at the ball, and Jimmy Phelan helped out wonderfully.

A Kick from the Debutantes

The new dance-hall at the Palace does not meet with the approval of some of the debutantes because it has no gallery. It has been customary for the chaperons to retire to the dim recesses of the gallery where they dozed or played whist during the dances. When a girl knew that her duenna was nodding in a chair she felt free to indulge in a little mild flirtation, or if she desired, a "bonny hug." In the new hall there is no accommodation for the dragons except in the full glare of the ball-room. Consequently the members of the Fortnightlies will see more of Mrs. Salisbury this winter. Last season she was accustomed to seek seclusion, and to appear periodically to vociferously applaud a pretty figure. She is less active than Czar Greenway, who is always in evidence at his dances watching with the greatest interest the various intricate evolutions. He demands skilful execution in the cotillions. Unfortunately he is a little too heavy nowadays to give perfect satisfaction to a fair partner and they do say (whisper it not in Gath) that his sense of rhythm is not very keen. However the girls feel that it is quite an honor to dance with the social dictator.



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Has Miles Been Forgiven?

The presence of General Miles at the ball of the Sidney Johnston Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy occasioned a great deal of surprise. General Miles has been very bitterly execrated by Southern people for his conduct toward Jefferson Davis during the latter's imprisonment. He has been accused of having treated the President of the Confederacy in a most brutal manner, and though many of the old sores have been healed it is frequently asserted that General Miles was never forgiven by the people of the South. So strong is the feeling of the people in the Southern States that when General Miles's Presidentiai boom was on it was said that it would be suicidal for the Democratic party to select him for a standard-bearer. Evidently the ladies of Sidney Johnston Chapter do not share the prejudices of their sisters of the Solid South, or else they regarded General Miles as too big a lion to overlook on the occasion of their big function. It should be interesting to hear what the ladies of Jefferson Davis Chapter have to say on the subject.

His Tardy Reward

"Dick" Wainwright's promotion to a captaincy has come none too soon. As the commanding officer of the plucky little *Gloucester,* formerly Pierpont Morgan's yacht *Corsair,* Wainwright did work at the battle of Santiago which was so conspicuous for its gallantry, dash and skill, that in any other navy but ours he would have been advanced from his grade of lieutenant-commander to captain at once. Some other vessels have made feeble claims to having put the two Spanish destroyers *Pluton* and *Furor* out of that action, but there is little doubt that it was entirely the work of the *Gloucester,* which tackled them both single-handed, going straight for them as soon as they were sighted and not letting up until they were both sunk.

"Deacon" Bootes

Long-sparred Captain John T. Bootes, of the Marines, has just received an agreeable and novel assignment in Washington, where he has been placed in charge of a newly formed school for gunnery sergeants of his corps. The selection of Bootes for the detail was an excellent one, for he is a fine officer. He stands six feet four in his stocking feet, and is broad-shouldered and deep-chested in proportion, a typical grenadier. He is an Annapolis graduate, class of '85, but stood so low in his studies that the provisions of the silly Robeson bill caused his muster out, in 1887, with a year's sea pay, despite the fact that he was recognized as an admirable officer. He went into railroading after that, and did splendidly, but when war's alarums were sounded in 1898 he dropped his peaceful duties like a flash and hurried to the front. He was commissioned a lieutenant, junior grade, in the Navy, and served creditably throughout the war, after which he was again mustered out, but not for long. The new taste for the military life for which he was born impelled him to enter the reorganized Marine Corps as second lieutenant, and he has now rapidly advanced to his present grade of captain. There is no better soldier in the corps than "Deacon" Bootes, and his popularity with all his brother officers is great.

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To Improve the Naval Militia

I see that Commander W. J. Barnette, United States Navy, who is the officer detailed to represent the Navy Department in affairs pertaining to the naval militia of the various States, is considering the recommendation of some such governmental aid and supervision for the naval militia as the Dick bill provided for the National Guard. It is devoutly to be wished. If the Navy Department were enabled to take some cognizance and have some hand in the control of these bodies, there would not be such spectacles of comical inefficiency as the California naval militia now presents.

Cupid at Annapolis

A married midshipman is a rare bird in the United States Navy, but one—the only one in the service—has just been caught, Midshipman Newman K. Perry having been wedded this month at Stockbridge, Mass., with Miss Marie V. De R. Doane, of that pretty little New England town. There have been very few instances of young officers of such low rank entering the married state. Some twenty years ago, a "middy" was married within a fortnight after his graduation from the four-years academic course, during which marriage is forbidden by the regulations. In spite of this regulation, however, there was a case in 1881, when a cadet still at the Naval Academy married a pretty little girl from Baltimore, and all might have gone well had not the young husband been taken ill. Learning that her spouse was confined to the hospital, the bride cast discretion to the winds and hastened to his bedside, thus exposing the whole pretty romance. Of course, the youthful benedick's resignation followed as soon as he was able to leave the sick quarters. I believe he is now a business man in Baltimore.

Colonel David Porter Heap, of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, has been receiving congratulations upon the birth, in this city, some days ago, of his little daughter, who has been named Emma Ambert Heap. The Heaps are nearly as well known on the Pacific Coast as they are in Washington, D. C., where they form a part of the exclusive "Old Resident Set" of the capital city. Like many of the sons of those old Washington families, the Heap men have sought careers in the Army and Navy.

The wife of Colonel "Jack" Chamberlain, and Mrs. Castner, wife of Captain Castner, are going out to Manila on the transport that sails today. Mrs. Castner was formerly Ada White of this city. Miss Marie Voorhies is also leaving. Lieutenant Leahy, the fiancee of Miss Louise Harrington, has been ordered away for several months, and their wedding will consequently not take place before next spring.



I hear that Mrs. Kierstedt (Edith McBean) is greatly pleased at the prospect of living in Washington for a year. Dr. Kierstedt has been ordered there to study for twelve months. Mrs. McBean accompanied her daughter. Mrs. Kierstedt is not troubled by the usual financial deprivations of an officer's wife, for her parents are very generous to her.

The Official National Air

According to orders received on this coast from Washington, "The Star Spangled Banner" shall hereafter be regarded as the sole national air for flag-raising and all other purposes in the navy. For many years the navy has been treating "Hail Columbia" as a national air, just as a good many people on shore treat "America," the air of which was stolen from the British national anthem. Now that "The Star Spangled Banner" is the official national air of the navy it would be well for all hands to learn the words.

The fiancee of Lieutenant Mitchell of the *Albatross* is really a beautiful girl, though she is not one of those beauties who see their pictures in the society columns of the dailies on Sundays. Miss Mabel Quatman has more than the mere pulchritude of face and figure, for she is clever and sings charmingly. She is a sister of Al and George Quatman, the real estate men, and of Mrs. George Perkins of Oakland.

Miss Edythe Henderson, who was married to John F. Norton last week, once intended to seek fame in a stage career, but her family objected, so she remained in private life. She is an accomplished musician and can dance like a professional danseuse.

Colonel A. G. Hawes is in New York, after a short visit in Washington, D. C., where he met Ambrose Bierce and other ex-San Franciscans.

Mr. J. Kemp Bartlett, vice-president and counsel of the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of New York, is visiting San Francisco. Mr. Bartlett is from Baltimore and is being largely entertained during his stay here.

A Society Baritone

The Twentieth Century Club is very much interested in the debut of Willard Young, who will make his first appearance as a concert baritone on Wednesday evening at Miss Alexander's recital. Mr. Young's voice is said to be a remarkably fine one. He has sung in church choirs and I believe cherishes operatic ambition. He has relatives galore in society.

The Stork Did It

Mrs. William P. Morgan is rejoicing over the arrival of granddaughter who has quite reconciled her to the marriage of her son which, at first, she did not hail with much glee. The little girl is to bear the name of her august grandparent and has already been the recipient of her bounty, for Mrs. Morgan senior presented the entire layette. The young mother almost gave up her life for the little one and there was danger at one time that her death might ruin the joy of the Morgan-Davis nuptials, but that was happily averted and now every one is joyful.

The Confusion of Tongues

All society is wondering how a certain newly married pair will get along now that they are bound for better, for worse. Both of the parties to this recent marriage have high tempers and both have been spoiled, but it is said that during a rather long engagement they have quarreled so bitterly and made up so rapturously that they are quite used to the process, and their nearest and dearest are not anxious at all concerning the durability of their nuptials.

In the Audience

The opening Nordica concert was quite a fashionable affair, and many of the ladies in the audience wore handsome toilettes. Nordica herself wore her magnificent tourquoises in a tiara and a necklace. They are as large as quarters and set with diamonds. There were several small theatre parties but most people were in family groups. General Shafter constituted a group in himself, and wedged into an opera chair from which he did not dare attempt to extract himself during the performance. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. McKittrick. Mrs. Irvine was there with her two sons, James W. and Callaghan Byrne. "Jack" Parrott had two of his daughters with him, sweet girls who are to make their debut this winter. The Louis Parrotts and their daughter Marie Louise were also there. Mrs. Alexander Keyes looked well in white and pink. She wore a white tailor suit with pink blouse and hat. Dr. Harry Tevis had as guests the Harry Mendells.

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Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard had a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Will Tevis and Mr. Harry Stetson.

An Ill-Bred Audience

The audience that attended the opening performance of the Metropolitan orchestra at the Alhambra insisted on getting its money's worth. Its demands for more songs from Nordica went beyond the bounds of courtesy, but the great diva took pity on provincial musical lovers, and she showed no displeasure at the tax on her graciousness. But when the boors in the audience began to swarm out of the theatre before the performance was over, the members of the orchestra looked surprised and amused. From the expression on Nahan Franko's face I imagined that he reflected that it was what artists should expect when they wander far away from civilization.

Max Hirsch, who is directing the Duss-Nordica-Fisk-Franco tour, is paying his third visit to San Francisco. He was here twice with the Grau grand opera company, and is on speaking terms with most of our smart people and clubmen. Hirsch is a very distinguished looking man, with prematurely gray hair. He has had loads of experience with whimsical operatic stars, and when he came before the curtain Tuesday night to ask the audience's indulgence for a fifteen minutes' wait, one almost expected him to say," The star is indisposed."

"If you never met her, how did you know she was a bore?"
"I heard she was a novelist."

An Art Criticism

One of the finest collections of paintings ever exhibited by William Keith hangs at the present moment in Vickery's gallery. They are various, too, ranging from charming light clear things to fine dark forest oaks in Keith's best style, and to rich golden skies with flocks of sombre sheep in what Keith calls his "old master" manner. I was amused the other day to hear a parvenu discuss these pictures.

"Oh, I would not care to own one," said one *nouvelle riche* to another. "They are none of them real places. He makes up the pictures in his studio."

According to this criticism the reporter, who merely describes, is your true literary artist—the man who depends on his imagination for his contributions to literature is not to be ranked with the chronicler of current events.

Amedee Joullin has a beautiful picture on exhibition at the Bohemian Club. He will leave for Paris next month, to start studying again, for Joullin thinks one is never too old to learn something new.

San Francisco has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most critical and discerning cities in the United States and never has that reputation been more fully vindicated than in the instant appreciation of one of France's most famous champagnes, i. e., Ayala. For the merry and belated individual who treads the primrose path and who sometimes indulges not wisely but too well, the following morn has been bereft of all its terrors in the shape of remorseful headaches so often the aftermath of artificially sweetened champagnes. Of course as in other countries the stamp of approval has been set by the traveled and cultured classes of the Haut Ton.

Sandona Likes Honolulu

I hear that Matteo Sandona is very popular in Honolulu, where he is being made much of socially. As he is a handsome youth, with the dreamy eyes and dulcet speech of his people of Verona, it is quite natural that women should wish to lionize him. He has painted portraits of Prince and Princess David, Mrs. Sam Parker, Miss Campbell and of the baby Prince, and Dr. McGrew is now sitting for his picture. Princess David has issued invitations for a private exhibition of the Sandona portraits, to be given at her residence. The artist will remain in Honolulu indefinitely.

Among the Upper Thirteen

The chrysanthemum show last week in San Rafael was tactfully piloted to success by a little band of the elect headed by Mrs. Willie Babcock, and including the George Pages, the Pinckards, the George Davis Boyds, and the Truxtun Beales. Christine Pomeroy, who makes her debut today, went over as the guest of the Babcocks and added very materially to the funds of the Good Government Club, for the benefit of which the entertainment was given, by selling little boutonnieres and delivering with each a little hot air. Miss Pomeroy has a brilliant wit, an inheritance, by the way, from Pomeroy *pere's* side of the house. The budding geniuses of the village contributed to the gayety of the occasion. Wilberforce Williams and the Jones boys pieced out a mandolin sextet. Mr. Williams towers into the air some inches over six feet, and he handles the mandolin with more force than grace. He prides himself on being able to keep excellent time. It was not the entertainment, however, which attracted the throng. It had been announced that the oil and water of San Rafael society would mix and all the village turned out to witness the phenomenon. All they saw was a mere rubbing of elbows of the Improvement Club, which draws its membership from all classes irrespective of the rigid lines which the Upper Thirteen has drawn. Mrs. Babcock and her aides saw to it that the dignity of no Grande Dame was damaged.



Silas Palmer's Partner

Silas Palmer and Douglas McBryde are going to build a bungalow somewhere above Marysville, for the nature of their work as stone contractors requires their presence frequently in that section. Mrs. Palmer is already planning house parties, but only those who are agreeable guests under roughing-it conditions will be invited. Mr. McBryde and Mr. Palmer became great friends when the Palmers were in Honolulu on their wedding trip. The former has been here only a month, but intends to make this city his home. He will take apartments for himself and baby daughter, and is also talking of building at Menlo.

Moraghan-Knorp

The marriage of Miss Elsie L. Moraghan and Dr. Francis Frederick Knorp, on Wednesday, at three o'clock, in St. Mary's Cathedral, was very largely attended. The bride, who looked very charming in her white cloth costume with white picture hat, was attended by her sister, Miss Eugenie Moraghan, whose frock was of white crepe de chine trimmed with ermine. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. George Knorp. Rev. Father Coyle performed the ceremony, after which there was a reception at the home of the bride's parents. The bride is a daughter of the late W. B. Moraghan, one of our most successful business men. Dr. Knorp, though a young physician, has already won distinction in his profession. At present he occupies a chair in one of the medical colleges.

That San Jose Feud

The old feud between the Ruckers and the Lions, two of the most prominent families in San Jose, has again broken out. These two families have been rivals in business and in politics for years, and this rivalry has been the cause of many a sensational clash. The present trouble arose out of the resignation of George P. Snell from the management of the Hotel Vendome. Joseph H. Rucker, who is treasurer of the Vendome company, desires to succeed Snell, but the Lions, who are heavy stockholders in the company, object. Rucker declares that he is going to assume charge of affairs at the hotel until the directors choose a successor to Mr. Snell, claiming that to be his right as treasurer of the company. Both factions are determined and there may be some very warm times among the hotel directors before the controversy is ended, as both factions have a strong following in the board. At the last annual meeting of the stockholders the Lions opposed the re-election of Rucker as treasurer, and the fight became so bitter that a police officer was called in to preserve the peace.

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Madame Livorno, the world-famous palmist and crystal gazer, having decided to remain in San Francisco for the winter, has removed from the California hotel to centrally situated private apartments at 34 Kearny street, next to Maskey's, where she may be consulted daily on all affairs of Love, Business, Lawsuits, Changes, Journeys, Divorce, Marriage, Health, Social Matters, How to Rectify Mistakes, etc.

They Objected to the Bride

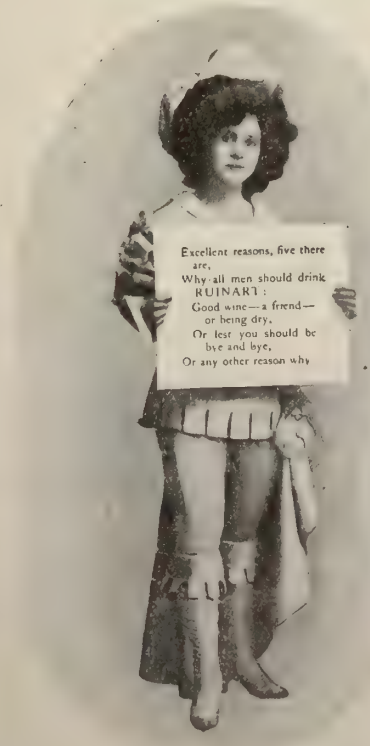
That the Hush brothers came to blows over the marriage of the older boy with Miss Talbott is not surprising to those who have known the way the family received the marriage. Mrs. Hush was prostrated for a week, I understand, and announced from the start that she would never see her son again unless he left his bride. The father dismissed his son from his office directly he heard of the marriage, but the young people have been getting on fairly well in their own way. I believe that one of the strongest objections to the marriage is that the bride is several years older than her husband.

Bowles and the Trust

The unexpected resignation, this week, of Rear-Admiral Francis T. Bowles, Chief Constructor of the United States Navy, was significant and startling. I cannot help associating it with the exposures in connection with the collapse of the United States Shipbuilding Company. Bowles was the youngest Admiral the United States ever had, and he was chief of his corps with the prospect before him of being paid even when old age should necessitate his retirement. And yet he has resigned. Unfortunately his resignation was sent in just as the scandal broke over the ship-building trust to which he was known to be friendly. Indeed I have seen official reports by Bowles, in which he made glowing claims for the properties concerned in the trust. To what extent his favor was connivance and to what extent due to misinformation, would be interesting to know.

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It Is Really On, Says Dame Rumor

A curious result of the premature announcement that Susie Blanding and Knox Maddox were engaged is that, according to rumor, it actually brought about the engagement of the young people. At the time of the announcement Miss Blanding was very much embarrassed, but not more so than Mr. Maddox, for no engagement existed. It is said that Blanding *pere* went into a conniption fit over the report. When all the blushes had subsided Mr. Maddox resumed his attentions. And now the gossips have it that there is a sure enough engagement.

A Coincidence, Perhaps

Burlingame—the refuge of the anglo-maniac—resembles of late the forlorn beauty of the "Deserted Village," and yet a certain dyed-in-the-wool young Britisher has been busy with the menu, and a list of last season's buds. The Club porch was the chosen field of entertainment, and many are wondering if Cupid was an uninvited guest, and if it was a mere coincidence, or a deep design, that placed the same maiden, on two different occasions, on the host's right hand. The damsel must possess her soul in patience, for the native born thinks twice before choosing him a wife, and sticks more religiously to the old precedent than the grafter does to his broad "A."

The Dingees are Going

The William J. Dingees are soon to leave town for a tour through Europe and expect to be away four or five years. This announcement will surprise many people, but not more so than the report that they are going to sell their superb mansion at the northeast corner of Franklin and Washington streets, upon the interior of which has been spent a fortune. There is perhaps no handsomer interior finish in any residence in this city. I know their home is to be sold for they have instructed their agents, A. J. Rich & Co., to dispose of it at private sale. The lot is one hundred and thirty feet on Washington by one hundred and seventy on Franklin.

No Use to Her

The practice is growing among our fashionables, and also among those who like to be comfortable and keep their servants, of having something very nearly akin to a servants' hall, such as they have in England, with sitting-room, bathroom, clothes' closets and and bedrooms for the help, distinct from the rest of the house. Most of the new houses have the quarters for domestics arranged in this way. The mistress of a certain San Francisco household, when engaging a new Scandinavian maid the other day, showed her the bathroom and said, in triumphant tones, "This is your bathroom—all for yourself."

The girl looked at her open-mouthed. "But," she expostulated, "I never wash in cold wedder."

In Financial Circles

The week's business in the Stock and Bond Exchange has once more been disappointing. Transactions aggregated $62,000 in bonds, and 2759 shares, divided into 1125 shares Gas and Electric, 317 shares San Francisco Company, 392 shares miscellaneous and 900 shares sugar stocks.

Gas Electric has been decidedly strong. The bidding for the stock has been guarded, but determined and higher prices are looked for. The bonds of the company will be issued shortly.

Mutual Electric has developed some strength. There appears to be somebody picking up all that is offered without creating any urgent demand. A former director of the Gas and Electric company is occasionally mentioned as being the purchaser, but this is mere conjecture.

California Wine Association sold down to 92 1-2 on rumors of a falling off of business which met with prompt denial. The price recovered to 94.

Sugar shares have been rather firm. The crop reports are highly flattering and dividends on most of them are now in the air.

The sensational expose in New York of the manipulation of several industrial enterprises has had no effect on the local market. The Eastern gambling fad is dying out in this city, and investors are returning to the local market, where there is no fleecing process to await them.

The Gas and Electric company will probably declare a two-dollar dividend in December, to be followed by a quarterly dividend of one and one-fourth per share. *The Financier.*

John J. Greif

The Republican candidate for County Clerk, did not seek the nomination. It was given to him at the solicitation of prominent members of the bar who urged that the office be placed in charge of a man whose record for integrity was such that there could be no doubt that he would perform his duties conscientiously and in the interest of the people. They had confidence in Greif because they had come in contact with him through repeated administrations.

Judge Bahrs

The fight that Judge Bahrs has been making for Assessor is of the whirlwind order, and judging from recent developments he has occasioned great alarm in the camp of his opponent. When on the bench Judge Bahrs incurred the displeasure of some of the big corporations by his decisions.



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Henry Lynch's Affection for His Men

A Big Heart His Leading Characteristic — Touching Story of His Tender Nature and Generous Impulses

(From the Evening Bulletin, October 21.)

Henry H. Lynch, the Republican candidate for Sheriff, is an interesting character. He came to California from Wisconsin when a boy of 16, and at first worked at the carpenter's trade. Later on he went into the planing-mill business and his hands still bear the scars of several encounters with the knives and saws of this establishment. About 1875 he entered the employ of General Thomas H. Williams, father of "Tom" Williams, the California Jockey Club magnate. General Williams set him to reclaiming his Sacramento river marshes, and while so engaged Lynch became an expert dredging engineer. After the death of Williams he went to Panama with the late H. B. Slaven and for two or three years carried on dredging operations under Panama canal contracts awarded by the De Lesseps Company.

On his return to this city, about 1884, Mr. Lynch, backed by Thomas Magee, W. H. Martin, John Ballard and others, obtained a franchise from the Board of Supervisors, under which he built the Powell-street cable railway system. Upon the completion of that road he became its superintendent and general manager. He continued in this position until the consolidation with the Market-street company's system; then he was appointed superintendent of construction of all the roads owned by that corporation—a position he has since filled and now fills under the United Railroads Company.

As chief engineer of the principal street-car system of San Francisco, Mr. Lynch has built all the extensions of the Market-street Company, including the San Mateo line, and has thus acquired a national reputation as a constructor of urban railways. For years he has been the largest employer of labor in San Francisco, and the fact that he is universally loved and respected by all his employes proves that he is a just, sympathetic and upright man.

During the strike on the Sutter-street car line many years ago he gave several of the strikers work on the Powell-street road. In fact, there are men employed on the Powell-street line today who were put there by Mr. Lynch during the strike. He has never had a dispute with his men about hours or wages. Having worked with his hands all his life, his heart and sympathies are invariably with the toilers.

Mr. Lynch's predominant characteristic is his sympathetic nature. As one of his admirers said the other day: "Henry Lynch has spent the greater portion of his time for twenty years hunting jobs for poor devils out of work. His heart is so big that I wonder he can carry it around. He has earned two or three fortunes and has given them away. He stakes his sick friends, hires doctors for them, takes care of their families, and when they recover provides them with work. A nobler, more sympathetic, more generous fellow don't live than Henry Lynch.

"I remember," this gentleman continued, "a single instance of his generosity which is only one of a thousand. While he was building the Powell-street road out near the Presidio one of his laborers fell by the wayside. This man had a large family. His name was Kelly and he lived somewhere down on Tar Flat. Lynch was busy those days and he did not miss Kelly from among his hundreds of employes until one windy, blustering afternoon in winter, when, covered with dirt, he was laying track on Jackson-street hills, a ragged little girl about six years old, weeping with cold, accosted him.

"The child was half-clad, blue and nearly frozen. She was Kelly's oldest girl. She had walked three miles in the driving wind to see Lynch. She told him, between chatters, that her papa was sick, and that her mother and brothers and sisters, having gone the limit at the grocery store and butcher shop, were getting perilously near starvation. For three days none of them had had a meal. What did Lynch say to her? Did he tell her to go away and not bother him, as most busy men situated as he was would have done? Not much. 'The devil!' said Lynch; 'this won't do.' He quit work, wrapped the child in his overcoat, got into his buggy and drove her home. He did this just as a matter of course and without thinking.

"The Kelly family had something to eat that night, you bet; a doctor was employed and the trouble was over. Lynch put Kelly back on the payroll and paid him his wages for eight weeks, though he didn't do a stroke of work the whole time. That little girl is a woman now and has children of her own. Maybe you think the whole family ain't out hunting for votes for Henry Lynch.

"Lynch has been doing this sort of thing all his life, and you can find hundreds of men all over San Francisco who will knock you down if you say a word against him. If he is elected Sheriff I predict that he will put in his time signing petitions for pardons for the miserable devils he is compelled to lock up and paying the rent of the poor families the courts order him to evict. He spends all his money that way now and he is too old to change. In fact he has the largest private pension roll of any man in San Francisco today.

"But it don't make any difference whether he is elected Sheriff or not. God will take care of him. A noble fellow like that is sure to prosper, and when he dies he will take his seat in heaven along with the angels, and don't you forget it."



GEORGE P. SNELL

The Pacific Improvement Company has at last secured a man to manage the Hotel Del Monte who will undoubtedly prove the right man in the right place. George P. Snell is one of the most widely known and experienced hotel men on the Coast, and there is probably not another who enjoys to the extent that he does the respect and good will of the people who are accustomed to periodical wanderings from the city for diversion. Manager Shepard of the Pacific Improvement Company is deserving of congratulation for having made the deal by which Mr. Snell shifts his services from the Vendome to the Del Monte. It was Snell who put the Vendome on a paying basis, and he may be depended upon to increase the popularity of the already popular Monterey resort.

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The Fall of a Modern Jeems Yellowplush

To the Marquis d'Angleneuve at the Chateau de la Chesnaye par Thourotte (Oise).

Geneva, Sept. 8, 1902.

Monsieur le Marquis.

You will undoubtedly be surprised to receive a letter from your old Jean, the devoted valet, whom you dismissed after twenty years of loyal service. I do not deny, Monsieur, that my dismissal was without cause. Probably in your place, I should have done the same; however, if you will kindly permit, I will explain fully the circumstances which caused me to act as I did. The explanation may extenuate my fault, and possibly prove that I was not entirely wrong.

To begin with—for the first time, since entering your service, you took me with you to Bax-les-Bains, instead of leaving me at the chateau, as you had always done during the preceding years. As an excuse for making the change, you said that you had been badly waited upon at Bax, during the previous summer. You moreover declared that there was not a servant at the Grand Hotel who understood the delicate art of polishing tan shoes, and giving them the correct lustre; and though deeply regretting the loss of my annual month of holiday, I bowed submissively to your wishes.

Indeed, the reason alleged for my accompanying you was too important, I may add, too flattering to me, to be resisted, and though I do not wish to boast, I think that I can truthfully say that there are few servants who understand, as I do, the delicate art of polishing tan shoes. I therefore obeyed your commands, sir, and without a murmur followed you to the perditious city of Bax.

Here I had absolutely nothing to do—except to take care of your wardrobe and to assist you in making your toilet—a daily affair of an hour and a half, after which I was free to do as I pleased until the following morning.

Idleness has ever been an evil counselor—at least, sir, it proved so in my case.

To amuse myself, I wandered aimlessly through the streets and promenades of the city—this gay metropolis, scarcely larger than the kitchen garden at Chesnaye, and despite my studied efforts to avoid you, we frequently met.

Pardon the acknowledgment, Monsieur le Marquis, but in your white flannel suits, colored striped shirts, and rose cravats—your head capped with a natty sailor, adorned with a sporty blue ribbon, a style of dress, I must confess, a trifle too youthful for a man of your years, you no longer appeared to me under the austere aspect in which I had always been accustomed to regard you at Chesnaye—in a word, you whom I have never known except as a correct husband, faithful to Madame la Marquise, I now saw constantly promenading arm-in-arm in the English fashion, with Mademoiselle Marguerite Clapier.

To be just, I will admit that Mademoiselle is unquestionably a very pretty girl, a dashing brunette, whose passionate green eyes, veiled in long silken lashes, whose bewitching smile, adorably coquettish, might easily have captivated a much younger man. With her tall, svelte figure, admirably set off by fetching gowns of foulard, surah and embroidered muslin, she certainly appeared the ideal type of a temptingly pretty summer girl. But oh! what a difference there is between her and Madame la Marquise.

Madame has undoubtedly a much grander air, and in point of distinction the two women are not to be compared; however Madame is not so youthful, her figure is not so well rounded—in a word, I understood perfectly well—oh! believe me, perfectly well—that Monsieur preferred Mademoiselle Marguerite Clapier to Madame la Marquise.

The discovery startled me. It was not without its effect. Little by little, you forfeited my respect.

These are the gentlemen, our masters, said I to myself, who preach to us virtue, honesty and morality! Behold their example! For the first time I understood the Revolution of '89, and the message of Mirabeau, the King's chamberlain: "Go, tell your master, that with the virtues exacted from servants, that few masters would be worthy of being valets!"

Well—after this discovery, sir, what could you expect?

One fine day, when I knew that you were taking a shower-bath, I boldly decided to enter the Club.

"Your card, monsieur," said the servant at the door.

Remembering that I had a most decidedly English air, I replied gravely: "Lord Thourotte."

The lackey bowed to the ground, and I passed on to the gambling hall.

Ah, sir! what emotions I experienced on entering this room.

Seated before a table on a very high chair, I saw a solemn-looking individual, and directly opposite to him a servant with a sweeping moustache, who constantly repeated:

"Place your stakes, gentlemen, before the cards are dealt. The stakes are made. The game is closed."

The solemn individual then dealt the cards, and when he had finished, his long moustached employe swept before him, with his palette, the plaques, the louis and bank-notes.

Never in all my life, sir, had I seen such heaps of gold. I began to reflect. To gain that much money, I should be obliged to polish Monsieur le Marquis's tan shoes for years and years to come, and even then I could not be sure of saving so large a sum.

This reflection prompted me to watch closely the actions of the gentleman whom they called the banker. I observed that his work was neither difficult nor fatiguing. He dealt a card to the right, a card to the left, and drew one for himself. Twice he repeated this little exercise and the round was made. His employe had then nothing to do but rake in the money for him, and he to pocket it, after which he arose from his chair, demanding a wooden bowl to carry off his winnings, while the moustached employe cried: "Gentlemen, the bank is for sale! Who will stake ten louis?"

"I will!" I shouted, and rushed towards the arm-chair. The other players around the table laughed, as I spoke, for what reason, I do not know. One gentleman screamed at me, "Banco!" This was undoubtedly considered an insult, for it cost him a penalty of ten louis, which served to increase my little hoard.

I began to do precisely as I had observed the banker do. I dealt the cards, and the croupier, my partner, raked the money in. At times there was a lull in the game; and without doubt to calm the players, the employe allowed them to make a few insignificant winnings. The rakage, however, soon began again, and my little pile visibly increased. The game was a veritable contest. Gold rained upon the green cloth.

"Who is the gentleman?" I heard some one ask.



A voice whispered: "Lord Thourotte, a wealthy Englishman. I hunted grouse with him on his estate last winter."

Ah, Monsieur le Marquis, what lying braggarts there are in the smart set!

Flushed with triumph, the man's lie increased my vanity and ambition. I had already won eleven thousand francs—think of it, sir! eleven thousand francs! And there were still at least five thousand francs on every spot!

At this critical moment you entered the room, and without noticing the banker, seated above the three rows of players circling the table, you cried: "Five louis!" which you threw on the right spot.

I at once recognized your voice, and not caring to enter into a contest with you I answered humorously: "No! no! The game is closed, no more stakes will be received."

You in turn recognized my voice, and wounded by the response you cried: "You are right, Monsieur Jean, no more stakes will be received, for I shall kick you out of the door."

Then followed an uproar, an indescribable tumult.

Without waiting to be kicked out I profited by the confusion and escaped into the park with my eleven thousand francs. Never in all my life had I possessed so much money. I fancied that I had been suddenly metamorphosed into a de Rothschild; swelled with pride, I saw myself great and rich—a real Lord Thourotte, and I began to dream of accomplishing wonderful things.

At this moment, I had the misfortune to meet, near the fountain, Mademoiselle Marguerite Clapier. She appeared to be sad, and addressed me, saying: "You seem to be in trouble, my Lord." Hesitating a moment, she added: "You are the cause of my losing the society of Monsieur le Marquis, who has just entered the Club."

By a sudden intuition, I conceived an extraordinary stroke of folly. To revenge myself on you, I determined to carry off Mademoiselle Clapier.

A most unfortunate determination for me, yet believe me, Monsieur le Marquis, there are moments in our lives when we cannot prevent ourselves from doing the silliest and most foolish things.

The lovely creature did not have to be coaxed. She was ready and willing to accompany me.

In a moment of confidence, she said coquettishly: "Monsieur le Marquis always lavished money upon me, and gratified my every whim, whenever he had been particularly successful at the club. I hope some one else will follow his example."

I took the hint. We left that night for Geneva, traveling in a luxurious coach. My misfortune then began.

Ah, that Marguerite Clapier! What a woman she is! What a torpedo!

Disgusted with myself for having abandoned so good a master for the paltry sum of eleven thousand francs, and an animated shooting-cracker, I now humbly beg to be taken back into your service—and trust that Monsieur will not allow a slip of a girl, a bright-eyed spitfire, who would follow His Satanic Majesty to the end of the world, if he had the price—to separate him from a faithful servant.

Confused and penitent, I will admit that the eleven thousand francs lasted barely eight days, and that Mademoiselle Clapier, after expressing her utmost contempt for me, took her departure as soon as she discovered that I was without funds.

Today, completely disillusioned with the vanities of the world, and the half-world, I beg humbly to be again taken into your service.

Remember, Monsieur le Marquis, that I have served you faithfully for twenty years, that I understand all your little ways and mannerisms, that I am familiar with your habits, and am an expert depilatator of gray hair; while you yourself acknowledge that there is no one who understands, as well as I do, the delicate art of polishing tan shoes, and giving to them the correct lustre.

With profound respect, I am

Your faithful servant, *Jean Buisson.*

[Adapted from the French by Beatrice Hastings.]

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The Stage

Affairs in General

Theatre-goers could find very little to enthuse over this week. There was a dearth of attractions worth while, and consequently people who attended political meetings felt that they suffered no great loss. The last week of a political campaign is always a dull one and this was no exception. If it were not for the arrival of the Metropolitan Opera Company orchestra and Madame Nordica this would have gone down in theatrical history as one of the dullest weeks of several seasons. However, there are some good things coming and one of them is "Ben Hur." While we are suffering from a dearth of theatrical pabulum, New York is getting a large supply of new things. The season has opened auspiciously in New York, and several new plays have met with success. We shall probably see them in the next year or two for all things come to those who wait. John Drew, who usually comes this way, has a new play called "Captain Dieppe," which is a most satisfactory vehicle for the popular comedian. The big extravaganza of the season is "Babey in Toyland." A dramatization of "Checkers" has scored and "The Three Little Maids" musical production from London is as big a hit as was "Florodora" when it crossed the ocean. Last week Ethel Barrymore made her appearance in "Cousin Kate," a comedy written by Hubert Henry Davies, formerly of this city, and it scored an emphatic hit.

George Osbourne's Cardinal

When George Osbourne played the butler in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" I thought it should be written down as the greatest achievement among his many brilliant interpretations of stage characters. But his Cardinal Richelieu in "Under the Red Robe" is such a remarkably fine thing that even the butler—and 'tis a far cry between a butler and a cardinal—pales in comparison. That was all comedy, delightfully unctuous comedy: this is all power, vigor and dignity. It is doubtful if the character ever had a finer exponent. "Under the Red Robe" is not new to us. It has had other presentations in this city, but it is a good melodrama of the swashbuckling order and is always interesting. Miss Block as Rene de Cocheforet is a regal and beautiful figure. Mr. Durkin is a dashing and lovable Gil de Berault and Miss Starr and Mr. Maher are effective in the lesser roles. Walter Belasco, whose old sexton in "Lady Bountiful" was such a fine bit of character work, is again well cast as Clon.

Uncle Tom Up to Date

Some time since the Daughters of the Confederacy in a Southern city made vigorous protest against keeping "Uncle Tom's Cabin" any longer in the public eye, by stage representations. There was a deal of pro and con talk about it but Uncle Tom still walks the boards. The dramatic profession would feel itself devoid of a picturesque feature if the "Tommers" were banished. The Central has revived the old play in sumptuous style this week. There are more than a score of beautiful scenes and some clever specialties are introduced in the plantation scenes. Myrtle Vane makes a great hit as Topsy, and revives memories of famous Topsies one has seen from Maggie Mitchell on. Stockwell has given his Marks, the lawyer, many times to San Francisco audiences, but it never grows stale. He is as funny as ever in the donkey stunt. Margaret Leavy as Aunt 'Phely is one of the best in the cast, which contains all the strength of the company. Many tears are shed over little Eva, who is very realistically acted by Baby Marine.

At the Orpheum

Goleman's trained dogs and cats are quite the most wonderful animals seen at the Orpheum in a long time. The domestic cat is possibly the slowest of all animals in learning tricks, and it must have taken the patience of Job to have taught these the wonderful tricks they perform so well. The best feature of their stunt is their wonderful leaping. Tom Browne gives a delightful whistling specialty that seems to take with the house immensely. Mr. Browne made himself famous in "A Trip to Chinatown," where he was known as "Whistling Tom." The act by McWatters and Tyson is an amusing skit. In it Miss Tyson gives one of the cleverest imitations of Marie Dressler I have ever seen. Crawford and Manning have a knockabout performance that made the gallery gods hilarious on Tuesday night. Other clever performers are Wenona and Frank, rifle shots, Herbert Lloyd, the "King's Jester," and the three Richards, acrobats.

In a Verdi Opera

Those merry singers from sunny Italy continue to draw enthusiastic music lovers to the Tivoli. This week they appeared in "Un Ballo Maschera," and the cast was a strong one including as it did Gregoretti, Agostini, Benedetto, Marchesini and Tromben. It requires a strong cast to do justice to this opera, and the Tivoli singers gave general satisfaction. Gregoretti's fine baritone was heard to special advantage, and though the dramatic intensity of the opera appeared to be somewhat of a strain on Agostini he handled himself with rare art, and his dulcet tones were never forced. Benedetto was full of dramatic fire, and entered well into the spirit of her part. It was a well-rounded performance, and some of the scenes were given with brilliant coloring.

One of the Old Guard

Leslie Morosco's appearance at the Grand this week was a reminder of old times, of the days and nights when the villain still pursued her, and the gallery yelled itself hoarse over the hero's wonderful achievement. Young Mr. Morosco is now living down his melodramatic past in farce-comedy, but if he stays with "Spotless Town" he will have other sins to repent.

The Ballad of Despair

The most fashionable audience that has assembled in a local theatre for many a moon was that which gathered in the Alcazar last Friday afternoon. Though Beranger's "Ballad of Despair" was announced as the *piece de resistance* of the affair, the first part of the program was given up to a program of songs by Mrs. Lillie Birmingham, and some charming violin solos by Wenzel Kopta. Mrs. Birmingham looked beautiful in a pink frock and hat, and she received a great many flowers at the conclusion of her first number. The interpretation of the Beranger poem, which came later, took but a few minutes, but during its brief recital the audience was interested to the intensity point. We had "Everyman" to prepare us for the Ballad, else perhaps it would not have been so well appreciated as it was. It is an exquisite thing and received exquisite interpretation by Florence Roberts, who enacted the part of the despairing Poet; Mrs. Birmingham, the Voice, and the Angel of Death in the end; Miss Moroney, at the piano; Mr. Kopta, violin, and Theodore Mansfeldt, 'cello.



JOHN B. MAHER

A comedian who depends upon artistic method, rather than on peculiar personality or tricks of mannerism, is John B. Maher, who came into instant popularity at the Alcazar. He has shown great versatility thus far, and will find ample opportunity in the comedy bills of November, in such plays as "Too Much Johnson" and "The Private Secretary." Mr. Maher was identified with many of William Collier's earlier farcical successes, and was a great favorite in Cincinnati for five years, as comedian of the famous Pike stock company.



GRACE TYSON

The singing comedienne, who made a hit at the Orpheum this week in "Scenes In a Dressing Room."

A Boundary Question at Fischer's

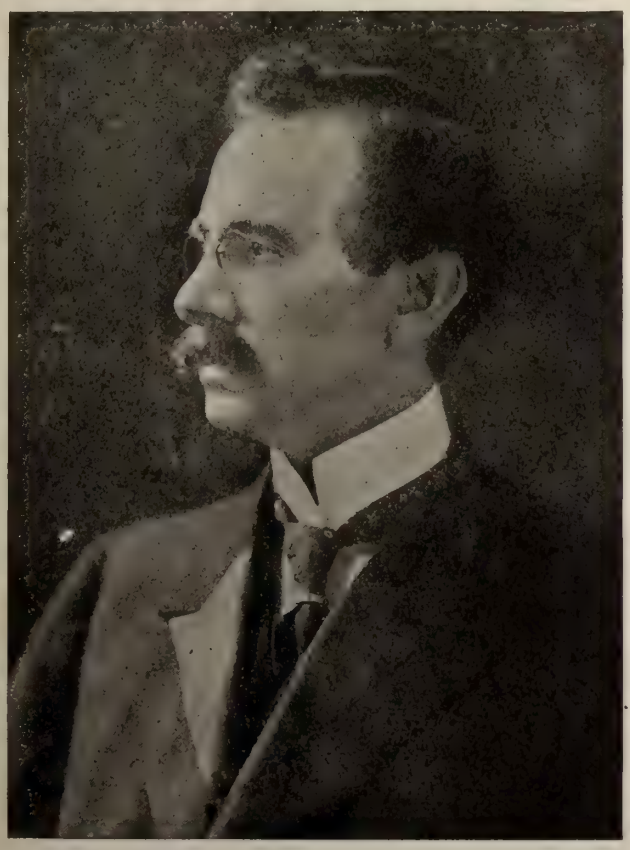
The amusing and odd feature of "Rubes and Roses," which will have its premier at Fischer's on Monday night, is that in the second act the stage is divided in two states, Indiana and Illinois. This idea grew out of an actual fact. Hammond, Indiana, a city situated about twenty miles from Chicago, is partly in Illinois. On the state line dividing Indiana and Illinois, a German has a general store, half of which is in Illinois and half in Indiana. To dodge the law, the wily German moves his bar on wheels every Sunday morning over on the Illinois side of the store and dispenses liquor which is consumed on the Indiana side. It takes more than a day for the law to act and by the time the authorities can serve papers, the bar is shoved back into Indiana. "Rubes and Roses" weaves a plot concerning two farms, one in Indiana and the other in Illinois, each owned by a German who dares not cross the line because an officer stands on each side of the line with warrants. They can come up to the state line but the moment a hand or foot is over the mark there is trouble. The shrewd attorney in the play, a part fitted to Barney Bernard, in one situation places one foot in Indiana and the other in Illinois and defies the law, because he claims any person is secure from the law when standing in two states at the same time.

"Erminie" has been revived in New York with Francis Wilson as the star of the cast. Francis was in the original "Erminie" cast when it was produced at the Casino in New York, and that was when he made his first hit. William Broderick, well known to local theatre-goers, Jessie Bartlett Davis, and Signor Perugini, who was one of Lillian Russell's husbands, are also in the company.

It is exasperating enough to know that we live thousands of miles away from things musical without having the fact emphasized as it was at the "Pop" concert of the Metropolitan theatre orchestra last Wednesday afternoon. Despite our remoteness from the musical centre we have learned to appreciate compositions of a higher order than many of those that interspersed the "Pop" program. Such trite, commonplace pieces as "Le Secret" and "Loin du Bal" which are usually heard at pupils' recitals, are hardly worth while on a pleasant afternoon when the sun and air are refreshing, even though they are played by a high class musical organization. Not only was the instrumental offering tame but the vocal soloist was scarcely up to the standard one should expect in a woman acting as an alternate for the great Nordica. Katherine Fisk has a pleasing voice but she is not a great artist. The opening concert of the company is discussed in the musical department.

A recital will be given next Friday evening by the pupils of Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup and Alexander T. Stewart in Steinway hall. Miss Lavilla Bilger, a pupil of Otto Bendix, will also take part in the program.

The manifestations of psychic power being given every Sunday evening at Steinway hall by Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall are startling enough to be designated as supernatural. There have been various attempts at times to explain the phenomena of thought-transference so wonderfully demonstrated by Tyndall on a strictly physiological basis, such as the action of the brain cells in transmitting ideas and impressions. This, however, seems to be wholly insufficient to account for the marvels enacted by the famous telepathist. Whatever be the hypothesis upon which these phenomena are produced, there can be but one opinion regarding the interesting phase of them. In his lecture last Sunday night on "The World Invisible," Tyndall stated it as his conviction that there is a world invisible, impalpable but nevertheless real, about us, and within elbow reach, as it were. Tomorrow night the lecture will be "Spiritualism": The Sunday following, November eighth, the subject will be "Hypnotism and Crime." Each lecture will be followed by demonstrations of psychic power.



JOHN MORRISEY

The genial manager of the Orpheum has occupied that position ever since the theatre was opened as a high-class vaudeville house. Few men have had greater experience in the vaudeville business, and few are so competent to judge of the merit of a performer who has a reputation to achieve.

Features of Next Week's Bills

The advance sale of seats for "Ben Hur" is the largest in the history of drama in San Francisco. There has been a continuous line before the Grand Opera House box office since last Thursday. Seats for the first two weeks of the engagement are now on sale and are being taken up with great rapidity. The company arrives from the East tomorrow, which will enable the members to indulge in a good rest prior to the Monday night performance. Mr. Joseph Brooks, who directed in conjunction with Mr. A. L. Erlanger the original staging of the play at the Broadway theatre, New York city, arrived in the city last Monday and has taken complete charge of everything. Special attention is called to the fact that the curtain for the evening performances of "Ben Hur" rises precisely at eight o'clock and at two o'clock for the matinees. The performance starts without any overture and discloses in the prelude the appearance of the "Star of Bethlehem" to the Three Wise Men in the desert. The scene is a very impressive one and necessitates a darkened auditorium. During it the management will not permit any one to be seated.

"The Storks," the Columbia attraction, had the longest run in Chicago of any play since the World's Fair. It is really a Western article in every particular. The Dearborn theatre of Chicago controls the venture, the authors, Frederick Chapin and Guy F. Steely, are Westerners, also Richard Carle (inasmuch as he pays taxes in Chicago, and intends to make the Windy City his permanent home), all the scenery and electrical embellishments were made by the Dearborn theatre stage staff, the costumes designed and made by the leading costuming establishments of the West, and ninety per cent of the seventy-five players are Westerners. The cast consists of Gus Weinberg, Gilbert Gregory, Francis Lieb, George Shiels, George Romain, Abbott Adams, George McKay, Anna Cole Youlin, Countess Von Hatzfelt, Ada Deaves, Dorothy Choate, Myra Davis and others.

An entirely original and novel musical comedy, with fun that keeps an audience in roars of laughter from the rise to the fall of the curtain, is what the management of Fischer's promises for its next attraction, on Monday night. The most extensive preparations have been going on the past month to make the musical comedy a magnificent one from a spectacular standpoint. The play had a long and successful run in Chicago last season and received the unanimous praise of the entire press of that city. "Rubes and Roses" has a very peculiar groundwork. The action takes place in Indiana, famous for a peculiar brand of "rubes." It is not one of the "Way Down East" type, but an amusing chain of situations, in which two Germans, wise farmers, are involved in difficulties that seemingly snow them under from time to time as the play progresses. Winfield Blake will be "Bud" Conalong, the hero; Maud Amber will be Miss Starring, a lady of wealth, who seeks fame by presenting property to one of the fashionable canoe clubs situated just outside of Chicago. In addition to the double cast of principals, the new musical comedy will mark the first appearance here of Georgia O'Ramey, a clever soubrette, and one of the best known American comedians, Ben T. Dillon, both of whom will have original specialties.

(Continued from Page 26)

FRANK J. GRACE

When young men of the character of Frank J. Grace decide to enter upon a public career, the community has occasion to rejoice. The election of Mr. Grace to the Board of Supervisors would mean that the tax-payers of San Francisco had engaged the services of a man in whom they could have absolute confidence. Mr. Grace was born in this city and graduated from Columbia University, taking the degree of Civil Engineer. For eight years he has held the position of sub-manager of the local branch of W. R. Grace & Co., probably the largest house in America engaged in foreign trade. He has traveled extensively through Europe, and has familiarized himself with all that makes for progress in the development of a city. Imbued as he now is with a desire to participate in the upbuilding of this city, it is to be hoped that he will be encouraged. It is a healthful sign when young men of his character decide to take a hand in the management of municipal affairs. Mr. Grace is a son of J. W. Grace, an old resident of this city, who established the firm of J. W. Grace & Co., and he is a nephew of Hon. W. R. Grace, who was twice elected Mayor of New York.

Two years have elapsed since "Too Much Johnson" was given in this city. Two years have developed a new generation of playgoers, who will delight in the droll story of the Yonkers man, one of Gillette's most popular comedy heroes. At the Alcazar next week James Durkin will play the part of the monumental and versatile liar. John B. Maher will be the fiery French wine importer, and Fred J. Butler the irascible and truculent Johnson. Adele Block will be the confiding wife and Marie Howe the suspicious mother-in-law, with George Osbourne as Faddish of Quebec and Frances Starr as Leonora. The pictures of steamship and sugar plantation will be full of realistic life and color. Following will come "The Private Secretary."

The Central will follow its magnificent production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with the American comedy drama, "At Valley Forge." This play contains a thrilling story of patriotism and love, in "the times that tried men's souls." The plot is powerful, and every act is rich in historical pictures that are fascinating and inspiring. The cast will be an excellent one, and the scenery and costumes picturesque. "At Valley Forge" has made an immense hit in the East, and will be a strong drawing card at the Central next week.

The Tivoli has another attractive bill to offer next week in Donizetti's "La Favorita," which will alternate with the double bill of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci." "Favorita" has always been a drawing card with San Francisco audiences, and with the present strong company a fine presentation will undoubtedly be given. For "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," which are to be repeated in response to a general demand, the same casts as those of two weeks ago will be put on. Next week will be the tenth of the grand opera season and there will probably be three weeks more.

The "Village Choir," Charlotte Miller, soprano, Nellie Hart, contralto, Arthur Thrasher, tenor, and Glover Ware, basso, will sing for the first time in San Francisco at the Orpheum. Max Waldon, a European transformation artist and female impersonator, will reappear in this city after a long absence abroad. Clivette, "The Man in Black," who stands without an equal as a silhouettist, magician and juggler all rolled into one, will present his unique entertainment. The Two Roses, who come direct from New York with a dainty musical offering, promise an attractive musical novelty.

At the Chutes Lew Wells will amuse with his saxophone, the grotesque Morriseys will make their first appearance here, and the Allen sisters, formerly with the Nelson family, will present an extraordinary acrobatic act. John World and Mindel Kingston, the novel singers and dancers, will vary their specialty, Mathews and Hoff will change their ballads and instrumental selections, and Mabel Lamson will be heard in new illustrated songs.

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Poe Dramatized in French

A one-act play which has met with success in England under the title "The Soothing System," and which arrived in London *via* Paris, where it was given as "Le Systeme du Docteur Goudron et du Professor Plume," turns out to be only the well-known story of Edgar Allen Poe, "The System of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether." In time it will probably reach America and be as highly appreciated as other French importations.

Dickens's Em'ly

A dramatic version of "David Copperfield" under the title of "Em'ly' is about to be staged in England. There was a stage version of this novel produced in 1869, with the title "Little Em'ly." One rather wonders what will be done with Em'ly this time. In those benighted times when the story was written, the Little Em'lys were glad to hide their diminished heads and to live quiet lives in obscurity. They were believed to have forfeited the respect of their friends and acquaintances, and to be under the necessity of climbing into the light by slow and painful steps, but we know better now. The woman with a past has every career open to her. She may write novels, lecture before woman's clubs, go on the stage or marry a title. She has been exalted upon a pedestal and has become "a problem." Would a modern play "go" if the lines of Dickens's novel were followed? Would an audience be satisfied with a repentant sinner going out to the colonies with her humble old uncle, to live in the Australian bush, a life of obscure usefulness? The modern "Em'ly" would demand a taste of the flesh pots, and the modern audience would be pretty apt to demand a sight of gorgeous costumes and furnishings. Em'ly was in too big a hurry to repent, for modern notions. Now we will see what the dramatist has done for her.

The Latest from Clyde Fitch

Concerning Mr. Clyde Fitch's latest play, "Her Own Way," in which Maxine Elliott made her debut as a star in New York last week, a correspondent writes: "It shows that notwithstanding the strain on his typewriter in the last few years, he has made progress in his art. The play has some shortcomings, but its characters are human and some of them are new to the stage. As usual, his opening scene is a novelty. It is a nursery where four smart New York children are seated about a table discussing their relations. Miss Elliott scores in a tender and womanly way, and strikes a true note. One of the Fitchisms that caught the house on the opening night was the remark of one of the characters, a step-mother, when she contemplates a life of poverty. She says, 'Think of living in a flat where visitors rush into the bathroom when they think they are going out of the front door.'"

Sothern in the Limelight

E. H. Sothern is not content to be recognized as a great actor. He recently wrote a play for his wife, Virginia Harned, entitled "The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes." It was a rank failure. The critics scored the play, and then Mr. Sothern denounced the critics. Last week Mr. Sothern appeared in Justin Huntley McCarthy's latest play, "Proud Prince," at Detroit, and the clergy of the town called on the Health authorities to put the drama in quarantine. They pronounced it a most lascivious play. It was produced last Monday night at the Herald Square in New York, and the house was sold out the day after the news was received from Detroit.

The Actress in Her Variety

The average stock actress is wildly and weirdly eccentric in her notions of dressing. We have seen a lank and lathy leading woman so grotesquely attired as to resemble an animated Maypole. Another, grown hippy and abdominal, has appeared in gowns suggestive of the masquerade ball outfitters and clinging to her matronly form with the seductive abandon of a meal sack tied in the middle. Still another resourcefully borrowed a ball gown from a chorus girl to lend fascination in a drama of swell society. And still another displayed to the startled public gaze a home-made scarlet hat which resembled the burning of a red barn, illumined by the glare of a blazing August sunset. It was an aurora borealis of confections; a belching Vesuvius of millinery. It is grateful to find women at the Alcazar who know how to select and wear their gowns. Juliet Crosby and Adele Belgarde have dressed in perfect taste. Adele Block and Frances Starr are newcomers who have chic, style, correct ideas and the air of polite society. Their gowning is rich, modish and quite up to date.

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[*Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.*]

Nordica and Duss

Some leaders are more than half the orchestra but there are orchestras whose *esprit de corps* is sufficient to overcome the handicap of less than half a leader. The Metropolitan Opera House symphony orchestra is one of them. Far be it from me, however, to suggest that Mr. J. S. Duss is not endowed with all the parts and attributes of a man. Standing on the conductor's platform, baton in hand, rear elevation to the audience, he presents a fine figure of a man, but he is not an ideal conductor. He is probably imbued with the spirit of the composers he interprets, but he hasn't the knack of communicating it to the players. He doesn't magnetize them, and neither does he galvanize his audience. If there was anything lacking in the work of the Metropolitan orchestra Tuesday night, it was fire, the fire that leaders infuse into the performers. Mr. Duss is not volatile and he has not sufficient enthusiasm. However the work of the orchestra was smooth and it revealed the effect of training under some of the world's greatest leaders. The only piece in which they fell short of expectations was in Tschaikowsky's Overture Solemnelle, which was decidedly tame. The audience gave Lillian Nordica a hearty greeting, and went into ecstasies over her singing. Years of Wagner have put scarcely any rough edges on the tones of the great diva. Her rendition of the Elizabeth aria from "Tannhauser" was superb. She sang with as much dramatic intensity as though she were participating in the action of the opera. She responded generously to encores, and roused her audience to high enthusiasm by the artistry with which she handled some of the simpler numbers. Tuesday night's audience enjoyed a great musical treat, and testified its appreciation in thunders of applause. And large volumes of it were invoked by Nahan Franko, the violinist, in two solos that were as delightful as they were unexpected. Mr. Franko does not exhibit upon his person any of the familiar hall-marks of the wizard with the bow, but he revealed to the audience a delicacy of touch in the "Traumerei" that fairly set the people ablaze with enthusiasm.



MISS CLARA ALEXANDER

Who will give her farewell Dixie darky dialect recital in Lyric hall next Wednesday evening, under the patronage of society women. Miss Alexander will shortly leave for New York en route to London, where she is sure to be a great success.

The Spamer Concert

Mr. Otto Spamer, at his violin recital last week, did much to add to the favorable impression that he made as soloist at one of the symphony concerts under Fritz Scheel. Throughout the entire program, the applause he won was little short of an ovation. After the Wilhelmj "Polonaise," the audience insisted on having an encore, and the Chopin nocturne with which their enthusiastic insistence was rewarded gave them the violinist at his best. It was played with that delicacy that comes only through mastery. In the Wilhelmj numbers, as might be expected, Mr. Spamer was very much at home. The interpretation he had, of course, at first hand. However, in the "Romance" the feeling was, if I may so express it, a little fat. In the Paganini-Wilhelmj "Concerto" and in the 'Airs Russes" (Wieniawski), the work was exceedingly effective, but somewhat uneven; the bravura not quite intrepid enough. In fact, could the talented pupil of the great Wilhelmj but put a little more distinction into his broad tones, he would perhaps find his forte in andante movements. A Bach chaconne is a severe test of a player's ability. Mr. Spamer stood it admirably. Very artistically Mrs. Blanchard sang Massenet's "Pleurez, mes Yeux" and Brahms' "Ruhe, Sussliebchen." The other two numbers were not so well sung because not so happily chosen. To make praise keep time with Mr. Maurer's accompanying requires the pen of a readier writer.

Ellery's Royal Italian Band

The popular Ellery Royal Italian Band which played such a long season here last winter returns for a season of ten concerts, beginning tomorrow matinee, and every night until Monday the ninth. On Monday night the second no concert will be given, the theatre being engaged for that night. Matinees will be given on Saturday and Sundays. The prices will be popular, ranging from fifty cents to one dollar. Programs will be changed nightly and the ten great soloists of the organization will be heard in some fine numbers recently added to the repertoire. The new leader, Manfredo Chiaffarelli, is a composer of fine reputation and a number of his works will be played. The programs for the opening concerts Sunday afternoon and night are: Matinee—March, American Belle, Bentley, overture, "La Fanciulla," Secchi, Suite, l'Arlesienne, Bizet, selections from "Prince of Pilsen," Lueders, Love in Idleness, Macbeth, grand fantasie "Faust," Gounod. There is also a march by Chiaffarelli. The soloist will be Sig. Antonio Decimo,. the famous clarinetist. In the evening the overture to "Tannhauser" and the "Albumblatt" by Wagner, the sextet from "Poliuto," a grand potpourri from "La Boheme" and the fantasie from "Carmen" will be played. The special features will be a trumpet solo from "Mignon" played by Signor Palmaand and the quartet of saxophones in "Oh for the Wings of a Dove." These are as fine programs as can be offered by any organization in existence.

The Greven Operatic Recital

Next Friday evening the Greven Operatic School will give its sixth costumed operatic recital in Native Sons' hall. The first part of the program, devoted to comic opera, will be rendered by talented pupils who have studied with Mr. Greven a year or less, while the second part, grand opera, will be sung by a few of the advanced pupils. The San Francisco Conservatory orchestra under T. D. Herzog's leadership will assist. The operatic selections will include scenes from "Maritana," "Boccaccio," "The Mikado," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Robert le Diable," "Tannhauser," "Lucia," "La Nozzi di Figaro" and "Il Trovatore."

Mrs Herman Perlet, who as Belle Thorne was once the popular prima donna of the Tivoli, will sing the soprano part of her husband's First Mass, opus 5, at Holy Cross church tomorrow, Jubilee Sunday. Oddly enough this will be the first time Mrs. Perlet has sung the Mass, though she studied it while abroad this summer with Mr. Perlet. It is to be sung for the first time in this city. The choir of the church, of which Harry Wood Brown is organist, consists of Miss Sophia Rottanzi and Mrs. Brennan, sopranos; Miss B. Pegillion and Miss Marie Rottanzi, altos; Baptista Berona, tenor; and Marcel Perron, basso.

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Miss Alexander's Farewell

Mrs. Fred Slavan, a new pianiste, and Willard Young, a new baritone, will assist in making Miss Clara Alexander's farewell Dixie darky dialect recital a success. The affair will be given next Wednesday evening in Lyric hall, and the patronesses include all the prominent society women. Mrs. Slavan will play Moszkowski's "Liebeswalzer," op. 57 No. 5, the Tschaikowsky Romance in F minor, and "The Maiden's Wish" (Chopin-Liszt). Miss Alexander's numbers will be "Ham Bascum of Juniper Georgia," "Lady" by Ruth McEnery Stuart, "Uncle Reuben's Baptism," a scene from that great novel of the year, "The Leopard's Spots," and "Dancin' Match." Mr. Young will sing H. Clough-Leiter's "Song of the Sword," Schubert's "The Linden Tree," "Come Where the Lindens Bloom" (Dudley Buck), "The Old Song" (Grieg) and "Far Away" by Shafter-Howard.

The forty-fourth concert of the Music Teachers' Association of California was given on Wednesday evening in Byron Mauzy hall, which was packed to the usual suffocation point of invitational affairs. The program rendered consisted of the following numbers: Piano, waltz, D flat maj. op. 64 No. 1, Chopin, Mary McAndrew; Prologue, "Pagliacci" (in costume), Leoncavallo, Master Mario Roeckel; Second Waltz, op. 56, B. Godard, Walter King; mandolin, Nocturne, op. 9 No. 2 in E flat, Chopin, Love Song, op. 275, mandolin solo, unaccompanied (dedicated to Mr. Adelstein), Carlo Munier, Samuel Adelstein; song, "The Island of Dreams," S. Adams, Miss Clara Praeffle; trio for piano, violin and 'cello, G major, John Haraden Pratt, Prof. Joseph Roeckel, Misses Mary and Dorothy Pasmore; Spinning and Jewel Scene, "Faust" (in costume), Gounod, Maria Roeckel; Variations in F minor, Haydn, Miss Hazel Wolfe; songs, Pastoral—La Tosca, Puccini, "Warum sind die Rosen so blass," Tschaikowsky, "Si mes vers avaient des ailes," Hahn, Miss Elena Roeckel; lute, "Melodie" in F, Rubinstein, "Canto de Amor," melodia, Alamgro Balsimelli (dedicated to Mr. Adelstein), Samuel Adelstein; song, "Welcome Pretty Primrose," Pinsuti, Miss Daisy Veaco. The officers of the Association are H. W. Patrick, president, A. Spadina, vice-president, Mrs. J. A. Whiteside, secretary, Mrs. P. O. Peterson, treasurer; directors, Paul Steindorff, Mme. Ellen Coursen-Roeckel, T. D. Herzog.

Frederic M. Biggerstaff, the pianist, will give a concert in Lyric hall next Friday evening, when he will be assisted by Mrs. Edward F. Schneider, mezzo soprano. The program will include some very fine numbers, Chopin being represented, with Brahms, Schumann, Arensky, Moszkowski, Rubinstein and others.

There was some delightful music rendered at the Papyrus Club's "special day" on Thursday of last week. Mrs. Fred A. Gardner sang an aria from "Rigoletto" and Liza Lehmann's "Making the Hay," and Frank Onslow, to Miss Helen Sutherland's accompaniment, sang Trotere' "Tyanita" and Blumenthal's "An Evening." Miss Jenne Morrow Long gave a monologue and W. Greer Harrison talked on "Women's Clubs." Miss Ella V. McCloskey arranged the program.

Twenty of the best musicians, indeed the *creme de la creme* of the professionals here, formed the orchestra that played at the Hopkins for the entertainment of the visiting bankers. Henry Heyman was congratulated more than once during the evening on the decided success of his orchestra. The "Tannhauser" overture scored one of the biggest hits with the bankers, though they also expressed delight at the concluding number, "Gilmore's "American National Airs."

Jacques Thibaud will be among the musical novelties in New York next month. He opens at Carnegie hall on November twentieth. Thibaud was termed by Ysaye one of the greatest living violinists. His trills are said to be marvelous.

The first concert of the 1903-1904 season of the Minetti Orchestra will be given at the Alhambra on the evening of December fourteenth. The weekly rehearsals are being held on Monday evenings at eight o'clock at the hall of the Century Club, 1215 Sutter street. The organization is a very creditable one and its prospects are extremely promising. —*The Music Critic.*

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Automobile Topics

Next Friday is the opening day of the great automobile race meeting of the Automobile Club of California. The first race on the Ingleside track will take place at 1:30 p. m. There will undoubtedly be a large crowd to see the horseless carriages whizzing around the oval under the minute mark. Oldfield will in all probability be the centre of attraction. Barney Oldfield is the premier of all the automobile racing men in this country. He raced at Denver a few days ago and his cars are now en route to San Francisco by express.

The entries for the big meet close Monday. It is not yet known in what events the champion from the Atlantic coast will appear. He will no doubt enter his Baby Bullet in the fifth race on Friday, a contest of five miles for all cars eighteen hundred pounds and under. Oldfield will surely be a competitor in the seventh race, a ten-mile event for cars irrespective of power or weight. In this he will no doubt enter his eighty-horse power racing car known as the Bullet No. 2. It was rumored a week or so ago that Henry Cunningham, the great Detroit racer, would be here, but it is now said that he will not.

Among the big cars that are sure to be competitors in the race meet besides Oldfield's are the big Mercedes from Pasadena, Whittell's Mors, a Panhard, a White racing machine and a Franklin racer.

The National Automobile Company has received word that the Toledo which broke all world's records in the Eastern endurance run and which lost only eight minutes' time, was an ordinary two-cylinder Toledo, the exact duplicate of carriages kept in stock by the company. This performance is all the more remarkable when one considers that all the trains running from New York to Buffalo were from eighteen to twenty-four hours late, and that all Associated Press reports were delayed eight hours, the wires being down.

There is to be a parade of automobiles on Thursday, November fifth, immediately preceding the races at Ingleside. The White company has given an eighty-dollar cup to be awarded to the best decorated automobile. The award is to be made by the Board of Governors of the Automobile Club of California and some lively competiton is expected. This cup is of sufficient value to be worthy of any one's endeavor, and some beautifully decorated carriages ought to be seen in the parade.

Mr. F. A. Hyde, President of the Automobile Club of California, purchased a Winton touring car the early part of this season and, after using the same for touring through California, sold his machine a week ago for within one hundred and fifty dollars of the original price.

One of the most important transactions in the automobile trade in California occurred last week when the Mobile Carriage company took over the "Mobile" Company of America on the coast. Over a year ago some business men became interested in the automobile passenger business and placed several large "Mobiles" in the service. This proved profitable and the business was increased and incorporated as the Mobile Carriage Company of California. Recently this concern decided to go into all branches of the automobile business. While it will continue to handle the "Mobile" steam cars here, it will carry a large line of the gasoline cars. The passenger business will also be extended by the use of gasoline cars. Frank E. Hartigan, who built up the business for the "Mobile" Company of America in California, will be manager for the Mobile Carriage Company. The directors are the following: J. Alfred Marsh, President, Livingston Jenks, W. L. Elliott, H. C. Tilden and T. C. Richardson. The majority of these men are millionaires.

Mr. Frank E. Hartigan, manager Mobile Carriage Company, is in the East securing a line of gasoline cars for his company, and buses to run from the hotels to the ferry and depots.

—The Chauffeur.



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LETTERS

Mrs. Riggs's Latest

In "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" Kate Douglas Wiggin has written an excellent story for girls and grown ups. Rebecca was a misfit. Her mother had made a runaway match with a man whose romantic mother had named him Lorenzo do Medici, so it was almost a foregone conclusion that he would accumulate nothing but debts and children and then die, leaving them to do their best without him. There were seven of the little Randalls, all more or less handicapped by their names; Hannah Lucy was indebted to Lucy Larcom's poem for her nomenclature, while the heroine of the story, Rebecca Rowena, had "Ivanhoe" to thank for hers. Then there were John Halifax, Marquis de Lafayette, Fanny Ellsler, Jenny Lind and Miranda. One could not expect much efficiency from parents who could name their brood after this fashion, so it is not surprising to find that the farm is mortgaged and that the mother found it hard to sweep, or cook, or sew when there was a novel in the house, and one suspects that the novel was often there when the materials for cooking or sewing were wanted. Rebecca has been invited by some old maid aunts to make her home with them and obtain the benefit of schooling superior to what she can get at home, with a view to making her not only self-supporting, but a staff on which the rest of the family may lean. We make her acquaintance on the stage coach, where her lively chatter and quaint observations endear her to the driver, whose sole passenger she is . Rebecca is about ten years of age and small for her age, but those glorifiers of big families should hearken to what the little mite says: "Hannah and I haven't done anything but put babies to bed at night and take them up in the morning for years and years." Finding the child's frock buttoned in front, one of the aunts questioned whether it were not put on hind side foremost. "No, that's all right. If you have seven children you can't keep buttonin' and unbuttonin' 'em all the time—they have to do it themselves. We're all buttoned up in front at our house. Mira's only three, and she's buttoned in front, too." Transplanted from the farm, where this lively and imaginative bit of quicksilver has been half mother to the younger brood and where there was much liberty, Rebecca finds herself set down in "the brick house," with two spinsters, conventional and narrow, where it is a crime to walk up the sacred front stairs and the parlor is reserved for funerals, and a fly is as welcome as an elephant inside the house; yet, in spite of the restrictions and fault-findings, she manages to be reasonably happy, for Aunt Jane is soon won over, Emma Jane Perkins becomes her admiring friend, and the Simpsons are almost as numerous as the brothers and sisters at home. Rebecca soon becomes the leader of the school, and fortunately for the teacher, her leadership is helpful, for she is ambitious and capable, so we follow her through the Riverboro' district institution of learning, and the Wareham Academy, a wholesome, hard-working student, with a set purpose before her, to give a good account of herself. Rebecca is no prodigy. She does not blossom out on her graduation day into a wonderful poet or an astonishing novelist. She does not lift the mortgage from the farm by her unaided efforts, or make artists and lawyers of her young brothers and sisters, or do any of the remarkable things which girl heroines are usually guilty of. She does not even fall in love with Prince Fortunatus, though she may do that after the book is closed. Neither are her trials with her unsympathetic aunt Miranda of the heart-breaking order, but rather such as to strengthen her character and help to make a woman of her in time. The happenings at the district school, with its ungraded classes, its "exhibitions," and that curious "hypnotism"—for one can call it nothing else—which sets the whole assemblage to following the example of one, are so graphically told that those of the older generation, who passed through similar experiences, are fain to question whether, after all, our carefully graded classes are not a real loss instead of a gain to pupils. And those Simpsons, "town poor," with the poor children exerting themselves to the utmost to sell soap enough to gain the grand premium, a banquet lamp—they are a whole story in themselves. With the starvation diet upon which girls have been kept these many years in the matter of books suitable to their years and understanding, one cannot but hail "Rebecca" and the announcement of the re-publication of "Half a Dozen Housekeepers," by the same author, as the beginning of better things. This is a most timely volume, coming at it does

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The Book Trade

What is known as the "literary season" is now open, though why there should be a "closed season" in book-making is one of the subjects which do not make their intricacies apparent on first inspection. From now on we shall hear of new books by new authors, and old books by old authors, varied by new books from old authors, new editions of old books, and occasionally an old book revamped by some new author. Of course the bulk of the product will be fiction, and the bulk of the fiction poor, but publishers are by no means pessimistic over the chances of more solid reading. One publisher, being asked why, in his opinion, nothing but novels was in demand, promptly disclaimed the need of formulating such an opinion, because, in his experience, the other books do sell, and sell well, too. There is less said about scientific or sociologic literature. It is not boomed and it is not advertised to the same extent that fiction is because, if the subject matter is substantial and the facts clearly presented, the volume is not superseded until something better takes its place, while with novels a year or so of popularity is a very long lease of life. They must be sold hot from the press if at all, and like the "barkers" who advertise the attractions of the Midway, each must make more noise than the other. The people whose taste leads them to prefer solid reading pursue their course undistracted by all the din, and the novel-readers are much in the position of the visitors to the Midway; they do not really care which they get, and one is as satisfactory as the other. On the principle of grasping something and running with it, each advertiser tries to have his wares the handiest to be made off with, and therein lies the science of book-selling.

Her Feeble Excuse

Margaret Sutton Briscoe, who has gained a modicum of fame as a writer of short stories, has recently published a book of doggerel verses, the product of her infant years, when she was permitted an injudicious familiarity with writing materials. Mrs. Briscoe apologizes for the appearance in print at this late day by stating that the fragments have been preserved (more or less miraculously, it would appear), and that she wishes to forestall posthumous publication. The tone of apology is such as to give the impression that Mrs. Briscoe would much rather not have the public made free to her infantile efforts, but that in these days a literary celebrity is not master of his own fate. It is unfortunately true, but Mrs. Briscoe is not such an aurora borealis in the literary sky that she need feel herself in serious danger. She is an acceptable worker in her line, but there are many well-informed people who have never heard of her. Moreover, one would like to ask what peculiar and scientifically disregarded change has taken place, that fire can no longer consume these pen products which the authors profess to be so reluctant about. If there were no choice between publishing now and leaving it for heirs to do, of course we should have to submit to the present infliction and congratulate the thrifty authors on gathering in their shekels, but since there is a middle course which they have overlooked, it is only fair to point it out, for their protection and our own.

The "Limerick up to Date" is another combination of memorandum and perpetual calendar, which is sure to find a host of delighted purchasers. The Limericks, of which there is one for each week in the year, are written by Ethel Watts Mumford, and the illustrations, drawings in red and black, and marginal decorations, are by Addison Mizner. The pages opposite the calendar are left blank for memoranda, and the calendar is itself something new and original, being made up of the name of the month in the principal languages of the world, including Chinese, Japanese, Greek, Italian, Spanish, French and German, with the Zodiacal sign. The "Limericks" have a variety of subjects as inspiration, and some of the rhymes are the acme of ingenuity. The Toyome Press of the Paul Elder Company has more than a continental reputation for these minor publications and the Limerick book will not detract from it.



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The book-thief, and incidentally the chronic book-borrower, who is always a potential book-thief, has at last been accorded his deserts. On the end of a carved book-case prepared under the auspices of the Guild of Handicraftsmen for Lord Beauchamps there is a representation of the Tree of Knowledge, and the purloiner of the treasury, with his spoils under his arm, is placed with the other reptiles, at the foot of the tree.

George Ade appears to have succeeded in accomplishing his purpose of some day emancipating himself from the trammels of slang and writing in plain English. No one could read his Fables without discovering that Mr. Ade was a keen observer, and that such an artist in words could not fail to be equally expressive in legitimate English if he were to use it as a medium of expression. "In Babel," his new book, short stories of Chicago life, proves the proposition.

Precisely as predicted, "The Manuscript in a Red Box," is to be published under that title, having received in advance the advantages of the advertising. It turns out now that there was no such mystery in connection with the affair, for half the periodicals in London had been tendered the same story with a view to serial publication. The general agreement was that it was not suited to piecemeal publication, and the author was advised to let it appear in book form. Moreover, a Rev. Wm. Wood, a clergyman at Newport Fye, says he is responsible for having had it placed with the publishers who will produce it, and that it is the work of a recluse who resides near Falmouth. It remains now only to add that this much advertised and mysterious manuscript is an historical novel of the time of Charles I.

Mrs. Meynell is writing the text for an art book which is to be brought out before the holidays. It is to be entitled "The Children of the Old Masters," and will consist of sixty reproductions of children from the paintings of the masters.

Mrs. Joseph Pennell is to write the authorized life of Whistler, and Mortimer Menpes is already hard at work on a book concerning the late eccentric painter. Mrs. Pennell, by the way, is the niece of the late Charles G. Leland, who, though universally regarded as simply a humorist whose fame rested on the "Hans Breitmann Ballads," was really a traveler of repute and a linguist of ability. He probably knew more about the Gypsies than any one else of his generation, and Mrs. Pennell, who shared his interest, was frequently associated with him in his Gypsy expeditions.

—The Bookworm.

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A NEW LAW

The Board of Commissioners in Optometry according to a new law enacted by the last Legislature, has issued a Certificate to Mr. George Mayerle, the German Expert Optician at 1071 Market Street, authorizing him to practice Optometry.and prescribe glasses to those having weak eyes and poor sight. Mr. George Mayerle has probably prescribed glasses to more prominent men of the world than any other optician in this country. The fact that the highest U. S. Army, Navy and Government officials and most eminent clergymen, judges and educators of California are using his glasses should be sufficient evidence of his wonderful ability to treat most complicated cases with accuracy and absolute perfection.

Commander U. S. Navy. MARE ISLAND CAL., July 20, 1903. MR. GEORGE MAYERLE—Dear Sir: The eyeglasses you made for me are the most satisfactory pair I have had in the last thirty years. Check in payment is enclosed herewith. Very respectfully, W. W. KIMBALL, Commander U. S. Navy.

The President of Santa Clara College. MR. GEORGE MAYERLE—Dear Sir: The glasses ordered came in good time. They are excellent and I am more than pleased with them. Yours very truly, ROBERT E. KENNA, S. J.

Office Chief of Police. It gives me much pleasure to recommend to the public, Mr. George Mayerle, of San Francisco. I have been using glasses for the past four years, and during that time have consulted several opticians, but not until I had consulted Mr. George Mayerle and had him fit glasses to my eyes did I get entire satisfaction. Respectfully, J. H. ANDERSON, Sergeant of Police.

Admiral Dewey, who used George Mayerle's glasses during the Spanish-American war. and is still using them with much satisfaction, highly recommends Mr. George Mayerle, and sends the following testimonial: MR. GEORGE MAYERLE—My Dear Sir: I am still using with much satisfaction the glasses you sent me at Manila; also the new ones suit my eyes perfectly. Yours very truly, GEORGE DEWEY.

Examination of Eyes will be made FREE OF CHARGE. Hours 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 6 p. m., and 8 to 9 Evenings

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

A. GRANUCCI, Plaintiff
vs.
A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of PIERRE LANGARON, Deceased, Eleanora O. Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee), Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleonora O. Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, Deceased,) John Doe, Richard Roe, James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto, Defendants

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of Pierre Langaron (deceased), Eleanora O Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee) Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Gu llaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleanora O Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, deceased) John Doe, Richard Roe. James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in this complaint.

That the property involved in and affected by said action is described as follows, to wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, commencing at a point where the Northerly line of Union street intersects the Easterly line of Dupont street; thence running Easterly along said line of Union street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one-half (4½) inches thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-three (23) feet to the said Easterly line of Dupont street, and thence Southerly and along said line of Dupont street Thirty four (34) feet and four and one half (4½) inches to the point of commencement.

That the object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of the above entitled Court adjudging and determining that the above named defendants and all other persons claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the plaintiff's complaint adverse to plaintiff's ownership or any cloud upon plaintiff's title thereto have not, and that none of them has any estate, right, title, lien or interest whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof, and that the title of plaintiff is good and valid, and that said defendants and all of said persons unknown as aforesaid be forever enjoined and debarred from asserting any claim whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof adverse to the plaintiff, and for such other, further and additional relief as to the Court may seem meet and proper in the premises, and for costs of suit.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1903. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A DEANE, Deputy Clerk

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87243

ALFRED H. COATES, Plaintiff. vs. EMMA C. COATES, Defendant. — Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

EMMA C. COATES Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of this action and upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff as appears from the com plaint on file herein to which special reference is hereby made; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT P. WHEELAN, Attorney for Plaintiff
222 Sansome St. Sixth Floor, Room 2.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM J. POWER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary E. Power, Administratrix of the Estate of William J. Power deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix Mary E. Power at the office of J. J. Lermen, Attorney-at-Law, Rooms 908-911 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal , the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY E. POWER, Administratrix of the Estate of WILLIAM J. POWER, Deceased
Dated at San Francisco, October 3, 1903
J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Administratrix

NOTICES TO CREDITORS

Estate of Bridget Ann Loughery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Edward Loughry, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Ann Loughery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at Room 498 Parrott Building, No. 825-855 Market Street, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

EDWARD LOUGHRY, Administrator of the estate of Bridget Ann Loughery, (sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughry, sometimes known as Bridget Annie Loughrey,) deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 3, 1903. JOHN J. BARRETT,
Attorney for said administrator, Parrott Bldg.

Estate of WILLIAM RYAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the Estate of William Ryan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Rooms 73 and 76 Chronicle Building, Junction of Geary, Kearny and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of
Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 31, 1903 William Ryan, Deceased.
Frank McGowan, Attorney for Administrator

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87209.

ADELAIDE C. SHADE, Plaintiff vs. WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant — Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 4th day of September, A. D., 1903.
ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

MILTON S HAMILTON, Attorney for Plaintiff
Crocker Building, San Francisco. Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. —. No. 86531.

CLIFFORD E. LINTON, Plaintiff vs. ADDIE LINTON, Defendant — Action brought in the Superior Court City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

ADDIE LINTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 14th day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of LAWRENCE FELVEY, Deceased

CATHERINE FELVEY, administratrix of the estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition praying for an order granting leave to sell real estate of said decedent for the reasons and purposes therein set forth, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS ORDERED by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before said Superior Court, Department 9 thereof, on the 23rd day of November, 1903, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., of that day at the Court room of said Department of said Court at the City Hall in said City and County, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, at either private sale or public auction, as she shall deem best and as shall be necessary to pay the debts and expenses of administration, accrued and to accrue, and the family allowance in said estate, and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, October 20th 1903. J. V. COFFEY, Judge of said Court.
JOSEPH E. O'DONNELL, Attorney for Administratrix,
460-461-462 Parrott Building.

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IN THE DAYS OF OLD

Here are some samples of pioneer journalism that are not without interest today:

Grateful Supervisors.—Two insane men were brought to Stockton from San Francisco yesterday, and placed in the Asylum. The Board of Supervisors of the Bay City voted their thanks to the Steam Navigation Company for trusting them for the passage money.—*San Joaquin Republican*, December 6, 1856.

A New Hospital.—The Sisters of Mercy have purchased a lot near Rincon Point, in San Francisco, upon which they propose to erect a hospital. The cost of the ground was $10,000, which was raised by subscription.—*San Joaquin Republican*, Dec. 7, 1856.

Yellow Journalism in the Fifties

The proprietors of the *Alta* by a previous steamer sent down a printer to Acapulco, with types and cases, and at that place he went aboard the *Golden Age*, enroute from New York, set up the news, and as soon as the vessel arrived in San Francisco, an extra was issued. That is what we call enterprise; whether it pays or not, is another matter.—*San Joaquin Republican*, December 5, 1856.

The Daily Morning "Call"

This spirited little morning newspaper, edited and published by a combination of practical printers, in San Francisco, has at length been laid on our table by expresses. Its appearance is neat and mechanical, and its matter is got up with care and judgment. Its size is diminutive, but its style is power. We hope the boys may succeed in their enterprise.—*San Joaquin Republican*, December 5, 1856.

News of Buchanan's Election Reaches San Francisco

On Thursday evening last, the grand torchlight procession of the democracy, in honor of the election of James Buchanan to the Presidency, took place. The Democracy of Sacramento, Stockton and other interior cities was represented. Mr. Hoff was Grand Marshal and it was the grandest and most enthusiastic parade San Francisco has ever witnessed. In every part of the city, along the route which the procession passed, a large number of houses were brilliantly illuminated. Along Stockton street, Montgomery, Powell, Clay, First, Third, Minna and many other thoroughfares they presented a sight never before witnessed in California. Most of them were one blaze of light, and reflected great credit upon the fine taste displayed in the arrangement of their lights. Montgomery Block was illuminated in every story, and the proprietors, Messrs. Halleck, Peachy and Billings, spared no expense to make the display as brilliant as possible. Among the most prominent places lighted up were the *Herald* office, Wright's Building on Jackson street, Dr. Ashe's house, Judge Freelon's house on Russian Hill, Judge Thompson's and other rooms in the building opposite the Custom House. Hunt's stable on Sacramento street, Porter and Flenner's stables on Kearny street, the Sheriff's office, the *Sun* office, R. Sinton's and W. M. Lent's place of residence, Mr. Sanders', corner of Geary and Market streets; Hugh McNulty and Peter Donahue's, and other private residences on Minna street; two buildings in the rear of Montgomery block were illuminated by some person who could not sufficiently manifest his joy by other means; R. Page's house adjoining Washington Market, F. Argenti's on Powell street, F. Marks, P. Chrystal's, J. P. Haven's, Capt. John Scheffer and many other private residences on Powell street. Stockton street was brilliantly illuminated. E. Casserly's, H. A. Cobb's, Judge Thornton's, Dr. Max Wells, Judge J. P. Hoge, and many others on this street, were illuminated with a splendor and brilliancy seldom equalled. Mr. John O'Meara's house, on the corner of Washington and Dupont streets, was one brilliant blaze of light. The windows of the Young Men's Democratic Club on the Plaza contained seven hundred and twenty burners, and, during the evening, an innumerable quantity of fireworks were sent off from the roof of the building. Several of the engine houses and many of the public saloons throughout the city were handsomely illuminated with different colored lights, the whole presenting an appearance which will long be remembered in our city as a display well worthy of the democracy of California.—Condensed from a lengthy report in San Francisco *Herald*, December 5, 1856.

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THE EMPIRE PARLOR—the Palm Room, furnished in Cerise, with Billiard and Pool tables for the ladies—the Louis XV Parlor—the Ladies' Writing Room, and numerous other modern improvements, together with unexcelled Cuisine and the most convenient location in the City—all add much to the ever-increasing popularity of this most famous Hotel.



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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, November 7, 1903

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The Triumph of Schmitz

The people have decreed that we shall have two years more of Schmitz-Ruef rule in this city. Let us hope they will have no cause for regret. It is an aphorism that people are governed as they deserve, but we do not think that the people of San Francisco justly incurred the infliction that was visited upon them last Tuesday. *Town Talk* is of the opinion that responsibility for the perpetuation of Boss Ruef's power should be charged against the daily press of this city. If those personal organs of ambitious politicians, whose aspirations impel them to disloyalty to the people, had exposed the character of the Ruef-Schmitz partnership when it was established, and had not refrained from proper criticism of the Administration during the twenty-one months preceding the campaign, they would have aroused the indignation of this community to such an extent that Mayor Schmitz would have been hooted through the town. During those twenty-one months Mayor Schmitz and his thrifty mentor enjoyed immunity from criticism. They nursed the small aspirations of the newspaper proprietors, and thereby kept the white light of publicity from beating upon them. It was not until after the campaign opened that the dailies undertook to expose the character of the Schmitz administration, and it was then too late. Their fulminations against the Mayor and his mentor were received with distrust. They were believed to be actuated by purely personal motives. Instead of arousing the resentment of the people they excited sympathy for the men they abused. Since the election Mayor Schmitz has publicly boasted that he won in the face of the united opposition of the press. The fact is that he owes his re-election to the daily newspapers who acquiesced in all his official doings during the twenty-one months preceding his nomination. He is also indebted to those newspapers which deliberately and mendaciously represented throughout the campaign that Henry J. Crocker was not in the race. The voters of this city intent upon preventing the re-election of Mayor Schmitz were sufficiently numerous to have accomplished their purpose, and they would have done so had they not been deceived by the journalistic boomers of Franklin K. Lane. All well informed people knew that Lane had no chance of election, but his boomers, by artful misrepresentation, created the impression among some people that the Republican candidate was the victim of treachery, and thus they defected from Crocker the votes that would have elected him. The campaign as conducted by Mr. Lane and his supporters was one of slander, misrepresentation and prevarication, and now, though we deplore the re-election of Mr. Schmitz, believing that it will prove a serious misfortune to this city, at the same time we rejoice that the quietus has been put on Mr. Lane's insistent political aspirations. Lane 's no longer the man to arouse the conscientious scruples of sincere Democrats, who, though they were reluctant to abandon their party, were loth to encourage a spectacular mountebank and pestiferous demagogue.

The Inhuman Pedagogue

An Oakland teacher has been denounced as inhuman because she chided one of her pupils for disorderly conduct. Little miss had hysterics and arrived home with a tear-swollen face and a case of spinal curvature, and the teacher is to be dismissed and confined to a dark cell on bread and water diet for the rest of her natural life, if sympathetic journalists are permitted to pass sentence. The child, who is an only darling, is some seven years of age, and is represented as being of an extremely delicate and sensitive temperament and unable to bear the mildest correction without having to go to bed and call on the services of a college of physicians. This may or may not be true. It is a characteristic of "only" children to be sensitive and delicate—also to be undisciplined and to have healthy tempers which render life a heavy burden to all who come in contact with them. If children are in such a state of health that they cannot be reprimanded for their misdemeanors without all this fuss, the public school is no place for them. They should be taught at home either by their private governesses or by their fond mothers, and the chances are that by the time mamma has put in a few days trying to induce darling to do what she has no mind to do she will be ready to concede that the life of a public school teacher, trying to produce uniform results from a heterogeneous collection of sixty or more darlings each bent on doing nothing in a different way, is not a foretaste of paradise. Teachers are not cruel or inhuman. In the majority of cases they are the refinement of patience and sympathy, and it is no uncommon experience to find that the very parents who make the loudest outcry when a finger is shaken at their precious ones, after their disobedience has demoralized every other child in the vicinity, will fly into a passion on their own account for the smallest infraction of rules. This business of toasting teachers on a hot gridiron every time that some young scamp carries a tale home has about reached the limit. It is only necessary to watch the conduct of children on the street or anywhere else, to note the necessity for discipline. Parents will not do what the case calls for and teachers dare not. What is there left but the juvenile court and the reform school? When children are so far below the average in mental and physical health that they cannot endure the hardships of public school attendance, the proper place for them is the Glen Ellen Home for Feeble Minded, or a hospital for incurables. Teachers have enough, and more than enough, foisted upon them without having to act as special nurses.

Anti-Boycott Law

Public sentiment against the boycott is spreading throughout the country. Pestiferous demagogues have

long been responsible for what has appeared to be general acquiescence in the use of this iniquitous and cruel instrument of coercion, but to such an extent has injustice been inflicted that the sense of fair play which has ever distinguished the American people has been aroused, and the probability is that before many years anti-boycott laws will be in operation in every State in the Union. Alabama has enacted a statute for the express purpose of affording protection from the boycott, from picketing and from all the various kinds of intimidation which strikers are accustomed to employ. Wisconsin has an anti-boycott law, the validity of which has been affirmed by the Supreme Court of the State, and Senator Ralston of this State promises to introduce a bill in the next Legislature formulated on the lines of the Alabama statute. That statute is well calculated to restrain strikers from intimidating employers and non-unionist workers. It prohibits boycotts, conspiracies against lawful business, or the printing or circulation of notices of boycotts. The boycott is obviously an infringement of constitutional rights, and it should therefore be prohibited. The position of organized labor toward employers and non-union men is morally and legally untenable. Moreover the attitude of organized labor is not beneficial to labor. The unnatural advances in labor are burdensome to the consumer. The result is that the demand for the products of organized labor diminishes. A shrinkage in demand means a check to industry and lessened employment. Wage-earners must be paid in accordance with the law of supply and demand. Any other system is impracticable.

The Woman's Club

Some men have a prejudice against woman's clubs. They are imbued with the old-fashioned notion that the ideal wife should be so fond of her home that she would consider it waste of time to attend to club affairs. The ideal wife, according to the old-fashioned notion, may fall far short of being an ideal companion. The man who is satisfied with a good housekeeper for a wife is seldom an ideal husband. It is the woman with a taste for art and literature who makes home worth while. She interests her husband. She is an inspiring companion, and there is less likelihood of her losing her husband's affections than if she were merely a good housekeeper. It is the woman's club that develops a woman mentally, and therefore the club is beneficial to the home. Any influence that heightens the charms of a wife is a wholesome one and should be encouraged. Sad indeed is the fate of the man wedded to the quintessential extract of mediocrity who yearns for intellectual companionship.

An Unwholesome Influence

It is high time that some protest was entered against the subjects selected for illustration in the so-called comic supplements issued by the Sunday papers. The wretched things appear to have a fascination for children of all ages, but what good comes of familiarizing them with the vulgarities and unchildish antics of "Willie Cute" and the Katzenjammers? Most children are mischievous and egotistical enough without any prompting. Family discipline is a lost art in this generation, but bad as it is, there is nothing gained by putting into the hands of children of tender years these examples of precocious disrespect to teachers and parents, and extravagant expositions of vulgarity which border upon indecency. Some of the good dames who find so much fault with Mother Goose and the Standard Fairy Tales might much better turn their attention to the comic supplements. Lately a supp. humorist has taken to giving his version of the happenings on board the Ark and in the Garden of Eden. Of course it is all in the line of Higher Criticism, which does not admit that there ever was an Ark or an Eden, but it is just as well to go a bit slow about these matters. It is easier to tear down than to build up. The modern child is sufficiently irreligious and skeptical without special prompting. The experiment of raising a generation with practically no religious training has not proved a success and one of the questions which is agitating educational bodies all over the land today is how to instill into young minds the same reverence and understanding of sacred subjects which was a matter of course up to within the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The newspapers which make such loud boasts of being public educators are not doing much good by their editorial comments or their publications of news and discussions, when they deliberately counteract any good they might accomplish with the parents by corrupting the stream at the fountain-head in giving the children illustrated object lessons in blasphemy. Foxy Grandpa, the Katzenjammers, the Teasers, Willie Cute, and the rest of the rabble could be comfortably spared, and Adam's Troubles in Raising Cain are in no need of duplication through sub-conscious suggestion.

The Immortal Redwood

After careful investigation, the Bureau of Forestry at Washington has announced that there is not the slightest foundation for the oft-repeated report that the redwood forests of California are threatened with speedy extermination. It has been ascertained that there is enough merchantable virgin redwood lumber still standing to supply the present demand for centuries, and that the redwood forests are able to reproduce themselves abundantly in commercial quantities. After a series of observations of the capacity of the redwood for reproduction it is decisively announced that two or three crops may be gathered in the course of a century, and that therefore it is profitable to hold cut-over lands for future crops. Redwood is about the only merchantable lumber which will naturally reproduce itself in paying quantity and quality. The theory has been held by foresters that efforts toward the reproduction of the redwoods would be futile, as conditions under which the trees started, a thousand or more years ago, no longer exist; but it has been demonstrated by the Bureau of Forestry that in thirty years under fair conditions, a second growth of redwood should yield two thousand feet, board measure, to the acre. Of course future generations of the redwood will never attain the superb dimensions of the patriarchs of the virgin forest, for the simple reason that the sawmill man cannot afford to wait, but it is now believed that the whole redwood country, from Oregon to Monterey bay, can be made to perpetuate itself in timber and regain

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much of its original value. Two precautions are necessary to insure a profitable second growth from cut-over lands. First, care must be observed that in lumbering the virgin trees the smaller ones are not destroyed in the process; and, second, forest fires must be avoided or stamped out as much as possible.

The Plagiarizing Habit

The Gaston prize for oratory at Brown's University was awarded in June last to Maurice B. Rich, a youth by no means devoid of ability, since on his arrival in America he was unable to speak the English language, but has worked his way through school and college, taking a high rank in all his classes. Now it appears that the oration by which he won the medal was not original, but was a copy of an address delivered at Hamilton in 1901 by Professor Harry Mintz, and though Master Rich indignantly disclaims any intention, the evidence against him is such that he has been practically convicted of gross plagiarism and obliged to surrender his medal. In commenting on the occurrence an Eastern paper remarks that "fortunately such incidents are rare in our educational institutions." Unfortunately they are anything but rare, though the faculty generally succeeds in keeping the knowledge from the public. It is seldom that medals or prizes of any kind are won honestly by a competition among students. Leaving out of consideration those occasions when outside influences are brought to bear on teachers and committees of award, it is more likely to be the student who can levy tribute on the best brains, than the one who has the most gray matter, who is successful. Much as is said about the injurious over-stimulation of the ambitious, the greater injury is not in overworking their mentality, but in overstraining their honesty. Parents and uncles and big brothers and kind friends are all ready to pay tribute. It is not often that printed matter is made use of, for there is too much danger of detection, but some are quite willing to take even that risk. A few years ago the daughter of a clergyman, attending an Eastern college, won the prize for an essay which proved to be a copy of a paper by Charles Dudley Warner hardly cold in type, and for a while in our own city it was thought advisable to deprive the graduates of the high school of the pleasure of a public appearance because of a similar escapade. One of the young ladies presented as a graduating thesis a poem which, though nothing wonderful from a literary standpoint, was a creditable performance for a schoolgirl. She read her effusion at the exercises and experienced the joy of seeing it printed in all the morning papers. As it happened, the poem was written by a Boston actress and circulated in manuscript among her friends, some of whom recognized it at once. In all the competitions and prize contests for children, whether in school or at large, the one who honestly tries on his own merit is apt to be distanced because he is competing not against those of his own years and condition but against the mature brains of the relatives of other contestants. As long as merit is measured by results this must be so, and as there is no probability that the standard of public honesty will ever be higher than it is, there is no course open but to abolish all medals and prizes and eliminate the spectacular element from educational work.

As to Letter Writing

"The decay of letter writing" is becoming as fruitful a theme as was "the decay of conversation" a few years ago. But Uncle Sam's men in gray will hardly come forward to substantiate the ones who profess to regret the falling off of written communications. "Conversation" used to mean the gathering together of a number of listeners who sat silent while one monopolized the attention of all, and an evening spent in such an assemblage meant the listening to a monologue in which some one else took part only to the extent of asking a leading question to start another stream of talk. Letter writing, in the old sense, will probably never be revived, but for that there is no cause for regret. Long ago, when people sat down to "indite epistles," the occasion was as solemn as that of a funeral. There were certain forms and ceremonies to be observed, and to take up a pencil in modern fashion and literally dash off a page or half a dozen pages, would have been regarded as almost indecent. The plan pursued by Miss Deborah Jenkins of "Cranford" was the one generally in vogue, and staid and elderly gentlefolk almost invariably wrote their letters on slates and corrected them rigidly before daring to commit themselves to paper and ink. And the little subterfuge of "seizing the last half-hour before post time" was a recognized formula. Then there followed the long and circumstantial account of the health of the family and the neighborhood, and inquiries of like character, interspersed with pious reflections. And as epistolary elegance was presumed to be betokened by polysyllabic diction, and as uncertainties in orthography were unpardonable sins, the occasion of communication by letter, even to the most intimate relatives, was one of sore tribulation. People in these days feel no occasion to discuss minutely the character of the governor or the mayor or the general in chief, nor do they lay out at large their fears of the trend of public policy. The minutiæ of public calamities and the outcome of the political situation are all left to the newspapers, and the stimulus of having important news to communicate has vanished. But if people really did cease to write letters why should the fact be deplored? When we see how children will expose parents, and parents their children, how wives will use their husbands' letters, and sweethearts and lovers call all the world to a carrion feast when their tempers are sufficiently ruffled, and more than all, how the whole world rushes with breakneck speed to turn every scrap of paper to account when a man or woman of prominence has passed beyond the jurisdiction of the world, and the unholy joy with which the vultures gather at the banquet, the wonder is that there are any left with so little caution as still to write letters.



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A Tale of Bricks Without Straw

I have traced those "few remaining bricks" from Yokohama to Hankow; and I have counted them from the Yangtsze to the Peiho. I have seen the "humble cots" of Kuling and I have sat beneath the drippings of the sanctuaries of Peking. I can vouch for the authenticity of the accusation, for I have weighed the missionary of China and Japan in the balance and found him wanting.

You have heard the story: "We have erected a sanctuary in the land of the heathen, and with the few remaining bricks we have built for ourselves a humble cot close by." So ran the epistle of Saint Dingbat, D.D., to the Ephesians of Kalamazoo, concluding with a sanctified postscript setting forth that, "having exhausted all our available funds we are sorely in need of a few dollars with which to sustain the lives which we have devoted to this holy cause."

I have lounged on the verandah of the missionary who wrote that epistle, and I must confess that the shadow of the rock in a dreary land was not more grateful than the cool shelter of that expanse of bamboo awning. In the "humble cot" of this missionary there are many rooms and each room is furnished with all the "modern conveniences." In the sweltering heat of an Asiatic midsummer the guests who are entertained within the walls of these "few remaining bricks" may be compared with legion. Punkahs swing continuously throughout the "cot" and servants answer the slightest nod of the toilers of the vineyard resting from their labor in this Beulah land provided by the "few dollars contributed to sustain the lives devoted to this holy cause." The apartments are carpeted with dragon rugs from Tientsin, the walls are adorned with kakemonos from the ateliers of far Kyoto and Tokyo, the curtains that rustle in the occasional breezes of Pechli's glassy gulf were woven on the looms of Soochow, the brasses, jade and bronzes of the shelves and niches are loot from the palaces of the Forbidden City. There is nothing to be desired in the "humble cot" of Saint Dingbat, D.D.; his Scotch is imported, his tansan bears the genuine label, his cigars are from Manila and his cigarettes are golden-tipped after the manner of those that are made in the levant for export to the pampered epicures of the Farthest East.

I was very, very comfortable as I lounged on the broad verandah of Saint Dingbat's humble cot, "looking lazy to the sea" from the purple slopes of the Western Hills overhanging the missionary summer resort at Pei-tai-ho.

Down in the village is the "sanctuary"—a measly little chapped with a seating capacity of two hundred and twenty and a congregation of seven coolies—"rice Christians" they are called, because they are Saint Dingbat's congregation for revenue only, deriving profit from the missionary trade in the sale of fish and vegetables.

When Saint Dingbat preaches in the "sanctuary" his congregation is larger, for he insists that all his servants not actually required in the preparation of the Sunday dinner and the care of the missionary guests too tired or too bored to attend "divine service" shall sit in the pews while he hurls doctrine at them in Chinese and prays for them in English—the language which his particular god best understands.

Saint Dingbat pays his servants a wage that in the aggregate would not support a roustabout on the Stuart street docks. These servants are invariably spoken to in the Chinese language by the inmates of Saint Dingbat's household for fear that if they were to gain even a smattering of pidgin English they would demand the increase of wages that go with a Chinese servant's knowledge of English.

Mrs. Saint Dingbat, who was originally from the back settlements of Missouri, when her husband was a circuit preacher starving on two hundred dollars a year, is now provided with a servant for her every need. She has a maid, a chamber girl, an amah for each of her youngest children, a mafoo to groom her horse and drive her carriage, a hostler to take care of her stable, and a tingchi or messenger to run errands for her. When the weather is unusually warm and she is beyond the sweep of the punkahs two little girls fan her to sleep over her novel or keep her awake while she gossips with some sour-faced missionary lady from the hill region of Shantung.

Mrs. Saint Dingbat is the fortunate mother of seven children for each of whom the Board of Foreign Missions in America pays one hundred dollars a year, in the hope that the money will be expended upon their education. To be accurate, however, Mrs. Saint Dingbat is the genuine mother of only three of these children—she has adopted the others to swell the educational account with the Home Board. Two of these, it must be stated, are dead, but the Rev. Saint Dingbat, D.D. has been so busy curing the heathen of his blindness that he has not had time to notify the Board of his affliction. By and by he will forget all about it.

When Saint Dingbat goes abroad he wears a complete Chinese costume, including the tail, and as his natural hair is a very bright auburn the tail is a streak of red dangling heelward from the nape of his neck. The heathen Chinese have a sense of humor, whatever the learned ethnologists may say to the contrary, and those Chinese who observe the Rev. Saint Dingbat in passing show laugh heartily and jest as merrily as their cumbrous vernacular will permit.

Saint Dingbat is a profound metaphysician. He has studied logic and he knows the sophists by the back. Aided by prayer and such texts as he was able to find in Deuteronomy and Leviticus, he has thoroughly reconciled his conscience to service with Mammon coincident with his duty to his God. He has thrown the protecting arm of the United States around his "converts," whom the ungodly of North China call "rice Christians," and when one of them is in trouble with the Chinese authorities he is prompt to save the wretch from the "persecution" expressly prohibited by the treaty between the United States and China. In the beginning the Chinese magistrates were inclined to flout this sort of interference with the laws of China, but a word or two from the nearest Consul, emphasized by a threat of "gunboats" by Saint Dingbat himself, soon convinced the taotais that it is useless to kick against the pricks, and now Saint Dingbat's "flock" can rob their neighbors to their hearts' content.

Of course Saint Dingbat does not exercise his influence with the representatives of the United States Government wholly for the well being of his "converts." In China everybody is entitled to a "cumshaw" for their services in addition to their legitimate wages. This "cumshaw" is vulgarly called a "squeeze" by Saint Dingbat's contemners, but saints have been subjected to this sort of thing ever since saints were canonized, and Saint Dingbat cares not a candareen for the envious carping of those who thus attempt to persecute him.

Many a fat "cumshaw" has Saint Dingbat received from those whom he has saved from the Chinese penalty of their crimes and misdemeanors. Some of this wealth is in land, some of it is in household gear, and some of it is in "concessions" that he is "negotiating" with Gentile speculators upon the basis of ultimate profit to himself when the work of "development" shall be forward.

Saint Dingbat is prospering in the land which the Lord his God has given him. All his prayers have been answered. He is not yet rich beyond the dreams of his avarice, but he hopes to be. There is only one lingering doubt in the mind of Saint Dingbat: he cannot determine whether his prayers have been answered by God or Mammon. But he does not lose any sleep trying to solve the doubt.

During the Boxer uprising Saint Dingbat fled to Shanghai. He was not willing to sacrifice himself as a martyr in his own person but he left behind a lot of vicarious sacrifices and proxy

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martyrs in the "converts" of his "flock" and the servants of his household, all of whom were beheaded "to end the misery" of their preliminary torture. It was a glorious sacrifice and it was rightly rewarded. The share of the indemnity awarded to Saint Dingbat for his losses enabled him to build the "humble cot" in which he now lives at Peitai-ho, and the "contributions" he forced from the village authorities of his neighborhood "after the relief," on the plea that the money was for the destitute Chinese of his parish, gave him enough to furnish his abode as I found it—including payment for the stolen goods of the Peking palaces bought from marauding soldiers and Chinese robbers.

I am informed that Saint Dingbat has recently sent another epistle to the Ephesians of Kalamazoo asking for immediate funds to be applied in alleviating the sufferings of Christian natives in the famine districts. To be sure, there is no famine anywhere in China at this time, but the Home Board is not informed in that matter and I have not the slightest doubt that the Ephesians will open their purses to the Rev. Saint Dingbat as widely as they open their hearts to the dying Christians of Szechuen.

Peking, October 13, 1903. —*The Wanderer.*

The Joy-Makers

BY HARRY COWELL

Life, despite the admirable efforts of this and that big-browed philosopher, has ever refused to be imprisoned in a phrase. What it is, we flatter ourselves we know, until some one brings our ignorance home to us by demanding a definition. Then the inadequacy of our knowledge is made evident by our want of adequate words. Some day wisdom may be able to confine in inescapable speech that most elusive thing, that sum of all illusions—life. Meanwhile we live; we do we know not what, or we know not what is done to us; we define in acts, or in feelings rather, the indefinable. While we await the fitting words, we may find it to our advantage to regard life (human life, at least) as "the permanent possibility of sensation"—sensation pleasurable or painful, as the case may be. The end of all our endeavors—what we seek, what we avoid—is a state of consciousness, varying infinitely from agony to ecstasy. "To a single sharp impression, with a sense in it...what is real in our life fines itself down." Fate pays all its scores in feeling. The Gould who spends all his wits in making money and the Goethe who spends all his money in making *bons mots*, must each take for his final reward an emotion—of exquisite quality, enviable, or merely commonplace, worth no man's while. To reduce finance to terms of feeling is the beginning of other-worldly wisdom. For every man, life is practically, if not theoretically, the sum total of his sensations.

Whether we observe the better known world within us or 'that which we can only conjecture to be without," facts there are and to spare to give countenance to the philosophy of Schopenhauer and his disciples. Sorrow is the plentiful gray warp of our existence here below, and joy—a scant gold thread—the woof. In obedience to natural law tears fall to earth and sparks fly upward. To find mustard-seed in a home where grief has never lodged even for a night is no less difficult than to bring the dead to life. Man, though begotten in pleasure, is born in pain and to pain. Indeed, were begetting as grievous a thing as bringing forth, the race of reeds that think, along with the rest of sentient creation, would quickly perish from the earth.

Man being such—a bundle of fading feelings bound together by a personality; such being his state—a few smiles and many tears—should he not welcome with heart aglow the artist, the joy-maker, who "comes to him professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to his moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake"? Death and sorrow themselves, seen through Art, take on the color of the rose. Even to the rare moments Love brings, Art adds a rarity otherwise unattainable. The love that feeds on music grows strangely fine. Over a "golden book of beauty," Paola and Francesca pore, and the love that is born of literature lives in literature forever. Love has no greater ally than Art.

And when Love fails you, and the face of your dearest dream fades away before the bitter, gray, cold dawn; when by day you pray for night, and by night for day; when by day and night you repeat after Gautier, "and sleep is, with the exception of death, the best thing in life"; it is Art, the ever faithful friend of man, that keeps alive in you the will to live, that renews in you the joy of living.

The happiest of all fates that may befall a man is to be born a joy-maker, a genuine joy-maker, and one who takes an endless delight in delighting. To be Spring personified and watch winter disappear at your approach; to change gray to green; to see as you pass by the pallid lips of men and women brighten and break into smiles like the opening of flowers; to make heavy feet lightsome; to cause silent songs to rise from quickened hearts like a musical perfume; to be born to do these and the like things—this to me is of mortal lots the most enviable.

Though man is seldom merry when he hears sweet music—even that of Mozart—musicians are none the less your joy-makers *par excellence.* Think of Paderewski, Pablo Casals, or Paganini of old, passing from place to place, giving purest joy to tens of thousands, taking from sorrow its bitterness, making it beautiful! My aged friend, W—— G——, during the last sad years of his life had for company those two unwelcome guests, Poverty and Pain. Once or twice I saw joy rejuvenate him. Was it when he called to mind the days of his courtship? Was it when he lived over again dead years of health and wealth? Was it when his prattling grandson rode a-horseback of his knee? No; it was when he told of how, long ago, he had listened for fifty nights to the singing of Jenny Lind.

Poets, too, are they not master joy-makers? From old Dan Chaucer to Algernon Swinburne is a goodly succession of these princes of pleasure. Over what vasty realms of delight do they not reign! Sooner or later, those who sow smiles reap golden harvests of the world's gratitude.

Even the essayist, who among the dull pass for dull fellows indeed—is not the world indebted to them for no little delight? Enough, to mention a few names: Montaigne the master; Stevenson, the disciple; Lamb, the beloved of all who read books.

Nor must we forget the humbler sort of joy-makers, those lesser sums in human guise, all sweetness and light, who beam upon you from some nearby heaven and line your little clouds with silver. For a smile give them a half-smile, and they are content. Unlike musician and poet and essayist, they ask nothing of Fame.



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Impossible, it seemed, so much it held desired,
So much implied,
So near, yet so remote; uncertainty conspired
To make it seem by distance deified.

One day the prize was gained; he struggled through despair,
Through ways defiled,
To grasp a poisoned cup; the watching world stood there
And so he pressed it to his lips and smiled.

MABEL PORTER PITTS.

The Saunterer

Campaign Aftermath

With the prestige that he won in the campaign that was brought to a close last Tuesday, Abe Ruef is likely to become a very important figure in State politics. Prestige is a valuable asset in politics. The politician dearly loves a winner. Many people believe that Schmitz's victory was due to the generalship of Ruef, and in the aftermath of the campaign one hears a great deal about the wonderful strategy of the shrewd young attorney who deserted the camp of the Republican leaders to manage the fight of his protege. As an instance of his shrewdness it is related that he rounded up the bulk of the crowd that attended the Democratic mass-meeting at the Pavilion Monday night. His purpose, it is explained, was to create the impression that Lane was leading in the race, and thereby divert from Crocker the votes of those who were eager to beat Schmitz. It is believed by many that the meeting did have a disastrous effect on Crocker's chances, for it attracted a very large throng of people and caused many voters to believe that the tide of public sentiment had turned to Lane.

The Money That Was Spent

I do not know to what extent Abe Ruef's strategy contributed to the success of Schmitz, but he undoubtedly handled the campaign fund very adroitly. To be sure it was a very large fund, and it was not difficult to make a whirlwind fight with money so plentiful as it appeared to be in the Schmitz camp. The Republicans were handicapped throughout the campaign from lack of funds. Never before was money so scarce in Republican campaign headquarters. The big public corporations that usually contribute to the Republican campaign fund, with one exception, declined to do so this year. The Southern Pacific Company was the only corporation that appeared to be interested in the defeat of Schmitz. All the others were satisfied to see him elected. Crocker's campaign was handled badly from the beginning. The management of it was put into the hands of business men who have never been initiated into the mysteries of practical politics, and not only did they fail to out-manoeuvre Mr. Ruef but they couldn't raise sufficient money to make a showing. There was less than fifteen thousand dollars spent directly in the interest of Mr. Crocker, whereas over fifty thousand dollars went to defray the cost of the Schmitz campaign. Lane's managers had over twenty thousand dollars at their disposal, and I believe that a large fraction came out of the Phelan wallet.

When you order your whiskey with soda on the side be sure the former is Chapin & Gore's—that's good.

The Mayor's Intentions

Boss Ruef has informed some of his friends that he contemplates going abroad and separating himself from a little of his wealth, studying the politics of the Old World. The friends of Mayor Schmitz are saying that he has been making all sorts of good resolutions since election day; and they believe that he is going to make a fine record in the next two years. He hopes to profit by the mistakes of the past. He is now in a more independent position than he ever was in and he will reward his friends and punish his enemies. His statement regarding his intention to reform the Board of Public Works is interpreted as a decision to retire Michael Casey to private life, and of course he will dispense with the services of Pin Head McCarthy of the Civil Service Commission, who tried to swing the Building Trades' Council to Crocker. McCarthy is being denounced on all sides as a traitor, and by none so bitterly as by the Phelanites and McNabites. They say that he owes everything to Phelan, who gave him whatever prestige he had in labor circles by manipulating the politics of labor unions in his interest, and that he was expected to support Lane, but that he thought Crocker's election was a certainty, and therefore threw his strength to the Republican candidate for the purpose of holding his job.

His Father's Son

If the old Adam crops out in the young Adam, can he—the young Adam—be blamed? There is truth undeniable in the parents' legacies, and if the son listens rapturously to the cymbals of Sodom and Gomorrah, can he be condemned when *pere*, now embalmed and doubtless repentant, showed such eagerness for dead sea fruit? All the tenderness, all the gentleness of the mother are unavailing, for the siren who lured the elder by dangling her nether limbs from the walls of the fated city continues to dazzle with the same members the offspring of the once entrapped Millionaire. While she moved her extremities to the rhythm of the orchestra, the lady of experience and fascination cleverly syndicated the golden calf, thereby proving

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that leg-pulling is profitable. She worked upon the Darwinian principle, waiting patiently for the guinea in the reproduction of the species.

Primoli Is Sore

Count Louis Primoli left New York last week on the *Celtic* bound for England. According to an Eastern paper the titled Italian was very much disgusted with America and intends "knocking" Americans all over Europe. The Count's first appearance in this country was made in San Francisco, and he left somewhat hastily after I published the story about the gossip in the Bohemian Club anent his request for a list of the maiden heiresses of San Francisco. He was introduced in the Bohemian Club by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Berkeley, and after a very short stay here he went to New York. The story of the Bohemian Club incident reached New York about the time of his arrival there, and as a consequence he was not given a very cordial reception. Even the daughters of the multi-millionaires were not enthusiastic over him. But nowadays a nobleman under the rank of a Duke is deemed unworthy of consideration by the representatives of America's plutocracy. Primoli is a man of considerable prestige on the continent, but he would be more popular if he were less indifferent to the virtue of immaculate linen.

No Foreign Swain for Her

Miss Lola Davis, much to the regret of the younger coterie, will contribute but little of her irrepressible buoyancy to social festivities this winter. She is a young woman of unusual frankness and charm, and along with her tendency to rosy embonpoint, possesses remarkable vitality and energy; characteristics of the slender maiden. She emphatically denies all sly innuendo bearing upon the subject of foreign swains, declaring that the native son of the western slope is a nearer approach to her ideal. The three sisters, owing to the recent death of the mother, are living very quietly at their beautiful home. Each daughter is guardian of a considerable fortune in her own right.

Those Tobin Girls

Mrs. Raoul Duval is again to cross the Pond, having decided that the "woolly west" is preferable to la belle France for the winter. Mrs. Duval will leave her two little girls in the care of her husband's people, much to the disappointment of her own family, whose worship of the small scions is an open secret. Miss Celia Tobin, whose engagement has been rumored of late, is, like her sister, a literary dilettante. "The Tobin girls," an Englishman once pedantically remarked, "are immensely clever—best educated women in the smart set, don't you know."

An Exceptional One

Miss Helen De Young is to be with us this winter. If the average debutante substantiated flattery by imitation, next season's list could point a moral and emphatic "Do's" would adorn the book of "Don'ts." The gentle dignity and sweetness for which this young girl is conspicuous are truly remarkable in the epoch of the "young idea," when deference and consideration for others are usurped by the bravado of the newly emancipated, and a breezy slang that possesses all the freshness of the Atlantic without its stimulation. Helen De Young's graciousness and smiles are like wafts from "Araby the Blest;" they are for all that come her way.

Ismon's Resignation

One of the most unexpected and important changes in local trade circles is the resignation of George H. Ismon from the Pacific coast management of the American Steel & Wire Company's interests. This is the more surprising as Mr. Ismon has made a phenomenal record as a sales agent, and just why he should have resigned is not generally known. It is said to be strictly for personal reasons. The attempt of one of the daily papers to make a sensational article out of it and by innuendo cast some reflections on Mr. Ismon is greatly to be deplored. He came here some years ago, a stranger, and by his genial manners and strict adherence to correct business methods has won the respect of all who have met him either in private or business life. It is reported that Mr. Frank Baackes, the General Sales Agent of the company, will arrive here in the early part of November, for the purpose, so it is reported, of inducing Mr. Ismon to withdraw his resignation, and that is what his friends are urging him to do.

"Ringing" on the Turf

Prominent turf men in the East do not believe that the sensational charge that "The Fiddler," who won at long odds at Morris Park, was a "ringer," was disproved. The ruling of the stewards was accepted, but subsequent developments aroused suspicion, and I have been informed by a correspondent that certain shrewd turf operators are positive that the horse that ran as "The Fiddler" was not that animal. The real Fiddler was shown to the stewards in the paddock two days after the race, but the horse that won the race had been surreptitiously removed from the track. It has been remarked that it was suspicious that "The Fiddler" was suddenly shipped to Pine Bluffs, Arkansas, without being entered in another race. There is seldom a season of racing without a case of "ringing" on some track. A horse called "MacNamara" is supposed to be the one that was run as "The Fiddler" and it is believed that he was the "ringer" that won as "Hiram Johnson" at New Orleans last winter. Last June there was what appeared to be a case of ringing at Detroit when a mare named "Aimless" ran under the name of "Sarah Black." A horse called "Frog Dance" was sold to a mysterious stranger about a year ago, for five thousand dollars, and he has never been heard of under that name since. Neither has the identity of the purchaser ever been discovered, but many horsemen believe that "Frog Dance" has participated in numerous ringing cases on obscure tracks.

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The Rejuvenescence of Stewart

First it was Senator Depew who experienced the rejuvenating effects of the atmosphere of Washington. Then came Senator Platt, and immediately after his marriage with a woman young enough to be his granddaughter, came the news that our patriarchal friend, Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada (for political purposes) had taken unto himself a bride. It seems but a few months ago that Senator Stewart's wife met with a shocking death in Oakland, the result of an automobile accident. The Senator was then at The Hague arguing the Pius Fund case with Garret McEnerney, and we all sympathized with him over his loss. But how quickly did he become himself again! Depew and Platt become youthful bridegrooms when compared with Stewart who was born seventy-six years ago.

His Checkered Career

Though Senator Stewart has been a picturesque figure in the life of Washington for forty years, he has also been a familiar one on this coast. He has practiced law both in Nevada and this city, and has participated in some very important legal battles before the local courts. He has wobbled about politically a great deal, and it is said that he has lately been losing his grip in the sagebrush State. His career has been a checkered one in finance as well as in politics since the days when he worked with a pick and shovel in the gold mines. He was first elected to the Senate in 1865 and served two terms, after which he came to this city to practice law. He was a gold bug at the time, and continued to be long after he returned to the Senate, in 1887. In 1895 he became one of the most radical and rampant advocates of free silver, and he was most vociferous in his denunciation of the crime of '73. During the campaign he published at Alexandra, Virginia, a free silver paper known as *The Silver Knight,* but now he admits that he was mistaken in those days. He is a gold-bug again.

His Freak Residence

Senator Stewart has been alternately rich and poor, and at present he is in affluent circumstances. His home in Washington was always an hospitable one. In the '70's he and his wife erected in Dupont Circle a great pile of brick and stone which was known as Stewart Castle, and which became one of the show places of Washington. About two years ago, when he was hard pressed for coin, he sold his home to Senator Clark of Montana, who tore it down because it was so hideous. The hole in the ground was left and is there still, and adjoins the Clark residence. Clark, by the way, promises to erect a mansion on that site which will cause the whole country to sit up and take notice. Senator Stewart has long owned a farm in Virginia, where he spent his leisure hours. He established a dairy business there and widely advertised his intention, some time ago, to serve the people of Washington with clean milk out of clean cows, served from clean cans with clean bottles by clean men out of clean wagons. But the people of Washington appeared to prefer other kinds of milk, for Senator Stewart abandoned his immaculate dairy business.

Contretemps at a Ball

Why, I have been asked, do the society reporters of the daily papers overlook the swell functions in Jewish circles? I cannot answer authoritatively, but I presume that it is because the press agent has not yet broken into Jewish society. The elite of Jewish society have not yet learned the importance of social booming. Or, perhaps they are prejudiced against publicity in matters of a purely social nature. One of the most elaborate functions ever participated in by Jewish society was the Concordia Club ball about two weeks ago. It was an indoor picnic, and several thousands of dollars were spent in giving the ball-room the appearance of a picnic grove. The women were attired as though they were enjoying a summer outing, and the men were freakly costumed. It was a novel affair, and echoes of it are still to be heard. The aftermath of the ball included an amusing story about a contretemps in which young Harry Goldberg figured. His awkwardness in the handling of a bottle of wine in one of the arbors resulted in the spilling of some of it accidentally, much to the distress of a young lady who wore a beautiful gown. Thereupon he became *persona non grata* to Mr. Blumenthal, the wholesale glove merchant, who made a demonstration signifying his disapproval. It would have been regarded as a trivial incident were it not for the fact that young Blumenthal is popularly regarded as a suitor for the hand of Miss Blumenthal. Harry's brother, Sol Goldberg, by the way, recently returned from Europe, whither he was sent, it is said, to cool his passion for a fair one.

There is a rumor in Jewish society circles to the effect that the engagement of Milton Levy and Alice Weil, daughter of Mr. Weil of the firm of Greenebaum & Weil, will soon be announced. It has caused quite a flutter.

Light on the Missionary

Those good people who are anxious to reclaim the heathen, and who contribute to the cost of propagating Christianity in the Far East, will find much to interest them in "A Tale of Bricks Without Straw," written for *Town Talk* by a trained and reliable journalist who is now in the Orient. It appears on one of the preceding pages. The correspondent has been making research into the ways of the missionary in China, at my request, and his letters are fraught with interest to all enthusiastic Christians who are quick to respond to the appeals of the professional soul-saver, as well as to those who do not understand why the natives occasionally resent foreign intrusion.



The Hush Row

If the members of the Hush family of Oakland persist in their efforts to separate Will Hush from his wife they will not relish the newspaperiety that is very likely to ensue. They have already provoked quite an unsavory scandal, and among other things a suit for slander is now promised. Mrs. Will Hush has instructed a lawyer to institute the suit, and she says that it will not be withheld unless satisfactory apologies and retractions are made. She laughs at the report that her mother-in-law objected to the marriage because her son was several years younger than the bride. She says that Will Hush is twenty-two years old and that there is no discrepancy between their ages, and in truth Mrs. Will Hush is quite a young looking woman.

The Cause of It All

According to Mrs. Will Hush, the rancor of her husband's parents is entirely due to their ambition. They had hoped, she says, that he would marry a wealthy girl, and they had in their mind's eye none other than Miss Mabel Toy to whom he was at one time very attentive. Though the Hush's are quite prominent in Oakland society they are not rich. Mrs. Will Hush is also authority for the statement that she has been bitterly persecuted ever since the marriage, and that all sorts of schemes have been resorted to in the hope of alienating her husband's affections and making him dissatisfied with his lot. Her mother secured a position for him in the employ of the Southern Pacific Company, but owing to a conspiracy by which he was besieged by creditors he lost his job. One of the bills on which suit was threatened was for flowers sent to a very charming debutante. Notwithstanding the appeals and the threats that have been made Will Hush is loyal to his wife, and he will stand with her against his whole family.

Mrs. Fisk's Gown

The feminine element of the Twentieth Century Club is still discussing the gown worn by Mrs. Katherine Fisk at the Thursday night Duss concert, which was given under the club's auspices. Hitherto the record for decollete cut bodices has been accredited to Madame de Reynier, who shocked the university ladies by her display of neck. But Mrs. Fisk had hers cut a few inches lower than that of the French professor's wife. As the contralto is a woman of considerable bulk, her flesh display naturally caused comment.

Wouldn't Spoil the Punch

That was a fine punch served at the musicale of the Twentieth Century Club last Saturday afternoon. And, by the way, it was responsible for the failure of one of our young society chaps to appear at the Pomeroy tea later in the afternoon. He had intended to attend both affairs, but after a few glasses of the punch he explained to a friend that he would have to forego the coming-out party as tea would be too much of an anti-climax. Surprise was expressed by some of those who attended the tea, at the absence of the debutante's mother. It was explained that she was in mourning and for that reason an aunt of Miss Pomeroy presided over the affair.

Judicious Sentiment

Madame La Bavarde has been saying that Mr. Newhall has so much sentiment about the old Newhall home which stood in Van Ness avenue that he could not bear to see it occupied by aliens and would not turn it into a boarding house as Mrs. Harrison (Mary Crocker) did her ancestral home, so he is having it moved to his new Pacific avenue lot, where it will be completely overhauled and renovated to make a fitting home for the new Mrs. Newhall. It is quite evident that Mr. Newhall's sentiment did not deter him from cutting the home of his fathers in two and seeing it in its dismembered condition slowly moving out Van Ness avenue. The new Newhall lot is expensive but moving the old house will save a great deal of money at the rate workingmen are charging now, and therefore Mr. Newhall's "sentiment" seems to have more than the ordinary amount of solid sense behind it. Mrs. Newhall will not have a new or modern house but it will cost far less than the average luxurious nest a latter-day bridegroom presents to his bride.

She Writes Limericks

The list of Miss Elsie Sperry's accomplishments is a long one. She is not only the most unconventional of our society girls, but she is also one of the most talented. She can do anything from running an electric car to writing a sonnet. She has quite a knack for verse-making, and I hear that she has written some limericks that are superior to those of Mrs. Mumford and Addie Mizner. Some of her friends are enthusiastic over the jingles, and are urging her to publish them.

At the Bruce-Stephenson Wedding

There were some beautiful gowns worn at the Bruce-Stephenson wedding. Mrs. J. B. Stetson was one of the most handsomely costumed of the matrons. She wore a white lace gown over pink silk. Mrs. Silas Palmer, Olive Holbrook that was, wore a pink crepe frock and hat, and Mabel Toy had the real New York air in her white cloth trimmed with sable. Ardella Mills was in white, and Mrs. Sam Buckbee wore a dainty lavender gown. Mrs. Ed Pond was very handsome in a dark costume of smart cut. Miss Harrington wore a modish white gown. The bride's going away costume was a short walking suit of dark blue with hat to match.

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A Nuisance that Should Be Suppressed

The sandbagging of merchants in the interest of organizations that are supposed to be conducted for charitable purposes is becoming such an intolerable nuisance, that there is talk among business men of organizing for protection. In some instances money is collected for the maintenance of organizations whose members should sustain their own charity funds, but their subscription solicitors go about as though they represented institutions that the world was pledged to support, and they do not hesitate to resort to coercive measures that savor of blackmail. The store of a Kearny street merchant was invaded by a brace of solicitors last week who demanded a donation of money or a prize for a benefit entertainment, and when he refused they took out note-books and made a memorandum of the name of the firm and the address. Of course their purpose was to convey the hint that the store would be boycotted by the organization which they represented.

In Benedetto's Honor

Though smart society has not rushed the Italian artists at the Tivoli to any great extent, they have been entertained nevertheless, and in charming style, too. Dr. and Mrs. d'Ancona have done not a little in the way of social attention to the grand opera singers, and last Monday Miss Lillian Slinkey gave a musicale at her home in Leavenworth street in honor of Signora Benedetto. The grand opera soprano is very charming in her manner, and graciously passed opinion on the merits of two of Ziliani's vocal pupils, who contributed to the program—Mrs. Wand, a dramatic soprano, and Miss McLae, contralto. The former sang the aria from Puccini's "Tosca" with some trepidation, for this is one of Benedetto's star numbers, but the prima donna appeared to approve the amateur's rendition. Miss Bartyletta played a violin concerto to Mrs. Danhame's accompaniment, and Miss Slinkey and Dr. Bonino sang. Benedetto is a matron, by the way, and her husband is devoted to her. She says that nothing is so pleasing to her as a quiet, domestic life, and she often regrets that she was thrust into the limelight of grand opera. She has some magnificent jewels and wore a pair of sapphires on this occasion that were of rare size and lustre.

The Mash Note Girlie

The "mash note" habit is becoming more firmly intrenched every day, and the Johnnies of the gentler sex are as bold in their solicitations as are the show-girl chasers that haunt the stage door. The writers of "mash notes" are especially susceptible to the soulful glances, fervid acting and passion-strained voices of the swarthy artists of the Tivoli's Italian opera company. Last year they kept De Padova busy having his mail translated, and this year they are on the trail of Ischierdo, the good-looking but rather diminutive tenor. He has fine eyes and lashes which have enthralled some society girls—the same sort of girls whose soft hearts liquified before the glances of Consul-General Ho Yow, the handsome Chinese diplomat, with whom many of them were glad to dine in the private rooms of French restaurants. I hear that Ischierdo likes to receive the mash notes and that he reads their most tender passages to his companions in song. Gregoretti, who is the handsomer, with a far better voice and a great deal more art, never receives any notes. Women always did prefer tenors.

Where Credit Is Due

Some of the religious papers in the Middle West are making a great to-do over the exploit of a Methodist minister who went to work with his own hands and helped build a church. His picture and that of his wife are given the place of honor in the centre of the page, along with that of the building, and the man from Mars might be led into the belief that for a strong and able-bodied man to put his strength to some other use than kicking a football was little short of miraculous. Why doesn't somebody glorify the work of the Spanish padres who labored amongst the Indians of the Southwest and the Pacific coast? They built not only churches but all their other buildings as well, and they were not simple pine or redwood assembly halls, put together from millstuff with nails of assorted kinds and sizes furnished by the keg. The padres had to make their building material, to be the architects of their own structures, and to depend, for what assistance they had, on uncivilized tribes who did not even comprehend their language. They had not only to direct their laborers, but to gird up their cassocks and engage in actual manual labor. It has always been taken for granted that the Missions of California were simply Spanish or Moorish designs transferred to the new soil, but now that they have been allowed to fall into decay until many of them are past restoration or preservation, it has been discovered that, though bearing a close resemblance to the older architecture, they are in reality so modified as to belong to a class of their own. There is nothing very remarkable about driving nails through boards already sawed and planed and laying machine-made shingles on a roof. Some day the whole nation will awake to a proper pride in the handful of educated men who left their homes to labor amongst ignorant savages, to make brick and mortar and mould tiles, and to erect the buildings which marked "el camino real," in the meantime teaching the Indians not only the elements of religion, but a familiarity with agriculture, stock raising and most of the handicrafts.

Holbrook Blinn's Mother

Mrs. Nellie Holbrook Blinn arrived in England in time to see her son Holbrook carry off the honors as Napoleon in "The Duchess of Dantzic." Edward VII was present at the play's premier. Mrs. Blinn has been visiting her son and his wife in London for several weeks. She is

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very proud of his success, and rightfully so, for he has earned the place he holds on the London boards by sheer hard work. Holbrook Blinn always had a wise head on his young shoulders. When he left newspaper work for the stage, he knew that his lack of inches unfitted him for lover's roles. So he made a specialty of character parts. Though his mother's fad is Woman's Suffrage, for which cause she has lectured and lobbied, she was once a very good actress. She played with Sheridan and also appeared as Romeo to Alma Stuart Stanley's Juliet. She has preserved her youthful face and figure to an astonishing degree.

Club Women Breakfasted

Mrs. Isidore Lowenberg's annual breakfast to her friends in the women's clubs is always a successful function. There is not another woman in San Francisco who is both rich enough and generous enough to spend as much as Mrs. Lowenberg does on her club breakfast. The flowers are always the choicest, the menu cards artistic, and the menu the best the Palace chef can cook; there is never any wine. The sentiments in reply to the toasts are usually clever, but this year all the responses did not come up to the promise of the toasts. There were too many essays, too much seriousness and not enough snap. Most women take themselves too seriously ever to become successes as after-dinner speakers. Mrs. Collins, with her clever lines on "The Literary Guillotine," made the hit at the Lowenberg breakfast, and Mrs. Brown was an admirable toast-mistress. One of the toasts, "Rag-Time," drew the following bright lines from Mrs. Ella M. Sexton's muse:

Sing the song of ragtime,
  Twentieth century craze;
How its fetching tempo
  Moulds our modern ways;
How it sets the fashion
  On (or off) the stage,
For songs—or hats—or dramas
  Ragtime's quite the rage.

Borrowed from the darky
  Under Southern moons,
All his happy nature
  Thrills its haunting tunes;
All his griefs or burdens
  At those strains take flight;
Cake-walk done to ragtime
  Just the "coon's" delight!

To our strenuous living
  (A blessing in disguise)
Ragtime calls "Be merry,
  Not so sadly wise!
Drop that anxious frowning,
  Stern old Care beguile;
Here's the round world swinging
  To ragtime's tune—and smile."

Would its spell might banish
  Sundry ills of ours!
Check "high-pressure" living,
  "Rushing" sixteen hours.
Could we step to ragtime's
  Light and merry strain,
Peace and joy were golden gifts
  From Arcady again.

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Marie Was a Faker

A Russian contributor to the *Fortnightly Review* has thrown a new light on Marie Bashkirtseff and the astonishing precocity which it has taxed the ingenuity of writers to account for. Nordau went into the genealogy of the family, seeking out all sorts of facts and peculiarities on which to base an assumption of "degeneracy," and others, following in his lead, have built up a literature of myth to surround the personality of the Russian girl whose journalistic revelations produced such a sensation in their day. This contributor, who evidently knew and admired Marie for her genuine qualities, says the precocious observations and comments which she made at the age of twelve were actually written at a much later date. She simply availed herself of the feminine prerogative of reducing her years, so that she was really between sixteen and seventeen, a period when it is the natural condition for young girls to be on the lookout for Prince Charming. Elsewhere, when, at the confessed age of nineteen, she philosophizes over her brother's marriage, he being of age, she has simply reversed the family order, for she was older than Paul. This explanation is so simple, plausible and probable that the wonder is it has not occurred to any one before.

Are They Really Engaged?

Whenever society gets stumped for a topic of conversation it hits upon the old rumor that Bessie Ames and "Bobby" Eyre are engaged. The rumor bobs up every now and then, and as Bobby and Miss Ames are seen together frequently, it will not down. Now I hear that the engagement is an assured fact and will be announced very soon. Miss Ames has quite an advantage over her reported fiance in size and weight, but they are matched in good-nature. The former is one of the cleverest girls in society. She plays the 'cello divinely and has many times been asked by visiting managers if she would not tour as a virtuoso. She has dramatic as well as artistic talent. "Bobby" Eyre is a nice chap and has loads of friends of both sexes. At one time he was numbered among the wooers of Frances Hopkins.



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Mrs. Tevis in New York

Word comes to me from New York that Mrs. Cornelia Baxter Tevis has been received with open arms by the elite of Gotham. She writes glowing accounts of her life in New York, where she has met every one from the Astors and Mills's down. Mrs. Tevis holds her head rather well considering all the attention she has received. Nevertheless she has gone mad on New York society, which is not strange considering she only had Denver and San Francisco society heretofore and not very much of the latter. Mrs. Tevis has made a hit with New York's smart men, I hear, the men who give the *cachet* to a new beauty. She has been rumored engaged to one or more, but those who understand her say she is merely feeling her way into society through them.

California Club Topics

Mrs. Frank P. Deering will have charge of the program of the California Club on November twenty-fourth. There will be a debate on the question: "Resolved, That the Problem Play is Beneficial to the Play-goer." This should bring out a brilliant discussion, for it is a subject that doesn't contain a dull note. Comments on the Sudermann, Ibsen and Maeterlinck problem dramas, also "Zaza" and the Pinero plays, with Clyde Fitch's contribution to the play library, should give plenty of color to the debate. The California Club, by the way, is to be very active this winter, and any number of interesting events are scheduled. The physical culture section, which has W. Greer Harrison and Captain Sage as its leaders, is particularly enthusiastic. The French section, too, inspires a very lively interest. The members read French literature and discuss what they read.

They are Flocking Together

So many Californians are taking up their abode in Washington Square, New York, that there is talk of changing the name to California Square. Jack Cosgrave and Mr. Stubbs were among the pioneers from this State, and they have a very cosy flat there. The Wallace Irwins and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and her family are located in the same square, and Geraldine Bonner intends taking up her residence there.

Mrs. Pat's Double

Though Mrs. Frank Carolan poses as Mrs. Pat Campbell, and models her gowns after those of the London actress, her only real resemblance to Mrs. Pat lies in her figure. But there is a young woman in San Francisco who resembles Mrs. Campbell, though she does not try to intensify the resemblance by her carriage and costumes. The young woman is Miss Una Fairweather, daughter of Mrs. Mary Fairweather, who lectures to the women's clubs on Shakespeare and Wagner, and of Henry Fairweather, who was once a great Wagnerian opera singer and is spending his declining years with us. Miss Fairweather is a very young girl, not yet twenty years of age, but she is a stunning beauty. She has great blue eyes, black-fringed, and English features, with wavy black hair. She is studying for the stage, but will not rush her debut for her parents do not believe in undue haste in such matters. In the meantime she goes to balls and parties and amuses herself in the usual young girl's way. She has a contralto voice of great power, and her dramatic ability is of an uncommon order. Sandona painted her portrait shortly before he went to Honolulu.

The Buds and Their Program

The buds are joyous because Mrs. Abby Parrott is to introduce her granddaughters, the Misses De Guigne and Donohoe, at a dance instead of at the regulation tea or luncheon. There is no denying the fact that the majority of young girls, and those of older growth, prefer to see a man or two at the functions they attend. Teas are weary things at best, except in ultra-Bohemia where they are rendered interesting by the mental quality of the guests, and the male animal usually fights shy of them. Luncheons are the dreariest functions in the social world. There will be an unusually large number of buds to debut this winter, and it is going to be a hard problem to find dancing men for them. The number of men who are willing to dance grows more attenuated every year. But there will be some charming buds to make their opening plunge in the swim. Mrs. Bowie-Detrick will give a tea on the eighteenth to introduce her niece, Miss Helen Bowie. The latter is a pretty little brunette. Her father is Dr. "Ham" Bowie and her home is in San Jose. She spends a deal of her time, however, in town with her aunt, whose artistic home in Jackson street will now be thrown open for the first time in a year or more. Owing to a death in the family, Mrs. Detrick has not been entertaining. The W. Mayo Newhalls are expected to return from Europe this month, and their daughter Margaret will then make her debut. She has been abroad at school for two years and has a few accomplishments added to her native prettiness.

Movements and Whereabouts

The Sterling Postleys, who are visiting the Clarence Postleys in New York, will return here in about six weeks and will spend a part of the winter in Santa Barbara and at Coronado. Mrs. Fred Green and Mrs. Chauncey Winslow are back from their Portland trip. The latter has been much occupied with the care of her children, who are both ill. Mrs. D. D. Colton and Mrs. Henry McLean Martin will arrive from Washington, D. C., and pass the winter here and in Southern California. Their Washington home will be closed, as there is no reason for having it otherwise.

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Mrs. Martin's daughter Katherine will not debut for several seasons yet, and both her grandmother and mother prefer Paris as a place of residence. It is only the state of Mrs. Colton's health that dictated the winter in California.

Mrs. George H. Perry was hostess at a very delightful musicale at her home in Alameda on Tuesday evening. Several guests went over from San Francisco, and there was a large percentage of Adelphian Club members present. Mrs. Harry Curtaz sang by desire the old favorites "Because I Love You, Dear" and "The Rosary," to the accompaniment of the Apollo, played by Mr. Leland Roberts. The latter also gave several selections on the instrument, among them two dainty compositions by Mr. Curtaz. Miss Chapman recited, and there was other entertainment. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Perry's mother, Mrs. F. R. Dray of Sacramento. Mrs. Dray and her daughter Alice are to spend the winter in San Francisco, having taken an apartment at Bush and Taylor streets.

Brother Bob Objected

There was a hitch last week, in the arrangements for the Roxburghe-Goelet nuptials, but now everything is settled, and the wedding will take place on the tenth instant at St. Thomas's church in New York. I have learned from an authoritative source that for a little while a serious rupture was imminent, owing to the objections of Robert Goelet to his sister's marriage with the Duke. The latter had demanded a settlement, and Robert Goelet suggested that he should be satisfied with the income from the bride-elect's share of the estate. But the Duke is a business man and he insisted upon receiving a slice of the principal. Mrs. Goelet finally arranged an amicable adjustment, but not until the nuptials were postponed, and the feeble explanation made that the Goelets were plunged in deep grief by the death of Sir Michael Herbert. But people were skeptical. They could not conceive of grief so poignant that it could stand in the way of Mrs. Goelet's ambition. They recalled that when her husband was dying she gave a luncheon in honor of King Edward who was then Prince of Wales.

An Impracticable Scheme

The school teachers of this city are no longer enthusiastic over their Annuity and Retirement Association. This association has a peculiar history. The scheme originated among the politicians of the department, prominent among whom was the now notorious Nettie R. Craven. The original idea of its promoters was to get an appropriation from the legislature, and to retire teachers who had served twenty years, on half pay. But when they reached Sacramento they found that their scheme was too raw even for the statesmen of a characteristic Californian legislature. They had to modify their plans. Instead of drawing on the State Treasury, they decided to require the teachers themselves to become contributors to the fund, and an act was passed containing the desired provisions. Subsequent legislatures modified the original act, but the plan is substantially the same. From the first it should have been seen that its provisions were impracticable By paying one dollar a month for thirty years, or its equivalent, three hundred and sixty dollars, a teacher was entitled to retirement on an annuity of fifty dollars a month or six hundred dollars a year. That is to say, an investment of three hundred and sixty dollars would produce an income amounting to nearly two hundred per cent annually of the original sum. If this could be realized it would beat oil-wells or a rubber plantation. But as might be expected, the scheme is beginning to collapse. The fund amounts to nine hundred and thirty-nine dollars a month. One-fourth of this sum goes to create a permanent fund, and the remainder is divided among forty pensioners. Of course each one added to the list diminishes the pro rata. The cry is now for more money. A proposition was recently made to double the tax upon contributors, but the idea did not receive a very warm welcome, the teachers seeming to realize that doubling their contributions would only act as a temporary makeshift.

The Host Had Flown

Congressman Victor H. Metcalf, who, the political wiseacres in the southern part of the State say, is being groomed for national Senatorial honors by General Harrison Gray Otis of the Los Angeles *Times*, had rather a disappointing trip to the southland the latter part of last week. A correspondent writes me that a few weeks ago General Otis invited Metcalf to visit him in Los Angeles, on his way to Washington. He promised to introduce the Congressman to some of the influential politicians of Los Angeles, and to launch auspiciously the Metcalf boom. He also suggested that Mrs. Metcalf accompany her husband,



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saying that he would like to have both as his guests at the Bivouac, his handsome Westlake home. The invitation was accepted but when the Metcalfs arrived in Los Angeles Otis was not there to greet them. The absent-minded editor was on his way East to attend a meeting of newspaper publishers. Mrs. Otis was home, and somehow she gained an inkling of how things stood and she invited the Metcalfs out to her home and entertained them with a little of her poetry on sunsets, the mountains and the sea. Some one has said, by the way, that Otis has proved himself a model husband by publishing his wife's poetry.

To Wed in Pasadena

Mrs. Robert Harris Ripley, the daughter-in-law of E. P. Ripley, has returned to her Pasadena home to be matron-of-honor at the wedding of Miss Emily Stanton and Ver Picher which is scheduled for the tenth. Her own wedding last spring was the event of the year in the habitat of the plutocrat, and a long string of private cars was furnished by the Ripleys to bring wedding guests from the East. Mrs. Ripley, who was Miss Ada Story, a Mills College girl before her marriage, has taken on some very becoming matronly airs since becoming a resident of Chicago. The Picher-Stanton wedding will be the biggest event of the early fall season in Southern California. The engagement was the result of a girl and boy friendship that began in Pasadena about six years ago. The bride to be is the only daughter of a wealthy widower and the young man is a lawyer with a practice yet to acquire. He has opened offices in an Eastern town to which he will take his bride. His family is one of the oldest in Southern California, and the match was warmly approved by the Stantons, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Picher is not rated high in Bradstreet's.

The Gay Divorce

Society women of Los Angeles and San Diego who were forced to be witnesses in the suit by which millionaire John Gay obtained a divorce from his wife on a cross-complaint, are on the verge of nervous prostration through fear that they will have to appear in court again and tell how the old man abused his young wife. One of them is Mrs. Horace Chanslor, who has been confined to her bed since the ordeal and who has declared that she cannot go through it again. However Mrs. Gay's attorneys are planning to reopen the case. Gay says that his wife married him for his money and that he had no sooner got the words of proposal out of his mouth than she ran upstairs and told her father, who promptly came down and said: "I am glad to have you for a son-in-law; loan me twenty-five thousand dollars." Gay says that it was not a case of mother-in-law with him but of father-in-law and that he was constantly being "touched" for large sums. Mrs. Gay says that her husband locked her up in the "castle," as their home was called, slapped her, threw things at her, and refused her a physician when she was ill. The old husband, who posed as a much abused individual, says that her favorite pet name for him was "gray-headed old fool." She is the daughter of P. M. Daniels and the family is prominent in Los Angeles. Both have friends among the society people who were summoned to court to tell of disgraceful scenes in the Gay household.

Proud of His Toupee

There are wearers of toupees and wearers of toupees and their ways are not all the same. One man in particular, the step-father of an exceedingly wealthy heiress, does not mind at all if his friends know that the hair on his head is not genuine. The funny part of it is that his toupee is so realistic that few of his friends knew that it was not the real thing. The other night at his own dinner table he related to an interested party of guests his experience with toupee-makers abroad. As money is no object to him he had a toupee made at each large European city which he visited, and always by the most famous wig-maker of the place. After making a collection of such wigs he discovered that the best made and the most becoming was the contribution of a San Francisco manufacturer. One of the guests looked incredulous at the story and said:

"Oh, that's a joke. I don't believe you wear a toupee at all." Whereupon the host snapped the toupee up and showed a billiard-ball pate beneath.

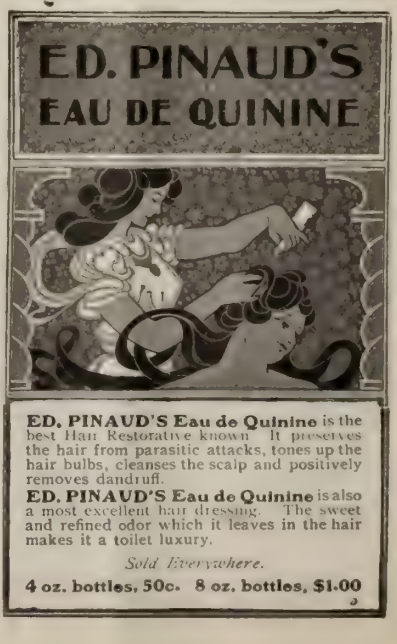
She Exposed the Leg

The incident reminds me of a burglar story recently told by an Oakland matron. She related that one night she heard a noise in the house and she alarmed her husband, who resolved to go downstairs and investigate. "But," went on the matron, "by the time Charles got his leg on and was downstairs the burglar had departed. But we found a window open." Her hearers all looked their surprise and then the matron realized, to her confusion, that not one of them had before suspected that a slight imperfection in her husband's gait was due to a cork leg.

I hear that E. Avery McCarthy, who has located in Los Angeles since his divorce, has been making money hand over fist. He left San Francisco that he might disassociate himself entirely from the scenes of his domestic infelicity. His little daughter is with her grandmother, Mrs. James McCarthy, who resides in California street.



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The Woes of Teachers

Our School Department is being pointed to with pride every little while, because it is no longer under the dominion of the practical politician. And yet there never was a time when there was so much dissatisfaction among the teachers. Never before were there so many exponents of fads drawing fat salaries from the city treasury and making the hearts of the teachers sad. The School Department appears to be conducted now upon the theory that all the teachers are incompetent. Consequently teachers are employed to teach the teachers. When the teachers dismiss their pupils then they become pupils to the teachers employed by the Board of Education which is out of politics and which is therefore a model institution. What an excellent theme for a Gilbertian comic opera!

Some of the Fads

There is one young deputy superintendent employed to instruct the teachers in arithmetic. He has a new way of doing subtraction and fractions, for teaching which he draws one hundred and fifty dollars a month. He has made the important discovery that it is all wrong to teach that a fraction is a part of a whole because it may also be part of a fraction. He is a very wise young man and he amuses the teachers. Then there is an old gentleman who teaches the teachers geography. But the other day he consumed all their time with a discussion of babies, a subject in which the average school-marm is supposed to have no interest. Nevertheless he deemed it advisable to enlighten them on the subject of the involuntary muscles of the wee sma' infant. And all the while the ladies were wondering what those muscles had to do with geography. This same old gentleman is responsible for the new fad introduced into the department, of making maps on the floor instead of on the blackboard. It has played havoc with many corsets and has caused tight-fitting skirts to bag at the knees. Hence the old gentleman has been much execrated.

A Mutiny Threatened

The physical culture fad is also a feature of the curriculum. Walter Magee of Berkeley draws one hundred and fifty a month for appearing before the teachers once in three months and showing them how they should develop their muscles by the ordinary methods with which few people are unfamiliar. Mr. Magee has an assistant who receives one hundred dollars a month to see whether the teachers do their physical culture work properly. Perhaps the severest trial which the teachers have to endure is inflicted by Katherine Ball, who is paid one hundred and fifty a month to instruct them in drawing and dictate the method they shall pursue in communicating the artistic temperament to the young. Miss Ball is an intellectual woman, and she knows how to teach drawing, but the teachers in the lower grades agree that her method is impossible. They say that she expects seven year old children to do work that would tax the skill of an adult who has spent a year in the Hopkins Institute of Art. Indeed I have heard of one teacher who did spend a year there, and who has both artistic temperament and artistic ability but who could not do the work required by Miss Ball, and which she expected little children to do. Miss Ball insists that teachers who do not approve of her are incompetent. Meanwhile the teachers are becoming mutinous. They complain that they are being overworked to no purpose. But meanwhile the faddists are joyful, and the end of the curriculum is not yet. There are two singing teachers who teach the Moveable Do, and there is a cooking teacher who is perfecting the future mothers of the grammar grades in the noble art of making pies out of dough. Perhaps before long the mystery of sock-darning will be elucidated for the benefit of the little ones. The public school is making rapid strides and after awhile perhaps the whole course included in "finishing" seminaries, polytechnical schools and musical conservatories will be added to the one now in use in the grammar grades.

A Chance for Match-Makers

Jennie Crocker is to be presented to Washington society this winter by her sister, the wife of Congressman Francis Burton Harrison. Mrs. Harrison has taken the Morgan house in Dupont Circle, and will spend some of her millions in entertaining. Jennie Crocker will probably add spice to diplomatic society at the Nation's capital, for she is a girl of considerable originality. In looks she resembles her mother, who died at her birth. It was Jennie Crocker who shocked her grandmamma Easton a few years ago by her sage ideas about matrimony. She is one of the three heiresses of the late Colonel Fred Crocker and as her fortune has been swelling through her minority she should be "rushed" in Washington.



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Assigned to the New Cruiser

The new cruser *Tacoma,* which is to go into commission at this port very soon, under the command of "Reggie" Nicholson, will have Harry George as executive officer. Lieutenant George is of the class of '83 at Annapolis and one of the most popular officers in the service. He is well known on the Pacific coast, having served for some years in the Coast Survey, from California to Alaska, where he did much good work.

Landsmen Doing Sailors' Work

Speaking of the Coast Survey, I learn that there is a strong likelihood of that service being absorbed by the Navy Department, as is eminently right and proper. Ever since the Spanish war, when the naval officers were withdrawn from the Coast Survey, the hydrographic work has been performed by the civilians of the Survey, men generally genial and pleasant enough, and good ordinary surveyors, but the merest landsmen. The spectacle of landsmen making surveys and charts and sailing directions for the use of seamen is a grotesque one. I remember once hearing one of the landsmen-surveyors say, "Oh, never mind the hydrography, let that wait. The topography and shore line are the important things."

Neurasthenia in the Navy

Within the last two or three years, the Navy has fallen victim to an epidemic of neurasthenia, which has been assailing its officers to an alarming extent. I noted some weeks ago the frequency with which the Mare Island Naval Hospital has been receiving officers of late, particularly executive officers. John Griffin, John Blish, Charley Laird and others have gone there within a short period, suffering from neurasthenia, and the same story comes from the East. Assistant Paymaster Arthur H. Cathcart has just followed "Bessie" Moale into the New York hospital, although with not so severe an ailment, and reports of others are also heard. The epidemic is attributed partly to the monotony and strain of arduous service on distant stations in the tropics, on modern ships which require far more attention than the old ones, but largely to the uncertainty as to the time of termination of the cruise. The scarcity of officers has told severely upon those on duty, whose sea service has been much prolonged, and one never knows just when he will get back to civilization again. It is said that the mental tax would be much less if an officer only knew the date, even approximately, when he would be returned to the United States.

A Practice that Should Be Stopped

I must confess to ignorance of the nature, extent and application of the pull which governs the passage of civilians of either sex upon the Army transports bound across the Pacific. Clearly, when there is a surplus of accommodations over and above those needed for the troops, there would seem to be propriety in giving the benefit to employes of other branches of the government service bound to or from the islands, but I have noted some peculiar deviations from this principle. For example, I will cite as an instance the *Sheridan,* which sailed last Saturday. Booked for passage upon her was Mrs. Sebree, wife of Captain Uriel Sebree, U. S. Navy, commanding officer of the *Wisconsin,* now the flagship of the Northern Squadron of the Asiatic fleet. Sebree having the relative rank of a Colonel in the Army, Mrs. Sebree was assigned a Colonel's quarters upon the transport. At the last moment Mrs. Sebree decided to defer her trip, but not so the two or three young ladies who were to accompany her. They were determined to proceed. The point is, that these young women insisted upon the retention of the Colonel's quarters, and succeeded in keeping them, at the expense of Army officers to whom they should properly have fallen. This practice of subordinating the rights of the very ones for whom the transports exist has gone, I think, too far.

An Official Bug Hunter

Some years ago, I heard Lieutenant-Commander Templin Potts say, in a half-jesting, half-earnest, way, that he thought the Navy should have a corps of dentists and one of chiropodists. Since then, the Army has created a staff of dental surgeons, but it has remained for the Navy to go Potts several chips better in the game of specialism, by the recent determination to appoint in its *personnel* an official charged with the duty of ridding the vessels of the Navy of cockroaches. The innovation is being hailed with joy by the sufferers from the insects' depredations. But with the appointment have come perplexities. Just what the official title of the new officer shall be, what uniform he shall wear, and what relative rank is to be assigned him, are some of the many problems presented by the innovation. "Chief Exterminator of Nautophile Orthoptera" is definite but awkward. "Bug-Hunter" is crude and vulgar. It has been suggested that he be given the rank of Vice-Admiral, the only grade now unrepresented in the service, but it has been protested that despite the importance and

Fine Art in Table Setting

Every one who keeps house knows the value of a well set table, and every progressive hostess is on the lookout for new ideas. Realizing that a display that contains suggestions would be appreciated, Nathan-Dohrmann Co., on Sutter street, have arranged an exhibit which shows tables, completely set for luncheon, dinner and midnight suppers; every detail is carried out according to the latest ideas and the finest of English and French China, together with Rock Crystal, Silverware, Flowers and Electric features are shown. The dinner tables show complete course sets for soup, fish, game, roast and dessert. The opportunity to note entirely new features and effects used in this display, will amply repay one for the time spent in this interesting establishment. All are welcome to inspect the exhibit.



responsibilities of his office, such high rank should not be conferred until the exterminator's prowess has been conspicuously displayed. Whether he shall wear a sword or a syringe is another matter, and when it comes to the question of appropriate collar devices, corps color, and such, the field for ingenuity and imagination becomes a wide one. At any rate, the Navy Department means to banish the bugs.

She's Now in Clover

The lady who was formerly Mrs. Rupert Blue is touring the continent with her new husband in an automobile. The new husband is a wealthy Frenchman with a passion for automobiles and a pride in his skill as a chauffeur. The lady's friends here are not at all surprised to hear that the new husband is wealthy. If he were not he would not be the husband of Dr. Blue's ex-wife. She is a charming woman with the most extravagant tastes, and when she was the wife of Dr. Blue, the curious marveled at the showing she made on a surgeon's salary. Her dressmakers' and milliners' bills astonished the doctor and precipitated the rupture.

General Robert S. Oliver, the new Secretary of War, was at one time stationed in San Francisco. It was shortly after the close of the Civil war, and he was then a young officer in a cavalry regiment. After returning East he resigned from the Army and went into business. He has been a business man ever since.

Inauspicious Happenings Precede a Wedding

Miss Mary Harrington has been overwhelmed by unfortunate coincidences since her engagement. First she was distressed over the illness of Lieutenant-Commander Niblack, who was for a time in a health resort. He was threatened with pulmonary troubles. He was due here from Honolulu on the day originally set for the wedding, but Miss Harrington, fearing that the steamer might be delayed, postponed the marriage a week to be sure to have the groom on time. But the worst of her troubles came when her dressmaker went mad from overwork and anxiety while preparing the large trousseau. Another dressmaker was called to finish the dresses. Lieutenant Niblack, by the way, was at one time quite popular in Washington, D. C., and according to a paper of that city there was a time "when it was feared that he would not heed the advice of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, when he admonished the Christian youth to marry females younger than themselves." "It is said," continued the same paper, "that a maiden whose hair had been whitened by the snows of many winters wore a ring with which he had plighted his troth."

Their Ardor Dampened

There have been rumors of the oozing of the enthusiasm with which several prominent women fostered the interests of the California Eye and Ear Hospital for awhile. No charitable institution was ever organized under more favorable auspices. Brains, money, blood, style and social prestige—all were contributed to promote the welfare of the institution. At the last benefit entertainment there was a copious flow of coin into the treasury, and then came a halt. There has been a great deal of gossip concerning the whyfore. It is to be hoped that the cessation is merely temporary.

Social Gossip From Stockton

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Adams have quite set the pace in entertaining in Stockton the past two seasons. Their reception last week savored of that generous, old-fashioned hospitality that was the proper thing before society ran to diluted teas and "afternoon prize fights"—as a male wag has called the card parties so dear to the feminine heart. When last year the Adams's threw open their new home to their friends and gave them an evening that was talked about for several weeks it was accepted as a matter of course because the affair was in honor of a wedding anniversary. This time the invited ones made up their minds the Adams's like to entertain that way, for as before nothing was spared that could contribute to the pleasure of their friends. Mrs. Adams is one of the most popular young matrons in Stockton and is especially adored by young girls. At the reception she was a picture in pale violet over pink. As she has lovely shoulders and a neck that is a fitting support to the oval of her brunette face Mrs. Adams appears to distinct advantage in evening dress.

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The Welsh's left this week to spend some time in Southern California. Mr. Welsh is always too much interested in business to leave home in the summer when all Stockton is away, so his family remains with him and all go away together in the winter. I am reminded that quite a number of the representatives of our older families are likely to be out of town this winter. The Clarys are all to be in San Francisco, and have rented their home to Dr. and Mrs. Wallace. Miss Mabel Thompson, who is a very attractive belle, left on Tuesday to spend the winter in New York. Miss Peters and her young sister, Miss Anna, are apt to be in Berkeley, Miss Peters having adopted language study as her latest fad. With the Welsh's away this closes a number of homes for at least a part of the season that are given over to hospitality and indoor good times.

Neither an Elopement nor a Surprise

My Stockton correspondent writes that the people of Stockton were amused at the way the San Francisco dailies treated the marriage of Mrs. Terry and Dr. Wallace—as though it were an elopement and a great surprise. It was no surprise to anybody in Stockton. It was hinted at in Town Talk several weeks before it took place. It was doubtless to escape all the gossip that the Doctor and his bride-elect settled on a Santa Cruz wedding, to be celebrated in the quietest possible manner. It is seldom that mother and daughter are betrothed at about the same time, and for awhile it was the theme on all tongues. There is still something to look forward to for Mrs. Wallace is planning a big wedding for her daughter, Bernie Terry. It is understood that it will take place in the spring and that Frank West will take his bride to Europe.

The Raising of Rents

The raising of rents for the purpose of increasing the value of property continues in this city at an alarming rate. It was started by the owners of the Blythe block from whom the real estate agents took their cue, and though an early slump has been predicted the market continues fairly firm. The proprietor of Campi's old Italian restaurant, a landmark in O'Farrell street, moved out the other day on account of a raise from one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month to three hundred and seventy-five. Storekeepers all over town are in a highly nervous condition.

Lurline's Lovely Frocks

Lurline Spreckels's gowns always incite the admiration of her San Francisco friends but few of them know that she plans them all herself. Mrs. Gus Spreckels has nothing at all to say in the matter of her daughter's gowns, unless perhaps as to their cost limit. It was the mother's idea for her daughter to learn how to gown herself without assistance and since Lurline was a child of ten she has planned her own frocks and hats. Mrs. Spreckels believed that was the proper way to inculcate taste for colors and effect. Of course at first Lurline blundered a bit, but in the main the experiment was a great success.

Folsom street wharf was invaded by a fashionable and well-dressed crowd on the occasion of the departure of the *Sheridan* last Saturday. It is always a most depressing and saddening sight to see a liner slowly leave the wharf and watch well-remembered features gradually fade away until they can no longer be distinguished. We were glad to note, however, that several of the officers who were traveling with their wives had the excellent taste and forethought to lay in a stock of Ayala, so that in many instances the pang of parting will be lessened and sea-sickness robbed of all its terrors.

Immorality in the Philippines

From a correspondent in the Philippines I learn that the Islands are a seething hotbed of graft. The merchants of Manila complain bitterly of the rascality of American officials who are operating all sorts of get-rich-quick schemes. Official brigandage is rampant in all departments of the government. Moreover vice in all its forms flourishes throughout the country. It was bad enough under Spanish rule but everybody agrees that immorality has increased at a fearful rate since the American followed his flag. Concubinage is in evidence everywhere, and the mock marriage is an institution which has played havoc with many native women who were deserted by their soldier husbands.

L. P. Latimer's pupils will hold their annual exhibition of water-colors and oils in Maple hall on the twentieth and twenty-first of November. The pupils will hold a reception on both nights, and there will be programs of music and recitations. These functions are annual affairs.

A Few Feminine Fads

Nearly every woman has some fad. Here are a few that are known to be indulged by the ladies of San Francisco:

Mrs. Eleanor Martin—Giving dinner parties.
Mrs. William S. Crocker—Housekeeping.
Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin—Designing her gowns and wraps.
Mrs. Walter Martin—Golf.
Mrs. David Bixler—Collecting brasses.
Mrs. William Tevis—Bull pups.
Mrs. Burton Harrison, Jr.—Gardening.
Mrs. Len Owens—Millinery.
Miss Sallie Maynard—Traveling.
Miss Jennie Blair—Collecting slippers.
Mrs. Abby M. Parrott—Charity.
Mrs. Schmiedell—The Woman's Exchange.
Miss Laura McKinstry—Nursing.
Mrs. Monroe Salisbury—Bossing things generally.
Miss Bessie Ames—Music.
Miss Ida Gibbons—Fine needlework.
Mrs. George C. Boardman—Giving card parties.
Miss Kate Dillon—Collecting books.
Miss Ethyl Hager—Doing the cake walk.
Mrs. Ethel Tomlinson—Millinery.
Mrs. Sam Buckbee—Chafing dish concoctions.
Mrs. George Pope—Fancy work.
Mrs. J. Malcolm Henry—Kindergarten work.
Mrs. Walter L. Dean—Entertaining.
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Breathing on lovely shoulders, and the sweet
Red mouths of women,—as when lovers meet
To consummate, with fear, their long-dreamt kiss.
In all this throng there is no thought of Dis,
Nor death, nor darkness. Happy glimmering feet
Twinkle to music; heart on heart's a-beat;
Youth knows itself immortal;—yet, I wis,
The stars shall gather in the darkling blue,
When all these lovers have returned to dust;
The moon her stately measure shall pursue,
When all this joy and energy's a-rust;
The winds and waves shall dance in praise of God,
When all this pride is laid beneath the sod.

C. W. Doyle.

Answers to Correspondents

F. K. L.—No, I shouldn't advise you to run in two years for Justice of the Peace. The people have seen so much of you in the past year that they might lose their temper if you showed up so soon. Better wait four years and then try for Pound-keeper.

A. R.—No, the triumph of your friend is scarcely a vindication of yourself. True, it was generally known that you were attending to his interests, but he won in spite of that, not by reason of the circumstance.

W. R. H.—Yes, I should say that you are straight on the record once more. No, it is not right to seek to promote your political fortunes by sacrificing your friends in order to placate your enemies. Read the advice of Polonius to his son. It is good intellectual diet, and improves the morals.

G. McN.—No, your status was not improved in the late campaign. You may recall that Mr. Lane announced from a public platform that he was under no obligations to you, and that you could not expect favors at his hands. The inference naturally is that he regarded you as a highly objectionable character. If he did not there would be no occasion to utter words of repudiation. Of course everybody knows that he is under obligations to you, or rather was before you nominated him for Mayor, but that fact only serves to accentuate his own shame in taking refuge behind misrepresentation. Of course, if you are ever seen speaking to him again those who now merely scorn you will have reason to regard you with contempt.

Mrs. M. S.—I believe you. Indeed, before you mentioned it I knew that you had ceased writing social gush for an evening paper. The paragraphs lost their sycophantic and snobbish tone as soon as you started off on your vacation. The pen is a dangerous weapon for some people to wield. It made you ridiculous.

E. M. G.—Yes, it is all right for you to give birthday parties. A society bachelor is permitted to lie about his age.

True Genius

"Is he a dreamer or a man of action?"

"I should say he is both," was the editor's reply. "He dreams queer poetry, but he never fails to get the highest rates for his verse."

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St. Hubert's Day

Last Tuesday was St. Hubert's day, a great day in La-Celle-des-Bordes, France. The feast of St. Hubert is there celebrated by sportsmen and the descendants of the famous hounds of St. Hubert are prominent features of the day. The hounds are brought with the six *limiers* at their head to the village church, the chief dog wearing the Uzes colors. The huntsmen, in full costume, are surrounded by the pack huddled solidly together, and a San Francisco man who attended last year's hunt at La-Celle-des-Bordes says he never saw a more beautiful sight. The *piquers* and dog valets use the lash to insure the coupled beasts' patience as they reach through the nave to the steps in front. Before the altar the chief valet holds the six *limiers* in leash, and at the elevation of the Host the horns joyfully sound the fanfare of St. Hubert. The chimes ring and as the final prayer is read the hunters spring to the saddle. The nrst huntress of France is the dowager Duchesse d'Uzes, who on Christmas of last year counted her eleven hundredth stag. She rents from the French government sixty thousand acres of Rambouillet, the forest near President Loubet's favorite chateau. The Duchesse holds the first "watman's" certificate issued to a woman by the French authorities.

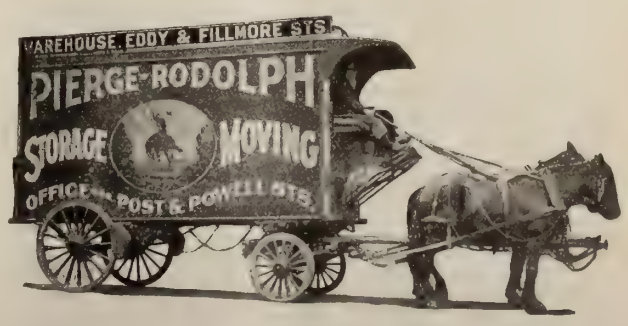
The St. Hubert dogs, which are called Talbots in England and have, I believe, representatives in the Carolan kennels at Burlingame, held the royal favor in France as a race apart until the first Crusades. Then St. Louis, who adored the chase, heard when in the Holy Land of some remarkable hounds of Tatary. He procured two specimens of these, who became the ancestors of the famous "great gray dogs of St. Louis" of which legend tells. They exist no longer save in ancient tapestries, though in 1887 a nobleman from Gers brought to a Tuileries bench show a pack purporting to be the great gray dogs, and they certainly looked just like them. The hounds of the Duchesse d'Uzes have a magnificent pedigree. The white Norman dogs were a cross between the white St. Huberts and the Vendee hounds. M. Baudry d'Asson, the present patron of the Vendean stock, and the Marquis de Chambray whose dogs are pure Norman, assert that their white hounds are the real St. Huberts. The latter have a peculiar note in their bay, a sweet melancholy, and they follow the stag swiftly. In Napoleon III's time the St. Hubert dogs were very popular, but they are rather neglected now except by English breeders. They are dun-colored with very long ears, bloodshot eyes and overhanging brows. They are proud, as becomes aristocrats who were the companions of kings before Charlemagne, and as they are ugly the modern deerhounds are preferred to them in France.

—*The Sportsman.*

Cultivated Forgetfulness

Jones—Do you remember the day you proposed to your wife?

Brown—I have made it a practice all my life to forget unpleasant incidents.



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The Stage

"Ben Hur"

Remote as we are from the big theatrical circuit with its chain of thriving cities that contribute millions of dollars annually to the coffers of the magnates of the Syndicate, we should consider ourselves pretty lucky when a production of the magnitude and the merit of "Ben Hur" is vouchsafed us. So many big and meritorious productions have found it unprofitable to venture across the continent, and there is so little risk on the Eastern circuit, that it is really surprising that Klaw & Erlanger condescended to send us this big company with its car-loads of scenery and other expensive paraphernalia. The condescension, however, was not indulged until "Ben Hur" was threatening to wear out its welcome in all other parts of the world, for, be it known, this thrilling dramatization of the Wallace masterpiece is now in its third season. That we had to wait so long for it is evidence of the fact that it was making money elsewhere, and even now it is running in New York, for the metropolis has not had enough of it. However, we are very proud of our own excellent judgment in things theatrical, and we do not always accept New York's verdict *in re* theatrical entertainment. Like the cultured folks of Phoenix, Arizona, and other enlightened burgs, we are inclined to sneer at the decadents of Gotham and deprecate their vitiated taste. When a drama is heralded across the continent as a big New York success, and it opens in San Francisco, we sink into our cushioned chairs in a manner that would indicate that we were defying the actors to make good. Like the Missourian, we demand that they show us. Well, the Klaw & Erlanger people have opened their theatrical package and revealed what appears to be the genuine article. It required considerable ingenuity and technical skill in a playwright to run the thread of the story of "Ben Hur" through a drama without taking any false stitches, but William Young accomplished the feat. He has given us the atmosphere of the story, and he has staged the situations of the book in a way that gives them life. The intensely dramatic incidents of the story are galvanized in the play, and though it is a spectacular drama the human interest of it is not subordinated to the scenery. It is a series of beautiful and thrilling tableaux, the most striking of which is the chariot race, but the story grips you in the beginning, and holds you to the end. And notwithstanding the sumptuous mounting of this costly play, and the hungry attention that has been paid to scenic and mechanical detail, the management has not sought to reduce expenses by economizing on the pay-roll. The company though large is a well balanced one, and there is not a part in weak hands. The cast reveals no great histrionic genius, but it contains several very talented mummers. William J. Kelly does conscientious and cred itable work as Ben Hur, and Alphonz Ethier enters into the spirit of Messala admirably. His performance is marred by some disagreeable mannerisms, but he looks the part of the lustful and villainous Roman soldier. The Simonides of Stephen Wright is an intelligent impersonation, and even John W. Thompson in the small part of Balthasar gives evidence of thoughtful conception. The women of the cast give satisfaction, though the Iras of Miss Nelletae Reed savors a little too much of artificiality. Margaret Pitt plays the mother of Hur in an effectively emotional way, and Julia Herne is a sweet and graceful Esther. The play is to have a run of four weeks and as the advance sale has been large it will no doubt be a financial success. Probably if we are good Klaw & Erlanger will send us their big "Beauty and the Beast" spectacle after they have sufficiently exploited it in the East.

Young, the Dramatist

William Young, who dramatized the Lew Wallace novel, is a graduate of Yale and intended himself for a lawyer. But after his admission to the bar he concluded he liked literature better than law, and decided to take to play-writing. He wrote "Jonquie" which Edwin Booth appeared in, and "Pendragon" and "Ganelon" for Lawrence Barrett. He was also the author of that bright comedy "The Rajah" in which Marie Burroughs and E. M. Pitt appeared under Frohman's management in this city about a score of years ago. He also did the adaptation of "Joan of Arc" that Margaret Mather starred in. Mr. Young is a poet and an essayist as well as a dramatist, and he has some of the eccentricities of geniuses.

Barney Bernard's Mot

The most salient morceau of humor flung at the Monday night audience at Fischer's was a Barney Bernard *bon mot*. It was interpolated between the acts after the usual *premicre* floral parade, when the mummers come out to help relieve the ushers of their fragrant burdens. The comedians had made their impromptu speeches, and all the principals save Maude Amber were beaming on the audience. Miss Amber was taking time by the forelock in her dressing room. There was a lull in the proceedings on the stage when Barney Bernard walked to the front and announced, "Mrs. Amber cannot come because she has disrobed." Thereupon the audience acted as though it felt it were being deprived of the only sensational feature of the show. There were calls for Miss Amber but she did not appear until the next act, and then she was unsensationally attired in a white gown. A disrobing scene might add a little ginger to "Rubes and Roses." Even the stripping of the piece of some of its cumbrous humor would enhance the gayety of the thing, without violating the proprieties. No doubt this will be done if it has not already been denuded of much of the material with which the action was insulated on Monday night. There was very little naked humor in the opening performance to excite the risibles of even a most amiable and friendly audience. However, all musical farces go through a process of evolution before they are completely divested of their inanities, and become charged with the quips and gags that insure success. The comedians are a little too much in evidence in "Rubes and Roses." Their dialogue is too long drawn out. That would not be so if it were funnier. There is not enough of the chorus, and the performance is lacking in melodious features. The hit of the performance is made by Georgia O'Ramey, who causes you to forget her name. She does a Cis Hopkins stunt cleverly, and she is the most unobtrusive little person that has been seeh at Fischer's for a long time. The new comedian, Ben Dillon, is an acceptable acquisition to the Fischer forces. He is of the vociferous type.

The Althea sisters, who will shortly appear at Fischer's, are acrobatic dancers who can play parts as well as dance. They have some specialties that are promised to be original. They will begin their engagement when the new burlesque goes on.

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musical comedies and extravaganzas. When "Peggy from Paris" was put on in New York the Johnnies went wild over the scores of beautiful chorus girls in the production, all of whom had been imported from the hitherto despised Chicago. The critics almost forgot to mention the librettist, George Ade, in their wild rhapsodies over the Venuses from the windy city. It appears that the "producers" of theatrical ragouts in Chicago act upon the theory



GEORGIA O'RAMEY
The Clever Soubrette, at Fischer's

that pulchritude is a substantial substitute for a multitude of shortcomings. In "The Storks," the latest offering from the Embalmed Beef metropolis, there is a very fetching aggregation of pretty girls. They serve more than the ordinary purpose in a musical farce. They are all vivacious, shapely and breezy Middle Westerners, and they wear spick and span costumes of most becoming color and cut, and when they are all on the stage they present a most attractive picture. Furthermore they can sing and they make the most of the ensembles which constitute the best part of the music. The lyrics are of the Mellins Food variety that never challenge adverse criticism by their obtrusiveness. The humor of the play is distinctly Chicagoese. Miss Alma Youlin, who has the leading part, is a tall, gracefully formed girl with a voice of more than ordinary sweetness. Olga von Hatzfeldt, who has dropped her title, by the way, has a sprightly part which she makes the most of. Her singing with the "Flirty Little Gerty" girls makes quite a hit.

Alcazar Actors in Farce

James Durkin, whose tender voice made the audience shed tears in the earlier roles in which he was seen, makes them all laugh this week. He is comedy all through from his head to his neatly shod feet, as that champion falsifier of facts, Augustus Billings. He is delightfully insouciant and in the amusing second act of Gillette's farce he never loses his poise. Fred Butler as Johnson is a bit too noisy but the audience on Monday night did not seem to mind that, but laughed loud and long as he wielded his whip and roared to his negroes and to Billings's guests. George Osbourne does his part of the old man, Faddish, with the perfection of artistry, and Miss Starr and Mr. Hilliard are very good seconds to him. Miss Howe and Miss Block are admirable as the mother-in-law and Mrs. Billings. Mr. Maher as the excitable Frenchman is clever. The new company shows its quality in the way it handles this farce-comedy. "Too Much Johnson" is miles away from last week s drama, yet by the easy manner of the principals in the former you would fancy they had been doing farce-comedy all the season.

New Plays for the Alcazar Stock

Considering the tremendous amount of dramatic material required by a weekly change of bill, the Alcazar makes comparatively few revivals. "Too Much Johnson" is almost a classic among comic plays, but it was last seen, previous to this week, some two years ago. It is nearly five years since "The Private Secretary" was done, and the little girls in pigtails and pinafores of that period have developed into full-fledged theatre-hero worshipers, soulful, ardent and frou-frouish. This thing of providing fifty-two plays a year, plays that will draw and entertain, is no trifling problem, but the Alcazar people solve it very cleverly. Their average of novelties is a remarkably good one. For example they are to give us this month the first San Francisco production of a New York and London farcical hit, "The Club's Baby," and the first performance by a stock company anywhere of "A Poor Relation," in which eccentric Sol Smith Russell achieved one of his most lasting successes. Then, too, they have secured "The Way of the World," written by Clyde Fitch for Elsie De Wolfe, and "Mrs. Jack" the Leo Ditrichstein comedy in which Alice Fisher starred last season. Neither has been seen in San Francisco.

Broadway Has No Charms for Him

Ashton Stevens is curious to know why such an actor as George Osbourne is not playing on Broadway. Perhaps it is because he prefers O'Farrell street. This may appear to be a ridiculous suggestion, for Broadway is the Mecca of all thespians, but



ANITA ALLEN

While bringing many important players from the East, the Alcazar management is not neglectful of native talent. Anita Allen, a member of the popular new stock company, is a petite and piquant Californian girl of much promise. She was particularly good as the pert Beatrix Brent, in "Lady Bountiful."

George Osbourne has reached the dizzy height in his profession. He has "made good" on Broadway but he has done better in California. The veteran actor has accumulated a bank account, and his property interests are in this State. It is natural for a man to keep in touch with his property interests. George Osbourne has a very fine ranch in Fresno from which he derives a handsome income, and he has income-paying property in this city. He is one of those unusual individuals, a prosperous actor, and Broadway has neither terrors nor charms for him. He is the peer of the greatest character actor on Frohman's pay-roll. Perhaps we do not appreciate him because we know him so well that it is hard for him to lose his identity before a San Francisco audience. The stock actor is never thoroughly appreciated until he quits stock work, goes away from his intimates, and comes back in a role that he has been playing a whole season. The members of the old California stock company were not appreciated until they became stars. Frank Mordaunt, one of the greatest character actors this country ever produced, was not appreciated when he was playing a new part every week at the Alcazar, although he was then doing his best work. Later on he became a high-salaried Frohman mummer, and then we were pleased to say, "I told you so."

History at the Central

Henry Shumer has the strongest role in "At Valley Forge" at the Central. He has the part of a blustering British officer and he plays it with not a little power. Shumer's specialty is characters of this class, and he is careful never to overdo the villainous side. Elmer Booth also has a role that calls for intelligence, and which gets it, in the Hessian leader. Mayall as the revolutionary hero looks like a page from an illustrated History of the American War. His acting is spirited and is received with enthusiasm. Miss Lawton as the heroine wins the audience from the start. The rest of the company is felicitously cast. The play is beautifully staged. The Central, by the way, is becoming one of the most popular theatres in town. Last Friday evening there were many theatre parties present to enjoy "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the theatre was packed at both matinee and evening performances Saturday.

'Under the Polar Star"

The Central theatre announces that in the week beginning Monday, November sixteenth, it will produce on an elaborate scale the great scenic and spectacular melodrama, "Under the Polar Star," introducing as a feature the Esquimaux, dogs and general exhibit of Koltchoff's Arctic and Alaska Exhibition, enroute from St. Michael's, Alaska, to the World's Fair in St. Louis. It should therefore be the most notable production of that play that has ever been witnessed.

Some Capital Vaudeville

The lovers of vaudeville have been entertained by an exceptionally sparkling bill this week at the Orpheum. Among the new people, Max Waldron, the graceful female impersonator, is probably the most pronounced hit. His various impersonations are exceedingly clever. The Village Quartet does some capital singing of venerable songs that are always appreciated, and Clivette, the magician and juggler, demonstrates that there is still something new to achieve in his line of dexterous activity. The program is sufficiently varied to appeal to all tastes, and there are few dull moments throughout its length.

The Alexander Recital

Miss Clara Alexander, "sweet smelling of the South," delighted a large audience in Lyric hall last Wednesday evening with her artistic "Dixie Darkie Dialect Recital." She knows them well, these strange midnight children, so unlike us and yet so like; these "images of God cut in ebony." She holds them near to her and sympathizes with them; she holds them away from her and laughs at them and with them, and you laugh, too, or weep. A difficult art it is, Miss Alexander's: she addresses the ear rather than the eye, working without the aid of a Darkie make-up. The heart of the difference between black and white she gives you so happily that you almost understand why you must forever misunderstand your fellow in this dark disguise. Her reading of Paul Dunbar, the poet, is truly admirable. Mr. Willard Young, despite a genuine cold, did much to add to the enjoyment of the evening. There is a promise in his voice well worth keeping. Mrs. Slavan's playing, especially for a Darkie recital, lacked color.

Andrew Bogart's first song recital since his return from New York will be given on Thursday evening, December third, in Maple hall, Palace hotel.

Tyndall's Immense Audiences

Dr. Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall continues to attract large audiences at Steinway hall every Sunday evening. The attendance at the last lecture was unusually large, the subject being "Spiritualism." It was very interesting and very impartially handled, the object of the lecturer being to give a due amount of credit to what he called "the old spiritualism," for the advanced ideas that are now spreading all over the world. He said that it is to the philosophy of spiritualism that we are indebted for the advanced ideas of the present century, although those ideas came to us under various disguises. He also said that he did not advise the indiscriminate search after mediums, claiming that each person can attract to himself the influences and inspiration he desires, through the magnet of Thought. There were some experiments in independent psychic phenomena, among them being the "dead and alive" manifestation. Tomorrow evening Tyndall will talk on "Hypnotism and Crime,' in which he hopes to dispel some of the numerous misconceptions regarding the power of hypnotism. On November fifteenth he will lecture on "The Elements of Success."

Next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, at the Macdonough theatre, Oakland, will be given the two festival chorus concerts for the benefit of the new auditorium of the Y. M. C. A. The programs are of unusually fine quality. There will be a chorus of

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two hundred and fifty voices and an orchestra of professional musicians, numbering thirty-five players, under Pietro Marino's direction. The solo singers will be Mrs. Grace Davis-Northrup and Mrs. Arthur Bessey, sopranos, Lowell Redfield and Signor Borghesi, baritones, Signor Dado, basso. Miss Margaret Davis will be the accompanist and the conductors will be D. P. Hughes, E. D. Crandall, Percy A. R. Dow, Alex T. Stewart and Dr. H. J. Stewart. Two movements of Dr. Stewart's "Montezuma" suite will be given.

The Ellery Royal Italian Band Concerts

The concerts of the Royal Italian Band at the Alhambra have been attracting considerable attention. The new leader, Chiaffarelli, is without doubt the best Italian bandmaster that has visited us and the men play with a verve and soul that is positively refreshing. The programs for the final concerts are excellent and include oboe solos by Signor Ferrulo, clarinet solos by Signor Decima and trumpet solos by De Mitris and Palma. Numbers from the "Suite Arlesienne" and "Scenes Pittoresques" are on the program for the Sunday night farewell and compositions by the conductor are played at each concert. The band has been secured for a return engagement beginning December sixth, when an entirely new repertoire will be given and five new soloists now enroute from the East will appear.

Great is Gregoretti

The "little house round the corner" continues with unabated zeal to give you more than your money's worth of music. This week "La Favorita" has been alternating with the double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "I Pagliacci." The Prologue alone makes one ashamed of sitting in a six-bit seat, to say nothing of a seat for four bits or for two. Great is Adamo Gregoretti of Young Italy. Compared with no matter whom, considered as actor or singer, he is an artist, an Italian who doesn't go beyond the beyonds. His is the voice, his the method, that stand the test of repetition, that grow upon you. Here familiarity breeds admiration. Then you have the delightful de Spada—not quite enough of her; and the dramatic de Benedetto—a little too much of her, at times; and Dado; and—and—well, there is no end of them, and it will never do for me also to give you more than your money's worth.

Mansfield Is Becoming Modest

Just how much of the credit for the success of a play is due the author and how much the actor is a question not easily determined by an auditor. Richard Mansfield expressed himself in a characteristic vein the other day on this subject, and he speaks out of the experience of an artist who has made many plays appear strong which without his inspiration, finish, and life might have seemed rather slim pickings. "Yes, we hear again and again that an actor has made a poor play succeed," said Mr. Mansfield, "but I have never yet seen the cleverest actor make a success out of a bad play. The actor is, after all, but the creature of the playwright, and often receives both the praise and the blame which belongs to the author. On the other hand, my motto has always been, if you will excuse the language, 'Il faut excuser l'auteur,' by which I mean that an actor can give strength to weak lines and bring out meanings perhaps never thought of by the author. But I defy an actor-genius to make a strong situation out of a weak one, or a probable out of an improbable plot."

Mrs. Langtry is coming here after New Year's, to appear at the Columbia. This theatre will have Virginia Harned in "Iris" after "The Storks." "Iris" is one of Pinero's latest, and is one of the problem plays that shocked New York.

Features of Next Week's Bills

By universal demand of those unable to obtain seats last week, the Central will put "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on for another week. It is a magnificent production of the old play, the scenery being the finest ever seen in this city. The colored chorus will sing a new set of southern melodies and there will be a new tableau, "Slavery Days." "Under the Polar Star" will follow. The Alaskan dogs and Esquimaux used in this production arrived from Alaska two days ago. They are going to the exhibition at St. Louis.

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Week of Nov. 16th—"Under the Polar Star"

The Tivoli has a particularly attractive bill to offer for the coming week. On Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings the great Puccini opera, "Tosca," is to be presented. This work, which was given for the first time in San Francisco last season, is as the title would imply, founded on the great Sardou drama. Of the Puccini music nothing but praise has ever been heard. The orchestration is particularly brilliant. The title role is to be assumed by Tina de Spada who may be expected to repeat her European successes in it. With Agostini as Cavaradossi, Zanini as Scarpia and Dado as Angelotti the cast will be strong. Zani, Cortesi and Napoleoni will also be included and Miss Phyllis Partington will sing the part of the Shepherd Boy. The production will be a notable one. Alternating on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday nights and at the Saturday matinee the favorite Verdi opera, "Il Trovatore" will be presented, with exactly the same cast that won such favor earlier in the season. This will be the last chance to hear Gregoretti as Count di Luna and Ischierdo as Manrico. Travaglini's Ferrando is another excellent piece of work and de Benedetto's Leonora with Marchesini's Azucena form a strong combination.

"Ben Hur" will continue for three more weeks at the Grand.

"The Storks" has another week at the Columbia.

One of San Francisco's most prominent attorneys and politicians has written an original up-to-date burlesque of a local character, which will be produced at Fischer's after "Rubes and Roses." All the music, songs and dances are being specially written for the play by one of the city's leading musicians and a composer of prominence, whose works have always found favor with the press and public. The management and stage director Jones claim the burlesque superior to any of the Weber and Field's and that it will be a veritable sensation. In the meantime "Rubes and Roses" is packing the house.

The public likes the Alcazar's change from comedy-drama to farce-comedy. "Too Much Johnson" will see its finish tomorrow night in a gale of laughter. "The Private Secretary," which has had all sorts of stars from Beerbohm Tree to Nick Long, will show John B. Maher in the star role. To follow, November sixteenth, will be the first San Francisco presentation of "The Club's Baby," a comedy which Jacob Litt produced with much success in the East.

Frank Belman and Lottie Moore in a bright new sketch, "A Gallery Goddess," headline the Orpheum's bill. Warren and Blanchard, lyric comedians not new here, have some novelties in their stunt. The Jack Theo trio, novelty and acrobatic dancers, will make their San Francisco debut, as will Phil and Nettie Peters, unique conversationalists. The Village Choir will sing "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Sally in our Alley," "Songs of Other Days" and other new-old gems. The singing end of the Two Roses will give "My Kimona Queen" for the first time.

At the Chutes will be the original World's Trio, Queen, Stowe and Feely, who are just back from Australia; Wayse and Lamar, singing and dancing sketchists. Lew Wells, the Morriseys, the Allen sisters and Mabel Lamson will remain.

Pinero's Latest

Arthur Wing Pinero's latest play, "Letty," is devoid of Dukes and Lords, but he has given to his chief male character, "Letchmere," a name that is offensively suggestive of the nature of the man, who merely devotes his time to amusing himself with brief liaisons. His Christian name, "Nevill," is that of an English marquis whose family notoriously resembles the description Letchmere gives of his own: "We're rotten bad, every one of us." Pinero, by the way, has written thirty-five plays at twenty-six years, a record that Clyde Fitch will no doubt succeed in beating if his typewriter holds out.

Word comes to me from New York that Charlie Swain, the erstwhile popular comedian of the Grand in the heyday of the Morosco regime, is aching to get back to his old home, and that he has lately been negotiating with the management of the Central.

The fifth annual benefit of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco, in aid of their charity fund for the sick and needy in the profession, will be given on the afternoon of November twentieth. This is a worthy cause, and the theatre should and doubtless will be packed on the occasion. All the companies playing in town at the time will be represented on the program. —*The Playgoer.*



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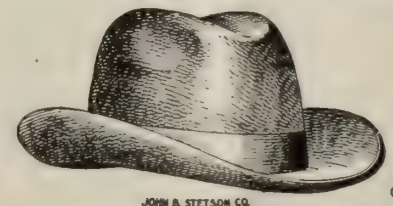
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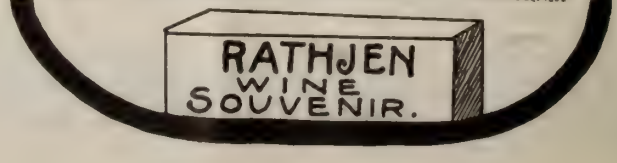
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MUSIC

[Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.]

A Very Poor Concert

The concert given under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Club—the fashionable musical club of the city—is still the talk of society. It was given at the Alhambra on Thursday evening of last week and was one of the poorest concerts to which a musically cultured audience was ever compelled to listen. Though the house was polite, people could scarcely remain in their seats and many left the theatre at the end of the first part of the program. Before the last numbers fully half of the audience had gone. Katharine Fisk, the Chicago contralto, was the solist, and the eccentric Mr. Duss led so badly that the entire orchestra wore a broad grin, to say nothing of leading itself. Mr. Duss has the most extraordinary idea of San Francisco's musical culture—a subject on which we are rather touchy and very proud. For instance, he announced that he had been requested to play an additional number, and, as several people rather pointedly left the house just then, he announced rather sarcastically that the number would take but ten minutes. Had he announced the name of the selection the rest of the people would have left for the selection was the William Tell overture, which he played rather worse than the thousand other leaders who have played it in San Francisco before. Duss evidently thought we had never heard the overture before. Another slap at San Francisco's musical culture was taken by Franko, who played for two encores, Moszkowski's "Serenade," and played it badly. As for Mrs. Fisk, she was impossible. Her gown was cut so low in the neck that even the men were shocked and the women looked away lest some dreadful thing should happen. She had a cold which fogged the one or two good notes in her voice and she was singing wretchedly. On her last visit she did not sing to large houses and was considered rather ordinary, but this time she was infinitely worse. Her first numwas from "Samson and Delilah," and her second was another red rag in San Francisco's already blood-shot eyes—Goring Thomas's "Summer Night," which has been hauled over the coals at a hundred concerts these last ten years. People could scarcely believe their ears that she was actually going to sing this old thing for one of her principal numbers. Her encores were trite, too, and were all things she had sung last year. "There Was an Ancient King" she sang quite well, but not well enough to make one forget Mrs. Henschel, and "Sail, Baby, Sail" is sung far better by local vocalists to fame unknown, yet the critics of the dailies called her "velvet-voiced," and did not dare to tell the truth of a concert which disgusted everybody and bored them to extinction.

The Illness of Greig

Grieg's health, according to a writer in *The Academy*, is still causing his friends considerable anxiety, despite all the care of his devoted wife. The composer has left his summer home, near Bergen, for Christiania, where he will spend the winter, but for some months he has been unable to do any serious work. For several summers he has hoped to go to London to produce the pianoforte concerto which he was long ago commissioned to write for the Philharmonic Society, but he has not been able to accomplish it.

A Brilliant Performance

Those who were fortunate enough to be present at the faculty recital of the California Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening enjoyed a rare treat. The playing of Mr. Landsberger and Mr. Bendix left nothing to be desired. The program consisted of Raff's Chromatic Sonata for piano and violin, followed by Beethoven's Concerto in G, Mrs. R. N. Alwyn at the second piano. Both numbers were exquisitely performed, Mr. Bendix's runs being like strings of matched pearls. In the concerto one who had only ears and no eyes would never have guessed there was a second piano, so perfect was the accord between the two performers.

The entertainment committee of the Y. M. C. A. promises some excellent musical attractions for the season. The course opens next Friday evening with a concert by the Minetti String Quartet—Giulio Minetti and E. Lada, violins, Charles Tranor, viola, and Arthur Weiss, 'cello. In January will come the Fisk Jubilee Singers and in March the Mozart Symphony Club of New York. In this club is Herr Hoch, the possessor of a famous golden cornet set with precious stones, and a Roman trumpet five feet in length.

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Miss Lillian Myers, a former San Franciscan, has returned to her Portland home, a correspondent writes me, and her friends there are very eagerly awaiting her first appearance in recital. She will give a concert on December seventh. Miss Myers spent six years in Europe in the study of violin, her masters being Joachim, Halir, Anton Witek and Remy. She says that though Berlin is the best place for study Paris is the city for finish and for developing individuality. She played in various salons of prominent Parisians.



MR. WILLARD YOUNG, Baritone

Mrs. Briggs's Recital

On Thursday evening, November twelfth, in Century hall, Mrs. Wallace Wheaton Briggs, mezzo-soprano, will give a recital, assisted by Dr. H. J. Stewart and Paul M. Friedhofer, 'cellist. The program will be: Sea Pictures (three songs), Edward Elgar; Andante and Finale from Goltermann's Concerto in A minor; recitative and aria from Tschaikowsky's "Joan of Arc"; "A California Night," words by Homer Henley, music by H. J. Stewart, with 'cello obligato; Romance, Svendsen, Allegro Appassionato, Saint-Saens; four songs by Arthur Foote—"The Rose and the Gardener," "Come Back to Me, Beloved," "If Love Were What the Rose Is," "Ashes of Roses"; three songs by Jessie Gaynor, "The Discontented Duckling," "The Gingerbread Man," "The Slumber Boat."

The King's Daughters' Home for Incurables will be given a benefit concert next Thursday evening, in Steinway hall. The artists are Misses Gertrude Wheeler and Millie Flynn, Homer Henley and Mr. Onslow, Miss Tharp, reader, and Miss Julia Tharp, accompanist.

Manager Friedlander already reports any number of inquiries about the Patti concerts, which will be given early next year. Madame Patti appeared in New York last week and scored the expected triumph.

"Babes in Toyland"

An occasional correspondent writes me from New York that "Babes in Toyland," a musical extravaganza now running at the Majestic, promises to be the most profitable production that the theatre-goers of Gotham have ever witnessed. It embodies the better elements of various forms of entertainment. It is melodrama, tragedy, comic opera, grand opera, burlesque, pantomime, vaudeville, comedy and ballet blended so nicely that nothing seems to have been dragged in, and every scene appears to be essential to the development of the plot, which is coherent from start to finish. These are the words of the song that has made the hit of the piece:

"If a steamship weighed ten thousand tons,
And sailed five thousand miles,
With a cargo large of overshoes,
Of carving knives and files;
If the mates were almost six feet high,
And the bo's'n near the same,
Would you subtract or multiply
To find the Captain's name?

Chorus:
"Put down six and carry two;
Gee! but this is hard to do:
You can think, and think, and think
Until your brain is numb:
I don't care what teacher says,
I can't do the sum.

"If Harold took sweet Imogene
With him one eve to dine,
And ordered half the bill of fare,
With cataracts of wine:
If the bill were thirty-ninety-five,
And poor Harold had but four,
How many things would Harold strike
Before he struck the door?

"If Clarence took fair Gwendolin
Out for an auto ride,
And if at sixty miles an hour,
One kiss to capture tried
And quite forgot the steering gear,
On her honeyed lips to sup;
How soon could twenty men with brooms
Sweep Clare and Gwenny up?

"If a woman had an English pug,
Ten children, and a cat,
And she tried in seven hours to find
A forty-dollar flat,
With naught but sunny outside rooms
In a neighborhood with tone,
How old would those ten children be
Before they found a home?" —*The Music Critic.*

In Financial Circles

There has been a little more animation at the Stock and Bond Exchange. While the volume of business has not increased to any appreciable extent, there has been a better inquiry indicating a reawakening interest in the investment market. Transactions aggregate, $117,000 bonds and 2,289 shares of stock, divided into 625 shares, Gas & Electric, 438 shares Spring Valley Water, 456 shares miscellaneous stocks, 710 shares Sugar stocks and 60 bank shares.

There are no developments in the lighting situation. Spring Valley Water has been weak on account of the municipal election. A sensational decline of about $3.00 a share took place in the Alaska Packers' Association; as usual various reasons to account for it were rumored, all of which on investigation turned out to be baseless. Sugars remained steady with a fair demand. Rumors about an impending assessment on one of the oldest corporations are firmly denied by the directors.

The rate of interest asked by lenders is unchanged and money remains in fair supply. *The Financier.*

Nordica's Hand Read by Livorno

Some years ago Madame Livorno, the palmist and crystal gazer, had the pleasure of reading the hand of Madame Nordica. And last week, when Nordica was in San Francisco, she immediately sent a message to her to come and see her. The palmist took an imprint of the great soprano's palm and found in it several new things. Nordica's magnetic personality is mirrored in her hand; that magnetism that causes thrills to permeate the vertebrae of even the unlearned in music. The singer's hand, Madame Livorno says, is a combination of the artistic and practical, a very unusual combination in artists; the other notable exception being Sousa, the march king. Much ambition would overcome any obstacles, and Nordica has wonderful ambition, with the strength that assures success. Madame Livorno's new apartments at 34 Kearny street are very convenient and central in location. Her phone number is Black 2435.

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LETTERS

"My Favorite Bookshelf"

Though Charles Josselyn does not pose as one of the literati, he has made two excellent contributions to literature, in neither of which does he obtrude his personality or even his individuality. Mr. Josselyn is a collator, and as such he is deserving of great credit for his taste and discrimination. To him we are indebted for "The True Napoleon," a work that presents the life of the great Corsican in well chosen selections from the best biographical and analytical sketches, and now we have a very entertaining volume from the same industrious individual entitled, "My Favorite Book-Shelf." As the collator says in his preface, it is for "the use and enjoyment of busy people." That is the pretext for the publication and it is a worthy one. The selections are gleaned from the works of many of the best writers, and are evidence of many years of attentive reading. I do not commend the judgment that appraises the platitudes of Ouida so highly as to deem them worthy of reproduction in a volume that gives hints to the genius of Balzac, Chesterfield, Hugo, Macaulay, Montaigne and Rousseau, but there is such an abundance of brilliant thought in the book that one need not be bored by the mediocrity represented therein. It is a neatly printed volume from the press of Paul Elder and Company and has sufficient to recommend it for the average library shelf.

Some Stories Worth While

The "Little Stories" contributed to the *Century Magazine* a few years ago, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, with some additions which bring the number up to thirteen, have been collected into a volume, and a very welcome volume it makes. Some of the contributions are little more than impressionist sketches, but an impressionist sketch from the pen of Dr. Mitchell is often a better picture than the elaborate work of others. Those who are familiar with "Dr. North and His Friends" and "Characteristics" will readily recall the manner in which Dr. Mitchell can introduce a problem in moral philosophy under the guise of a story. One of the tales in this volume, "Two Men," puts before the public plainly and accurately the difference in the prospects of the honest workman just out of a hospital and in need of shelter until he could find work, and the sickly sentimentalism which provides all things for the ex-convict. It was copied widely at the time and brought about the establishment of a much-needed charity for the worthy but unfortunate sick poor. "A Dilemma" also excited interest, but this time it was the scientific journals which were attracted to the discussion of the problem presented. "Thou Art the Soul of Thy House" is a psychological study. One may not believe, like Secton, that some houses are lucky and some unlucky, or that there is moral danger in living in a house where murder has been committed, but none of us can escape the acknowledgment that there are at least curious coincidences in the fatalities which befall successive inhabitants. Within the radius of a few blocks I know of one house which seemed to have an attraction for cripples, family after family, some half-dozen or more, who inhabited it, each having one or more of its members deformed or crippled; in another there was a succession of sudden deaths; a third, a somewhat pretentious mansion erected by a well-known gambler for his irregular menage, passed from one owner to another, but always there was some taint of scandal in connection with its inhabitants, while a fourth place seemed to foredoom every one who owned it to business reverses. The theory of "influential memories" is, if not convincing, at least interesting. There are but one hundred and nine pages of these "Little Stories," but they furnish more food for thought and reflection than most volumes padded out to five hundred. A most attractive little volume it makes, too, in neat, dark cloth binding with gold decorative design. Published by the Century Company.

Fernald's Sea Stories

Chester Bailey Fernald has at last collected his sea stories, and those who made the acquaintance of Clarence O'Shay and Sudden Lannigan long years ago under the "Lights of Sitka" will be glad to have the chronicle of their deeds and doings between the covers of a book. Lannigan is a sort of Mulvaney afloat, and poor, lubberly, good-natured, soft-hearted Clarence, fresh from the farm, sees in him a mentor much to his liking, when he found himself aboard a real man o' war, which was, small wonder, "a bewildering bedazzlement to him." Nature had not been kind to Clarence—Clarence O'Shay—the name itself is a description—"squat, with two little bandy legs, and the look of a milestone,"

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but Clarence is anxious to make a good impression on the other sex, hence the other "bewildering bedazzlements" which befall him. The stories are not consecutive nor connected, but there is a thread running through them which makes each explanatory of some other and serves to bind the whole together. "The Yellow Burgee" is a story of the Spanish war and yellow journalism, and a good, stirring tale it is, too, and "A Yarn of the Pea Soup Sea" goes to the other side of the earth and gives a fanciful but perhaps not an altogether untrue view of the corruption of the Chinese navy. On every page the book fairly bristles with taking bits of description, whole pages condensed into words. There is the missionary, "with a look like the taste of bad medicine," and the chaplain to whom "the department sent his resignation for being such favorites with women," and the beautiful half-caste Siwash, whose "eyes were India ink and her face the dimensions of a plum, with skin like ten dollars in gold. We was all worrying at the fine lines of her, which was like the figure 8." It takes a San Franciscan to appreciate the force of "Ye brass old Cogswell image." "Me opinion of philosophy," says Clarence, "is henceforth, to leave it alone. 'Tis entire too apt to blow up—with yourself on board," which is as true for the rest of us as for him. "Under the Jackstaff," which is the title under which the eleven stories are published, will please most men and some women. The sentiment, of which there is abundance, is less on the surface than in Mr. Fernald's Chinese tales, and for the most part they will appeal to a different audience, but it is only the ultra-fastidious who can afford to neglect them. Published by the Century Company.

An Eastern literary editor, in announcing a new book by Bram Stoker, refers to his "Dracula," "which is pleasantly remembered." Any one who could call "Dracula" a pleasant book would enjoy a garden party in a graveyard. Weird and uncanny it is, and of a compelling interest. Fascinating in its way, and for those unfortunate mortals who have no imagination to carry the ghastliness on further than the author has done, or those whose nerves are either minus quantities or well under control, there is a degree of satisfaction to be derived from the perusal, but it is after the manner of that to be obtained by assisting at the execution of a post mortem examination. It is doubtful if any one has ever read the book twice, nor is it necessary that any one should. Once read it can no more be forgotten than the right hand or the way home, but any one who could characterize "Dracula" as a pleasant book would be capable of giving it to the children.

Professor L. A. Sherman has demonstrated to the satisfaction of his readers, as well as to his own, that there is a mathematical limit to the number of words put into sentences by different authors, as well as to the number of predications in the sentences. By actual count he has shown that writers fall into a habit of mechanical construction, using approximately a certain number of words to express their ideas, and departing from it only within well-defined limits, so that in case of uncertainty as to authorship the number of words in each proposition and the number of predications in each sentence may be made an important factor in determination. Applying the test to the controversy over the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, Professor Sherman finds that Shakespeare used, on an average, fewer than thirteen words to a sentence, and that thirty-nine per cent of his sentences are simple. Bacon, on the other hand, made his sentences thirty-nine and fifty-nine one-hundredths words long, and in his acknowledged works only fourteen per cent of his sentences contain but a single proposition. Of course this does not decide anything. It is only one more straw laid on the load which the indifferent public is asked to bear. —*The Bookworm.*

"What is the difference between a bachelor girl and an old maid?"

"Give it up."

"The bachelor girl is one who successfully fosters the delusion that she is single from choice. The old maid has quit trying."

RAINIER A GOOD TONIC.

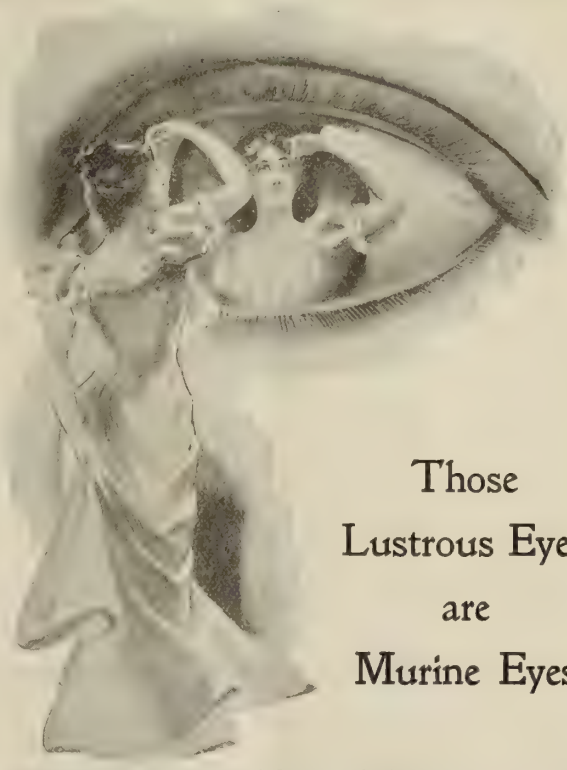
During these unsettled fall days the system should be fortified by a good tonic. There's none better, or more worthy of recommendation, than Rainier beer, the purest beer on the market, and the best.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Automobile Topics

There is hardly a doubt but that after the races of the horseless carriages at the Ingleside track this afternoon the second meet of the Automobile Club of California will be declared the biggest and most successful affair of its kind ever held west of Chicago. The meet does not lack talent and all conditions are favorable for a successful event.

Barney Oldfield, the American automobile champion, arrived in this city the early part of the week with his two specially built racing cars, the Baby Bullet and Bullet No. 2, the steam vehicles that have won fame for him. Oldfield is here to break records and declares he will not leave until he has lowered the record for a mile. Oldfield held the mile record until last Saturday, when W. Gould Brockaw lowered it at Brighton Beach.

Mr. L. L. Whitman, who recently made the run in an Oldsmobile from San Francisco to Portland, Maine, is now in Pasadena. The machine cyclometered about five thousand miles in its journeyings, more than one thousand of which were across desert and mountainous country. After the completion of this run Mr. Whitman ran the same machine in the endurance run from New York to Pittsburg via Buffalo and Cleveland. The run from San Francisco to Portland was made in forty-eight and one-half days, and from New York to Pittsburg in eight days. Mr. Whitman was one of the blue ribbon winners and cleaned out every machine but one in his class. The success of the transcontinental and Pittsburg runs was so satisfactory to the Oldsmobile Company that they presented Mr. Whitman with a check and a new machine in addition to his regular traveling expenses while on the road.

The Pioneer Automobile Company is in receipt of a letter from J. B. De Jarnett, cashier of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank in Colusa, who recently purchased a Stevens-Duryea automobile, reading as follows, viz: "My son just returned from a trip covering one hundred and seventeen miles without stop or accident of any kind, and the machine came in without weakness anywhere." This is an average letter now being received from automobile customers. Neither Mr. De Jarnett or his son has ever had previous experience with an automobile, and it is very evident that the automobile has reached a degree of perfection which will stimulate the purchasing of machines.

Last Sunday O. D. MacNabb of the Western Automobile Company was chauffeur on a trip suggested by Henry H. Davis. The party of four left this city at ten a. m. in a Cadillac. The trip was made to Mr. Davis's ranch, fifty-two miles in all from San Francisco, and eighteen miles from Redwood City, and included a run over King's Mountain, seventeen hundred feet above the sea level, a steep grade of nine miles long. Lunch was taken at Redwood City. The run over the mountain was made in forty-five minutes.

Quite a delegation of autoists toured from Yolo county to this city to be present at the race meet. Among the automobilists were Dr. Fairchild, W. W. Vickery, Mr. Boyle and Dr. Blevine, and these gentlemen made their headquarters at the National Automobile Company, which firm extended the courtesy of its garage to all its customers over California.

C. S. Middleton has purchased from the National Automobile Company the four-cylinder Toledo car which arrived here a week ago yesterday. The vehicle is finished in red with a canopy top and is considered one of the handsomest cars that ever came to the coast. The Toledo is the car which won highest honors in the Eastern Endurance run, traveling seven hundred and ninety-five miles with a loss of only a dozen minutes.

Seven carloads of White touring cars are en route to the Pacific coast, is the report given by the White Sewing Machine Company. Four of these carloads are bound for this city, two for Los Angeles and one for Portland. The majority of these steam cars are already sold on advance orders.

The National Automobile Company entered three machines in the automobile races. Bert Saunders competed in a Toledo, Caesar Luckhardt in a Rambler and E. Courtney Ford in a Franklin.

Mr. Robertson has returned from Del Monte in his Winton touring car.

Miss Georgie Strong drove her Stevens-Duryea one hundred and four miles last Sunday.

W. Parker Lyon of Fresno is the guest of the National Automobile Company.

A. A. Moore Jr.'s four-cylinder Locomobile is here.

—*The Chauffeur.*

The modish woman's stationery is as much a part of her nowadays as her dainty wardrobe. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the newest modes in paper and envelopes, dies and seals.

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134 to 148 GOLDEN GATE AVE.

Telephone South 1142

Largest and best appointed garage in the West



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THE MOST MODERN DESIGNS OF HIGH CLASS AUTOMOBILES FROM $850 TO $8000.

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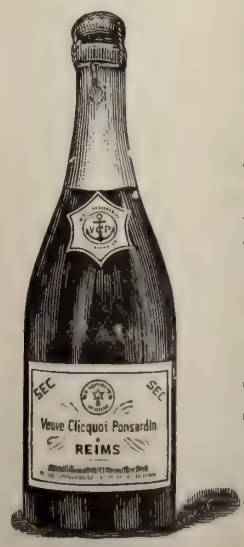
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(Creme of Cognac)

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San Francisco

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

A. GRANUCCI, Plaintiff
vs.
A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of PIERRE LANGARON, Deceased, Eleanora O. Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee), Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleonora O. Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, Deceased,) John Doe, Richard Roe, James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto. Defendants

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of Pierre Langaron (deceased), Eleanora O Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee) Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleanora O Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, deceased) John Doe, Richard Roe James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in this complaint.

That the property involved in and affected by said action is described as follows, to wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, commencing at a point where the Northerly line of Union street intersects the Easterly line of Dupont street; thence running Easterly along said line of Union street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one-half (4½) inches thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-three (23) feet to the said Easterly line of Dupont street, and thence Southerly and along said line of Dupont street Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one-half (4½) inches to the point of commencement.

That the object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of the above entitled Court adjudging and determining that the above named defendants and all other persons claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the plaintiff's complaint adverse to plaintiff's ownership or any cloud upon plaintiff's title thereto have not, and that none of them has any estate, right, title, lien or interest whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof, and that the title of plaintiff is good and valid, and that said defendants and all of said persons unknown as aforesaid be forever enjoined and debarred from asserting any claim whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof adverse to the plaintiff, and for such other, further and additional relief as to the Court may seem meet and proper in the premises, and for costs of suit.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1903. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A DEANE, Deputy Clerk

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87243

ALFRED H. COATES, Plaintiff, vs. EMMA C. COATES, Defendant. — Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

EMMA C. COATES Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of this action and upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff as appears from the complaint on file herein to which special reference is hereby made; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT P. WHEELAN, Attorney for Plaintiff
222 Sansome St. Sixth Floor, Room 2.

Estate of WILLIAM RYAN, Deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the Estate of William Ryan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Rooms 73 and 76 Chronicle Building, Junction of Geary, Kearny and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of William Ryan, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 31, 1903
Frank McGowan, Attorney for Administrator

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87209.

ADELAIDE C. SHADE, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant — Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 4th day of September, A. D., 1903.
ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

MILTON S HAMILTON, Attorney for Plaintiff
Crocker Building, San Francisco. Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. —. No. 86531.

CLIFFORD E. LINTON, Plaintiff, vs. ADDIE LINTON, Defendant — Action brought in the Superior Court City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

ADDIE LINTON, Defendant,

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 14th day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of LAWRENCE FELVEY. Deceased

CATHERINE FELVEY, administratrix of the estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition praying for an order granting leave to sell real estate of said decedent for the reasons and purposes therein set forth, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS ORDERED by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before said Superior Court, Department 9 thereof, on the 23rd day of November, 1903, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., of that day at the Court room of said Department of said Court at the City Hall in said City and County, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, at either private sale or public auction, as she shall deem best and as shall be necessary to pay the debts and expenses of administration, accrued and to accrue, and the family allowance in said estate, and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, October 20th. 1903. J. V. COFFEY, Judge of said Court.

JOSEPH E. O'DONNELL, Attorney for Administratrix,
460-461-462 Parrott Building.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87599.

MARY M. WALSH, Plaintiff, vs. D. J. WALSH, Defendant — Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting, to:

D. J. WALSH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's neglect and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By R. A MARTIN, Deputy Clerk

GEORGE M. HURLBUT, Plaintiff's Attorney
449 Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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STORIES OLD AND NEW

Of Her Own Family

During the early settlement of Oregon territory the Cayuse Indians were quite menacing in their demonstrations of hostility to the little band of pioneers—so much so indeed, that at a meeting of the settlers assembled to consult the means of safety, it was resolved to send two of their number across the mountains, to implore aid from the parent government. Colonel Meek and Squire Eberts were appointed, and they accordingly set out for Washington, across the mountains and the deserts, and in due time reached their destination. While there the Colonel was invited to a levee given by some one of the notables of the Administration. During the evening he was introduced to a fascinating woman who made inquiries about Oregon and the hostile Indians, which gave him a great chance to indulge in his favorite spread-eagle style, which he did to the best of his ability. During the conversation the lady inquired if he had a wife; to which he replied affirmatively.

"Why," said the lady, "I should think she would be *so* afraid of the Indians!"

"My wife afraid of the Indians!" exclaimed the Colonel, "why, madam, she is herself a *squaw*."

The Last Trump

Charles Dickens rarely attempted a pun, for he condemned that form of wit. But on one occasion he was accused of irreverence in making one. A game of whist was going on and one of the ladies who was not playing took a slight nap in the background. As the last trick of the game one of the party banged down the king of trumps in such loud glee as to awaken the sleeper, who started up scared and bewildered. Dickens turned around laughingly and said:

"Don't be alarmed, but you look awfully like one of the defunct on the Day of Judgment."

"Why?"

"Because you were awakened by the sound of the *last trump*."

Her Photos Distanced

The late Thomas Nast was once asked by a society woman to make a cartoon for her. He complied with the request, only to discover that she evidently did not understand the mission of a cartoon.

"I'm not a very beautiful woman, am I?" she said to the artist, looking at his sketch.

"Beautiful! That's no word for it! You are really more wonderful than your own photographs, let alone my cartoon," replied Nast.

His Business Acumen

Garrick, in order to cover his own stinginess, is said to have spoken of his partner Lacy's love of money; and Murphy asked:

"Why on earth doesn't Garrick take the beam out of his own eye before attacking the mote in other people's?"

"He is not sure," replied Foote, "of selling the timber."


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TOWN TALK

VOL. XII. No. 585. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 14, 1903. PRICE, 10 CENTS.



20 H. P. WINTON TOURING CAR

Mr. Barney Oldfield says he will wager $1,000 that he will break his record before leaving the Pacific Coast. Mr. Oldfield says he considers his record of 56 seconds at Ingleside on Sunday, Nov. 8th, to be four seconds faster than he ever rode before.

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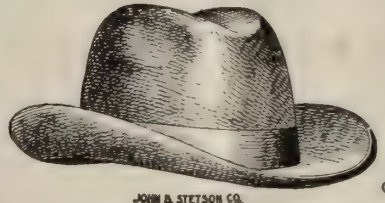
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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, November 14, 1903

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Why Amend the Charter?

Since the re-election of Mayor Schmitz there has been discussion among disgruntled politicians of the advisability of amending the Charter. They argue that it has been demonstrated that the Charter invests the Mayor with too much power. It is somewhat early to begin tinkering with the city's organic law. Everybody knew before its adoption that it would invest the city's Chief Executive with great power. And it was for that very reason that it was recommended by its sponsors. It was admittedly the purpose of its framers to concentrate responsibility, which was so scattered under the Consolidation Act as to be responsible for all our misgovernment. It was contended that the people exercised very fine judgment in electing a Mayor, and that they would never elect to that important office a man in whom they could not repose implicit confidence. It was also said that as the Charter fixed responsibility so clearly the Mayor would be very cautious in the performance of his duties. Among other things it was predicted, by the optimistic exponents of the science of municipal government, that the Charter would interdict the Police and Fire departments from engaging in practical politics. Indeed, the Charter was expected almost to compass the millennium. And now, though it has been in operation less than four years, there is talk of amending it by striking out the provisions that were formerly believed to constitute its chief charm. It is evident that the people who were disappointed by the re-election of Mayor Schmitz are not accustomed to philosophical reflection. It is absurd for them to imagine that they can approximate perfection in municipal government. Whatever be the system adopted there must always be more or less dependence upon the men called upon to administer the laws. It is an axiom of political philosophy that no political forms can be an effectual security against unwise and mischievous exercises of the powers of government, unless public opinion is enlightened and public conscience is awakened. If the public opinion of San Francisco were enlightened and its public conscience awakened there would be no occasion to grumble over the miscarriage of the Charter, for then Mayor Schmitz would not dare subordinate the interests of this city to the private enterprise of an aberuef.

Schmitz and Phelan

On the whole, experience has merely shown that the framers of the Charter misjudged the moral sentiment of this community. They thought that the people would always want a man of exceptional virtues for Mayor, and that they would have no difficulty in finding men immune to the passions that beset ordinary mortals. Their ideal man for Mayor was James D. Phelan, who started the Charter on its way by deftly violating some of its most sacred provisions. He was a reformer, but he soon made it plain that his purpose was to build up a political machine for his own benefit. The Charter appeared to be specially adapted for machine-building. Mr. Phelan sought to divert attention from his political juggling by projects for the improvement of the public morals. While saloonkeepers were being subjected to rigorous restrictions Mr. Phelan was demoralizing the city government. He was puritanical in all matters not affecting his private interests. Phelan's record under the Charter is no better than that of Schmitz. That the people prefer a man of the Schmitz calibre to one of the Phelan stripe is evident from the fact that the latter did not dare to run again after his first term under the Charter, while Schmitz boldly went before the people and secured vindication of his administration. There are many of us who do not approve of the methods of Schmitz. We do not object so much to the freedom which he permits in tenderloin circles, but we deprecate his alliance with a thrifty and crafty politician. We feel that he has created opportunities for graft, and that his methods are a menace to the welfare of this community. We fear that as a consequence of those methods this city is destined to become a prey to a system of brigandage of a most infamous type. But it should be remembered that the people want Schmitz. They have said so, and it is the people's prerogative to dictate the character of government they should have. His re-election is not symptomatic of dissatisfaction with the Charter.

Our Suspicious Promptness

The secession of Panama was just what might have been expected, but from the circumstances attending the organization of the new Republic, the suspicion arises that the authorities at Washington received a very quiet tip as to what was going to happen. Moreover it is not improbable that they encouraged the people by whom the little revolution was conducted. It is not unlikely that the conspirators were advised that as soon as their political machinery was in good working order they would be given recognition. That the secession of Panama was anticipated is evidenced in a measure by the fact that the Pacific Squadron, under Admiral Glass, was ordered down to Central America several weeks ago, though the ships had returned from there not more than three months before. War vessels had also been sent down on the Atlantic side, and when the trouble commenced Uncle Sam was "Johnny on the spot." No doubt President Roosevelt will be severely criticised for what appears to have been connivance at a conspiracy against the peace and dignity of a foreign State, but no doubt he will be able to give satisfactory explanation. European statesmen seem to have no doubt that this Government aided and abetted the revolutionists, and if that is so we shall have some difficulty in vindicating what savors very much of a highly immoral act. However, much may be urged in extenuation. The people of Panama have suffered great injustice at the hands of the politicians of Colombia. They have been badly treated for years, and when the scheming and corrupt Central American poli-

ticians sought to subject this country to a hold-up process in connection with the purchase of the canal, and declined to sell except at an exorbitant figure which our State Department would not consider, the people of Panama decided that they would not submit to corrupt rule any longer. They are as anxious for the construction of the canal as we are, and from the standpoint of their own interests they were justified in seeking independence. Unfortunately there has been a great deal of scandal over the purchase of the canal from the French promoters, and it has been openly charged that United States Senators have been bribed to favor the project. Of course the scandal will receive fresh impetus now that a revolution has been successfully pulled off with what many believe was the co-operation of our State Department.

The Cause of the Revolution

The situation in Colombia during the few weeks preceding the revolution was one of perplexing uncertainty. With the adjournment of the Colombian Congress two weeks ago, the possibility of favorable action on the Hay-Herran treaty vanished, although President Marroquin, an honest and progressive man, was said to be anxious to see the Panama canal completed by the United States. The failure of the treaty to pass was due to the fact that the Liberals were reluctant to assist the dominant Conservative party by voting for a measure that would place a large sum—the ten millions offered by the United States—in the hands of an oligarchy striving constantly to keep the Liberals out of power. The nation was impoverished by the three years' war which came to an end a few months ago, and when the Hay-Herran convention expired the Colombians were desperate in their poverty, and each day rumblings of discontent were heard that presaged the secession of the Province of Panama. To say that this Government had inside information which was not possessed even by the Colombian representative at Washington is absurd. The revolution was predicted in Panama weeks ago. There is a very low standard of honor in Colombian politics. The average South American statesman is a grafter on a broad gauge, and many of them perceived the disproportion between the forty millions offered by Uncle Sam to the French Canal Company for work performed and franchises, and the proposed compensation to the Bogota Government for the conveyance of the right to complete and operate the canal. Some of them thought it sagacious to inquire what would happen if the French company were forced into having its concession with the Columbia lapse six years hence. They calculated that they could claim, under forfeiture, everything done on the Isthmus by French capital, and negotiate afresh with the United States with the prospect of getting the full fifty millions. So they were inclined to "squeeze" the canal company, but meanwhile the people of Panama were becoming more and more indignant, and realizing the purpose of the grafters they finally decided to throw off the yoke of a corrupt government.

The Discouragement of Thought

No sooner has the "habit of reading," that much prayed for step towards the millennium, fastened itself upon the populace, when the same voices, or to be more accurate, voices from the same class who urged and argued in its favor, are raised in protest. From all sides we hear the complaint that there is too much reading, that constant reading weakens the power of independent thought, that people read when they should be otherwise employed. Intellectual dram-drinking and mental debauchery are amongst the other terms of reproach and apparently there will soon be a movement on foot to discourage the book-habit. Reading has been put to the same abuses as has every newly discovered cure-all, and having failed to accomplish the impossible, it is meeting the fate of all dethroned idols. Theoretically, if people could only be made to read, the whole population of the earth would speedily become not only enlightened, but learned. To have a book in hand was in itself a virtue, no matter what the book itself chanced to be. But people have been educated in late years to avoid thinking at all times. They have been encouraged to read for diversion and not for instruction. Children have been coaxed through the kindergarten and primary grades by means of stories and games, and the classics have been adapted to the understanding of the advanced pupils. Sociology, finance and every other abstraction is rendered popular by means of dialogue. Religion is a novel. So-called problems which could be solved by applying one of the Ten Commandments are discussed through five hundred pages of fiction and left an open question in the end. Even those comparatively few readers who have a reputation for the profundity and solidity of the books they select will be found to patronize popular science, in which the scientific idea is sacrificed to the popular, so that they are neither the one thing nor the other. Some one has aptly described a vast quantity of this stuff as peptonized reading tablets. But it is not reading that should really bear the blame for all this. People must have occupation of some sort, and modern improvements have made way with many of the old-fashioned time-killers. The experiment of building a royal road to learning has proved a failure. In trying to make education both universal and popular it has been made too easy. The process has been akin to the saying of old-country folk about sugaring the soap in order to get the boys to wash themselves. Every exertion has been spared to pupils, and instead of teaching them to surmount obstacles they have learned only to sit down and wait till some one removed the obstructions for them. Long ago pupils who "quit school" because it was too hard for them were under a ban, but now, let it be hinted at that brains are exerted and immediately there is a toning down of requirements, so that, between the class who read mechanically, because they do not know what else to do, and those who are deluded into the belief that they are accomplishing great things by devoting themselves to abridgements, adaptations and digests, and reading so many hours a day, just as they would practice scales and finger exercises, small wonder that no great good is accomplished by looking at printed pages.

The Female Laborer

The hired-woman is taking the place of the hired-man amongst New England market gardeners. The experiment of substituting Italian women to work in vegetable

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and fruit patches has been tried, and with success. The women are said to accomplish as much work as men, do it better, and withal, uncomplainingly. The employer can go about other duties in security, knowing that the women will not need watching, and that unlike Hiram and Silas, they will plod along, from daylight to dark, without stopping to discuss politics, light their pipes, or kill time. Simultaneously with this report from the strongholds of Puritanism comes a despatch from Chicago, in which it is given out that three Italian women have applied to the street-cleaning department for work. One of them claims to have been a freight handler in Naples, to have removed debris from Pompeii in a wheelbarrow, and to have handled brick. Another had been a street cleaner in her native land and had drawn a milk cart, harnessed side by side with a dog, while the third had been a street cleaner and a quarry hand. The superintendent of one of the street cleaning brigades, a woman, was in favor of putting the women on the force, but the general superintendent declined to do so, reasoning very justly, that the question of prime importance was not the ability of the women to do the work, or their need of work, but the opening of the door to the employment of women in America in such occupations. It is not probable that the women themselves would undergo any special hardship, particularly if the stories of their occupations at home were true. Neither is there anything more fatiguing in the work of keeping a definite stretch of a street in good order than there is in the performance of the endless tasks which fall to the lot of the house-keeper among the poorest classes, but there is a principle involved. It is not for the uplifting of the masses that they should become familiar with the spectacle of women employed in such occupations, and the usual first result is to foster idleness and laziness in the males of their household and race. The peas and berries raised by the peonage of Italian hired women and the streets cleaned by their hands may be all that can be desired in the abstract, but in the end, they will prove to be dear-bought. There are some occupations which it is against the spirit of the American people to encourage women to enter. The effort to introduce the English bar-maid into New York was a dismal failure, and the same cold frost should be generated wherever there is a disposition to employ females as hod-carriers, scavengers, street cleaners, coal miners or beasts of burden.

Mormon Agitation Once More

The Mormon question is once more agitating Utah. A bitter controversy is in progress there, preliminary to a demand for an investigation of the operations of the Mormon Church, to be presented to Congress at its next regular session. When Utah was admitted as a State it was under the condition, implied at least, that the Mormon Church was to take no part in politics. Now it is charged that the church has become all-powerful in politics, and that the high officers of the church are living in polygamy. It is alleged that the church controls all Utah elections, and that it has laid its plans to hold the balance of power in the United States Senate by electing Senators from Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Oregon. The proposition, therefore, to admit the territories to statehood is involved in the fight, together with the right of United States Senator-elect Reed Smoot, a Mormon Apostle, to sit in the Senate. In their campaign the Gentiles are making use of testimony taken before Judge Anderson in the United States court in Utah in 1889. The testimony has not been heretofore available. It was given by several people who took the Mormon oath in the Endowment House. It is of a blood-curdling character and provides, among other things, for avenging "the blood of the prophets against the Government of the United States." Each woman is required to swear that she is willing to allow her husband to have more wives than one. It was testified that the Mormon leaders frequently pray for the overthrow of the Government, and that members of the church are sworn to obey the priests of the church in all things temporal and spiritual, politically and socially. As a result of this testimony Judge Anderson held that persons who had taken the endowment oath were not fit to become citizens of this country, and he refused the application of five Mormon foreigners to become citizens. It is now contended that, as one of the quorum of Mormon Apostles, Senator-elect Smoot must place the will of his quorum above the Constitution of the United States or the laws of the land, and that as the mouthpiece of a despotic hierarchy he cannot represent the people of Utah.

It appears from the Central Pacific report of earnings for the year that a million dollar increase of gross has been converted into a three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar increase in surplus. On the Union Pacific property, the surplus increase will probably be about $650,000. The sum of the two, about $1,000,000, will be just about offset by the decreased net earnings of the Southern Pacific, and thus the system will show for the year an almost unchanged surplus, after tremendous betterment expenditures, such as were outlined specifically in the statement of improvements made upon the Harriman lines. Union Pacific net earnings are now beginning to gain.

At a Pupils' Recital

Criticus—The soprano appears to have lost the key.

Cynicus—Yes, poor thing, she's lost it so completely that I guess she'll have to sit on the door-step all night.

—*The Usher.*

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The Feminine Naval Contingent

Naval ladies attached to the American squadrons in Asiatic waters may be categoried in two classes: (1) Women of wealth who have married into the navy for the social prestige, and (2) women who have just married into the navy. The subalterns of the navy who are married to women of the first class are deemed fortunate; those who are called upon to support women of the second class are presumably only happy.

The two classes are easily distinguishable. As a rule, the naval woman of wealth is loud and ostentatious; she advertises her origin wherever she goes; she lacks the repose and refinement that birth and good breeding confer. I have been compelled to blush for my countrywomen frequently, in the presence of these parvenus. Only the other evening I was shocked by one of these loud Americans whose coarse provincialism is a jesting sneer in the comment of all who are forced into contact with them.

A lady, not attached to the navy, was pacing the verandah of the Nagasaki hotel, accompanied by her husband. This lady had but recently landed from a tempestuous voyage and was still weak from a prolonged sickness. Feeling somewhat fatigued by the exertion of walking, she took her husband's arm.

"Affectionate couple," commented the young naval cub who was sitting with the Loud American.

" I hate it—it's common," was the response in a foghorn tone that was distinctly audible to the "affectionate couple"—as was intended by the naval person.

This is only a mild example of what the refined, well bred American abroad is compelled to endure when this class of American women is in evidence.

I have called these people Loud. The adjective is well chosen. At table, in the dining-room you may hear them discussing the most trivial matters in the most excited manner. How they were nearly capsized by their 'ricksha coolie; the award they offered a shopkeeper for a brass pot and the amount they finally paid for the trash; the total value of their Chefoo chits; the fact that they had shipped seven trunks loaded to the muzzle on board one of the battleships; speculation as to the "safest" method of "getting through" the custom house with the least cost.

Not many of them, I must confess, are so vainly ignorant that they sign themselves in the hotel registers as "Mrs. Captain Jones," "Mrs. Lieutenant Smith" or "Mrs. Ensign Robinson"; but I have observed instances of this sort of thing, and they have made me express my disgust in a most ungentlemanly manner—I was ashamed of myself thereafter, but the expression was spontaneous and beyond my immediate control.

These naval ladies are shop mad—but this description will apply with equal force to all of the globe-trotting women abroad in the Orient. These women are scarcely landed from their ships in a new town before they are bargaining in some curio trap or haggling in the bazar of a silk merchant whose sole purpose in life is the spoiling of the Egyptian. Here again the distinction is apparent between the naval lady who has money and the lady who is dependent on her husband's modest income. The shop-keeper of the Orient differentiates the rich "in her own right" and the woman who "can't afford the best." The plethoric purse invariably pays more for nothing than the empty wallet of the mere naval woman.

I was amused by an incident that occurred a few days ago in this town involving some of the highest if not quite the mightiest ladies attached to the Asiatic Squadron. A great festival is to be celebrated here tomorrow—the Kunichi-odori of O-Suwa Temple. This festival is for the purpose of commemorating the building of the temple six hundred years ago. The temple was erected as a Shinto protest against the Christian religion, which had just been extirpated by fire and sword from Nippon.

The circumstance, however, that the great demonstration is a perpetuation of Japanese hatred for the interloping Christian does not, in any manner, detract from its uniqueness as a pagan pageant, and there is always a terrific scramble for special invitations among the foreigners who may happen to be in Nagasaki during October of each year. These invitations are issued by the Governor for the event of October seventh, and by the Mayor for the lesser affair of the ninth.

When the naval ladies now in port first heard of this festival they treated the announcement with the scorn that anything Japanese usually excites in these superior women. It was one of those street shows, don't you know, and they could see all that was necessary from the promenade deck of a 'ricksha. It was finally broken to them, as gently as possible, that the Kunichi-odori was not only a "street-show" but an exclusive "society event" under the immediate patronage of Governor and Madame Arahawa. Already Consul Charles B. Harris had given in the names of twenty-five officers of the American warships *Kentucky, New Orleans* and *Albany,* then moored in the harbor, and the edict had gone forth that Governor and Madame Arahawa could not accommodate any more, either on the grand stand erected at their residence, or at the champagne tiffin after the "street show."

Then you should have heard the flutter of those naval ladies! A "society function!" Oh, dear me, why didn't somebody tell us about it before? Exclusive, too! Why didn't the horrid newspapers print something in the social column?

Finally clamored the question, "What shall we do to be saved?" and—horror of horrors—it developed that even the Admiral's wife could not attend the "function" if she had not called on Madame Arahawa—Japanese etiquette, you know, very Western—a pretense of acquaintance as a basis for the formality of an invitation.

The naval ladies, high and mighty in their ideas of their own exclusive social condition, had not thought it worth while to call on or even to leave their cards with the Governor's wife, but now they hastened, in their best bibs and most fashionable tuckers, to make social amends. But alas! these peris were too late—the gates of Paradise were closed. The list of invitations was more than full.

Consul Harris was constituted a court of last appeal on behalf of these humble applicants. Consul Harris is a diplomat as well as a commercial representative of his country, and he earned the eternal gratitude of those high and mighty naval ladies, by striking from the invitation list a sufficient number of ward-room officers to make room thereon for the negligent naval ladies.

Now those naval ladies are very happy.

But how about the poor officers of the ward-room?

Perhaps these don't count in the navy when the ladies are concerned.

I have said nothing regarding the naval ladies in the second class simply because they are ladies in every sense of the term—on the principle that good wine needs no bush.

Nagasaki, October 17. THE WANDERER.

The Solitary

BY HARRY COWELL

The body is a house of many windows: there we all sit, showing ourselves and crying on the passers-by to come and love us.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Experience, already reduced to a swarm of impressions, is ringed round for each one of us by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced on its way to us, or from us to that which we can only conjecture to be without. Every one of those impressions is the impression of the individual in his isolation, each mind keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world.—*Walter Pater.*

A mysterious awe, succeeded by a strange sadness, invariably comes over me whenever I realize that I, a social product, loving society, am by nature doomed to solitude. Nor is there much comfort in the reflection that this, my misery, has for company every man born into the world. Without this prison of personality—through the bars of which we carry on our conversations, make love, misunderstand our fellows and are misunderstood by them—you would not be you, nor I, I. With it, we are solitaries serving life sentences. Choose I my words never so wisely, no sooner have they reached your ears than they suffer a sea change. Your "peculiar difference" divides us and must ever divide. One after another I throw open the windows of my house and cry with all my might on you, the preferred passer-by, to come and love me; but no real voice reaches you, most delightful of conjectures. Though I should be so fortunate as to attract your attention, your eyes cannot see me; *me you* cannot love.

The desire, then, of the noble-hearted to be understood, to hold sweet converse with denizens of their own dream world, can never, this side Death, be wholly satisfied. Howsoever frank he may be; howsoever much he may forego falseness—the white lies of love, the gray lies that lubricate the wheels of society, the black lies that blight existence; how successful soever in showing himself: no man makes his soul self known to any other man, much less to any woman. Life perforce is spent in loneliness and longing. Perfect society—complete love in conjunction with complete understanding—is impossible. One may approach nearer and nearer to it, but the line of progress is asymptotical.

The universal desire for happiness that makes kin of men of all colors, creeds and classes has, as an almost invariable by-product, the desire to be loved. But no man is really loved unless he is conceived of as he really is. If my longing for love leads me to deceive; if by means of speech or silence, or what not, I succeed in making a false conception of me—that is, one which does not correspond to the facts—rise in your mind, and in this way apparently win you for friend or lover, I myself am the victim of my own deception. Not me you love, but an imaginary man merely; a concept with which I do not coincide. Kisses meant for another I may indeed receive; bitter are they, however, bought with a lie, meaningless as other kisses of commerce. I have obtained love under false pretenses. A loveless life, bereft of beauty, should be my portion forever, a prisoner in a prison within a prison. Punishment aside, what does it profit me to have love's wild glances and wonder words pass through me to an object in the air beyond—a lover veritably such stuff as dreams are made of? It is only when I am approximately what my friend thinks I am that I may consider myself beloved. Fine women do not marry men; they marry their own ideals—ideals to which actual husbands, as wives wake up to know them, have little correspondence; as I, a man, know them, less; as God knows them, still less. Fond lover, the woman you adore, as she, or rather her representation, may have told you, has no existence outside of you. You, with the help of your friends, the poets, makers of dream women, have created her. Like other idolaters, 'tis your own work you worship. God has made passable women, to you surpassing. Ah me, and alas! you woo a work of art, a fiction, and wed a work of nature, a fact. The world over, men and women are holding lies to their hearts. The truth they would spurn. Many a new-made benedict—his lips upon the lips of his bride, the law of the association of ideas constraining him to remember loves of yester-year, dear dead leaves of lost springs which the winds have blown all away—has reason to feel grateful to the thick wall of personality; to thank his stars that no real voices of the past can pierce through it to the confiding conjecture that curls inside his bared breast and encircling arms. And forget not the complementary *vice versa,* O most virtuous reader, of the sex that differs so delightfully from mine!

But O, how well, after all, I know you and how well I love you, most solitary of the myriad prisoners of this planet—penitentiary of which Death keeps the key—you who, scorning to cheat for even life's greatest prize, exhaust every imaginable means of making yourself understood as in very deed you are; and sit by wide-open windows many a weary day and night, and watch him whom the immortals call Pteros fly past you and alight on sill after sill where blinds are drawn and walls willingly impenetrable—you who preserve your own dream of a world that is indeed a dream; where life is fragrant and colorful as a field of flowers; where birds of unearthly plumage sing unheard of songs; where a voice from the depths of the soul answers the voice of the waves, laugh for laugh, sob for sob—you who would fain make your wall transparent and penetrable; who would fain know the sound of a real voice; a voice low and tremulous with love for you, for you as you really are!

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There's a silver strip of river lying idly in the sun,
On its banks are beds of fragrance where the butterflies are legion
And the moonbeams frame its glory when the summer day is done.

There's a little, rose-wreathed cottage nestling close upon its border
Where a tangled mass of blossoms half conceals a tiny door,
There's a sweet, narcotic perfume from a garden's wild disorder,
And the jealous poppies cluster where its kisses thrill the shore.

From across its dimpled bosom comes the half-hushed, careful calling
Of a whippoorwill whose lonely heart is longing for its mate,
And the sun aslant the sleepy eyes of foxgloves gently falling
Tells the fisherman out yonder that the hour is growing late.

From the branches of the poplars a spasmodic, sleepy twitter
Comes, 'twould seem, in careless answer to the pleading of a song,
And perhaps the tiny bosom holds despair that's very bitter
For his notes are heard no longer by the little feathered throng.

Then the twilight settling denser shows a rushlight dimly burning—
Ah, how well I know the landing drowsing 'neath its feeble beams,
And my homesick heart to memories of the yesterday is turning
While I linger here, forgotten, with no solace but my dreams.

November, 1903.

MABEL PORTER PITTS.

The Saunterer

The Significance of It

Some people started a lottery scheme in this city the other day by which they expected to dispose of some real estate at a handsome profit and they were promptly arrested. The incident serves to remind me that several other lottery schemes are thriving in this city, and that they appear to enjoy official protection. No attempt is ever made to enforce the laws against them, but whenever an interloper appears in the field he is promptly taken into custody. It is unreasonable to assume that the lottery companies enjoy immunity and even protection without cost. It is understood in political circles that the "graft" from these lottery schemes aggregates ten thousand dollars a month. To whom is the money paid? Perhaps some day a grand jury drawn by a judge without the assistance of a nimble fingered clerk will have its curiosity aroused, and institute an inquiry into the operations of the lottery syndicate.

A Confidential Relationship

Some months ago, when Mayor Schmitz demanded that gambling in Chinatown be suppressed, he was promptly obeyed. Gambling was suppressed for awhile, but evidently the Chinese made new arrangements for they are doing business at the old stands, and our highly moral Mayor, who has just been re-elected by an overwhelming majority, isn't saying a word. If I were less skeptical I should accept the suggestion that all our police and executive officials are good fellows, and that they are encouraging the Chinese and white lottery dealers just because they are in favor of a wide-open town; but being somewhat familiar with the frailty of human nature, I am reluctant to believe that they are overlooking all the splendid opportunities for graft that are afforded them. I have heard it said that as Mayor Schmitz is now in complete control of the Police Department he will soon remove Chief Wittman. I should like to bet a year's subscription to Town Talk against its equivalent in coin that Mr. Wittman will hold his job as long as Mayor Schmitz is in office.

The Quiescent Press

All the indications are that Mayor Schmitz and Chief Wittman enjoy the most confidential relationship. Indeed, so confidential is it that Mayor Schmitz wouldn't consider for a minute a proposition to rupture it. And meanwhile the regularly established lottery agents will continue to extract a hundred thousand dollars a month out of the pockets of the people of this city without the slightest fear of interference. The daily papers that attacked Mayor Schmitz during the campaign, but that cautiously dealt in glittering generalities, will not call attention to the lottery evil or its apparent inducement to graft, because the lottery companies pay a high price for advertising. They will even stand for bold discrimination, such as was exercised the other day against that real estate lottery. On this subject even the pulpit is silent, for the pulpiteers that inveigh against vice do so only when they are assured of publicity in the public prints, and the newspapers will not publish anything that is said against the lottery evil. They will denounce the Chinese who do not advertise and who do no harm except to Chinese, but all others are guaranteed protection. And yet there are people who are sanguine that some day the public conscience of this city will be awakened, and that then it will be impossible for Abe Ruef to name the Mayor.

Thrifty Ho Yow

Ho Yow, the Chinese Consul, who retired from the diplomatic service to engage in commercial enterprises, was a very thrifty heathen, and during his official career in this city he proved himself a very resourceful financier. The merchants in Chinatown marveled at his ingenuity, though they objected to some of his methods. Since his departure the story has leaked out in Chinatown that he tricked the United States Government, having boldly violated the Exclusion Act. When he came to this country he had in his entourage two maid servants who were admitted as members of his official household. Upon his retirement from the service the women should have returned to China, but they are still in this country, and it is said that they were sold to people in the interior of the State.

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Mrs. Ronalds Coming

A chronicler of social items reports that Mrs. Ronalds of London is coming to America soon, and that she will probably visit San Francisco. Mrs. Ronalds has one very intimate friend in this city, in the person of Mrs. M. H. De Young, and if she comes here it will in all probability be as the latter's guest. Mrs. Ronalds is the leader of London's fashionable Bohemian set, and she enjoys the favor of royalty. Comparatively few people who have heard of this famous woman, and who know that she was the pet of Sir Arthur Sullivan who bequeathed to her his royalty rights in many of his musical compositions, is an American. Still fewer know that she has a husband. Mrs. Ronalds was a Miss Carter, and it was when she was living in New York with her husband in the sixties that she first met Albert Edward, who was then traveling *in cog* as Lord Renfrew. They met at the famous ball at the Academy of Music. Afterward she and her husband separated and she went to live abroad, and she has been a favorite in London fashionable and artistic society ever since. She has one daughter who married a Mr. Ritchie, and two sons, one of whom, Reginald Ronalds, was with the Rough Riders. Her husband, Peter Lorillard Ronalds, lives in Connecticut. They are not divorced. They simply live apart. Mrs. Ronalds has one of the best trained voices in London, and she gives afternoon musicales, invitations to which are highly prized.

Ahead of Her Time

Madame Patti is another celebrity who will no doubt receive a great deal of attention from Mrs. De Young when she comes to town. There is a very strong bond of affection between them, and when Mrs. De Young went East a few weeks ago one of the objects of her trip was to attend the first concert of the peerless Queen of Song. Mrs. De Young was the first woman in this country to break through the conventions as they existed nearly two decades ago, in order to entertain Madame Patti at her home. Well do I remember the sensation created by the De Young reception to Madame Patti, though in those days the De Youngs were not numbered among the elite of this provincial burg. In those days our new-rich aristocrats were quite timorous. Nothing short of the hallmark of the socially elect qualified a person for admittance to the Holy of Holies. In that remote period genius was at a discount. Our mushroom aristocrats of those days, who were the progenitors of our cultured swells of today, were not addicted to the habit of lionizing great artists. The stage was an abomination. Bernhardt was impossible because she neglected to procure a marriage certificate. Madame Patti was shocking because she had captivated Nicolini, the husband of another woman and the father of several children. So Mrs. De Young was really in advance of her generation, for now society dotes on celebrities regardless of their morals. Our most exclusive matrons pay homage to the most unconventional of our theatrical stars, and are glad to be invited to the Bohemian Club to a luncheon in honor of even a second-rate actress, and sit at the same table with the lady and her lover. We are no longer squeamish.

Her Past

Now that Patti is heading this way many stories of her past will no doubt be revived. And none will be read with more interest, perhaps, than that of her domestic affairs, for the great diva has had much marital experience. Her first husband was a Marquis, and I believe she was married to him when she met Nicolini, the great tenor, with whom she fell in love. Nicolini was married, but he was fascinated by the beautiful prima donna, and in time he arranged a settlement with his wife so that he could marry the woman who had won his affections. He became the devoted slave of the diva, and they were a very loving couple. When Nicolini died Patti could not be comforted. For awhile it was reported that she was going to enter a convent, but instead she fell in love with the handsome young Baron Cedarstrom, who was a teacher of physical culture in London, and she married him. She is old enough to be his mother. After reading what the New York critics have had to say about Madame Patti I am very anxious to hear her, for none has expressed his opinion clearly. They all agree that she carries her sixty years lightly, that she is still a great master of the art and rouses great enthusiasm, but concerning the voice itself they equivocate. One critic says, "It has lost the freshness of youth and has taken on a slight acidity but at the same time it is far and away the freshest voice that has been heard from so old a throat in our time." Another says that some of her tones were those of a woman in the fulness of her powers, but some showed signs of wear. According to another she caught her audience under something like the old spell, "but to say it was the voice of the old time Patti would be drawing too long a bow." Another somewhat vague criticism is to the effect that her voice sounds no older than she looks and that she looks just as old as her voice sounds.

Circuitous News Gathering

Sometimes the dailies have a roundabout and expensive way of getting the news. Three weeks ago I related that Lily Lawlor, the singer with a foreign education and a hypnotic personality, had been taken under the golden wing of Mrs. Astor of New York, and that she contemplated opening a vocal studio in the metropolis, where she would instruct the progeny of the plutocrats at ten dollars a lesson. The dailies ignored that bit of news, probably because they felt that as it had appeared in Town Talk it had been given general circulation, and that if they used it everybody would have known that they received inspiration from these columns. They waited until Town Talk reached New York where the piece of news excited considerable interest. The New York papers published it, and then when it was wired to the San Francisco dailies by their Eastern correspondents they had no hesitation in giving it further publicity In connection with the same item it was stated that there had been rumors of an engagement be-

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tween Miss Lawlor and one of San Francisco's wealthiest bachelors. The gentleman referred to was none other than Dr. Harry Tevis, upon whose attentions to Miss Lawlor I commented several months ago.

Her Marvelous Influence

To be a protege of Mrs. William Astor is a distinction that almost any young woman might be pleased to aspire to. Mrs. Astor is IT in the New York Four Hundred. She is the most influential woman in American society today. Her influence extends even to England where her daughter, who was formerly Mrs. Coleman Drayton, is living with her new husband, and enjoying the favor of royalty. Mrs. Drayton had the misfortune to violate the commandment which visits the penalty of ostracism on those who are found out, but such was the influence of Mrs. Astor that her daughter wasn't even snubbed. Coleman Drayton, by the way, never recovered from the publicity in which he was plunged at the time of his famous divorce suit. He passes a great deal of his life abroad and is very devoted to his children. The distinguished James J. Van Alen is another of the sons-in-law of Mrs. Astor. He is a thorough Englishman in sentiment and it has been said of him that he never reads an American publication.

The Source of Her Pull

J. Roosevelt Roosevelt is another son-in-law of Mrs. Astor. He married the second daughter and lives the greater part of the year in England. M. Orme Wilson, the fourth son-in-law, does not care the least about England or Europe, but is a thorough American. It is through her daughters and her sons-in-law that Mrs. Astor derives much of her social influence, though of course her great wealth is no unimportant factor. The men belong to all the most fashionable clubs in New York, and their wives are prominent in the most exclusive sets. So it is evident that Miss Lily Lawlor has taken a big jump socially. It remains to be seen whether she renders any assistance to her loyal friend, Mrs. Gus Spreckels, who is now in New York.

Her Record for Proposals

Although Kitty Du Val and Oliver Dibble have not formally announced their engagement it is a foregone conclusion, and neither cares to make denial. Faithfulness is surely a characteristic of the Dibbles. Addie married her first love, Nat Messer, and now Oliver will marry the sweetheart of his college days. His devotion dates back even to the remoter period when Kitty Du Val was attending dancing school in short frocks, and causing the heart of many a youth to flutter at a glance of her hazel eye. She was engaged to Lieutenant Charles Stone for two years, but on his return from the Philippines the engagement was broken. The glamour of brass buttons had worn off, though when Lieutenant McKinley was here it again looked as though Kitty Du Val was destined to be an army bride. However, the constancy of young Dibble won the day. As Lieutenant Stone is now happily married the heart of neither of the young people was seriously damaged. I have heard that Miss Kitty has had thirteen proposals, an unlucky number, but think of all the fun they must have afforded her. Mr. Dibble is a rising young lawyer, the son of Henry Dibble. The wedding will take place in the spring.

Hearst's New Enterprise

The Los Angeles *Examiner* is not a bluff, as some people imagined. The first issue of the paper will make its appearance on December thirteenth. Dent Robert, the Pacific coast representative of the Hearst interests, has secured the lease of a fine new building, and the machinery is now being shipped from the East. Meanwhile the people of Los Angeles are awaiting developments, and the wiseacres are predicting that Hearst will be unable to rout Rubicon Otis of the *Times*. The impression prevails in Los Angeles that Hearst is acting as the emissary of the labor union leaders and that his purpose is to crush Otis, who has been the bitter foe of all labor organizations. The millionaires, the capitalists and the prosperous merchants of the town are with Otis to a man, because he has cooperated with them in keeping a check on the unions. They dislike the *Times* editor but they are enthusiastic supporters of his paper. They think it is the finest newspaper on the Pacific coast. But when Hearst enters the field the citrusbelters will sit up and take notice. He has asserted that he will start the *Examiner* with a circulation of thirty-five thousand and that is only five thousand less than the *Times* has. He has been guaranteed considerable support and of course with the prestige which he already enjoys he is sure to have the patronage of Eastern advertisers at the very start. It is his intention to organize a staff of some of the most brilliant newspaper men in the country for the Los Angeles *Examiner*, and the new field will be exploited with all the enterprise for which Hearst is famous and which won success in New York and Chicago. Hearst doesn't ask people to like his papers. He merely wants them read, and they are.

The Apotheosis of Ruef

It is now the policy of Mr. Hearst to effect a coalition between the Democratic and Labor Union parties for his own political interests, and hence the booming of Abe Ruef in the *Examiner*. It is decidedly raw, but when a man is after such a big prize as the presidential nomination he cannot afford to overlook opportunities. According to the *Examiner* Mr. Ruef is "not a boss of the type that is customary in San Francisco. He is a man of education, a graduate of the University of California, a successful law-



yer in large practice, in short a man of ability and force." Mr. Ruef is also pictured by the *Examiner* as "a great commander," and as a political philanthropist who is losing ten thousand a year through his connection with politics. I am surprised that Mr. Hearst's paper did not go further, and announce that it had discovered in Mr. Ruef the only honest boss in politics, and proclaim him the great exponent of purity and decency in practical politics. Perhaps Mr. Hearst, with his weather eye on the presidential nomination, contemplates proposing the canonization of Abe Ruef. Evidently he forgets that not long ago Abe Ruef was the political partner of Martin Kelly, the value of whose reputation was appraised at one dollar, once upon a time, when he sued the *Examiner* for libel.

That Broken Compact

Perhaps the *Examiner* is right in its assertion that Mr. Ruef is not a boss of the type that is customary in San Francisco. We have had some pretty tough bosses in San Francisco, but I never knew one quite so bold and indecent as Mr. Ruef proved himself when he publicly broke his compact with the Republican leaders with whom he entered into solemn association before the last primary election. When the Republican committee was formed of which Ruef was a member, he was asked by Senator A. P. Williams whether he intended to devote himself to the interests of the Republicans or to Mayor Schmitz. He replied that he was a Republican, that he would be for the Republican party and the Republican nominees, and that he believed Mr. Schmitz had made a fatal mistake when he went East to advocate the election of William R. Hearst to Congress. Thereafter Mr. Ruef participated in the deliberations of that committee, shared the confidences of the Republican leaders, went into the Republican convention, remained until the close, and then went out and managed the campaign of the candidate of the Labor party. Perhaps Mr. Hearst considers such conduct consistent with high moral principles, and that he is justified in presenting such a man to his readers as a character worthy of emulation. Mr. Ruef, he tells us, is a graduate of the University of California. I respectfully suggest that this fact be noted by the good people who are urging, these days, that higher education and religion should go hand in hand, and who are contending that education without religion is a failure, and a menace to the nation.

Hail to the Stork

Here's a piece of interesting news that didn't come over the longest leased wire. To be accurate, it came to me in a private letter from New York, where it has not yet received publicity. It is news of the contemplated visit of his Majesty the Stork to the home of the Willie Hearsts. There can no longer be any doubt that the young Napoleon of journalism is actively seeking the nomination for President. He is anticipating the objections of the race suicide cranks. My correspondent informs me that Mr. Hearst is delighted at the prospect of the stork's visit, and that he hopes it will be a boy.

A Club that Does Things

Whatever one may think of women's clubs there is no denying the fact that the California Club has accomplished much for itself and for San Francisco. The entire Telegraph Hill agitation was started, fostered and finally driven to a successful conclusion by the California Club, and Miss Katherine Hittell was the most active member in the furtherance of what everybody agrees was a most worthy object. She was ably assisted by Dr. Dorothea Moore, always an active and energetic club woman. Dr. Moore has made the Juvenile Court her special charge and lawyers and judges say that it is working splendidly. This year the California Club will devote itself to the proper enforcement of the truant law and an effort will be made to have a salaried officer see that the law is enforced in San Francisco. There are thousands of children of school age south of Market street who do not attend any school. The California Club is a working club—it gets there. It does not pretend to be fashionable. There is only one fashionable club in this city—the Century.

His Good Deeds Rewarded

Ex-Mayor Comstock of Sacramento has just been elected auditor and assessor of that town by the largest plurality received by any one on the ticket. Mr. Comstock's friends are delighted. He made no effort to get the office as his opponent, the former incumbent for fourteen years, was his personal friend. Mr. Comstock's friends did all the work with this triumphant result. Mr. Comstock made one of the best executive officers Sacramento ever had. At that time he was an exceedingly prosperous merchant, but undue generosity and bad judgment in indorsing the notes of others impoverished him and made the present office come as a very comfortable solution of the financial difficulties of late middle age.

Art Looking Up

The new society of United Crafts and Arts has an artistic home within and without. The old Trinity School in Central avenue overlooking the bay is a handsome structure and a fitting home for a society of artists and craftsmen. It was to the generosity of Dr. O. N. Orlow, Ph.D., founder of the Society of Human Endeavor, that this new organization was enabled to begin existence under such favorable auspices. The object of the institution is not only to encourage artists and craftsmen in their work, but to stimulate interest among patrons. Hitherto no one has taken especial interest in promoting sales of strictly Cali-

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fornian works, but this society will do so. The United Crafts and Arts building has been beautifully fitted up. The sketching room looks out across the Presidio, Golden Gate and the bay, and there are Chinese, Japanese, Persian, Indian and Turkish rooms each representing the arts and crafts of those countries. The society had its formal opening on Monday night, when most of the guests wore fancy dress in obedience to Dr. Orlow's desire.

Frank McComas will leave for London in January, to take up his home temporarily in that city. McComas's work and that of Whistler filled nearly all the space of one of the leading British art journals last month, so he will not go abroad unheralded.

The Sketch Club and Association of Allied Arts is holding an exhibition of the photographs of W. E. Dassonville. It opened Thursday and will be continued today, at 1308 California street.

The Going of Joullin

Amedee Joullin is feeling like a millionaire. He raffled off a beautiful picture at the Bohemian Club the other day, and the proceeds amounted to five hundred dollars. Joullin thinks that art is languishing in San Francisco because those of our newly rich who aren't too mean to encourage it think that the only pictures worth buying are in Europe, where they purchase potboilers and imagine they are getting old masters. So Amedee is going to shake the dust of San Francisco from his number tens and go to Paris, join some of his old friends of his art student days, open a studio in the artist's quarter, and supply the American trade with pictures made in France. He has given up his beautiful studio in Sansome street which he fitted up less than a year ago, and he will start in two weeks for the Old World.

An Episode of the Jinks

Joullin, by the way, paints almost as well on flesh as on canvas, a fact that was revealed shortly after the late Bohemian Club Bret Harte jinks. He figured in the jinks as one of the gamblers seated at one of the little tables, and he certainly looked the part without the aid of much make-up. According to the program he was to have been caught cheating and be knocked out by Charlie Dickman, the proprietor of the place. They had several rehearsals, and Joullin always dodged the blow so that while he did not receive it the knock-out seemed realistic. But on the night of the jinks he dodged the wrong way and received the blow full in one of his protuberant eyes. Blood flowed, and Joullin yelled for a doctor. He thought he was going to lose his eye, but the injury was not serious. However he touched up the eye in flesh colors, and did a good job.

An Episode of Estee's Career

Judge Estee's funeral was attended by a delegation of members of the Young Men's Institute, a circumstance that recalled an incident of the campaign in which he was a candidate for Governor, the second time. Scarcely had the campaign opened when Estee was waited upon by several of the leaders of the A. P. A. movement. They called his attention to the fact that a Miss Ryan who was employed as a typist in his office, and who has long since been admitted to the bar, was a Catholic, and they said that unless she were discharged their organization would be a [redacted] him. He promptly suggested that they should go to [redacted] ce warmer than Phoenix. The A. P. A.'s were agains[redacted] ee in that campaign and he was defeated by a narrow margin. Miss Ryan subsequently accompanied her employer to Honolulu and she was among the mourners at the funeral.

A Smash at the Court

In mentioning the appointment, by Attorney-General Knox, of Francis J. Heney as special counsel to prosecute the timber-land fraud cases in Oregon, the dailies did not tell the whole story. Before accepting the appointment Mr. Heney wired to Washington that he would not take charge of the cases unless he were empowered to employ Attorney Frost as his assistant. Thereupon Attorney-General Knox wired his consent to the appointment of Frost. The occurrence has occasioned a deal of gossip in legal circles for Mr. Frost is one of the men who were indicted for various offenses growing out of the Nome mining litigation, in which District Judge Noyes was involved. Frost was convicted in the Federal court of this district, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. Heney was his attorney, and he made a most stubborn fight for his client. After the latter's conviction Heney applied to Washington for a pardon and in his petition he stated that he had nothing to offer in mitigation of judgment, but he demanded the pardon on the ground that Frost was the victim of malicious persecution and that he had been unjustly convicted. The pardon was granted, and it was generally construed to be a reflection on the court as well as on the attorneys who conducted the prosecution. And now the man whose vindication was achieved in so signal a manner is acting as a representative of the law department of the Federal Government.

He Wouldn't Be Bluffed

The rise of Heney in the legal profession, by the way, is being observed with a great deal of interest. Though a native of this city he is comparatively a new member of the bar, for shortly after his admission he went to Arizona,



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where he practiced several years, and established a reputation not only for his brilliancy, but also for his courage and his devotion to the interests of his clients. Not even the worst of the bad men ever succeeded in frightening the natty and polished young practitioner from San Francisco. One day his office was entered by a young woman, the wife of the most prominent surgeon in the territory, a man noted for his dexterity in handling a gun. She had been brutally treated by him, and wanted a divorce, but her husband had announced that he would kill any man that took her case, and every lawyer to whom she had applied begged to be excused. When she submitted her case to Heney he expressed regret, saying that he did not like to invite trouble, but at the same time he felt that if he could be dissuaded from performing his duty as an attorney, then he should quit practicing law. He took the case, prosecuted it strenuously despite the threats of the bully, secured a decree, and also a large sum of money for his client. Thereafter the surgeon sought to make Heney's life miserable and resorted to various devices to provoke a quarrel. Heney evaded him repeatedly until one day, when he found himself in jeopardy and he promptly ended the career of the bully. After that the people wanted to elevate him to high office but he preferred to come to this city.

An Emergency Call

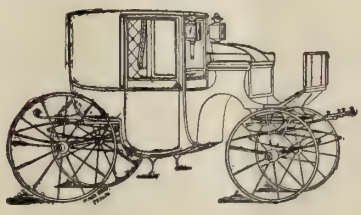
The same spirit that won him distinction in Arizona has occasionally asserted itself in the course of his practice in San Francisco. The prosecution of his clients in the Nome case was most bitter, but he defended them with skill and courage, and made some of the opposing attorneys ashamed of themselves before it was over. Not long ago he covered himself with glory by helping Sheldon Kellogg out in the Spring Valley Water Rate case. Kellogg was ill and he asked Heney to take the case. Though he had only a few days in which to prepare himself, he worked day and night and succeeded not only in getting ready but also in securing a judgment.

The Welch-DeLaveaga Wedding

Never before was a local church so elaborately and beautifully decorated as was St. Mary's Cathedral, last Wednesday, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Julia De Laveaga and Andrew P. Welch. The floral decorations were the most sumptuous and artistic that were ever seen in the Catholic cathedral. The wedding procession passed under a hanging canopy of streaming smilax, and along an avenue hedged with chrysanthemums. The spacious edifice presented a most picturesque appearance. The nuptials were attended by nearly one thousand people and the marriage ceremony, accompanied as it was by a full orchestra and a large chorus, and performed on the steps of a brilliantly lighted altar from which rose graceful palms, and on which were assembled two archbishops and half a dozen priests, was indeed an impressive one. There were the usual functionaries in attendance on the bridal couple, and constituting a most brilliant entourage. The most beautifully gowned of them all was Mrs. Eugene Lent, sister of the groom, who looked stunning in pink chiffon. The wedding was a union of two ardent lovers and of the offspring of very wealthy people, and the wedding presents represented a small fortune. The groom's gift to his bride was a superb necklace of pearls. The mother of the groom presented a large silver bowl and service. Mr. Miguel de Laveaga, father of the bride, presented a chest of silver. Charley Welch's gift was a set of rare glassware, and Louis Welch presented a silver tea set, while Mrs. Lent contributed several massive pieces of silver. Beside the gifts of relatives there were numerous tokens from friends, and among these the one that will probably be prized the most came from Father Kenna and the faculty of Santa Clara College, a beautiful piece of polished wood from the cross erected by the Franciscan fathers at Santa Clara when they established a mission there in 1777. On one side is the picture of the college burnt into the wood and on the other is a copy of a painting of the original mission.

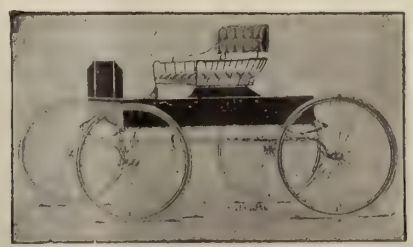
His Third Time

It is hoped that the old adage, "Three times a bridesmaid never a bride" cannot be distorted for application to the sterner sex. If it could, more than one match-making mamma might have cause for regret, for when William F. Humphrey officiated as best man at the Welch-De Laveaga wedding it was his third appearance in that role. He was best man for his partner, Eugene Lent, and again for his friend J. J. Barrett, the attorney. Mr. Humphrey is one of the eligible young bachelors who is regarded as a most desirable catch. He has made rapid strides in the legal profession, and today the firm of Lent & Humphrey numbers among its clients some of the wealthiest people in San Francisco. He is one of the most brilliant of the younger graduates of Santa Clara College, and is a prominent member of the University and Olympic clubs. He is possessed of graces of person as well as of mind that have made him the object of considerable angling.



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Feared Fortune Might Restrain Swains

Miss Florence Mason is going to spend the winter in Paris with her cousin Nell Grant. Miss Mason has lived across the bay, in Alameda, all her life, and though she has had the advantage of university training she has not traveled very extensively. She is a girl of considerable originality which was not trained out of her at Berkeley, as has happened with other clever girls. She was the first to introduce the poster style of picturesque gowning at the U. C. some four years or so ago, in her senior year. As she is slim to angularity the clinging garments gave her a Burne-Jones air and were soon copied by others and displayed on the campus. Miss Mason has an independent fortune but when she inherited the legacy from a relative's estate she did not seem especially happy.

"I don't see why I should be glad," she said, "for fancy if some poor boy falls in love with me. He won't tell his love for fear of being called a fortune hunter, and so think of the proposals I'll miss."

She'll Marry Abroad

I hear that Miss Mason intends buying her trousseau in Paris, but that she has not yet decided whether to marry in England or India. For a long time it was rumored that she was engaged to one of the prominent officers at the Presidio, and every one expected that her wedding would be one of the smart military weddings of the year. Mr. Mason, I hear, was disappointed that by reason of his daughter's choice of a husband she will have to leave San Francisco. He built a beautiful residence for her as an inducement to stay here.

A Veteran Editor

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young are to leave in January for a four months' trip to Europe. They will go by the Mediterranean route and take in Greece, Alexandria and Egypt. They will return by way of Naples and arrive here during the summer. Mr. Young is the very energetic managing editor of the *Chronicle,* and there are few newspaper men who are more entitled than he to a vacation. He has held the position of managing editor of the *Chronicle* for about a quarter of a century, and I doubt whether there is another man in the country who has been employed in the same capacity on a daily for such a long period.

Busy Mrs. Martin

Mrs. Eleanor Martin's latest fad is newsgathering. She has been a success at many things and now she is trying her hand as a reporter of social news, but she is doing so in the interest of her protegee Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, the widow of an army officer, and daughter of the late De Barth Shorb, once a multi-millionaire of Los Angeles. Mrs. White is the very successful social editor of the *Post,* and Mrs. Martin hustles news of the smart set in her interest. It is a strong combination. It's by way of reciprocity, I presume, that Mrs. White writes of Mrs. Martin as the Mrs. Astor of the Pacific coast, but that is no exaggeration for the mother of Walter and Peter has tremendous influence among our provincial aristocracy. But she is no Ninon d'Enclos, as Mrs. White would have us believe.

The Exclusive Gaiety Girls

There has never been such an absolutely hedged-in cotillion club in local society as that which was formed at Mrs. Eyre's home the other day. Generally the dancing clubs have admitted a few "outsiders," but this one will not. There are just thirty girls who form the club, among them the King sisters, Miss Eells, Miss Pomeroy, Miss Coleman, Miss Wilson, Miss Cheseborough, Miss Allen and Miss McCalla. The cotillions will be given at the members' homes when the ball-rooms permit, and when they are not sufficiently large the hostess will hire a hall. The thirty youths who will be invited to attend each cotillion will be chosen by secret ballot. The club is not formed entirely of buds, but all the girls are young. It may be hard for them to find thirty different dancing men to be balloted for at each cotillion, but of course the most popular men will be invited more than once. They have dubbed the new organization the Gaiety Club but they intend to call a meeting soon to change the name, as some of the fresh jeunesse doree began to allude to the members as the Gaiety girls.

Czar and Czarina

The debutantes say that though they enjoy Czar Greenway's dances they have little show there, pitted as they are against their older sisters. The girls who have been out several seasons, and the young matrons, are always the belles at the Greenway Friday Nights. Mrs. Salisbury is expected to be back in time to preside over the Fortnightlies, but she has not promised to return. By the way, one of the good things about "Aunt Sal," as some of her young dancing men call her, is that she always likes to see a girl enjoying herself. If a pretty but poor girl is surrounded by a circle of admirers her stock goes up at once with Mrs. Salisbury. She objects to girls who cannot save themselves from being wallflowers. It is a sort of reflection on her choice of feminine guests, and she resents it.

Should Learn Small Talk

It is one of the odd things about the smart dancing clubs that it is not the heiresses who get the most dances. Some of the girls with the fattest dots are the most shunned, and the supposedly fortune-hunting youth gives as the reason, "They can't talk." This shows why the teacher of chit-chat flourishes in New York, and why the clever dotless one has matrimonial offers above her duller

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moneyed sister. Two of the richest heiresses in San Francisco cannot boast of a single offer, so say their bosom enemies. And the reason is that though they are not lacking in looks, and their gowns are planned by a modish modiste, they are not able to make a bluff at conversation. Even a brainless youth likes a rattle of small talk between dances. If the girl can't talk, he leaves her with mamma and seeks the supper-room instead of the conservatory or cosy corner.

The Season Early this Year

The season is very early this year and a crowd of brilliant entertainments will make the end of November very gay. Two large teas for November twenty-first and two large ones for the twenty-eighth will fill both those Saturdays to overflowing. On the twenty-first Miss Helen Chesebrough and Miss Virginia Newell Drown will make their initial bow at Mr. and Mrs. Chesebrough's "at home" between four and seven. On the same day at the same hour Mrs. Tallant will introduce her young daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Casey and Miss Katherine Dillon will give an "at home" in honor of Mrs. Henry. On the twenty-eighth the handsome Livermore home on the top of Russian Hill, which has been entirely remodeled and much enlarged, will be thrown open both for a housewarming and for the debut of the daughter of the house, the charming Miss Livermore, who has her mother's vivacity and good looks and will have all of Miss Gertrude Eells's popularity. Almost every Saturday in November has its promise of teas to come, and the next two months will be as gay as any San Francisco has ever known.

A California Girl's Success

Word comes to me from New York that Charlotte Thompson is making considerable progress there. While she has made no brilliant success, her work counts as matter well done. She rehashes small plays and makes more money at this than she ever did at school teaching. She and Margaret Anglin are still great friends, reports to the contrary notwithstanding, and they pass a part of each year together.

An Author Will Wed

Our bachelor girls are evidently determined not to be the "menace to the nation" that the Eastern reverend termed them, judging by the way in which they are changing their condition. Announcements of engagements of bachelor girls no longer cause more than a ripple of surprise. Therefore when the news arrived this week from the East that Juliet Wilbor Tompkins had decided to resign her independence in favor of the matrimonial yoke, her friends merely said: "Well, well, who 'll be the next?" Miss Tompkins was one of the first California society girls to take to the pen, and she did not have the hard struggle to succeed that has afflicted most ambitious writers. She was helped along a good deal, and she did not have to wait long for fame and financial recognition. She is a brainy young woman and has added much to the reputation of California's literary cult. The Tompkins family is one of the oldest in this part of the world. At one time the Tompkins ranch in San Leandro was the richest stock farm in this section. The other branch of the family lives at San Anselmo. It is an editor, by the way, Emory Bensley Bopple of the *Criterion*, to whom Miss Tompkins is engaged. The *Criterion* was started in St. Louis as a literary weekly, but moved to New York after attaining recognition in the Middle West.

Her Gift for Mots

Quite a romance, by the way, is attached to the Tompkins-Bopple engagement. The twain were engaged before, but it was broken, and this is but a renewal of the old affair. The marriage will be pulled off on the twenty-first. Juliet is the youngest and most attractive of the Tompkins girls, though her sister, Bonnie, though not specially clever, was pretty and well deserved her nickname. She married some years ago. Elizabeth and Juliet both went to Vassar and Juliet was as flippant as it seemed possible for a girl to be. This flippancy she carried into her stories and it is that which makes her work so frothily fascinating. On one occasion she remarked that the only way you could distinguish a Freshman from a Sophomore at Vassar was by the length of their trains. Probably the most famous *mot* in any of her storiettes is the one about the girl who wished to live a single day of her life as though it were her last, and so went home and cleaned all the insides of her collars.

Hubert Henry Davies, whose "Cynthia" is so well spoken of and who is now termed a "new star" among playwrights, frequented the English colony when he lived in San Francisco. He was often seen at the Sunday afternoon "at homes" of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, the pianist who later went to London to live. Mr. Davies and Juliet Wilbor Tompkins were great friends and used to exchange witticisms that were afterwards quoted by their friends.



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Kicking Outside the Game

Ezra Decoto, who has been general business manager of the University of California sports for several years, will very likely lose his position at the forthcoming election. There has been a great deal of dissatisfaction among the student body over the way he managed the sale of admission tickets to this Saturday's big football game. Early in the first rush to capture the choice seats he posted a notice that the tickets would be issued at nine o'clock on a certain morning. Nine o'clock found a long line of joshing students eager to get their tickets and skip to their recitations, but no one appeared with the tickets. Another notice set the distribution at eleven o'clock; again no one appeared. The same scene happened at three o'clock and again at four o'clock. By this time the disappointment and dissatisfaction had grown to grumbling and rampant kicking. Large numbers of those who had faithfully attended the notices only to be disappointed failed to appear when the tickets were finally distributed. An effort was made to give them an equal chance to good seats by shaking up their coupons in a hat with the checks of the others; but the scheme worked in every way but a satisfactory one, and now a lot of the kickers are declaring that if Manager Decoto couldn't devise a better plan to distribute the tickets some better manager ought to be elected to the position. Decoto probably won't miss the salary much—one hundred dollars a month. But of course the duties are active only a part of the year. He is a graduate of the university and practices law in Oakland when not promoting the welfare of football teams, glee clubs, boat races, and other lines of university student money-getting. The man most talked about to succeed him is Bon Woolsey, who has been assistant business manager for the past two years.

"It Is to Laugh"

The Skull and Keys Fraternity had the greatest "annual run" in their history at the University of California last Friday. Even Professor Sanford of the English Department and Professor Landfield of the History Department, who are honorary members, cut their recitations to help the boys boost the fun along in the initiation of twenty-six neophytes. Dress coats and white duck trousers were en regle—except for the candidates; they thought themselves lucky to be allowed to appear in any old thing. Great and fantastic were the garbs in which they showed up before the large gathering of students on the campus to see them put through their stunts and become full-fledged members of the Skull and Keys. Grantland Voorhies appeared as a clown and did a number of funny gags that kept the delighted audience in high glee; James Force was attired as "Sunny Jim" and tried his best to boost the cereal, notwithstanding the shower of joshings poured on him; Oliver S. Orrick Jr. and Harry Young were disguised as the "Gold Dust Twins"; Rudolph Schilling was incased in a gigantic can, labeled "Spice," and proclaimed its merits; Emile Abadie, who has the reputation of being one of the handsome college men, was linked with Frank Clark and Jack Edwards as "three lovely girls (?)" They looked the parts, as far as the guying would permit them; Monte Cooley was attired as a Chinese and rolled off his stunt in the Celestial lingo, and so on through the whole twenty-six neophytes. Each one had to go through some antics in keeping with his fantastic garb. The program furnished several hours of rare and novel sport in college life on the campus.

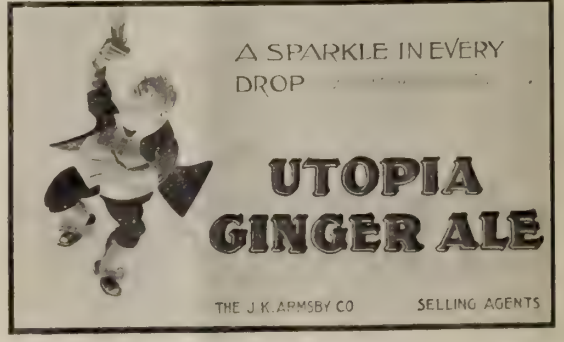
The co-eds were so captivated with the entertainment that the most enthusiastic are now actively canvassing the proposition to get up a rival to the Skull and Keys, for girls exclusively. They propose to give their initial entertainment in the early spring in a play full of college gags and topical songs. The members of Skull and Keys are grinning over the promise.

When a Bloomer Meets a Bloomer

The co-eds of the University of California are making royal efforts to get up an extraordinarily good program for the Gym Jinks they are going to give in Hearst hall on the twenty-third instant. As usual nothing that looks like a man will be tolerated within the building while the exercises are being held—that is, excepting Professor Magee, who is in charge of the Gym course, and the girls say he doesn't count. Why he doesn't count the girls of course won't say; naturally the explanation is up to Professor Magee. Occasionally the merry girls call on him to do a little stunt. Last year he sang a song. In these Gym Jink affairs the girls are requested to appear in any old kind of costume they fancy—and bloomers. Bloomers are imperative; they are the distinctive dress of those who exercise in the gymnasium, a common garment in which all kick, dance and exercise to their hearts' content. Sometimes the girls appear in a dress suit and bloomers, sometimes in a jumper and bloomers, sometimes in "mamma's best silk waist" and bloomers, sometimes in a silk hat, smoking jacket, gum boots and bloomers, but no matter what kind of gear they wear above or below, there are always bloomers somewhere in between. This year another rule goes into vogue: henceforth there are to be no chaps, chappies or chapters. Translated from the argot of the full-fledged co-ed, I take it that the edict means there are to be no chaperons, no gentlemen escorts to and from the entertainment, and consequently no entertaining chapters to be told of what happened—in short, each girl is to go it alone, to and from the exercises, unless one pair of bloomers meets another pair of bloomers going gymward. They say the committee in charge of the program is getting up some spirited skits and some topical songs that will make a red-letter record for this year's jinks.



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The Parrott Ball

It seems just a little while ago that Mrs. Abby Parrott was lying at the point of death at her San Mateo home, and nobody thought she could possibly recover from her illness. But she did, and presided over the ball at her town house on Wednesday night, looking so well that no one would have fancied she had ever known a day's sickness in her life. The downpour cast no damper upon the ball, which went off with considerable gaiety. When the rain came on Mrs. Parrott had an archway built for her guests to pass under on their way from carriage to door. There was nothing elaborate about the function that introduced the Parrott granddaughters to society. The hospitality dispensed was generous and the welcome extended the guests was genuine, but there was nothing pretentious about the decorations or the supper menu. Mrs. Parrott, like the late Mrs. Susan Tevis, believes in giving parties to which people come to enjoy themselves.

Fred Greenwood keeps putting off the date of his Oriental trip, and the tabbies say that he has a reason for it. They hint that he is going to try his luck again with a certain hard-hearted heiress who lately returned from abroad. That the heiress is believed to be engaged to a naval officer cuts no figure in the tabbies' surmises.

The Sport of Kings

There will be quite a large sprinkling of society at the Oakland track this afternoon, when the winter season will be formally opened. The recent trip of Mr. T. H. Williams to the East was an advantageous one, judging from the number of prominent stables that are to be represented on the turf here this winter. The entries for the various stake events exceed those of last season by seven hundred. Some crack jockeys are already here and more are coming.

A Gotham Custom Transplanted

There is always a great crush at the afternoon teas in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. It is there everybody meets everybody one knows. The afternoon tea is a popular social function, and now the same attraction has been introduced at the Palace, where it appears to fill a long-felt want. Tea is served from four to six in the beautiful court cafe, and another innovation is the music supplied by the orchestra for after-theatre parties between eleven and twelve-thirty.

The Irate Mrs. Tully

Mrs. Eleanor Gates Tully, who three years ago was a struggling writer for the San Francisco press, has been thinking very well of herself since the *Century* accepted her "Autobiography of a Prairie Girl." The Tullys spent the summer in California, and enjoyed being lionized by the local literati. When their vacation was drawing to a close Mrs. Tully resolved to pick up a little easy money, and defray the expenses of the return trip by writing a story for the *Sunset* It was a short and commonplace story for which she was paid twenty dollars. When she received her compensation she was furious, and she wrote editor Aitken a very tart letter to the effect that she expected at least two hundred dollars for her brief effort. She stated that *Scribner's* had just paid her two hundred and fifty dollars for a story, and then she vented her anger in some unkind comments on the local magazine. Mr. Aitken wrote her a dignified letter saying that his magazine did not pay for name but for merit.

"I should think his flirtations would humiliate his wife."

"On the contrary, they serve as a soothing pretext for her own."

The Sister of Hermann

Hermann Oelrichs's sister, Mrs. Richard Henderson, was a guest at the Goelet-Roxburghe wedding. She came over from England especially to attend the affair, and had not paid her own country a visit for three years previous to this one. At that time she also came over to be present at a wedding—that of Pierpont Morgan's daughter with Herbert Satterlee. Very few here knew that Hermann Oelrichs had a sister married to an Englishman. The Hendersons live in Cheshire, and Mrs. Henderson is an enthusiastic sportswoman. She was one of the first to start cross country riding on this side of the Atlantic, and during her present visit she has purchased a fine string of horses. She is not a bit "horsey" in appearance, however, I am told, but is refined and womanly in every way. She goes in for serious study and is especially interested in modern philosophy. She is the guest of her sister, Mrs. William Jay, at Katonah, during her visit.

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She Is Only a Child

Jennie Crocker will be one of the youngest debutantes that ever had a Washington winter. It is doubtful if her sister Mary, who is a bit conventional and somewhat prudish, will permit Jennie to whirl very giddily. For Jennie Crocker is not eighteen yet. She has been educated in the country, and loves outdoor life. She is less imperious than her queenly sister, but loves her own way nevertheless.

To Make the Hair to Grow

Who knows but that the heroine of the great American novel will be she who saved not the life, but the hair of the hero? The bald bachelors in town have all gone in for having their heads massaged, for they swear they will not wear toupees. Reddick Duperu and Worthington Ames are among those who are being treated for premature baldness, and if the experiment succeeds on them there are others who will follow their lead. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Berkeley and President David Starr Jordan of Stanford University started in a course of treatment some time ago, for neither cares to look like Cæsar. It is just as easy to be wise with a foot-ball player's head-covering as with a head like a billiard ball.

Picturesque Landsmen Afloat

The return from the north, last week, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey steamer *Gedney* reminded me of some amusing things in connection with the predicament that the Coast Survey encountered a few years ago, when the naval officers were withdrawn from its ships. It undertook to officer its own ships and the results were grotesque. Officers were placed in command whose life work had been "hiking" over tundra and up mountain sides, packing theodolites and other surveying instruments. They were landsmen of the deepest dye. Yet they were made "captains," although the navigation work was done by young seafaring men hired from the outside. Most comical of all, the self-styled "captains" were given gorgeous uniforms, shoulder straps and all—I think swords were proposed at one time, but somebody balked. At one time one of these gaily panoplied officers was mistaken by a sentry at an Army post for some sort of a military officer, and was given a military salute. The Coast Survey officer answered the salute by a good-natured wave of the hand, a "how de-do," and a start to shake hands, when the soldier sized up the situation and recovered his martial reserve. Many of the "captains" have not yet mastered the nautical nomenclature.

Fine Art in Table Setting

Every one who keeps house knows the value of a well set table, and every progressive hostess is on the lookout for new ideas. Realizing that a display that contains suggestions would be appreciated, Nathan-Dohrmann Co., on Sutter street, have arranged an exhibit which shows tables, completely set for luncheon, dinner and midnight suppers; every detail is carried out according to the latest ideas and the finest of English and French China, together with Rock Crystal, Silverware, Flowers and Electric features are shown. The dinner tables show complete course sets for soup, fish, game, roast and dessert. The opportunity to note entirely new features and effects used in this display will amply repay one for the time spent in this interesting establishment. All are welcome to inspect the exhibit.

The Magnanimity of Bradford

"Stick close to your desk and never go to sea, and you will be the ruler of the Queen's navee" has been an adage that has been profitably followed by at least two high officers of the United States Navy, namely, Rear-Admirals Francis M. Ramsay and Royal Bird Bradford, the latter of whom is now about to break his shore-staying record. Ramsay, now retired, was the champion shore-sailor. Out of his whole naval career he spent only about sixteen years at sea—less than many young lieutenants and less than any of his grade at any time. Bradford has run him a close second. For years he has been chief of the Bureau of Equipment, with the Rear-Admiral's rank given in compliment, although he is really only a captain, standing eleventh on the list. He has had only fifteen years nine months of sea duty, out of forty-two years of service. He has had no sea duty whatsoever while a captain and only three years and two months of it while a commander. His last cruise was as a commanding officer of the *Monterey*, from July, 1896 until July, 1897. When it comes to Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.'s, the United States Navy can certainly hold its own. Ramsay and Bradford are elegant specimens. Yet the announcement that Bradford is about to go to sea again for a short time is heralded by his clique as something magnanimous.

Quick Action at Annapolis

In no way is the expansion of the United States Navy more eloquently illustrated than in the present Naval Academy, where the students are now officially termed the "brigade of midshipmen." From the time the academy was founded, in 1842, the students were always referred to either as the "battalion of midshipmen" or the "battalion of cadets." As the term regiment is not used in the Navy, where infantry organizations are either battalions or brigades, the latter term had to be adopted to designate the enlarged corps of midshipmen, who now number over six hundred, more than the academy has ever had in its history. I am told, though, that in its wild desire to obtain the much-needed line officers for the service, the Navy Department has tolerated a regrettable lowering of the standards at the Naval Academy. The midshipmen are rushed



through the course in a manner that would strike the old graduate as appalling. The aim is to graduate men, not to "bilge" them, as of yore, when the process was a weeding out one. Now it is get them through. I am told that men are now graduated that would have been "bilged" at their "plebe semi-ann." This is a sad state of affairs, particularly when it is recollected that it is only a score of years ago when one Robeson prevailed upon a poorly informed Congress to pass a bill reducing the number of officers in the Navy, and relegating into civil life a large number of men who had graduated from Annapolis when the standards of scholarship and discipline were much higher than they are today.

The Youngest Rear-Admiral

Washington Lee Capps, the new chief constructor of the Navy, is not yet forty years of age, and is therefore by far the youngest Rear-Admiral the United States Navy has ever had. He was born in Virginia on January thirty-first, 1864, and graduated from Annapolis in June, 1884, being one of the "star" members of his class. I cannot see how President Roosevelt could have made a better selection for Chief Constructor out of the material available in the Construction Corps, in which there are some officers possessing high theoretical ability, others ably practical, and others with wide experience, but none combining the three qualities to the extent that Capps does. The Construction Corps of the Navy of the present day is indeed the *corps de genie* of the service, as the Engineer Corps is that of the Army. Every member of it is now a graduate of the Naval Academy, picked from the highest men of his class, and then given a post-graduate course in one of the best technical schools of the world. While in former years these young men selected for the Construction Corps were sent abroad for their post-graduate course, either to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, or the Ecole Polytechnique at Paris, or the Glasgow University, they are now all given the higher course at home, being sent either to the school of naval architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology or to that recently established at Annapolis. The new regime was commenced in 1881, since when none but Annapolis men of the highest standing have been placed in the corps. Before that, the naval constructors were all elderly men who had risen from ship-carpenters, well versed in wooden shipbuilding, but lacking the mathematical and theoretical education required for modern shipbuilding in iron and steel. With rare exceptions, such as that of Philip Hichborn, these old constructors made little progress in latter-day naval architecture.

Quick Action at Stag's Leap

Commander Niblack, whose engagement with Mary Harrington has excited much interest in society, won his fiancee in a rather romantic way. He met her eight years ago in Washington, where she spent some months visiting relatives. They met at dinners and teas but in a most formal way. Several months ago he was ordered to this coast, and among the people who entertained him was Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase. She is famous for her delightful house-parties at Stag's Leap, and she invited the naval officer to one of them. When her guests arrived she found that two girls had been unable to make the trip. All the others were married and Mrs. Chase was in despair. In thinking of available girls among her acquaintances, she picked out Mary Harrington as the most desirable. She remembered that Miss Harrington had met Commander Niblack in Washington, and so she called her up on the 'phone. "You must come. I have no girls and Nibsie is here," was her message. Miss Harrington demurred. She had other engagements and "Nibsie" didn't particularly interest her. However, after a little pressing she consented. She arrived Friday, and Sunday night her engagement was announced to Mrs. Chase's guests. The Commander is a man of action. He is regarded as one of the best catches in the navy on account of his fine social position. By the way, Louise Harrington is also engaged to a naval man. It was at a hop at Mare Island that young Leahy first met her. He sought an introduction and in three weeks they were engaged.

W. L. Elkins, who died last week, was the father-in-law of Kate Felton, daughter of ex Senator Charles Felton of California. After Kate Felton married W. L. Elkins Jr. she went to the Quaker City to live, though she always said she would return some day and make California her home again.

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The McCalla Girls

Mary Kip will have Lillie McCalla as her maid-of-honor. The McCalla sisters are the prettiest and most modish of the Navy girls. They inherit their looks for their mother is one of a family of Boston beauties. They have lived much abroad and foreign associations have added *chic* to their natural charm of manner. The McCalla home at Mare Island is a most artistic habitat, being furnished with taste and originality. Each room has some special signification. One is filled with Hawaiian curios, another with Philippine souvenirs, another with those of China and still another is in Japanese style. Mrs. McCalla entertains a good deal and is also much interested in work for the sailors. She has raised thousands of dollars for the Sailors' Home.

Mrs. Charles A. Ackerman has returned from New York and is again at her Van Ness avenue home. The Ackerman residence is one of the most artistic in San Francisco. One of its features is a miniature theatre.

Because They Gossiped

An interesting little tempest has been brewing in the family teapot of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association. Two members have been accused of gossiping too much and they are to be dropped from the membership roll. I believe that this is the first time that an organization of women has ever challenged the right of the sex to gossip. I hear that the two culprits have been exceedingly busy in circulating yarns calculated to promote dissension, and their expulsion was deemed absolutely necessary for the peace and harmony of the organization. However, they may be permitted to resign.

Mrs. "Worthy" Ames returned to town only a little while ago, and her baby, born this week, narrowly missed the privilege of being a San Francisco girl. Mrs. Ames spent most of the summer at the home of her father, Colonel Preston, near Redwood City.

The Rosenbaums' Graceful Act

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Triest of Stockton are spending the honeymoon in Paris. Mrs. Triest was Miss Rosenbaum and her marriage was a recent event in Stockton's smart Jewish set. A graceful act of the bride's parents on the marriage day was the gift of a hundred dollars to the Children's Home. The Rosenbaums were frankly pleased at their daughter's happy marriage, and that was the way they attested their pleasure—by making somebody else happy, too.

Elsie is Lame

Miss Elsie Sperry will be missed from many of the winter gatherings. She had announced that she was not going out much this winter, but since then she met with a painful accident to her foot which has made locomotion difficult. What seemed a simple injury, when treated by unskilful chiropodists, became a really serious injury which it will take some months to heal.

C. D. Robinson is going to the Yosemite in the spring to become a rival to Jorgensen, who is not very popular among the artists, possibly because he has a rich wife and possibly because he knows how to market his pictures. Robinson is the artist who a few years ago discovered a new Yosemite.

California is proud and justly so of her two Universities which for the moment occupy the centre of the stage by reason of the interest manifested in the outcome of the annual football match. To every native Californian the forthcoming contest is fraught with interest and eagerly does everybody follow the reports from the training quarters from day to day concerning the condition of the players. We understand that on the eve of the contest both of the teams are to be refreshed with Ayala so that the generous public are insured of a game of more than usual vim and vigor, and we are certain that the victors, be they who they may, will in the celebration of the victory be cheered and enthused with nothing else than that best of all champagnes, Ayala.



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INTERESTING

is the article in the Sunday *Examiner*, Nov. 8, bearing out the popularity of Manufactured Stones in Jewelry.

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Home Again

Mrs. Dick Sperry *nee* Marian Harrison has returned to her parental roof in Sausalito with her baby. The young husband has been welcomed to the Harrison home and peace is restored. The baby has been named Elizabeth Harrison Sperry in honor of the two grandmothers. She has inherited her mother's fascinating dimples.

The Patron of Fine Arts

A Benevolent Lady, whose fad was Art, and who liked to call herself a Bohemienne because she numbered many artists, musicians and writers among her friends, had one Especial Pet. He was a Young Artist with Enormous Talent, but whose wings had been Clipped by an Early Marriage. When he should have been painting Masterpieces, he was obliged to waste his Time and Colors on Pot-boilers. The Benevolent Lady bought some of the latter from him, and also ordered a Full-Length Portrait of herself, and secured commissions for her Protege from her Rich Friends. She introduced the Young Artist at teas and receptions and, as he was a Nice, Modest Chap with no Toadyish ideas, he speedily became a Lion.

When the Benevolent Lady had fully launched her Discovery on the Sea of Social Popularity, she bethought herself that he was a Married Man. She resolved, as she was a good woman of old-fashioned morals, that the Wife ought by all means to share in the Husband's social favor.

She thereupon asked Mrs. Artist to dinner, *en famille*, as she thought it better to introduce her tentatively as it were. Mrs. Artist did not care to go, but her Husband refused to consider a Regret, and so she donned her Best Gown and went. She was a commonplace little Woman, as the Benevolent Lady discovered after the second course. She did not appreciate her husband's Great Genius, and she preferred him to paint Potboilers to Masterpieces. Besides, she had no Taste, and dressed Atrociously. She expressed the opinion that Rich Food was bad for the digestion and she preferred Beer to Champagne.

Afterwards, the Benevolent Lady, with a sigh, decided that her duty lay in a New Direction. It was certainly her duty to educate Artists' Wives for their Husbands, and she determined to begin on This One.

She thereupon made it a Point to oversee Mrs. Artist's choice of Gowns. She introduced her to a Beauty Doctor, and to a Physical Culturist, and she instructed her in the Cultured Jargon of the Society Amateur. The artist's wife was not very Clever, but she did not lack Receptiveness or Imitative Faculty, and she Got On famously. She soon went beyond her Tutor, and perfected herself in such graces of Polite Society as Flirting and Counter-Flirting, and other arts of her Sex.

Now the Benevolent Lady had a Husband, who was not fond of her Cultured Friends. He seldom attended her Salons, because he considered them Dry. He said her clever friends were Not In It except on Conversation and Music, and he preferred a Variety Show.

He found a Congenial Mind in the Artist's Wife, who came frequently to dine with the Benevolent Lady. They soon learned how to carry on a Flirtation beneath the eyes of the Benevolent Lady, who was pursuing the path of Duty in Educating the Artist's Wife to appreciate her Husband. But Mrs. Artist, instead of learning to appreciate her own Husband, learned to appreciate the husband of the Benevolent Lady.

The result was that one day the Benevolent Lady found herself without a Husband, and the Young Artist found himself minus a Wife.

The moral is that it is always best to leave well enough alone. —*The Fabler.*

CHAMPAGNE.

As usual, Moet & Chandon heads the list of importations to the United States up to November 1st, according to the recognized and authentic organ of the importations of wines. "Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular" of New York. Moet & Chandon White Seal and Brut Imperial, 91,612 cases; Mumm, 90,904 cases; Pommery, 24,240 cases; Ruinart, 19,005 cases; Clicquot, 11,974 cases; Roederer, 8,576 cases. Moet & Chandon has the distinction of being the only wine served at the banquet tendered by the Old Guard of New York to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston and its guests, the Honorable Artillery Company of London. Moet & Chandon White Seal is almost exclusively used at all prominent social gatherings.—Post.

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Herod to Salome

Salome! O Salome! if I might
But once more see my Mariamne's face,
And feel her breath upon me; watch the bright
Eyes foully dimmed by me, and note the grace,
That took me from my guilty self a space,
And showed me heaven, Salome, I would stand
Before God's bar, and claim in hell thy place,—
If so I might but once more touch her hand.

Salome, wicked sister! if the night
Would open wide and swallow my disgrace,
So that my sin no longer should me smite;
If kind oblivion would my crime efface,—
O, if beside her I could once more pace
The shady paths of Salem!—then thy brand
Of shame upon my brow I'd place,—
If so I might but once more touch her hand.

Thou instigator damned! O, may God's light
Be darkened to thine eyes! May thy small space
Of days be filled with hours that affright
The soul with dreadful visions of a place
Of awful dreams, and scalding tears that trace
Deep wrinkles, like the tide upon the sand!
God give to everlasting doom thy race!—
If so I might but once more touch her hand.

ENVOY.

Ye Princes and Dominions that pace
About the throne of God: a king I stand,
Offering Salome's soul for my queen's grace!—
If so I might but once more touch her hand.

C. W. DOYLE.

Casey Discusses American Diplomacy

BY T. F. B.

"It's proud I am to know that I'm a Yankee. There's nothin' to it, Clancy, now that we've bin thoroughly assimilated be th' Irish, we ar're th' gr-reatest people on earth. We manip'late nashins as aisy as we joogle thrusts, an' we make billion dollar syndikates while you wait an' without a cint iv capital. As a wurruld power, Clancy, there's no shtoppin' us. Give us time an' we'll absorb th' earth, an' we'll do it in th' inthrist iv humanity an' Wall shtreet. Lukkit the way we tur'rned th' thrick in Pannima. It bates th' divvle how we attain our inds when we make up our minds. Lukkit th' Phlipeens an' now keep your eye on th' kinnal."

"Phwat have we been doin'?" asked Clancy.

"So you haven't been readin' th' pa-apers! I'm astonished at you. Sure, we've bin benevlintly assim'latin' th' Greezers; takin' up th' white man's burdin again, to enable th' constatooshin to follow th' flag. We've bin shtackin' th' cards in th' game iv diplomecy an' it's all over but th' shoutin'. The kinnal was th' shtake an' we won. We can take it home with us whiniver we want. You see, Clancy, we needed the kinnal in our business, because when we took th' Phlipeens we became a wurruld power, an' it behooved us to cut a hole through th' continent so that in case iv throuble we could bunch our naval vessels without sendin' them overland, which is both ixpensive an' slow. But th' queschin arose as to where th' hole should be locatid. Sinitorr Morrigan favored what was called Nickerawgwa, but John Peerpont Morrigan, who isn't a Sinitorr but who has a great many proxies in Washington, favored Pannima. He thought it th' better route because it was f'r sale. It was offered to th' Governmint f'r somethin' less than a billion dollars, an' whiniver there's a chance f'r a billion dollar deal John Peerpont always comes to th' front. When he isn't makin' Bishops he makes a speciality iv billion dollar transackshins, an' when he handles them there's always a little to go 'round where it'll do th' most good. Hinnery Watterson, iv Kentucky, says there's twenty millions to go round if Pannima goes through, so you can see it's no baggytel. John Peerpont sent it flyin' through our Sinnit but when it came to gettin' permishin from th' Columbyin governmint, which owned th' land where th' hole is to be, there was trouble. Th' dagoes wanted their share iv th' graft, an' they kept raisin' th' price until John Morrigan lost payshinse. Phwat did he do, sez you? He shtacked th' car-rds on th' dagoes. He's a shmart man, is Morrigan. Sez he to himself, sez he, it's aisier to buy half th' governmint than th' whole iv it. So he shtarted a revolushin in Columbya an' shplit th' counthry in two. Ye know, Clancy, anybody can shtart a revolushin in Central America. Revolushins are recognized social funkshins down there. They have to have them to shtimulate public interest in th' affairs iv governmint. So John Peerpont merely took advantage iv th' tempermint iv th' people, but first he arranged with his proxies at Washington to have ships on th' spot an' to offishally recognize th' revolushinists while not neglectin' to strew a few guns along th' route iv th' kinnal. The whole thing wur-rked like a char-rm. It was a mashter shtroke iv diplomecy. There was a time, Clancy, when we thought that John Bull was th' gr-reatest iv all diplomats. That was before we became a wurruld power. Up to that time John Bull played th' game jist as he plays all his nash'nal pastimes—slow an' with gr-reat delibrashin, as in chess an' crickitt, where you eat your meals bechune moves an' sometimes pause f'r an afternoon nap. When Uncle Sam broke into th' game, he introjuced th' tactics iv poker an' baseball, where you get quick ackshin f'r your money. If you see a chanst iv losin' you kill th' umpire. If you don't hold th' car-rds you run a bluff or call f'r a new deck an' shtack it. That's th' American game iv diplomecy."

"Do you think we'll keep th' kinnal?" asked Clancy.

"No, we'll only borrow it until we annex th' contigyus counthry."

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The Stage

The Critic and His Nerves

Discussing critics, James Huneker of the New York *Sun*, one of the most learned critics in America, says: "We judge actors too much by our nerves and often float our pint of criticism in a gallon of prejudice." Mr. Huneker would be justified in his statement if he also applied it to plays and whole performances. The critic's nerves too often influence his judgment and nerves are seldom rational. They are moody and affected by organs that cannot be appealed to intellectually, and that bear a very remote relationship to the senses. An abnormal liver plays havoc with the nerves, and a disorganized stomach sets them on edge. It is impossible for a playwright or an actor to convince a critic through his nerves when dyspepsia is ravaging his vitals. Yet the success of a play, or the reputation of an actor, often depends on the word of a critic. Of course I mean a critic who enjoys the reputation of being honest in his criticisms, and there are such even among those who ocasionally write at the dictation of nerves. Some critics are not worth while. They sugar-coat their condemnation so deftly that it is hard to differentiate it from enthusiastic approval. They can't even damn a performance with faint praise, and as a consequence when they are highly pleased their exuberance is unconvincing. I prefer the critic with nerves even though they do occasionally get beyond his control.



LUKE CONNESS

A newcomer at the Alcazar is Luke Conness who is winning favor by his agreeable personality, and the versatility with which he has played such widely divergent roles as the Indian renegade in "The Cowboy and the Lady," and the eccentric English Squire in this week's production of "The Private Secretary." He has had extensive Eastern experience in stock and in support of leading stars. His brother, Robert Conness, is the romantic actor now starring as Robert Emmett.

Wright's Simonides

A performance that is worthy of more than casual comment is that of Stephen Wright in the role of Simonides in "Ben Hur." Mr. Wright is so unobtrusive, so indifferent to the little tricks by which the actor strains for effect, that at first you are apt to be unimpressed by the fidelity of the portrayal. It is a performance that grips you upon reflection, and then you suddenly realize that he is the character he enacts. His art is effortless. He has less opportunity than others in the cast to call attention to his conscientious and intelligent work, but it is unquestionably the best that is done. The play has been drawing well and will no doubt have a successful run. It is something more than a splendid spectacle: it is a fine play that reveals dramaturgic craftsmanship of a high order.

They Shied at Trousers

There are two irate and unhappy young women at the Alcazar. Adele Block, the lithe-limbed leading lady, and Frances Starr, the petite and appealing ingenue, have had their finer sensibilities rudely trampled beneath the iron heel of managerial oppression. It is a question of what constitutes becoming modesty in attire. In next week's farce, "The Club's Baby," Miss Block and Miss Starr personate comely young women who visit the club of husband and sweetheart to confirm certain jealous suspicions concerning the baby's paternity. To do this, in the guise of male visitors, they must assume the conventional masculine evening clothes. The swallow-tails and accordion pleated opera hats of fashion were not so bad but both drew the line at trousers. Miss Block said she would resign first. Miss Starr, with a torrent of tears, declared she would die first. Neither one pants for notoriety. The resultant conversation was stormy. The organization seemed about to be shipwrecked on the treacherous sands of acrimonious discusion. But the Alcazar's managerial life savers acted with artful diplomacy and both fair rebels were finally hauled ashore in the breeches buoy. They begged piteously for the enveloping shelter of mackintoshes, but their prayers were denied, and nothing will be left to the imagination. Meantime there are a few choice front row seats still remaining at the box-office.



WRIGHT HUNTINGTON

Mr. Huntington is one of the most popular leading men who ever appeared in San Francisco. He will reappear at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon, November fifteenth, in his great success, "A Stand Off," an exceedingly dainty and well blended sketch, abounding in comedy and pathos. Mr. Huntington will be ably supported by Florida Kingsley and Alex Kearney, both capable and recognized artists.

A Perennial Cattermole

John B. Maher is certainly a versatile actor. In his brief season at the Alcazar he has given evidence of his versatility as well as of his conscientiousness, which by the way is no unimportant trait in an actor. Mr. Maher is an artist to his finger-tips, and though he may play an old, familiar role, such as the Rev. Robert Spaulding in "The Private Secretary" which has become a modern farce-comedy classic, he relies on his own judgment of how it should be done, and consequently there is nothing reminiscent in his performance. He plays the part with quaint humor, and with satisfying naturalness. When the Rialto of San Francisco extends, at some future day, out to Presidio Heights, and some enterprising manager decides upon a revival of "The Private Secretary," he will in all probability drop into George Osbourne's mansion and urge the veteran actor to show the current generation how Mr. Cattermole should be played. No revival of "The Private Secretary" is complete without Osbourne as Cattermole. Though the role of Spaulding was intended as a star part Osbourne always manages to divide honors as the irascible East Indian. Mr. Durkin plays the somewhat juvenile role of Douglas Cattermole with the requisite light touches. Adele Block is a dainty Edith Maisland and Miss Starr is a breezy Eva Webster. On the whole the performance is a creditable one, and the work of the company is a guarantee that it will do justice to the comedies that are to follow in quick succession.

Tina as Tosca

Tina de Spada makes the hit of her career in dramatic circles as Floria Tosca in Puccini's opera at the Tivoli this week. The self-consciousness that frequently mars this singer's work was only apparent a few times during the action of the opera. The scene with Scarpia in the second act was managed very artistically and as a sustained piece of acting it was truly excellent. Tosca's horror of the dead body of Scarpia was shown with haunting effect and her scene with her lover in the last act was beautifully given, both vocally and dramatically. Zanini was the heavy villain Scarpia, and he played the part with a great deal of glowering and much grinding of teeth. Zanini is a very young man, and has not as yet learned the art that conceals art. His voice is not very musical, much of it being strident in the extreme. His acting in the first act, where he plots revenge on Tosca's lover, was very well done. Agostini sang the part of the artist Cavorradossi excellently except for a little forcing of the notes in his duets with De Spada. His acting was not so good.

Steindorff's Part in It

Though "Il Trovatore" was the alternating bill by desire, the audience on Tuesday night was not so large as the excellence of the cast warranted. There was not a false note in the whole opera, and the ensembles were particularly good. Ischierdo had to sing twice his solo in the fourth act, and Gregoretti of course had to repeat the "Stride la vampa." It doesn't seem right to force grand opera artists to sing encores, for their work is arduous enough without any additions. But Ischierdo's top note came out on the repetition with more clearness and ease, if anything, than on the first rendition. Benedetto's Leonora is one of the best things she does, and she received a deal of applause and flowers. Phyllis Partington filled her small role of Inez very acceptably. Her voice is not large but she has considerable dramatic ability, and her beauty is undeniable. Marchesini's Azucena was something to remember for its dramatic power. Travaglini, the Ferrando, has one of the best and most reliable voices in the company. I wonder how many people who have enjoyed these grand opera presentations ever give a thought to the work it entails on the leader. Paul Steindorff has managed to direct all the performances without having to apologize for any shortcomings, something that rarely happens in greater companies, and he still looks as fresh and unfatigued as when the season began. John Marquardt, who is playing first violin at the Tivoli now, is a strong addition to the orchestra.

The Penalty of Remotenesss

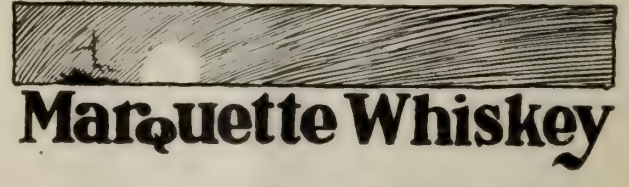
"The Mocking Bird," "Dolly Varden," "The Silver Slipper," "The Toreador," "The Wizard of Oz" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" are all musical comedies, which, though we have not seen them, have been exploited at least one season on Broadway and are now touring. We are dreadfully behind the times, but let us hope that the new Tivoli will regain its erstwhile enterprising spirit when it enters the new home, which, by the way, is making such slow progress that the management will probably have to open the comic opera season in the old house. Ferris Hartman has been picking up material for the comic opera season abroad and when he reaches New York soon he will try to secure the rights to some of the musical comedies which have had their season in Broadway. I hear that he has been instructed to open negotiations for "San Toy," the best little opera that has appeared since "The Geisha."

A Variety of Talent

Among the newcomers at the Orpheum this week are Phil and Nettie Peters, a comedy team who have quite a repertoire of gags, some of which are new and laugh-compelling. The team scored a hit. Albert Bellman and Lottie Moore are a talented team who have also made good. Max Waldron, the female impersonator, continues to excite interest by the grace with which he wears short-skirts and imitates dancing girls. Waldron is one of the best female impersonators that have ever appeared at the Orpheum. The two Roses do a very refined musical stunt up to the time that one of them sings. The song is refined but not the voice. However it is less offensive than that of the soprano in the village choir, which is the most solemn aggregation of vocal talent I have heard. Commencing next week the Orpheum will give an additional matinee every Thursday, making four regular matinees each week.

Why She Prefers Harned

Some one asked Virginia Harned the other day why she didn't call herself Virginia Sothern. Miss Harned, who is to show us what she can do with a Pinero part next week, has a quick wit. She promptly produced a railway guide and picked out all the names associated with the word Southern. "See," she said, "Cincinnati Southern, Canada Southern, Wisconsin Southern, Georgia Southern, Texas Southern—and there are others. Now, if I were heralded as Virginia Sothern—but, really, the point is too obvious." Virginia Harned, by the way, has not been to San Francisco for some time. She appeared here as Fanny in "Captain Letterblair," but I do not think San Francisco ever saw her Trilby. She created the part of the Du Maurier-Potter heroine in the East but Blanche Walsh was Trilby in the Chicago production and Edith Crane appeared in the role here. Miss Harned was the first to play Iris Bellamy in this country. Among the prominent members of the company to appear here in "Iris" are Henry Jewett and William Courtney.



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Brusie is the Man

The management of Fischer's is keeping the name of the librettist who has written a musical comedy, soon to be produced, a dark secret. I have learned that the gentleman is none other than Jud Brusie, the well-known lawyer and politician. Mr. Brusie has the reputation of being quite a wit, and if his comedy is all that it is represented to be by those who have read it his fame will not be slow in spreading far from O'Farrell street. I hear that the piece deals with labor union topics, and that Mr. Brusie has very cleverly satirized the customs of the professional agitators.

The Whims of a Star

Frank Worthing is again experiencing hard luck. Last season after scoring a big hit with Julia Marlowe he was thrown out of an engagement because the star did not like the play. It was said she was disgruntled because Worthing received nearly all the applause. This season he started out with Miss Marlowe again, in a new play, and once more the star became dissatisfied with the play. It was another splendid chance for Mr. Worthing, but he is once more out of an engagement. Miss Marlowe's present dissatisfaction, it is said, is due to the fact that she has failed to score as big a hit as has been made by those other Frohman stars, Maude Adams and Maxine Elliott. By the way, the statuesque Maxine is doing a tremendous business, while her husband, Nat Goodwin, has been compelled to wind up his season in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" because he did not receive satisfactory recognition.

Hall McAllister, the erstwhile clubman of this city, who surprised his friends about two years ago by deserting the bar to become an actor, is now playing a small part in "Vivian's Papas," a farce comedy which has been well received in New York. A Californian who saw McAllister in the play says that he does very well. He met McAllister at the Lambs' Club, and found him quite enthusiastic over the progress he has made in the profession.

Judging from what the London critics say about Bernard Shaw's latest, "Man and Superman," it is good reading but an unplayable drama. It is highly polemical but unconvincing. The trouble with Shaw is that he wishes to teach the world how the universe should be run. These are some of his epigrams: "The confusion of marriage with morality has done more to destroy the conscience of the human race than any other single error"; "Beauty, purity, respectability, religion, art, bravery and the rest, are nothing but words which I or any one else can turn inside out like gloves. They are mere words useful for duping barbarians into adopting civilization, or the civilized poor into submitting to be robbed and enslaved"; "Do *not* unto others as you would they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same."

Features of Next Week's Bills

The event will be the production of "Iris" at the Columbia. The play is not so old in the East as those we usually get, and we are to have the original exponent of the title part, with a good company. "Iris" is one of Pinero's most pungent problem plays and though it did not please the critics, from the box-office viewpoint it was an enormous success in New York. It is said to be the most realistic thing that Pinero ever did.

The first production here of Leoncavallo's "Zaza" at the Tivoli will bring to a brilliant close the grand opera season. "Zaza" follows very closely the lines of the play, and offers opportunity for dramatic as well as vocal flights. De Spada will have the title role, and Ischierdo will be Dufresne. Gregoretti, Dado and Cortesi will be of the cast. The alternating opera will be "I Puritani" in which Tromben, Tedeschi, Dado, Zanini, Cortesi and Miss Deglow will appear. It was found impossible to produce "The Marriage of Figaro," which was announced as a part of this season's repertory.

"Ben Hur" will crowd the Grand for its final fortnight. It is a great play, a magnificent spectacle, and it has the approval

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of the clergy as well as critics and public. There is a big rush for seats.

The Alcazar's offering, "The Club's Baby," has both New York and London prestige, but has never been seen here. There is a pungent dash of piquancy about the story of the precocious infant which is abandoned upon the door step of a swell club in London. The comic complications are involved and funny—none more so than the scene where a jealous young wife and her maiden confidante disguise themselves in masculine evening attire and, with bogus visitors' cards, gain admission to the club house. It is Adele Block and Frances Starr who are to assume trousers and tuxedos. For Thanksgiving week "A Poor Relation," in which Sol Smith Russell was so appealing, will be the bill. The Alcazar is the first stock company to present it.

The Central will eclipse all its former scenic and spectacular triumphs in the gorgeous production of "Under the Polar Star." Preparations have been in progress for weeks, scenic artists have wrought magnificent effects on the canvas, while the electricians have devised a scheme of varicolored lights whereby the Aurora Borealis will be pictured. The rarest feature of the play, however, will be the introduction of real Esquimaux in the Arctic scenes. Frederick Koltchoff, the noted Alaskan explorer, is in San Francisco, en route to New York, where he will winter his Arctic and Alaskan Exhibit for the St. Louis World's Fair, and the Central has made arrangements to have him put on the stage in "Under the Polar Star" his band of Esquimaux and his train of Esquimaux dogs, with Alaskan dog-sleds and all the accessories of that mode of travel over the waste of snow and ice. The Alaskans will be dressed in the furs and skins of the extreme North. The immense wolfish-looking dogs in Koltchoff's train hold the record for fast traveling at St. Michael's. One of the sensational sights will be the burning of an ice-imprisoned ship.

Wright Huntington will reappear at the Orpheum in "A Stand Off." Mr. Huntington will be supported by Florida Kingsley and Alex. Kearney. The three Zolars, direct from Europe, will have a new comedy acrobatic act. Serra and Bella-Rosa, another European importation, perform Samson-like feats of strength. Joe and Sadie Britton, who present what they call "the epitome of all colored acts," come back with a new turn. Albert Bellman and Lottie Moore will present "A Gallery Goddess," Warren and Blanchard will introduce new songs, and Phil and Nettie Peters will make a change of act. So popular have become the matinees at the Orpheum that, beginning the week of November twenty-second, an additional afternoon performance will be given every Thursday, making four regular matinees each week—Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

"Rubes and Roses" continues to draw capacity audiences to Fischer's. The play is one of the most pretentious yet put on at this house. The Althea Twins, a new sister team, will appear in the next new production at Fischer's.

At the Chutes will be Marsh and Sartella, direct from New York; John Ressley and Marie Rostelle, presenting "A Widow's Courtship," and the Volkyras, European gymnasts and hand balancers. Queen, Stowe and Feely will offer their acrobatic absurdity, "The Joss House Dodger," Wayne and LaMar, singing and dancing comedy sketch artists, will vary their specialty and Mabel Lamson, the Chutes' favorite, will have new illustrated songs.

The fifth annual benefit under the auspices of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco, in aid of their charity fund for the sick and needy in the profession, will take place at the Columbia next Friday afternoon. William J. Kelly, who plays Ben Hur in Grand production, will read the description of the chariot race, Julia A. Herne, daughter of the late James Herne and the Esther of "Ben Hur," will be heard in soprano solos. Virginia Harned and her company will present an act of "Iris," while the Alcazar's contribution will be the third act of "Lady Bountiful." Rose Melville, the original "Sis Hopkins," and her company, will appear, the best artists from the Tivoli grand opera company will sing, supported by the chorus and directed by Paul Steindorff, and the second act of "At Valley Forge" will be staged. There will be some of the best turns known to modern vaudeville besides. —*The Playgoer.*

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Transactions on "The Stock and Bond Exchange" amounted to $132,000 in bonds, and 2,295 in shares of stocks divided as follows: 935 Gas & Electric, 510 Water, 685 Sugars, 165 Miscellaneous. San Francisco Gas & Electric advanced about $1.50, the buying evidently being for the "inside." Spring Valley Water declined about a point, apparently without any reason. Miscellaneous stocks showed no change whatever. Sugar stocks showed considerable strength on highly satisfactory reports from the Plantations. Knowing ones talk so confidently about early dividends that it might be worth while to give them a little attention.

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A Friday of Music

Concert-goers had hard work to choose where to go last Friday night, for there was something doing in music in four halls—the Alhambra, Steinway, Lyric and Native Sons'. Though the audience that gathered in the Alhambra was not large, it was critical and enthusiastic, and enjoyed the program presented by Chiafferelli and his men. There were nine numbers, but these were increased by encores. The band this season is really a fine organization and the leader is full of fire. Ellery's band will be back next month to give another series of concerts under Will Greenbaum's direction, and they will receive a hearty welcome.

From the Alhambra to the Lyric is but a step. At the latter the attraction was a concert by Frederick M. Biggerstaff, the pianist, assisted by Mrs. Edward F. Schneider, mezzo soprano, and Edward F. Schneider, accompanist. There was a very large audience of smart people present, and the program presented was full of enjoyment to the cultured hearers. Mr. Biggerstaff gave works of Brahms, Chopin, Schumann, Arensky, Korestchenko, Liadow, Rubinstein and Moszkowski with a fine understanding and brilliant technic. Particularly worthy was his interpretation of Chopin in the Sonata op. 35. Mrs. Schneider sang three of her composer-husband's works, two of Tschaikowsky's and two by Von Fielitz, covering a wide range of expression. Her voice is of grand opera timbre, her tone large and full of warmth. Mr. Schneider accompanied sympathetically, and shared in the applause following the rendition of his own songs.

A very delightful recital was that in Steinway hall, given by the vocal pupils of Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup and the violin pupils of Alexander T. Stewart. There was an air of freshness and youth about it, and the participants brought an enthusiasm to their work that communicated itself to the audience. The program was a long one, and there were no hitches in its rendition. The numbers by the choral class consisting of twenty-two voices were given with vim and admirable harmony and tempo. The violin ensemble numbers were also noteworthy for harmony and time. Eighteen violins formed the ensemble, directed by Mr. Stewart. Carl Bohm's "Perpetual Motion" was given with remarkable brilliancy.

In Native Sons' hall another immense audience was gathered to listen and applaud the work of Joseph Greven's pupils in their sixth costumed recital. The first part of the program was given up to numbers rendered by the younger pupils and the latter half to those more advanced. The San Francisco Conservatory Orchestra under T. D. Herzog's direction rendered the instrumental setting and also played the opening number, "Rameses," Egyptian intermezzo by Tony Stanford. There were scenes from "Maritana," "Tyrolean Mountain," "The Mikado," "Pirates of Penzance," and "Boccaccio," all in costume, the various singers entering well into the spirit of their work, though they showed signs of nervousness. But it was in the grand opera numbers of the latter part of the program that the effect of Mr. Greven's training was more particularly shown. This included an aria from "Robert le Diable" and the "Voi che Sapete" from "Le Nozze di Figaro" by Miss Mabel Jackson Christes, selections from "Mignon" by Miss Zita Fahey, a "Tannhauser" aria and "Elsa's Dream" with a moderato from the "Lucia" aria by Mrs. Lenore Greven, and bits from three acts of "Il Trovatore" by Miss Maude Crabtree and J. E. Ericson. Mrs. Greven won great applause for the Wagner numbers. She has made a special study of the works of Wagner, and her large, full soprano is well suited for their interpretation. In such a long program one could not mention in detail the voices and rendition of every pupil.

Patti has thirty-five exquisite Parisian frocks to wear on her tour. She wears a different gown at every concert. She had to make formal affidavit on her arrival in New York that these dresses will all go back to Europe within six months. They will be sent from New York in small batches to meet the singer wherever she may happen to be at the time. They have been graded in weight according to the climate, heavy costumes being made for the Canadian cities and light and feathery ones for her concerts in New Orleans and other Southern and Western cities.

Considerable musical talent is possessed by the heirs and heiresses of our smart people, as was clearly shown at Century hall last Saturday, when a concert was given for a charitable purpose and all the participants were juveniles. Representatives from the Eyre, Page, Girvin, McLaren, Moore, Tallant, Crocker, Winslow, Otis, Sherman and other families took part in the program, and the Columbia Park boys sang choruses. Maria Roeckel gave in costume the spinning and jewel scene from "Faust" and her little brother Mario sang the prologue from "Pagliacci." These clever twins are now rehearsing the duo in "Mignon."

The nineteenth free organ recital at Trinity church will take place Wednesday evening, November eighteenth, when Louis H. Eaton will be assisted by Una Fairweather, contralto. The organ numbers are by Bach, Rheinberger, Capocci, Wolstenholme, Selby. An interesting number will be the Prelude and "Angel's Farewell" from Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," which is attracting a great deal of attention in Europe and America. It will be the first time any of this music has been heard in San Francisco. Miss Fairweather will sing one number by Elgar.

It doesn't seem possible that Marcia Van Dresser's voice has attained grand opera dimensions, but her press agent says it has. She has been studying abroad and will debut in grand opera this season. Marcia's voice was almost like Isadore Rush's when she sang here with the Bostonians. Its quality was contralto, but there seemed to be very little of it.

Miss Lillian Slinkey entertained all the Tivoli grand opera artists on Monday afternoon, at a reception. Her studio at 809 Leavenworth street was crowded between the hours of two and six. She was hostess at an opera party on Tuesday evening to hear "Il Trovatore."

In Melba's concert company this season are Senorita Sassoli, a fifteen-year-old harpist who is the diva's protegee, Charles Gilibert, basso, Ellison Van Hoose, tenor, and Charles North, flutist.

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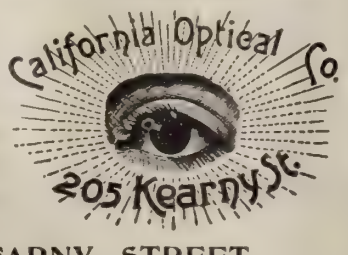
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Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder

Katherine Fisk's husband is a teacher in the Chicago High School. He does not object to his wife's concert tours. A Chicago woman who is visiting here told me that Mr. Fisk's pupils gauged his temperature by his wife's presence or absence. He is always exceedingly irritable when she is in town, but very angelic when she is on tour.

Two Californian "Babes"

"Babes in Toyland," of which I wrote last week, is still the reigning sensation of the New York theatrical field. Such music, such gayety of action, such pretty girls, such freshness and sparkle were never seen before. There are two people in it of some interest to San Francisco folks. They are Miss Susie Kelleher and Miss Virginia Foltz. Both are in the chorus but that means they are getting experience. Great things are expected of Susie Kelleher, for she has inherited talent. Her mother was Susan Galton, who was for years the most popular soubrette in this country and in England, and her aunt is Mrs. Thomas Whiffen who is still on the stage. Her father is Captain Alfred Kelleher, who was once a professional singer, and who while teaching in this city developed several of our most noted Californian songsters, prominent among whom was Emma Nevada.

It was during the first week of the English opera festival in Boston by Henry W. Savage's great English singing company. A young couple in the front row attracted attention. The man was from the city and his "company" was evidently a country cousin from Haverhill. He could not resist the temptation to extemporize on the technical mysteries of tonal relations as exemplified in Puccini's masterpiece. She was patient for a time, but finally, frowning her unloveliest, she said:

"Now, see here, Dick, I don't know counterpoint from Irish point, but won't you please let me enjoy the opera?"

Across the Bay

The directors of the Oakland Y. M. C. A. reckoned well the pulse of their public when they decided upon giving two big festival concerts for the benefit of the new auditorium. The affairs were enormously successful in every way. On Monday night the Macdonough held a very large audience and it was the same Tuesday night, I hear. Dado and Borghesi were loaned by the Tivoli for the concerts. The former was in fine form on Monday evening, making his greatest hit with the "Don Carlos" romanza. The chorus showed admirable training, and the orchestra under Pietro Marino's direction was superb. Mrs. Davis-Northrup was in perfect voice, and all the other singers did well. Dr. H. J. Stewart conducted two movements of his 'Montezuma" suite, and the number went even better than it did with Scheel's symphony orchestra. Of the choruses "The Pilgrims" from "Tannhauser" seemed to be the favorite. There has not been a finer concert given in Oakland, or indeed in San Francisco either, for years.

Miss Dorothy Goodsell sang in a duet with Mrs. Birmingham last week at a concert given in Steinway hall, and it was remarked how well their voices blended. The duet was from "Pygmalion and Galatea."

William C. Carl, the New York organist, recently sent his old friend, Marcus M. Henry of this city, a very valuable gift. It is a bit of antique Austrian art.

Miss Grace Freeman will give a violin recital in Y. M. C. A. Auditorium next Thursday evening, assisted by Mrs. F. A. Berlin, soprano, and Henry Salz, pianist. —*The Music Critic.*

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LETTERS

The Scolding of London

The literary critic of *Munsey's* is scolding Jack London for "scolding at editors" because they have not accepted all his stories as simple transcripts of the truth. Evidently the *Munsey* diatribe was inspired by Mr. London's recent essay in the *Critic*, "Truth Stranger Than Fiction," in which case the objector has read it to little purpose if he finds therein any resemblance to a "scolding." Mr. London is, as yet, too earnest about what he is saying and doing to be self-conscious enough to give thought to how he looks while he is doing it. His essay sets forth simply and conclusively the plain fact that people will not accept as truth the relation of incidents which much transcend their own experiences. He does not complain, he does not scold and he does not blame. He simply checks the editorial rejections of his stories against his own incredulity with regard to the experiences others have related to him and which he has afterward learned to believe because he himself had seen. It must be a superficial and unsympathetic reader who can find anything resembling a "scolding" in this: Mr. London had written an account of one of his adventures, which was returned to him with the comment that the thing could not have happened. He wrote back criticising the criticism, and adds: "They were very nice about it, taking my criticism in better part than I took theirs; and, for that matter, they could afford to, *for they were in the right*. It is incontrovertible that one cannot do on the printed page what one does in life." (Italics are mine.) Again, a projected series of tramp tales came to grief because the first one was uniformly rejected by unbelieving editors. One, only, was convinced, and he solely because he had made the acquaintance of a young writer who had himself tramped. "Had I not known Mr. Jones for some time past," writes this editor, "I should have said such a creation as your Tramp was absolutely and utterly impossible, and my reason for rejecting the MS. is that to other people who have not had the opportunity to really understand what a tramp may be and into what he may be transformed, it might seem too great a tax on credulity." Mr. London concludes that "Actual events are less true than logical conceits and whimsicalities. And the man who writes fiction had better leave fact alone. I said to myself that the mosquito-man lied. By innumerable editorial rejections I have been informed that I have lied." This is a long way from the mourning-dove plaint which usually greets editorial rejections, and it is not the first time by any means that Mr. London has endorsed editorial decisions which have been adverse to his own contributions. There are comparatively few young writers who have common sense at their command to teach them that the powers of the literary world are not combined to crush their genius. Elsewhere he has written just as earnestly and vehemently on the justification of publishers in "buying names," paying better prices to those who have arrived than to novices and frankly admitting that if a name is worth nothing in this way there is no advantage in earning a reputation. All the "scolding" which has been administered is that of the critic, who has belabored the author.

Choice French Literature

Mr. William R. Jenkins deserves the thanks of the student as well as the general reader of French for his "Romans Choisis." These are the choicest specimens of French fiction selected for their wholesome tone and high literary value. Number three of the list is "Le Mariage de Gerard," by Andre Theuriet. Theuriet is a member of the Academy and one of the foremost of contemporaneous French writers. He is especially successful in the delineation of provincial types. The present tale is one of unusual interest, being a well constructed story told with the highest art of the novelist. The events take place in the vicinity of Bar-le-Duc in Lorraine. The beautiful setting of country scenes adds much to the story while many of its incidents are closely inwoven with the local customs. Gerard de Seigneulles is a young man of twenty-three, strictly brought up and just escaped from the bondage of the law school. His first escapade is the innocent one of attending a public ball at Saules, where he conducts himself as awkwardly as may be imagined. When the news reaches the ears of his father the Chevalier, he resolves to marry the young man out of hand, and selects an appropriate *parti* in the person of Georgette Grandfief, an heiress of the neighborhood. Gerard however obstinately falls in love with Helene Laheyrard, daughter of a professor lately arrived from Paris. Helene is a natural girl, very unlike the usual jeune fille of French novels, and her unconventionality, added to her Parisian taste in dress, render her the object of hatred and envy to her provincial neighbors. Their malice is not lessened by the devotion of Gerard to one beneath him in social station, and the young girl, in an outburst of pride, at last resolves to leave the place and accept a position as teacher in a Paris school. The worst construction is put upon her sudden departure, and the malicious stories at last reach the ear of Gerard's father. The irate old man believes that his son's honor is involved in marrying Helene and he is now as anxious to push forward the match as he was formerly opposed to it. Sufficient to say that events at last converge to a happy ending. The characters of the novel are well drawn; each one is really a character. The disorderly Laheyrard menage, sly Madame Grandfief listening at the door when she leaves Georgette and Gerard alone, the malicious hunchback Finoel, the mischief making grisette Reine Lecomte, the exuberant Marius, are all drawn by a sure hand. The incidents of the story are well contrived, and owe not a little of their interest to the way in which they give us the kernel of provincial thought and life. Such are the Grandfief ball, the hunt picnic, and the heady pleasures of the vintage. Delicious, too, are Georgette's remorse after the stolen kiss on the stairs, and the scene where Madame Grandfief consents to her daughter's marriage with Marius Laheyrard. Much can be said in praise of the explanatory notes in English by Ralph Emerson Bassett, professor of Romance languages in the University of Kansas. [Published by William R. Jenkins, 851 and 853 Sixth avenue, New York.]

Stories of the Sea

In "The Strife of the Sea" T. Jenkins Hains has collected eleven short stories, most of which relate to the lives of the denizens of the deep. They are related sympathetically from the point of view of the animals, and without any of the maudlin sentimentality unfortunately so common of late years. Mr. Hains leaves his pelicans, his whales, his turtles and his albatrosses as God created them. They are not transformed into creatures half human and as wholly unreal as mermaids, but are still birds, fish and

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mammals with strong instincts and rudimentary reason. Though the author assures us that these are imaginative tales they carry with them the vividness of reality and genuineness. Most of them have a human element and it will be a faint heart that does not beat in sympathy with the foolhardy lightkeeper who let a giant ray tow his boat or the captain of the *Cape Horner* who owed his salvation to the albatross which he had tamed. "The Sea Dog" is a minor version of "The Call of the Wild," but in this instance the poor dog was driven to a wild life by the unkind reception accorded him when he swam ashore from a wreck. While "The Strife of the Sea" should interest both young and old amongst those who enjoy stories of salt-water life, it can be especially recommended for boys. Being entirely free from profanity, they can be safely left to enjoy it in their own way, and at the same time pick up facts concerning the habits and lives of the sea-folk. The author has followed the sea both for business and for pleasure, and his "Wind-Jammers," published a few years ago, is not yet forgotten, even in these days when the best-seller of last month cannot be recalled by name. [Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York.]

Grievance of French Writers

It is reported that French authors and artists are demanding that publishers shall use a better quality of paper and ink for their books, being moved to protest by the fear that the wood-pulp paper and chemical ink will decay, and "masterpieces" disappear in the course of a century if something is not done. They demand that at least the two copies deposited for copyright purposes shall be printed in such manner as to insure reasonable permanency. This complaint is but an echo of that which arose in America a few years ago, but as yet nothing has been done about it. The French writers have the greater grievance, since the quality of materials is, on the whole, much worse than that which is used in our country, but before making such an outcry over the preservation of books it might be something to the purpose to make the books better worth preservation. Very few are worthy of a second edition even in their own day, and their is no particular reason to anticipate the deprivation of our grandchildren in losing a lot of third-rate novels. Even scientific works become simply curiosities to a later age, when the inventions and discoveries of which they treat have become familiar, and as each generation makes its own style, it is not likely that our histories and geographies will be in special demand at the end of the twentieth century, even though they should remain uncontradicted by later discoveries. It is by no means a gloomy outlook to contemplate a generation having to begin again without dead literary hands stretched out to stay them, and so far as the preservation of masses of printed matter is concerned, sometimes it looks seriously as if we shall have to solicit government appropriation to provide for the destruction, just as there is a periodic relief voted for the clearing of the Florida rivers, which become clogged by the growth of aquatic plants brought thither by "beauty lovers."

For Lovers of Horseflesh

David Gray's "Gallops II" will please lovers of bright short stories in general and horse-lovers in particular. The people are the same that we met in "Gallops I." They are wealthy, well-bred and amusing, and their fad is horseflesh. They can all trace the pedigree of their stables back almost to the original five-toed equine. They talk horse, think horse, buy, sell and trade horses, and play all sorts of pranks upon each other with the assistance of their horses. Fractures and dislocations they take as a matter of course and regret them only when their accidents prevent them from taking part in a race or a hunt. In that sad story of "The Echo Hunt" we find the Wharton infants schooling their broomsticks and laths over the jumps and dragging the unwilling pugs and poodles about for a pack of fox hounds. The Gallops are all clean and wholesome and Mr. Gray has made his subject so entertaining that even those who know no more about horses and hounds than "The Braybrooke Baby's Godmother," or Reggie Livingston's wife, cannot fail to be interested. It is a foregone conclusion that those who meet the parishioners of "St. Thomas Equinus" now for the first time will want to know what they did before, while the ones who have read "Gallops I" will be equally ready to continue the acquaintance. Most of the stories are reprinted from the *Century Magazine*, a recommendation in itself. [Published by the Century Company, New York.]

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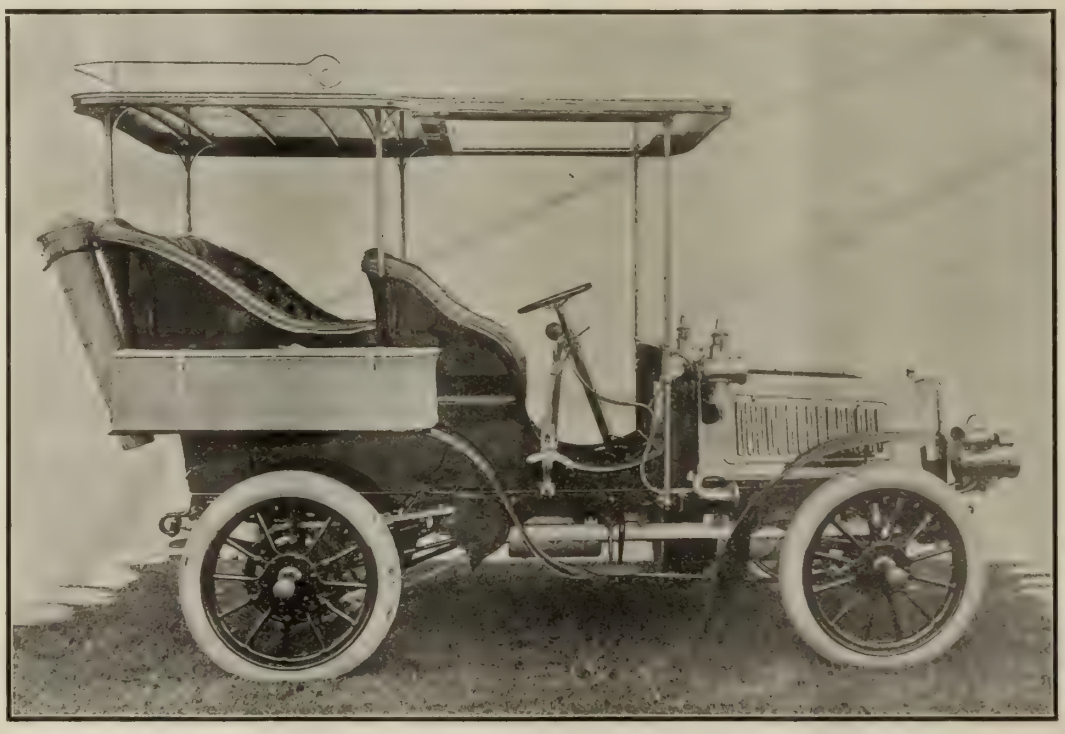
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The Toledo Touring Car



This is the Toledo which won seven races at Ingleside Nov. 6, 7, 8. We used a stock car taken from our salesroom, removed the body and surplus fittings and made the best showing of any machine at the races.
Toledo won Endurance contest between New York and Pittsburg—800 miles—defeating 33 other makes of automobiles; lost only 13 minutes during entire race, which is the best record ever made by any touring car in any contest. A violent storm raged for four days; trains were delayed 24 hours. Express was discontinued for several days. Telegrams 8 to 12 hours late. Yet the Toledo went through on schedule time. The Toledo won the hill-climbing contest at Del Monte races.

OFFICIAL RECORDS AT INGLESIDE

Friday, November 6th

OPEN EVENT IRRESPECTIVE OF POWER OR WEIGHT
CALIFORNIA OWNED CARS.

FIRST PRIZE—1. Toledo.
2. White. Winning time, 6:25 1-4.
3. Mors.

GASOLINE ONLY—24 HORSEPOWER.

FIRST PRIZE—1. Toledo.
2. Franklin.
3. Peerless.

TEN MILE OPEN EVENT.

1. Oldfield's "Bullet No. 2."
2. Oldfield's "Bullet No. 3."
3. Toledo.
4. White. Toledo time for 10 miles, 12:29.

Saturday, November 7th

5 MILES OPEN EVENT, 24 HORSEPOWER.

1. Toledo. Winning time, 6:24 1-2.
2. White.

10 MILES OPEN EVENT IRRESPECTIVE OF POWER.

1. Oldfield's "Bullet No. 2."
2. Oldfield's "Bullet No. 3."
3. Toledo.
4. White.

Sunday, November 8th

Five miles open were defeated by the White who made the time in 6:30 4-5, which is slower than we made in any of the three races in which we defeated the White. Moreover, we used no windshields. The Toledo met the White Touring Car in 4 races. Toledo won 3—6:25 1-4, 6:24 1-2, and 12:29. White won 1—6:30 4-5. The Toledo's winning times of 6:25 1-4 and 6:24 1-2 were lower than the White's of 6:30 4-5.

The Toledo which did this work is a regular stock machine and is for sale at the regular price.

ORDERS FOR 1904 MODELS NOW RECEIVED

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Automobile Topics

The long expected race meet of the Automobile Club of California is now over but the event and the thrilling rides of Barney Oldfield will no doubt long linger in the minds of thousands who journeyed to the race track. The meet was a most successful one. Magnificently was the speed competition begun and very fittingly was the notable meeting closed. Barney Oldfield is certainly the king of all the exponents of this dangerous sport. The auto wizard proved he was a champion on Sunday, when he covered that mile oval at Ingleside in fifty-six seconds. He was put one-fifth of a second short of his record of fifty-five and one-half seconds. That mile made at Ingleside was the fastest that the Bullet No. 2, a Winton machine, ever negotiated the distance in, and Oldfield states that he considers it the best ride he has ever made, though he declares the local track the worst he has ever driven on. Had the track been as good as the Empire City track that same mile in "fifty-six" would have been made in fifty-two seconds. Oldfield on each day won the hearts and praise of the fair ones and the admiration of the men. To the throng that witnessed the three days' sport Barney was a revelation. He undoubtedly was the magnet that drew the thousands of people to the track and he was well worth seeing. Hatless, wearing goggles, loose negligee shirt and looser trousers, as though he were out for a tennis game, he hops into his time-destroyer, takes the steering wheel in his right hand and the throttle in his left and is off. He dashes along the outer rail of the straights as if to see how close he could come to the fence without splintering the pickets, and turning the corners he hugs the inner rail as though it were his best god. This system of driving makes his every mile a long one, but it does not diminish his speed. The extreme ease with which he handled his machine and the superb work that he accomplished with it made competition less keen than otherwise it might have been, but even in the absence of close finishes the crowds were delighted.

The performance during the meeting, of the National Automobile Company's Toledo touring car, driven by W. E. Saunders, was really wonderful. That one car, a gasoline stock machine, won seven events, five of which were first places, and this horseless vehicle is the fastest gasoline stock machine made in the United States. In the five mile event on Friday for gasoline cars of twenty-four horse power Saunders piloted the Toledo to victory in 6:45 4-5. In the five mile open event for California-owned machines on the same day the Toledo was again a winner, this time covering the distance in 6:25 1-5 and defeating the twelve thousand dollar Mors machine and also the White driven by F. A. Garbutt. Twice again on the second day did this speeding touring car distance all its competitors. In the five mile event for cars of twenty-four horse power the Toledo won in 6:24 4-5, and in the seventh event, also a five mile race, the National Company's crack modern chariot again captured the highest honors, beating Pierre Desmet in the Mors for first place. On the closing day of the meeting, in the gasoline car race, thirty-five horse power and under, the Toledo was once more victorious, beating the Franklin racer for first place.

The little Franklin racer owned by Messrs. E. C. Ford and F. A. Jacobs, which holds all records for a small machine, did itself proud in the race meeting. The little Champion on several occasions during the three days finished first, and each time was operated by W. F. Winchester.

The little Oldsmobile was almost invincible on the opening day of the auto races at Ingleside. On Friday this speedy little machine of the Pioneer Automobile Company won high honors and first prizes in two events. In the opening race, a two-mile for gasoline cars only, six and one-half horse power and under, the Olds took the lead at the start and was never hard pressed. This little horseless carriage also annexed the handicap race, the last event of the first day.

The White Sewing Machine Company is deserving of credit for its assistance in making up the entries for these races. It entered its ten-horse power cars against machines of all horsepowers, whether it had any chance of winning or not, and on Sunday, in the ten-mile free-for-all, it made the only entry against Oldfield. In the three days' racing the "White" won twelve prizes. In the race on Friday for cars of eighteen hundred pounds and under, Walter Grothe in a ten horsepower stock "White" touring car actually beat Barney and his "Baby Bullet," though that was when Barney made slow time. He also defeated Whittell's "Mors" in the fast time of 6:04 2-5. This was an average speed of a trifle less than 1:13 to the mile. The fastest miles were the last two, both of which were made in 1:09 4-5, a speed of fifty-one and one-half miles an hour.

Harold B. Larzelere of the Pacific Motor Car Company has returned from the East, where he visited all the big factories and principally the new one of the Packard people. Mr. Larzelere said that the Pacific Motor Car Company is to have an expert man in Mr. Dohrmann, to take charge of their garage. He was the former superintendent of the well known American Garage in New York. "The garages in the East," continued Mr. Larzelere, "for equipment and size cannot begin to compare with those of our home city."

The Pioneer Automobile Company is much elated over the success of its machines at the race meet. In addition to the laurels won by the Winton racing machines, the Oldsmobile won every race in its class, defeating several well known machines of considerable more horse-power. Barney Oldfield is enthusiastic over the treatment he has received on this coast, and he says that conditions here are such as to be conducive to fast racing. He believes it possible for him to break his record on the Ingleside track. Mr. Charles Graham, who accompanied Mr. Oldfield on the trip and who drove the "Baby Bullet" at Ingleside, bids fair to become a second Barney. He is an intimate friend of Mr. Alexander Winton, the builder of the famous Winton touring cars.

Mr. W. F. Hunt of San Jose has formed a connection with the Pioneer Automobile Company and will have full charge of the mechanical department. He has the reputation of being one of the best gasoline experts in the country.

A Challenge

Knowing that the Toledo is the best all around touring car for general use made in the United States, we make the following proposition to any dealer handling automobiles in the city of San Francisco.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

A. GRANUCCI, Plaintiff
vs.
A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of PIERRE LANGARON, Deceased, Eleanora O. Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee), Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleonora O. Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, Deceased,) John Doe, Richard Roe, James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto, Defendants

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

A. C. Freese (Administrator of the Estate of Pierre Langaron deceased), Eleanora O Salmon, Eleanora O. Salmon (as Trustee) Louise Emile Salmon, Francis Salmon, Alfred Salmon, Eleanora Alexandrina Salmon, Joseph Reavilo, also known as Jose Raviolo, otherwise known as Jose Raviola, Jean Marcellin Pourguery, Tomas Pidello, Guillaume Pache, Jean Pache, Gaspard Sadony, Eleanora O Salmon (Executrix of the Last Will of Francis Salmon, deceased) John Doe, Richard Roe James Black, Mary Green and Mary Doe, also all other persons unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the complaint adverse to Plaintiff's ownership, or any cloud upon Plaintiff's title thereto

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in this complaint.

That the property involved in and affected by said action is described as follows, to wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, commencing at a point where the Northerly line of Union street intersects the Easterly line of Dupont street; thence running Easterly along said line of Union street Twenty-three (23) feet; thence at right angles Northerly Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one-half (4½) inches thence at right angles Westerly Twenty-three (23) feet to the said Easterly line of Dupont street, and thence Southerly and along said line of Dupont street Thirty-four (34) feet and four and one half (4½) inches to the point of commencement.

That the object of said action is to obtain a judgment and decree of the above entitled Court adjudging and determining that the above named defendants and all other persons claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real property described in the plaintiff's complaint adverse to plaintiff's ownership or any cloud upon plaintiff's title thereto have not, and that none of them has any estate, right, title, lien or interest whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof, and that the title of plaintiff is good and valid, and that said defendants and all of said persons unknown as aforesaid be forever enjoined and debarred from asserting any claim whatever in or to said real property, or in or to any part or parcel thereof adverse to the plaintiff, and for such other, further and additional relief as to the Court may seem meet and proper in the premises, and for costs of suit.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1903. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk

SULLIVAN & SULLIVAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87248

ALFRED H. COATES, Plaintiff, vs. EMMA C. COATES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

EMMA C. COATES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of this action and upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff as appears from the complaint on file herein to which special reference is hereby made; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT P. WHEELAN, Attorney for Plaintiff
222 Sansome St. Sixth Floor, Room 2.

Estate of WILLIAM RYAN, Deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the Estate of William Ryan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Rooms 73 and 76 Chronicle Building, Junction of Geary, Kearny and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of
Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 31, 1903 William Ryan, Deceased.
Frank McGowan, Attorney for Administrator

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87209.

ADELAIDE C. SHADE, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

WILLIAM F. SHADE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

[SEAL] GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 4th day of September, A. D., 1903.
ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

MILTON S HAMILTON, Attorney for Plaintiff
Crocker Building, San Francisco. Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. —. No. 86531.

CLIFFORD E. LINTON, Plaintiff, vs. ADDIE LINTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

ADDIE LINTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 14th day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of LAWRENCE FELVEY, Deceased

CATHERINE FELVEY, administratrix of the estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition praying for an order granting leave to sell real estate of said decedent for the reasons and purposes therein set forth, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS ORDERED by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before said Superior Court, Department 9 thereof, on the 23rd day of November, 1903, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., of that day at the Court room of said Department of said Court at the City Hall in said City and County, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, at either private sale or public auction, as she shall deem best and as shall be necessary to pay the debts and expenses of administration, accrued and to accrue, and the family allowance in said estate, and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, October 20th, 1903. J. V. COFFEY, Judge of said Court.

JOSEPH E. O'DONNELL, Attorney for Administratrix,
460-461-462 Parrott Building.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87599.

MARY M. WALSH, Plaintiff, vs. D. J. WALSH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting, to:

D. J. WALSH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's neglect and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life: also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By R. A MARTIN, Deputy Clerk

GEORGE M. HURLBUT, Plaintiff's Attorney
449 Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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Stories of Below-Stairs

Absent-Minded Marie

A German merchant had a servant girl who was excellent in many respects, but forgetful. This fault was especially annoying at meal times, when something essential was sure to be lacking from the dinner table. One day the family was seated at the table and the bell was rung as usual. The girl hurried to the dining-room.

"Marie," said Herr B., "just run and fetch the big step ladder down from the attic and bring it here."

Marie, who had been disturbed at her dinner, gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, but ran up the three flights of stairs to fetch down the heavy ladder. In about five minutes she returned to the room panting with the exertion.

"So now," said Herr B., "put it up at the end of the room and climb to the top."

Marie did as she was told, and when she was at the top Herr B. quietly observed:

"Marie, you have now got a better view than we have; just look round and tell us if you can see any salt on the table. My wife and I could not find it."

Marie never forgot the lesson.

She Got a Tip

Lady Carrington used to tell this story with much amusement: One day a South Australian magnate called at the Government House of New South Wales. He sent his card in, and, waving the footman aside, said he would go up and give his lordship a surprise. At the top of the stairs, he met a nice-looking young woman, and, in a fine, old-gentlemanly, gallant way, chucked her under the chin and pressed half-a-crown into her hand, saying at the same time:

"Show me into the presence of his lordship, my little dear."

The little dear, with an enigmatical smile, opened the door of Lord Carrington's study, and said:

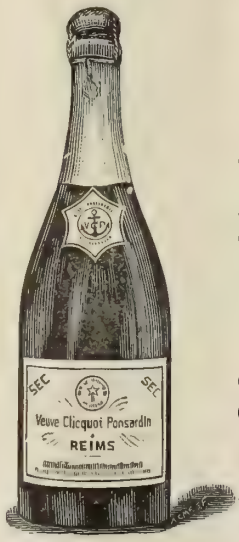
"Bob, here's a gentleman to see you, and"—opening her hand—"he's given me half-a-crown to show him where you are."

A Careful Gardener

Buffon, the naturalist, one day entertained a company of savants at dinner, at the conclusion of which they all went out into the garden. It was a summer's day. In the centre of the grounds there stood on a pedestal a large glass globe, which one of the guests happened to touch with his hand, when he found, to his astonishment, that it was warmer on the shady side than on the side turned toward the sun. What could be the cause? An animated discussion ensued, in the course of which every imaginable law of physics was made to account for the paradox. At length the scientists agreed that it must be so, owing to the laws of reflection, repulsion, or exhalation, or some other law of physics with a long name. The host was, however, not quite convinced. Calling the gardener, he said:

"Pray, tell us why the globe is warmer on the shady side than on the side turned to the sun?"

"Because just now I turned it round for fear of its cracking with the heat," was the composed reply.



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TOWN TALK

THANKSGIVING NUMBER ▽ 1903



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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 21, 1903.



VIRGINIA HARNED

The distinguished actress who has given the public something to talk about by her presentation of Pinero's sensational play "Iris" at the Columbia Theatre

Our Puny Squadron

There is not at the present time a single battleship on the entire Pacific coast, nor, indeed, within the whole vast territory of the Pacific Squadron of the United States Navy, a territory larger than that covered by any of the other fleets, taking in as it does both the North and South Pacific oceans, from Arctic to Antarctic, and from the American continent to the longitude of Kamchatka, where the Asiatic station begins. The Pacific squadron has been denuded of ships to such an extent that at the present time it has but two armor-clads, only one of which—the *New York*, now on Puget Sound—is worthy of consideration as a fighting ship for any serious work. There is no prospect of this state of affairs being remedied in the near future. It will be fully a year before the battleship *Ohio*, now under construction at the Union Iron Works, will be completed, and the only chance for reinforcement is by the recall of the *Oregon*, the *Kentucky*, or the *Wisconsin*, from the Asiatic station. It is not likely that either the *Kentucky* or the *Wisconsin* will be brought back, as they have not been long in Asia. In spite of its enormous extent, the Pacific station has now but six vessels to patrol it, namely, the *New York*, which is an armored cruiser, and an efficient ship, second only to battleships in power; the small monitor *Wyoming*, which is the other armor-clad; the second-class cruiser *Boston*, the third-class cruser *Marblehead* and the gunboats *Bennington* and *Concord*. This is anything but an imposing array, particularly when contrasted with the vessels on the North Atlantic and on the Asiatic stations. The North Atlantic station, which covers the North Atlantic ocean from the equator north, is now divided into three squadrons, which include no less than seven battleships, two cruisers of the first class and one of the second class, a couple of modern gunboats, three monitors and a long list of auxiliary cruisers, gunboats, "destroyers" and torpedo-boats. The Asiatic station is also a large one, divided into two separate squadrons. Owing to the few ships in his command, Rear-Admiral Henry Glass, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific station, has been forced to hoist his flag upon the small cruiser *Marblehead*, hardly an appropriate vessel for a flagship. The *New York* is in need of many repairs, and the Navy Department, it is understood, is to order her all the way around South America to the New York Navy Yard to be overhauled, after which she will probably remain on the Atlantic coast, or else go to Europe. Meanwhile, it is proposed to replace her with the *Chicago*, which has recently returned from the European station to New York, where she will be refitted and sent to the Pacific as a flagship.

The *Chicago* furnishes a strong answer to many people who carp at what they term the brief lives of modern men-of-war, the people who deprecate the construction of naval ships, which, they say, too soon become obsolete. The *Chicago* was one of the first vessels built for the "new navy," twenty years ago. She, and the *Boston*, *Atlanta* and *Dolphin*, were the first vessels, built at John Roach's Yard, and the last vessels of war constructed by that eminent shipbuilder, who for many years had almost a monopoly of naval shipbuilding. Since her first commission, in 1889, the *Chicago* has been in almost continual service, some of it quite trying, and has proved a very serviceable vessel, although she did not take part in the Spanish-American war, during which time she was being thoroughly overhauled and refitted at the New York Navy Yard. She is nevertheless an interesting vessel with an interesting history. Provided for by Act of Congress of March third 1883, her keel was laid December twenty-ninth of the same year. She was launched December fifth, 1885. Upon her completion she was made the flagship of Rear-Admiral John G. Walker, in his famous "White Squadron," officially known as the Squadron of Evolution, with which Walker made a flying cruise abroad, exhibiting these first efforts of the United States in modern shipbuilding to the experts of Europe. For a beginning they were unquestionably good ships, although possessing many faults which were overcome in later constructions. At the time of the threatened war with Chile a dozen years ago, the *Chicago* was the flagship of the squadron sent to South America to make a demonstration. Her cruising since then has been in the Atlantic ocean and in European waters. She has never yet visited the Pacific. Instead of being obsolete, the *Chicago* is now really a more efficient vessel than she was when first placed in commission. During the remodeling that she underwent five years ago she was given an improved battery, which now consists of four eight-inch breech-loading rifles, fourteen five-inch rapid fire guns, nine six-pounders, two one-pounders and some machine guns. Furthermore, while her original speed was less than seventeen knots, new machinery and boilers now enable her to make eighteen knots. She is a comfortable vessel, and fitted up expressly for a flagship. It is expected that the *Chicago* will arrive on the Pacific station some time next spring or summer.



THE REMODELED U. S. CRUISER CHICAGO

In a few weeks the Chicago will relieve the New York as the Flagship of the Pacific Squadron
She has never yet visited the Pacific Coast

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CHARLES S. SMITH - - - Manager
1019 Market Street Third Floor Telephone South 1190

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded. We cannot undertake to preserve or return manuscripts.

Gorman and Hanna

The whirligig of politics revolves with exceptional velocity. Up to a few weeks ago it was pretty generally conceded that Theodore Roosevelt would be nominated for the Presidency next year by the Republican party, notwithstanding the fact that many leading Republicans regarded him with disfavor. At the same time it was generally believed that William J. Bryan would dominate the next Democratic convention, and that no Democrat could be nominated without his consent. Since the elections in the East views have changed. It is now said that the results in New York, Maryland and Kentucky were a rebuke to President Roosevelt, and that the Republican victory in Ohio was evidence of Senator Hanna's strength and marked him as the man for the Republican nomination for President. After the Ohio election, Chairman Cook of the Republican state campaign said that under the leadership of President Roosevelt the Republican party had been led to an abyss, where it should stop and consider the means whereby the overthrow might be checked. He also expressed the opinion that Hanna would accept the nomination. Mr. Hanna's withdrawal from the chairmanship of the Republican national committee is now regarded as significant. So far as the Democracy is concerned, Mr. Bryan is fading away, and Arthur Pue Gorman is looming big and ominous on the political horizon. Notwithstanding Hearst's ardent espousal of the Tammany cause, the leading New York Democrats who will control the delegation from the Empire State are all talking of Gorman of Maryland for President. Mr. Gorman's political stock took a jump immediately after the signal defeat of the Republicans in Maryland. The fight there was managed by Gorman and it was at his instigation that an appeal was made to race prejudice in the gubernatorial campaign. The Democrats in Maryland are of the opinion that the race issue is a winning card for them, and they now purpose to eliminate the negro from politics altogether in that State. Moreover, they are strong enough in the Legislature to do so. It is said, too, that Gorman will insist upon raising the issue in the Democratic national convention, believing that the white votes in Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut will far overtop any colored sentiment that President Roosevelt may have inspired. His followers interpret their victory to mean that they have a commission to complete the job of disfranchisement. Gorman's attitude will win for him many a delegation from the South, and with New York, Maryland and Missouri already booming him the indications are that he will be the most influential man in the convention. As the leader of his party in the Senate he occupies a position which gives him a decided advantage over other aspirants for Presidential honors. He is one of the shrewdest politicians in America, and is unquestionably organizing his forces to secure control of the convention.

The Greatest Living American

Meanwhile ex-President Grover Cleveland is not permitted to wander far from the stage-centre. Professional politicians are inclined to scoff at the suggestion of his availability, but there appears to be a strong popular sentiment in his favor in many sections of the country. He enjoys the respect and confidence of a large conservative element in both parties, and his admirers insist on keeping him in the public eye. They declare that recent developments have attested the wisdom of his political policy, and that the time is approaching when he will be recognized as the greatest living American. His utterances a year ago, on the future of the Democratic party, had the dignity and authority of a state paper. He then pointed out that the Democracy was thoroughly eliminating the Populist poison with which it had been inoculated at Kansas City, and the recent elections have undoubtedly shown that this purifying process has become most stringent. Cleveland contends that the future of the party depends on its return to Democratic principles, beginning with a tariff for revenue only, and in his speeches and letters of late President Roosevelt has shown a disposition to steal Cleveland thunder, for he has become an advocate of tariff reform as well as of reciprocity and Trust legislation. There are many who believe that Senator Gorman would never run for President, owing to his record as a practical politician, and who feel that he is now organizing in the interest of Cleveland. But it matters not what his chances are; the salient fact is that he is regarded throughout this country today as a great man, and one of whom the nation should be proud.

Significance of Recent Happenings

The Honorable Tom Johnson, who suffered ignominious defeat in Ohio, was the foremost exponent of Bryanism in the East. His defeat and the victory of the Republican party in Mr. Bryan's state proclaim the hopelessness of socialistic and populistic Democracy. It is worthy of reflection, on the part of all good Democrats who believe that the old-fashioned principles of their party are all that are necessary for the preservation and welfare of the Republic, that in Ohio and Nebraska, where the flubdub and demagogism of the Kansas City platform were indorsed, the party was beaten, and that in Maryland, where it returned to the patriotic and common-sense doctrines of Jefferson, it scored a signal victory. The way toward the rehabilitation of the party has been pointed, but that devoutly to be wished consummation is not likely to follow the further exploitation of Bryanism.

What Patriotism Dictates

Short-sighted Democratic editors and politicians, ever on the alert for an issue, are intent on making political capital out of the Panama situation. The unanimous verdict of European statesmen is that we are justified in assuming a friendly attitude toward the new Republic of Panama, but politicians at home are attempting to discredit the motives or impeach the conduct of our State Department. This is not a wise policy. The Administration affords an abundance of opportunity for adverse criticism in its handling of domestic affairs, and it is not only unnecessary but inadvisable to attack the President's conduct in

his relations with foreign nations, in the name of national honor, merely for the purpose of gaining some political advantage. President McKinley's course with regard to the Philippines was severely denounced, and Mr. Bryan made it the principal issue in his second campaign, but it proved a boomerang. Some people are always quick to insist that their Government is wrong, but public sympathy is seldom with them. In recognizing the new-risen Commonwealth, President Roosevelt did a humane act which should be heartily commended. The people of Panama had long been victims of the same character of injustice as was inflicted on the people of Cuba, and on account of which President McKinley was urged to intervene. Yet President Roosevelt did nothing more than accept an opportunity at the hands of Destiny, and by so doing he averted violence which might have condemned the Isthmus to anarchy and slaughter. If the canal question were not involved the people who are now denouncing him would be warm in their approval. As by reason of his attitude this country is to receive great benefit, the fault-finders pretend to believe that he was actuated by selfish motives. This is not a time for impugning the honesty of the Nation's Chief. There is not a scintilla of evidence to show that he encouraged rebellion in Colombia, or that he did aught but accept the situation as it presented itself. In this connection it is worthy of note that the New York *Herald,* whose motives have not been challenged, has reversed its attitude of bitter opposition to the Panama canal, which for years had no parallel except in Senator Morgan's uncompromising hostility. The *Herald* declares that in view of recent happenings in Colombia it is now of vital importance that opposition to the Panama route should cease, and that as patriotic Americans we should support the Government, right or wrong.

A Pompous School Director

Because Mrs. Hattie B. Steele, a teacher in the School Department, had the courage to voice the sentiments of ninety per cent of her associates, in a public protest against certain absurd methods of instruction, she was summoned before the Board of Education and insulted by President Woodward. Mr. Woodward takes himself very seriously. He was indignant because Mrs. Steele sent her protest to a daily paper. He accused her of discourtesy and unprofessional conduct. The facts are that Mrs. Steele first sent her protest to the Board of Education, and that it was pocketed by Mr. Woodward, who evidently did not regard it as of sufficient importance to merit attention. He desires it to be understood that teachers have no right to make suggestions for the welfare of the department; that they should consider themselves lucky in being permitted to draw a salary. Mr. Woodward is unfit to occupy the position of school director. If he were competent there would have been no necessity for Mrs. Steele's very sensible protest. He would have known, as she does, as all the teachers in the department know, and as any intelligent person could be convinced by the mere presentation of the facts, that drawing as it is taught in some of the grades of our public schools is a ridiculous farce, and that the principal benefit derived therefrom is enjoyed by the manufacturers of material used by the children.

The Blindly Obedient

The Roman soldier who drew down his visor and held his post at the gate of Pompeii during the eruption which resulted in the destruction of that city has been resurrected as an example of perfect obedience for the youth of the day, who are exhorted to go and do likewise. It is a long while since the immortal boy who stood on the burning deck has been heard from, but likely he will have his innings again. Much as one may deplore the lack of obedience in the modern child, it must be confessed that the models which are held up for imitation do not offer much encouragement. The soldier who perished at his post because he had not sense enough to save his own life is not a particularly exalted example. Neither is the boy who stood rooted to the deck, though he knew there was no one left to give him an order to leave it. Both are specimens of the class best managed in bulk and utterly demoralized without a leader. They are the material of which mobs are made and they are the dangerous element in all commotions. Blind and unquestioning obedience to the letter of an order, by people who have reached the age of reason, is anything but a commendable quality. The Casabianca and the Roman soldier type of obedience is praiseworthy in dumb, driven cattle, but not in human beings. Neither one, had he lived till today, would ever have risen above the ranks and both were about as useful dead as alive. The chances are that neither of them would have reported the most important movement taking place under his eyes unless he had especial and minute directions concerning it. Gumption is worth something as well as obedience, and the Casabianca brand is not better than that of the witless youth in one of Grimm's stories, who carried the butter in his hat and disposed of his needle by carefully bestowing it in a bale of hay.

The Pestiferous Emasculation

How the poor children do have to suffer in these days of the "Child Study" cult. It would be interesting to know what kind of children the culturists study, where they find their specimens and how they collect enough of them to be sure they are dealing with a class and not individuals. There is such a fear that children will overwork their brains, that brains are, to all intents and purposes, removed from little heads and set away on the high shelf of the best spare room closet to be kept free from handling until the owners are big enough to be trusted with the treasures. Children's literature has been so scraped and pared and sandpapered and smoothed, lest it should present knotty points or contain references not of the A, B, C order, that one has to marvel that children care to read at all. The latest bit of vandalism in this direction is the announcement of simplified editions of "Through the Looking Glass" and "Alice in Wonderland," from which all the "puzzles" have been eliminated, lest the tender darlings should find it necessary to think a bit. Not only are children *not* puzzled by Lewis Carroll's books, but even the little folks too young to pick their paths through the words will often see the point of the jokes quicker than do the adults who read them. But even though they do not take in everything at first glance—suppose some of it is over

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their heads? What harm is there in that? What possible cause for grief is there if they are led to read the same books twice, thrice or a dozen times, and find more in them at every reading? A book that is not worth a second reading is not worth reading at all. A volume that is exhausted by a single perusal is not worth the space it takes up on the shelf of a library, and books given to children should be especially selected with a view to their permanent usefulness. It matters not a jot whether they be fairy tales, nature books or juvenile histories, as long as they are worth while. No child will ever learn to love a library book, and a book he does not want to read again might just as well belong to a public library as to his own collection. Making things easy—reducing everything to spoon-meat—has been the curse and ruin of the generation now growing up, and the novel-reading habit, second-rate novels at that, is directly traceable to the kindergarten with its nice little stories and the foolish supplementary literature forced on primary school pupils. There is great lamentation in religious circles because people no longer read the Scriptures. It was not until some wiseacre discovered that the Bible was too hard for children, and so invented the Lesson Leaves that took its place in the Sunday-schools, that the Bible was laid aside, and hence the ignorance of this day. We have had adaptations of Dickens and Scott, and even George Eliot, for children, and Bowdlerizations of the Arabian Nights and the popular fairy tales. We have animal stories in which bulls do not gore, nor goats bunt, nor dogs bite, and by them children are taught that they may pick up rattlers and scorpions if they say their prayers first. Now meddling with the Alice books has come and it is time to call a halt. It is a pity that these extremely conscientious old women of both sexes cannot be sentenced to lose the fingers of their right hands every time one of them meddles with a child's book.

Wants His Ancient Prerogative

The question of the advisability and expediency of corporal punishment as a means to an end in the public school system is under discussion in New York. The rule there, as in this city, is against corporal punishment. An unbirched generation has grown to manhood in New York since the last officially sanctioned licking was administered to an incorrigible urchin, and the principals of boys' schools have petitioned for a return to the methods of the good old days, when youngsters were held in check by the prospect of a busy session with the man with the rattan. Periodically the teachers take occasion to announce that moral suasion is a failure. They declare that there are some boys so constituted that it is utterly impossible for them to behave unless they know the teacher has authority to administer liberal doses of the rod. The principals have canvassed the schools, and out of two hundred and sixty-nine teachers only twelve say they are content with the present rule. All the others long for permission to lick a bad boy in the old-fashioned pedagogic way in which the founders of the Republic were reared. They contend that it is impossible to rule a collection of half-tamed young savages unless they are permitted to train them to a wholesome respect for law. Training, they say, implies power to enforce obedience. Meanwhile the pupils are very well satisfied with the existing rule. They have no desire to arm their ancient enemy, the schoolmaster, with what they conceive to be his favorite toy. According to their view of the case, the same that is held by parents who believe that a child's temperament should not be tampered with, it is inhuman to inflict corporal punishment.

A highball is tasteless unless the whisky is of the best brand. Try a Chapin & Gore highball if you want something delightful.

Educating Law-Breakers

A telegraphic despatch from Baltimore last week described the attack made by "two hundred aristocratic misses" of the local high school, who accused one of their classmates of tattling, and fell upon her in the street, tearing her clothes from her, destroying her books, screaming, beating and kicking. The girl finally broke away from the mob and ran into a store where the clerks barred the doors until the police arrived and dispersed the rioters. The girls who took part in the trouble ranged from fourteen to eighteen years of age, and we are assured that this example of the effects of higher education on the female sex "took place in the most fashionable quarter of the city." Just previous to this outbreak the young ladies of Kansas City took part in one of their collegiate functions known as a "color rush." They selected the chapel as a scene for the festivities, and torn clothing, disheveled heads, black eyes and bloody noses added to the gayety of the affair, which continued close on to half an hour, despite the efforts of the faculty. Not to be outdone, our own home product at Berkeley recently inaugurated some rule about head gear, and some of the gentle sisterhood declared their intention of tearing the hats from the heads of those who, in their opinion, were not entitled to freedom of choice in millinery, and trampling them to bits. Now, has not this sort of thing gone quite far enough? Why should there be any more leniency extended in cases of this kind, when the outbreaks are on the part of school and college girls, than when they occur amongst mill operatives and pickle factory hands? There is a pretty theory that the more the State does for its citizens, the better the return in the shape of good citizenship, but facts do not bear out the theory. Our high schools and colleges appear to be institutions of higher hoodlumism as well as of higher learning, and the worst point of it is that the hoodlumism is encouraged both by the faculty and by the municipal authorities. Higher education without religion is accomplishing nothing for the State. On the contrary it is proving injurious, for it sharpens the wits of rogues, and graduates men who become crooked politicians and knavish practitioners in the various professions. There is no good reason why officers of the law should discriminate in favor of students. Many a good boy is sent to jail for some minor infraction of the law, and many a bad one is sent to college, and trained to regard the law with contempt. Some little time ago three boys scarcely past the age of infancy took a short-cut home from work by way of the Southern Pacific car track, and childlike, threw pebbles at each other in play. They were arrested and charged with *train-wrecking*, a capital crime under some circumstances in our State. Two years in succession the gleeful college boy has taken possession of Berkeley trains and run them at his own sweet will, and how very funny it is! Let us all laugh at the sport. When some people tamper with electric wires, with the certainty of causing damage and a fair prospect of death, there is a heavy penalty, but when the festive college boy disports himself it is so amusing. The spirit of lawlessness extends downward until now the pupils of the high schools consider themselves entitled to the same immunities and exemptions, and scarcely a week passes that we do not read of some outrage upon a fellow pupil or destruction of public property, or refusal to obey the commands of teachers. Strikes, boycotts, and lockouts are as common in educational circles as they are in the labor world, but it is to be noted that invariably the faculty give in and the young hoodlums are encouraged. It is time that some one began to discover that it does not make a particle of difference to any one whether a boy or girl gets an education or not. The loss or gain is an individual matter.

Grover Cleveland

By John P. Irish.

Mr. Cleveland is only recently seen in such perspective as to enable a just estimate of his place in history. To him has come the exquisite experience of living into a revival of his fame, and of receiving the most affectionate demonstrations of his enduring popularity. We must hunt in two directions for the reason for his emergence, from what his enemies believed was a permanent eclipse. When we search for the reason we find it in the character of the man himself, and in the sober second thought of his countrymen. When his career, beginning in municipal office in Buffalo, led him to the Presidency, through a series of events that were so rapid in movement that men were dizzied in watching them, there was much speculation about the cause of a succession of personal triumphs in public life, one following the other so closely that he was yet Mayor of Buffalo when elected Governor, and was yet Governor when elected President. After his first election and before his inauguration as President, while visiting Mr. Tilden in Yonkers, I heard this under discussion, and after listening to what many public men in the company had to say, Mr. Tilden said, "There is no mystery about Mr. Cleveland's career. The people are good judges of character, and he has the genius of leadership."

During the afflicting political events that culminated in the party disaster of 1896, and long succeeding that time, it seemed as if desertion by his party, criticism by the opposition, and every possible brutality of abuse by Mr. Bryan and the newspapers of Mr. Hearst, had made impossible the restoration of Mr. Cleveland to public confidence. But, if all others doubted that restoration, my knowledge of him and my measure of his character inspired confidence that he would resume his old place, and more: that he would stand higher in the good will of his countrymen because of the calumnies of small men that for a time injured him.

Thinking men in all parties appreciated the supreme difficulties which beset his second Administration. A panic was due. He and Mr. Manning saw signs of its coming in his first Administration; and the forces which explode and wreck prosperity and make barren the ground where it flourished were accumulating under his successor. That mechanical increment of silver in our currency was going on, and by operation of natural law was expelling gold, and the foundations were tottering, when Mr. Cleveland began his second term. If not averted, the storm could be mitigated by prompt reform of our financial legislation. To that he addressed himself with unsurpassed vigor and intelligence. His party supported him for a time, half-heartedly, then deserted him, then turned upon him with the fury of a maddened idiot, or the reasonless rage of a baboon.

We are in the habit of high ascription to the ability of Presidents who have guided the Republic through the dangers and difficulties of war. They are great, but the war President is supported by the aroused patriotism, the defensive military spirit and enthusiasm of the people. But we owe as high ascription to one who like Mr. Cleveland guides his country through such perils as those of his last Administration. Alone, without effusive public sentiment to support him, surrounded by the natural indifference of the opposition party and betrayed by his own, he saved the public credit, protected the solvency of the treasury, stopped the drain of gold, and led the way to the financial reforms which have followed, while the people for whom he wrought looked on, sullen and suspicious.

After it all, the most frightful detraction followed him into private life. His cherished household did not escape the calumnies which Mr. Bryan and his friends delighted to invent and put in motion.

Now it is all past, and the most distinguished and honored American personality in private life is Mr. Cleveland. The conscience of his countrymen has been quickened and their sense of justice aroused, so that, with the evaporation of prejudice, they are again in a mood to exercise that judgment of character which Mr. Tilden said was one of their qualities. But the character had to be in the man whom they cast down, but whom they now raise up. He and his high action are seen in perspective and may be fairly estimated.

The elements of good character are not complex. I hope to escape criticism in giving the cause of my belief in the greatness and permanence of his fame.

On the evening of the day of his election to the Governorship of New York he wrote to his brother: "I sit here in the Mayor's office alone. If mother were here, I would be writing to her, and I feel as if it were time that I wrote to some one who will believe what I write." Then followed an expression of his certainty of election: "I have been in the atmosphere of success. The thought that has troubled me is, can I well perform my duties. The question is, whether I know enough to accomplish what I desire."

There was the spirit of introspection, the self-examination, the manly doubt which generates wise caution. Then this: "Do you know, if mother were alive I should feel much safer. I have always thought that her prayers had much to do with my success." What man can read that without feeling the touch of nature that is common to us all? It was in that appeal to men, "except you become as little children," and the man who has that in his heart, undimmed by triumphs and unstained by trials, is preserving the character that is the foundation of all things. I saw him refuse an appointment to an energetic blackguard in his party who had defamed Mrs. Blaine, giving as his reason that he would "not humiliate a good woman, the mother of children." I was with him during the stormy episode of the Confederate battle flags, when a tempest of detraction raged against him. He showed me the official letter of Adjutant General Drum, recommending the return of those standards, upon which he issued the order. "But," he said, "it was contrary to law, and I have recalled the order." With some impetuosity, I said, "You will publish Drum's letter." He answered gravely, "No. It was my mistake, and I should bear the responsibility." Then a great expression came into his face as he said: "But what injustice is done by the thoughtless men who hold me up to the scorn and contempt of the country, as a man who had no sympathy with the Union and its armies! When the Civil war began there were three in our family of military age, two brothers and myself. In a family council we decided that two should enlist in the Union armies, and one stay to care for our mother and sisters, for we were poor. Mother presided over that council and we three drew cuts, the slips of paper were put in the leaves of the old Bible, held in her hands. My brothers drew to go and I to stay. When, later, I was drafted, I borrowed the money to buy a substitute, and abided by my duty, so that we furnished three fighting men. What a monster I would be were it true that I had no sympathy with the cause for which my brothers were fighting!"

There was a Homeric picture, which in its heroic simplicity will outlast all the falsehoods and pseudo-patriotism which struck at him so venomously. It carries us back to that time when the Union depended upon such family councils, and the quiet patriotism which accepted duty and faced it, even to the final sacrifice.

I think no public man has ever excelled him in intuitive judgment of men. Once I saw a company of politicians from one of our great cities present two of their number for appointment to Federal offices of importance. They were astute men, splendidly groomed, full of tact. Each had just enough of that brogue which touches language with music. They were all deep in the politics of their city. Their plea was perfect, not too much nor too little, and had I been President they would have had what they wanted. When an Irishman is corrupt in politics he is the most dangerous of all men, for his charms of manner naturalize in him the gifts and graces of all nations. The President heard them with his usual air of interest, but, as I looked at him, there appeared a purpose beneath his outward aspect, an indescribable effect, and he refused them. Within eight months every man in that group was either in jail or a fugitive from justice. Yet when they stood there no suspicion was upon them.

The charms of his address, the grace that was upon his meeting and parting with people, were never excelled. Yet he had his only training in the hard school of toil and experience, and this faculty was inherent in his character. It was merely thoughtfulness for others. I saw an old farmer go up the White House stairs with his member of Congress to be introduced. He had never met a President before, and the panic that was upon him and his hopeless loss of ease and self-possession, were painfully inscribed upon his face. But in a moment Mr. Cleveland had him at ease, and he felt as comfortable as if they were neighbors discussing the crops, and the old man acquitted himself with credit. When he came away his wrinkled face shone with the consciousness that he had shown his best to the President. To do that is a gift. It cannot be acquired, and I find its description difficult. But Mr. Cleveland put a caller at ease without seeming to try. I may say, without impropriety, that this trait is shared with Mrs. Cleveland, who is endowed with qualities as remarkable as

The modish woman's stationery is as much a part of her nowadays as her dainty wardrobe. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the newest modes in paper and envelopes, dies and seals.

his. At her last reception, when they were to leave the White House in 1889, the crowd was a crush and the line long. There came in view an old lady dressed plainly but neatly, leaning on a cane. She was sorely tired by the long and slow movement of the crowd. Looking down the line, Mrs. Cleveland saw her, and excusing herself to those in front, left her place, went down and took the old woman's hand in hers, greeted her and led her to a seat. It was worth an abridgment of my days to see the gratitude in that old woman's face, and to know the high worth of that example of tact and thoughtfulness.

I hope not to be misunderstood by any one. I was solicited to write these impressions, and I do not profess such consecutive intimacy with Mr. Cleveland as to imply exclusive knowledge or special opportunity to observe. It is possible that he has forgotten me, but I do not forget these incidents, amongst many that may not now be told, which were the unconscious revelations of that character which has triumphed over all misrepresentation and injustice, caused by the evil zeal of small, self-seeking men.

The man who in the hour of triumph sits alone, recalling the tender memory of his mother; who offered his life to his country by lot drawn from a Bible on her lap, and who took the great oath of President on that same, old and solemn book, consecrated by the touch of father and mother, has in him that which endears him to his countrymen, and is made of the stuff on which states must depend when peril is upon them.

I have only briefly referred to his public service. Its high value and the high manhood he brought to it are now appreciated by men. Its excellence is not exhausted in the acts which punctuate it, nor in the immediate results which have followed. His recreant party, in a debauch of demagogy, refused the opportunity he offered to it, put away the chance to earn perpetuation of its power by forgetting itself for its country. But the public credit which he saved is now safe. That which he bravely did, as an executive act, is now the law, obligatory upon all who follow him. His example is projected into our public life, and may the generation which is following know, appreciate and profit by it.

Perhaps I am not expected to speak of the party which rejected him and went daft. In 1877 Mr. Tilden told me that the Democracy would rally, elect one man to the Presidency and then pass away. He said this would be because the Southern politicians of the party had not sense enough to lead nor to follow. We shall see.

Two Men, a Picture—and a Pistol

Weldon threw down the paper impatiently, and Marston looked up with just a hint of question in his dark eyes. Weldon laughed, half apologetically.

"One gets so out of patience with botchwork," he said. "I was reading that Heterick case. If I wanted to commit suicide I'd do the job neatly—or not at all."

"Doubtless—but I'm afraid we'll have to take your word for it."

"Well, rather—especially"—and as Weldon broke off he turned, half unconsciously but wholly lovingly, to the beautiful photographed face resting on the library table before him.

Marston looked, too, and his eyes grew strange, while the drooping moustache which hid his mouth seemed suddenly to press closely down upon the rigid chin beneath. Then Weldon spoke again, half jesting, half serious:

"There is no excuse for such work as this. The man who deliberately plans suicide knows that he is preparing for his last act on earth. If he has never been careful before he should be so then. But look at Heterick! A note of explanation which leaves everything at sea—and the wretched bungle of the deed itself."

"You would do better, doubtless."

There was just a hint of sarcasm in the tone, and Weldon recognized and laughed over it in his own merry way.

"To be sure," he said. "To begin with—"

"Well?"

"I would write a good-by note short and to the point—one that even the stupidest could understand."

"Ah, yes—as for instance?"

Weldon smiled—hesitated—then laughed aloud and drew a pencil and pad toward him.

"Wait," he said.

For a moment he wrote rapidly, smiling as he did so. Then he pushed the pad across the table. Marston picked it up curiously, and read aloud:

"To Whom It May Concern: This is my own deed, for which no one is to blame but myself. There are times when even to those seemingly most fortunate life grows tiresome. *"Albert Weldon."*

Marston smiled faintly.

"It doesn't seem to explain much," he suggested.

"Well, no. But at least it would bar suspicion from those who might profit by my death."

"Ye—s, that is true, perhaps. And after writing—"

"After writing," said Weldon, opening his drawer with a flourish—"after writing would come—this!"

"For heaven's sake, Weldon!" said Marston, reaching forward and wresting the pistol from the other's grasp. Again Weldon's merry laugh rang out.

"Upon my word!" he said. "One would have thought you believed me in earnest."

"You were very careless," said Marston. "And the pistol is loaded, too," he added, and now beneath his dark skin appeared suddenly a strange shade of pallor.

"Yes, it is loaded," said Weldon, carelessly, "but—"

He stopped short, staring.

Marston leaned swiftly forward.

* * * * * * * * *

An instant later, with the report yet ringing in his ears, Marston was wildly summoning the household. But before he uttered his first cry he had seen to it that the pistol lay just where it might naturally have dropped from Weldon's hand. Beside it was the writing pad with the dead man's message. A red drop had somehow fallen upon it; another stained the photograph.

GEORGE HOMER MEYER.

What May Happen

She—Don't you think these rainy-day skirts quite chic?

He—Yes, but I've been thinking that if they keep growing shorter somebody will propose after awhile that they be adopted for evening wear along with the decollete waist, and then there won't be anything left for the imagination. *—The Optimist.*



The Saunterer

A Social Leader Wanted

The Parrott ball, I am told, was a great surprise to many of the Burlingame set who were not invited. Since the ball it has been whispered that the Parrotts are going to organize a new *haut ton* to be composed of people deemed worthy of social distinction. Many expressions of dissatisfaction have been heard of late, over the alleged infusion of unfiltered blood into the social artery of the elect, and there has been discussion of the advisability of reducing the agglomeration of nobodies to a more compact and higher-toned mass. There has been a growing demand for a genuine social arbitre, a real McAllister, to wield the branding-iron of the elect. At present authority is divided, and if a climber is barred by one faction, a strategic sortie is made in another direction, and in time success is achieved. American society is composed pretty much of erstwhile climbers, but the dejection of our upper-crust is occasioned by the fact that few have had time to recover from the exertion which the climbing process involved. Mrs. Eleanor Martin has been hailed as a leader but she is said to be "easy." She is susceptible to too many pulls to make an effective dictator. There are many who believe that Mrs. Parrott is the right woman to wield the sceptre.

New Blood Necessary

While there has been considerable grumbling over the "letting down of the bars," it is the opinion of well-informed people that new people are always necessary to keep society going, especially if they have money and intend to entertain. It is the snob who wishes to be hedged behind a barbed-wire fence of exclusiveness, and who is intolerant of newcomers who happen to lack social prestige. Even the autocratic Mrs. Astor, who rules New York society, has been extremely liberal toward new aspirants for social honors. She gave a ball at Newport last season to which she invited people who had never before seen their names upon her list. There was grumbling at first but it soon subsided. The old Knickerbockers bitterly opposed the progress of the New England element in New York society fifty years ago, and there was the same opposition, after the war, to the admission of the wealthy Southerners. Then came the California siege, and later on the influx of ambitious Philadelphians, and all of those elements have been assimilated. Now the steel and iron magnates of Pittsburg are knocking at the door, and they too will be admitted. The complexion of San Francisco society has completely changed in the last quarter of a century, many people who had once been prominent having sunk into obscurity as a consequence of financial reverses, and their places being taken by new-rich who were formerly tabu in polite circles.

Renaissance of the Has-Beens

It is now believed that Mrs. Parrott does not hold the Burlingame set in high esteem, for she discriminated in favor of the old-timers and resurrected some of the Ross Valley set. So the Parrott and the De Guigne debutantes are likely to impart quite an unexpected flavor to the season's gayeties. The old set of which the Brighams, Gwins, Kittles and Allens are representative were among those invited to the ball. Mrs. Payson, the most charming and pretty of the Parrott daughters, was not present owing to ill-health. Mrs. James Follis was the belle of the evening. Some of the older men invited were General Shafter, Judge Morrow and Winfield Keyes.

Functions Galore Projected

Mrs. Parrott has inaugurated the fashion in the way of terpsichorean sedateness, but will our *jeunesse doree* adopt the dignified gayety of the long retired matron? The whispered tete-a-tete on the dark stairway, the shy philandering to the last measures of an alluring waltz, and the innumerable devices exploited when the blood is swift and warm, will recoil at the necessity of meeting a parent's eye across the small table, and champagne and oysters will lose half their flavor. But the fiat has gone forth; the Sutter street autocrat has established the premise, and the aspiring mother may draw her own conclusion. However, the Parrotts are going to take an active part in the winter's gayety, and the climbers will sit up and take notice. The Parrott campaign has been opened. Mrs. John Parrott gives a tea today at the Loughborough house which she has taken for the season, and cards are out for a tea at Mrs. A. M. Parrott's on Wednesday, December second. The Donahoes are going to entertain a great deal for the Parrott-De Guigne debutantes, for they are double cousins of the Parrotts, Mrs. Parrott being a sister of Mr. Donahoe and Mrs. Donahoe a sister of Mr. Parrott. The future is big with promise of dinners, dances and teas galore.

An Historical Home

The Parrott mansion in Sutter street, where the Parrott campaign was opened, is a house with a history. Back in the middle fifties it was only a little box of four rooms perched on a sandhill midway in the block in Sutter street between Powell and Mason. At that time Sutter street, west of Powell, was a deep gully of sand. The little cottage was owned and occupied by William H. Sharpe, an attorney, and his family. Later on, when the street was graded, Mr. Sharpe enlarged his home, making quite a pretentious dwelling for those days. The added portion is now the main entrance of the Parrott house of today. Sen-



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ator William Sharon bought the house from Sharpe and built the spacious addition on the east side. After the failure of the Bank of California the house passed into the possession of William S. O'Brien of the bonanza firm of Flood & O'Brien, from whose heirs it was purchased by Mrs. Abby M. Parrott. The entrance of the Sharons into society was marked by a ball given in that old house in 1872, and the new addition was finished just in time for the wedding of the eldest daughter of the house—Clara Sharon—and Frank Newlands. In that house was also held the wedding reception of Mr. O'Brien's niece, Miss Cecelia Coleman, when she married Fred May of Baltimore. Since Mrs. Parrott's occupancy it has been the scene of many festivities, but owing to the death of several members f her family it has been closed for years.

Abe the Avenger

Exhilarated to the point of intoxication by his recent political triumph, Mr. Abe Ruef (A. B. of the University of California) has assumed the pose of a melodramatic avenger. This notable example of the effect of higher education in California, whom the *Examiner* proudly proclaims an alumnus of Berkeley, imbued with a keen sense of his great importance, is not content merely to garner the fruits of victory. To a few intimate friends he has confided his intention to strike the trail of his enemies, and stick to it until he has meted out the punishment they deserve. He has resolved to make them feel that his disfavor is not to be recklessly incurred. The virulence of his distemper is to be directed principally against Franklin K. Lane, who had the temerity in the late campaign to say some unkind things about the Labor Party boss. Mr. Lane was in a slanderous mood when running for Mayor, and he announced that everybody was a crook who didn't believe in him, but in the case of Mr. Ruef he grew specific, and consequently Abe is thirsting for revenge. The proud and haughty boss has announced his intention to drive Lane into the Poor House.

Other Prospective Victims

Boss Ruef also intends to devote a little of his time t Mr. M. H. De Young of the *Chronicle*. He does not contemplate compassing the financial ruin of Mr. De Young, but he has decided to prevent the *Chronicle's* proprietor from becoming a delegate to the Republican National Convention. Mr. Crothers of the *Bulletin* is to have the circulation of his paper greatly reduced by way of revenge, and certain corporations are to be sadly crippled by legislation at Sacramento, for Abe really thinks that he is going to secure control of the next Legislature. So look out for Abe the Avenger. He is on the war-path with blood in his eye, and he is looking for scalps. He considers himself dangerous, and I really think he is, but principally to himself.

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The Debut of Livernash

At the opening of Congress, Mr. E. J. Livernash, of the Fourth District, was caught red-handed in the practice of duplicity. He was granted the floor to speak to a question of personal privilege, and then he proceeded to attack the Administration, but was promptly called down. As Mr. Livernash is not yet sure of his seat in Congress, he exercised very bad judgment on his first appearance. There is a very strong prejudice in Washington against embryonic statesmen who have a predilection for the tactics of the police court shyster. In view of the beginning that Mr. Livernash made, I should not be surprised if Congress were inclined to resolve all doubts in the contest of Kahn *vs.* Livernash, in favor of the petitioner.

An Economical Host

Not long ago at a private ball where refreshments were served in the large supper room, *a la buffet,* the young men had been serving their partners and were about to help themselves to the oyster *poulette.* One young man dished out a generous plateful when the host, who was looking over his shoulder, said, "Four apiece, gentlemen, four apiece," to the consternation of the young man.

He's Earning a Big Fee

Dr. J. Wilson Shiels is now engaged in earning the biggest fee of his professional career. He has been selected to travel East with the daughter-in-law of Senator Clark, the Montana copper king. Mrs. Clark is suffering from a kidney complaint, and there is scarcely any hope of her recovery. Dr. Shiels will certainly be richly compensated for his services, for he will lose his practice in San Francisco while in the East with his distinguished patient. Besides, medical men usually take into consideration the prominence of a patient, for they feel that the death of a conspicuous person is a great blow to their reputation owing to the publicity it receives. Senator Clark, for all his money, has had extraordinarily bad luck with his daughters-in-law. His other daughter-in-law died under most painful circumstances about a year ago, and now it is said that all the money in Montana cannot save the life of Dr. Shiels's patient.

This trip East prevented Dr. Shiels from taking his part in the private theatricals last Saturday night, but the part was quite acceptably filled by his understudy. Mrs. Shiels, though it was her first appearance in public, literally covered herself with glory. She is very pretty, with red hair and a lovely skin.

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Sunday teas, which were so gravely frowned upon when the Joliffe girls, Miss Ellinwood and Mrs. Burns Macdonald revived the custom, are now no longer regarded as an impropriety. Long before society took them up, the ultra-Bohemians like Mrs. Carmichael-Carr used to give Sunday afternoon at homes. It was Mrs. Hall McAllister, though, who gave the first Sunday teas in San Francisco fully thirty-five years ago. But in those days it was an evening instead of an afternoon function. Mrs. McAllister was at that time the soprano of the choir of the Church of the Advent, whose rector was her brother-in-law, the Reverend Marion McAllister. As she always had a number of very attractive young ladies staying with her, she began by saying to some of the young men of her acquaintance: "Be at church tonight and then you can come round to my house afterwards for a cup of tea." Sunday evenings at that time were dull and dreary in the extreme to the average bachelor, so her invitations were eagerly accepted. The fame of these evenings spread abroad. They were simple and informal, but very pleasant, and it soon became an understood thing with Mrs. McAllister's friends that on Sunday evening they should go to her home for a cup of tea. Mrs. McAllister was one of the most fascinating women of her time, and it is upon record that on one occasion Bishop Kip graced her Sunday tea.

Let's Hope It's Not True

The friends of Bob Aitken are much disturbed at the report that he is going to give up sculpture and take to the stage. Though Aitken has lots of dramatic talent, as has been shown at Bohemian Club jinks, it would be a serious loss to art were he to be lured by the footlights' glare. There is always a plethora of actors but gifted sculptors are rare. Considering his years he has attained wonderful success, and therefore it is surprising that he should be thinking of entering the theatrical profession. But one never knows what to expect of the artistic temperament.

Two "Britishers" from California

When Denis O'Sullivan started for London, a short time ago, it was thought that he was going over to engage in concert work again, but an occasional correspondent writes me that he has made a big hit in the latest musical comedy success of the British metropolis. "He is playing," writes my correspondent, "Sergeant Lefebvre in 'The Duchess of Dantzic,' which is said to be the best musical piece that has been seen in London for years. It is one of the productions of George Edwardes who produced 'The Gaiety Girl' and 'The Country Girl,' and the papers are extravagant in their praise of what they declare to be the finest English company that has been rounded up for years. What was my surprise to find two of the leading roles in this 'English company' played by two old San Francisco friends—Denis O'Sullivan and Holbrook Blinn. Henry Hamilton wrote the book and the lyrics, and the score is by Ivan Caryll, who you will probably remember composed 'La Cigale' which we heard at the Baldwin when Lillian Russell was here. The book is indebted to Sardou's 'Madame Sans-Gene' for the main lines of the story. Blinn is the Napoleon of the cast, and his is really a great impersonation."

Passing of the Special Writer

The special writer for the Sunday supp. has passed out of San Francisco journalism, and with him has passed a very ladylike school of journalists and an opportunity for good work. Some remarkably clever people were developed through the special story for the Sunday supp., for the work demanded more imagination and more fineness of touch than the hack work of the ordinary reporter. The *Chronicle* retained the home flavor and encouraged the local literary genius until recently, but I believe that brakes were put on and now it looks just like the New York *World* and is filled from cover to cover with syndicated pages. Of course it makes the supplement much less worth reading, for the sensational trash syndicated by the page has no value and is usually not true, but it is much cheaper and that is what the papers are after. These syndicated supplements mean the passing of the Sunday editor. There is a far cry from Cosey Noble, who edited the Sunday *Examiner* when it had a local flavor, to the make-up man who gets out the Sunday newspaper now. With the removal of all necessity for editorial brains and judgment there is no reason at all why the foreman of the composing room should not be the Sunday editor.

Miss Bessie Mills will be one of the youngest graduates that ever took a degree at Berkeley. At Christmas she will have finished the entire course in three years. The Mills family, by the way, are thinking of selling their home here before they go abroad.

Is Thawing Out

The Pacific-Union Club is losing its reputation for exclusiveness because it has been obliged to admit many new members to raise money to defray the cost of its new building. The Pacific-Unioners have so great a horror of publicity that editors are not considered eligible for membership, although Mr. Hearst and John D. Spreckels belong to the club. The latter, however, was admitted before he became the proprietor of the *Call*.

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Mrs. Poett's Presents

When Miss Carolan wedded Harry Poett it gave her world a deal of satisfaction. It would have been such a calamitous thing, you see, had a Carolan wedded outside of her set. Her friends were saved tears of chagrin, therefore, when she married a Poett. The bride, by the way, received beautiful presents. There was quite a lot of silverware from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Carolan, and her friends' gifts included antique furniture, jewelry and all sorts of expensive things.

Wearied of the Fashionable Whirl

Handsome Helen Dean who left for New York this week is not to feast of the delights of Gotham's gay winter, but is going in for serious work. She will spend the winter receiving instruction from voice, violin and piano teachers. Miss Dean is very musical and she expresses herself as heartily sick of society with its endless teas, luncheons and dinners. She says she did nothing last winter but eat, dance and call, and one winter was enough of it for her. This girl was a real social success and she will be thoroughly missed. In April the Deans go to Europe, where their stay will be indefinite.

One of the Eligibles

Mr. Balfour, one of the latest of the bachelors taken up by society, is to leave for England in a few weeks to be gone for some time. He is a clever chap and quite popular. Many people have made a fuss over him thinking that he was *the* Mr. Balfour, but he always takes pains to explain that he is no relation to the head of the firm.

Too Cheap for Them

The exhibition and sale of pictures at the Palace last week was not a success for the reason that the managers of it, in their anxiety to make money, over-reached themselves. They announced that the pictures of Keith, Mathews and McComas would be sold for fifteen and twenty dollars each, and when those artists read the circulars they withdrew their work from the exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Angus have returned from Europe. They made a very long stay abroad, chiefly in London and Italy.

Greenway's Object Lesson

Ned Greenway is not one of our wealthy bachelors, but he occasionally gives some of our plutocrats an object lesson in hospitality. His last birthday dinner was the most elaborate and expensive one ever given by a bachelor to his friends in this city. I hear that it did not cost less than a thousand dollars. Mr. James D. Phelan gives a great many dinners, but usually for the purpose of lionizing somebody, and the guests are always of a limited number. But it is not through economical motives that Mr. Phelan refrains from dispensing hospitality on an elaborate scale. He is afraid of being suspected of ostentatious display.



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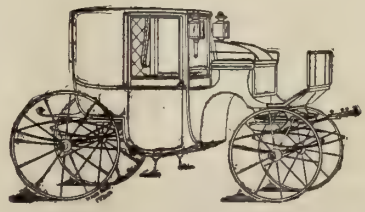
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Off to the Parisian Footlights

From reliable authority I learn that Grace Llewellyn Jones has been so greatly encouraged by her success as "Phedre" in Berkeley that she has decided to become an actress. She will leave for Paris in about two months, and she will study for the French stage at the Theatre Francaise. Though she does not possess great histrionic ability, she is graceful in appearance and action and is bubbling over with temperament. Her French is so good that none but a native could detect a foreign accent. She is a prominent member of the Browning Club and also of the new Polyglot Club. Her home in Franklin street is a gathering place for the most cultured people in the city.

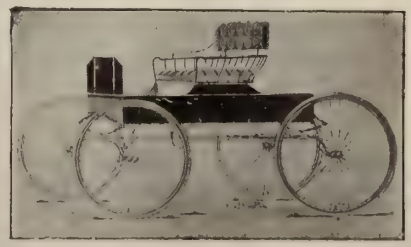
Another Double of Mrs. "Pat"

Not satisfied with questioning the superiority of our climate, Los Angeles denies that there is any woman in San Francisco who bears so close a resemblance to Mrs. "Pat" Campbell as does Miss Cora Linsay Skinner, dramatic critic of the *Times*. A correspondent writes me that Miss Skinner has the "Italian look and coloring of Mrs. Pat, and the same hair and expression," and incidentally informs me that she is as pleasant as she is pretty. To my correspondent I am indebted for the additional information that she knew Mrs. Campbell when both belonged to an amateur dramatic club in London, and that in those days Mrs. "Pat" supported herself by giving music lessons. She obtained her first professional engagement on the strength of her work as Suzanne in Sardou's "A Scrap of Paper," presented by the club. Miss Skinner, by the way, is the young woman who introduced little Edna Darch of Los Angeles to Calve. The child was adopted by the singer, and she has returned to Los Angeles as the ward of the French woman who carries on all business correspondence through Miss Skinner.



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A Generous Bachelor Maid

Miss Dillon has sent the social ball rolling along the floors of her beautiful new home. Already she has commenced giving a number of small teas, "just informal gatherings for the girls," and her invitations are accepted eagerly, for one is sure of being allowed a deep breath in the presence of this unaffected bachelor maid. Miss Dillon, notwithstanding her claims to heiress-ship, has managed to remain unspoiled, and is not one whit deceived by the amorous cooing which always accompanies the jingling of the guinea. By the way, she is the most generous heiress in San Francisco, and now that the Christmas season is approaching some people are curious to know what she is going to present to her friends. Miss Dillon has æons of money and when she likes a girl she gives her a diamond ring, and if she likes her a good deal she gives her a house and lot or a bunch of flats to rent. One year she presented most of her relatives with flats to increase their rent-roll, much to the delight of those worthy people.

The Charming Card Party

Mrs. Thomas Kirkpatrick was hostess at one of the most delightful card parties of the season last Thursday afternoon. Euchre was the game played at the five tables. The house was artistically decorated with roses, chrysanthemums and autumn foliage, and the brightly lighted rooms were in comforting contrast to the gloomy, drizzling weather without. There were handsome prizes for the fortunate winners and after they were awarded luncheon was served in the spacious dining-room. Covers were laid for twenty-two, the pink color scheme carried out in hanging baskets of carnations and roses, gracefully entwined with maiden-hair and asparagus fern. The guests were Mrs. George Clark, Mrs. G. Dow, Mrs. J. A. Doyle, Miss Doyle, Mrs. C. Evans, Mrs. J. Firth, Mrs. C. Hellwig, Mrs. B. Kron, Mrs. L. T. Jones, Mrs. F. M. Munger, Mrs. C. Goodall, Mrs. C. Gerrish, Mrs. T. O'Brien, Mrs. A. Seaman, Mrs. Stadmuller, Mrs. B. Lutz, Mrs. S. Hendy, Mrs. Morffew, Mrs. J. Spalding, Mrs. D. Walker, Mrs. McCulloch, Mrs. F. Gates.

The Stork Again

The stork is hovering over the home of Frank Powers, the attorney, and the sign, "Boy Wanted," is conspicuously displayed, for the two Powers children, aged ten and two, are both girls. Frank Powers, by the way, is coining money, both professionally, through his connection with the Hellers and Hellmans, and through his booming of a large piece of country real estate which he has acquired in Santa Barbara county. He is a natural-born boomer.

Another stork item comes to me from the East. The tall white bird, says an intimate friend of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr. (our own Virgie Fair), is about to bear another olive branch to the home of the young millionaire and his affectionate wife.

They're Writing a Book

Miss Emily Rosenstirn and Mr. Sidney Josephs are collaborating on a book which will soon be in the hands of a publisher. Miss Rosenstirn is the unconventional young woman who achieved considerable newspaperiety some time ago by giving an "appendicitis dinner" to all her appendixless friends, with skulls, crossbones and other ghastly things for decorations. She is a young woman of brilliant intellect, and her friends are confident that she is destined to achieve things worth while. Mr. Josephs has won some local fame as a caricaturist.

The Anti-Ball Crusade

Despite all that is being said in deprecation of the course of drawing in the public schools, Miss Katherine Ball, the lady by whom it was dictated, maintains a most dignified silence. She probably feels that she need have nothing to say unless she is called upon by the Board of Education to defend her system. So the teachers who have been nursing a grievance for years, and who are giving vent to their pent-up feelings, are somewhat chagrined at their failure to start a genuine controversy. They have made it evident, however, that our school system is poorly regulated. There must be laxity of supervision if children are required to waste their time in attempting the obviously impossible. Any one who has had practical experience with children knows that at six or seven years their clumsy little fingers have but an uncertain hold on pen or pencil, and that with the best of intentions on their part their efforts in draftsmanship require interpretation. Their drawings are as crude and vaguely symbolic as the hieroglyphics of primitive nations, yet under Miss Ball's method they are commanded to draw from nature and to produce landscapes in tones of green or brown or red. Moreover they are furnished with crude colored crayons, sold at the rate of seven for a nickel, the box containing but one sample of each color, and yet Miss Ball, it is said, condemns their drawings on account of their "lack of luminosity." And what is worse, in the opinion of the overworked class teachers, she reports them for incompetency when the work of their pupils fails to meet her approval. According to their story she rules them with the severity of a martinet, and hence their indignation.



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An Earnest Defender

Though Miss Ball has not seen fit to "rush into print" in her own defense, she has friends among the club-women of the city who very ardently espouse her cause. I have received a communication from one of them in which she avers that from all that has been said against Miss Ball it appears that her only fault is that she is too strenuous, and she adds that it is a rare fault in our school department. From the same source I learn that the subject of the course in drawing was discussed at a principals' meeting last week, and that while a majority of the principals requested a reduction of work, some of the most prominent supported Miss Ball. Mr. W. W. Stone, of the James Lick school, who, it is said, is engaged to Mrs. Steele, the author of the communication that started the whole row, argued against the drawing teacher, and my informant declares that his remarks were of such a nature as to justify an investigation of the James Lick school.

Discussed by Principals

Continuing, my correspondent says: "This whole agitation is the result of discontent over the introduction of new methods in language, arithmetic and geography. It is a sort of school ma'am paroxysm of mental indigestion due to over-feeding on new ideas. Miss Ball is always a good target for the wrath of the teachers, for they dislike drawing because it is difficult to teach, is easily inspected and is always a record of the actual class-room work and the teacher's methods." Miss Ball attended the meeting of principals, and in a most diplomatic manner said she was sorry that her course, which she had so carefully planned, had caused so much trouble. She suggested that there might be ways of adjusting things without a rebellion, and that she would like to please the teachers.

Growth of an Alarming Passion

Somewhere in one of his discourses Spencer claims that what is common to all is, as civilization advances, deliberately hidden by the few. The striking and recent verification of cold-blooded science, on the occasion of our last international marriage, makes the unbiased American sit up and think. When the female population of a great city rushes headlong to where the angels of delicacy are treading lightly; when womanly dignity is vanquished by curiosity—the most vulgarizing of attributes—to the complete loss of decency; when the law deals corporal punishment to silk-clad women; then it is that the universal trait shows itself in all its ugly primitive brutality. The love germ for a coronet is securely concealed in the homespun as well as in the transferred money bags, and it only requires the occasion for contagion to become infection, and the presence of a live duke to transform gentlewomen into harpies. Surely democracy is developing an alarming passion for the moth-eaten glories of aristocracy! We call ourselves free, and yet women in the highest places bend the neck under the once rejected yoke of serfdom.

Booming Debutantes

The business of booming debutantes has become a well-established one and now every well-regulated girl has her press agent. This industry was first started when Miss Pearl Landers commenced her meteoric flight through society. Miss Landers is not noted for her pulchritude though she is a bright, pleasant, lively girl. There is nothing unusual about her but for six months there were not more than three mornings that Miss Landers's face might not be seen wrapping up the meat coming from the butcher's, or smiling from some other package. Of course it wasn't her fault. Every daily kept her picture in stock and threw it in on all possible occasions. She was boomed both in and out of season, not at her instigation, but it made her social success. Now it is considered the proper thing to be boomed and the girls who have come out this season are being put through a social sweating process. While their photographs are not so much in evidence there is not a day that certain social columns of certain dailies do not contain some reference to these young girls, whose heads are quite turned since they imagine they are the "whole thing" in society It is very amusing. In one case, money is said to have passed to accomplish this end and in another case a little judicious entertaining did the business. Meanwhile, far more genial and popular girls are not even mentioned. It's the way things go in this world.

Missed the Luncheon

There were three vacant places at Mrs. Henry Dutton's luncheon at the University Club last week. Peculiar accidents prevented three of the guests from appearing and Mrs. Dutton was left in ignorance of the cause of their non-appearance till late in the afternoon. It seems Miss Dillon and her bosom friend, Miss Cosgrave, went for an automobile ride in the morning, expecting to be back in time. But autos are not to be depended on and this one broke down some miles from any car line, and after spending an hour trying to mend their machine Miss Dillon and Miss Cosgrave started on foot for home. Needless to say they did not attend the luncheon. The third absentee was Mrs. Hilda MacDonald Baxter. She spent the entire day laboring under the delusion that her luncheon engagement was for Friday instead of Thursday. About six o'clock one of her friends telephoned to inquire if she were ill. She had been missed at the luncheon, and it wasn't until inquiry was made over the 'phone that the truth was learned.

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Margaret and Henry

Though the theatrical season is well advanced in New York, Margaret Anglin has not yet reached Broadway. This will no doubt surprise her society friends in San Francisco who imagine that she is the brightest star in the Frohman galaxy. Louis Nethersole, who managed Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin on their latest Western trip, is responsible for the astounding news, in a letter to a friend, that they have been playing a stock season in Milwaukee. Moreover, he is responsible for the doleful news that Miss Anglin is disgusted with the way she has been treated in America and that she is going to London to settle down in the English capital as an English actress. He thinks that her genius has been obscured by managerial unwisdom. And yet we have been told that she was a Frohman pet, and last year when she scored here in "Camille" it was reported that the magnate of the Syndicate intended to revive the play for her in New York. Is it possible that he did not have sufficient confidence in her?

She'll Star Herself

On the heels of Nethersole's letter comes a press despatch to the effect that Margaret Anglin had obtained the rights to "Cynthia," the play written by Hubert Henry Davies, formerly of this city, for Elsie de Wolfe who appeared in it last season. She is expected to make a Broadway production of it, but it remains to be seen whether she has changed her mind in the matter of a London debut. I seriously doubt that she will risk comparison with Elsie de Wolfe on Broadway. The latter is one of the most popular actresses in New York, and has long been a full-fledged star, whereas Margaret Anglin has never been anything but a stock actress in New York, and a star in San Francisco. Here is where she is best appreciated. We had Margaret and Henry as the great twin stars of the theatrical firmament. Our provincial smart set raves over them and our critics go into ecstasies over their genius. To be unmoved at a Miller-Anglin performance at the Columbia is to confess oneself incapable of appreciating the very soul of dramatic art. Our admiration for them is in a measure an expression of our gratitude which they have earned by regaling us annually with the latest theatrical tidbits.

A Split in a Woman's Club

San Jose social circles are considerably agitated over the rupture which has taken place in the Young Ladies' auxiliary of the San Jose Woman's Club. The auxiliary was organized last August and it became a stepping-stone to membership in the adult circle. For a time all went smoothly, but many of the young ladies are of a very progressive turn of mind, and desire to have their own say about things, instead of being subjected to dictation from the older members. Matters finally reached a climax and there was a wholesale secession of the brightest and most charming young women of the auxiliary. The secessionists formed a club of their own, calling it "La Jeunesse Doree." They organized on a broader and more liberal plan and instead of bi-weekly discussions on economical, ethical and philosophical topics they have introduced social features. La Jeunesse Doree has been making great inroads into the membership of the auxiliary and the protegees of Mrs. W. C. Kennedy, president, Mrs. Dr. Stocking, Mrs. E. O. Smith and other members of the Woman's Club are not a little chagrined at the apparent success of the secessionists. Mrs. Lillian Crothers, president, Miss Della Beach, vice-president, Miss Emma Orvis and Miss Delmas Walter are among the more progressive members of La Jeunesse Doree. Some of the leading members of the auxiliary of the Woman's Club are Miss Genevieve Chambers, president, Miss Ella Brady, vice-president, Miss Marguerite Dinsmore, Mrs. Maud Bailey, Miss Ruby Brooks and Miss May Morton. Rivalry between the two organizations is at white heat and each is attempting to outdo the other in every department of work taken up.

Politics in San Jose

The people of Santa Clara county are watching the affairs of the Union League Club, a new political organization, with much interest. It was organized a few months ago and has been quietly adding members since its inception. The people have had their curiosity aroused by the fact that prominent among the members of the club are many of the leaders of the two political factions in the garden city—the gang and anti-gang. These forces have been bitterly antagonistic during the past two or three campaigns. The Hayes brothers, Dr. Dow, Professor Childs and many others prominent in political reform circles, sit side by side in conference with Dr. M. A. Southworth, Allan Brant, Dr. Kelley and many others who have in the past been closely identified with the McKenzie faction. The semblance of harmony has given rise to all sorts of conjectures. Some have it that the organization has been started to effect harmony in the Republican party, and others contend that behind the movement is a scheme on the part of a few men to get control of the machine.

Folsom Management Scored

Superior Judge Lieb of San Jose doesn't mind if the whole State knows what he thinks about the management of the penitentiary at Folsom. In pronouncing sentence on a bicycle thief, the other day, he said: "I shall send no one to Folsom until there has been a change in the management of the prison. I feel that no person sent there is satisfactorily incarcerated. It is too easy to get out."

Mrs. Belshaw as an Interlocutor

Senator Charles M. Belshaw, who might have drawn a good salary doing vaudeville stunts if he hadn't been born rich, found himself eclipsed by his charming wife

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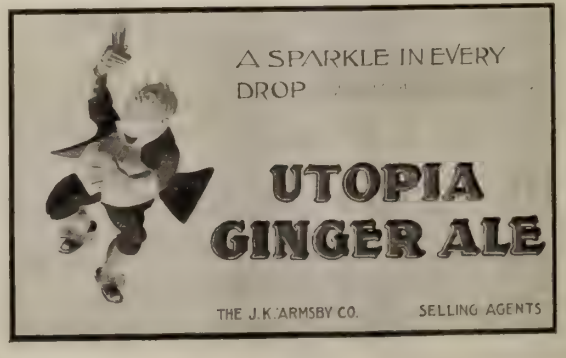
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last week at an amateur minstrel performance given at Antioch, the country home of the Belshaws. The Ladies Club there gave a two-night entertainment of which quite the piquant feature was Mrs. Belshaw in a stunning and most becoming gown of red, with large white picture hat, seated with a bevy of dusky maidens and acting as interlocutor. Mrs. Belshaw is so thoroughly the grande dame at Antioch and is so entirely the correct and stately society lady, that her appearance in minstrelsy even among friends in itself lent piquancy and charm to the doings, and for once "Charlie," who is quite a parlor comedian, wasn't IT a bit. He sang "It Was the Dutch" and did several other turns, but when it came to passing the bouquets after the show, Senator Belshaw was a two-spot beside his wife.The Belshaws spend most of their time at the Jackson street home in town, going frequently to Antioch where they have large interests.

The Martyred President's Widow

Mrs. James A. Garfield is expected to arrive in Southern California in a few days and will pass the winter in her home in Pasadena. She is usually accompanied by her daughter and lives very quietly, seeing few people. She avoids all publicity and it is impossible for a newspaper man to gain an audience with her. She simply will not talk either of the past or the present for publication. She is a dignified old lady and looks very motherly and charming in her white lace cap and bertha crossed on her bosom.

A Gay Adventuress

The Baroness Blanc, who cut a swath among local club men some years ago, when she had an engagement at the old Bush street theatre, is again figuring in a scandal in the East. She obtained a large sum of money from a gullible individual, who loaned it to her on the security of a key, which was supposed to fit a box containing a large amount of ready cash, but which proved to be empty. The "Baroness" has long been a very successful adventuress. She has lately been doing stunts in vaudeville houses and is in demand in the East when racy entertainments are given in the clubs. She has had nearly as many husbands as she has fingers. One of them was Shirley Onderdonk, a Chicago man of excellent family, who a decade ago was a cotillion leader and a great beau in Chicago society.

The Passing of Syle

Many causes contributed to the death, preceded by the mental collapse, of Professor L. Du Pont Syle. It is said he never seemed to regain his poise, mentally or bodily, after he left the University presided over by Benjamin Ide Wheeler. Probably he would still be pursuing his even, honorable way at the Berkeley college had he refrained from writing an unsuccessful play. It is said that President Wheeler can pardon any fault but failure. Had Syle's adaptation of "Francillon" proved a triumph, the playwriting professor would likely never have become *persona non grata* to President Wheeler. But the play which was adapted for Katherine Kidder made neither fame nor fortune for its author, and on the heels of this unkind stroke of fate came all his other misfortunes. Syle, say his friends, should have been satisfied to teach French and the classics, and impart his knowledge to immature mentalities. But he chose to write learnedly and ponderously of modern dramas and mummers, in his capacity of dramatic critic for the *Call*, and that proved his ruin, for it impelled him to play-writing.

Worthing's Jolt

Syle's most intimate friends blamed Benjamin Ide Wheeler for his downfall. They say that he incurred Wheeler's displeasure by his independence, and that after he severed his connection with the University Wheeler pursued him relentlessly. When Syle was a dramatic critic his criticisms aroused the antipathy of the theatrical profession. He disapproved of Frank Worthing's work in "The Only Way," and the actor took occasion to jolt the critic one day when they met in the Bohemian Club. Worthing feined to be unaware of Syle's presence. He began to talk about dramatic critics and turned the conversation upon the Berkeley professor.

"He is a pedant," said Worthing, "who thinks that his familiarity with ancient drama qualifies him to pass judgment upon exponents of the histrionic art."

Syle refrained from entering into an argument.

Polo Cracks Gathering

Burlingame is filling up rapidly for the winter. All the polo cracks are getting ready for the winter's sport. The two McCreerys have arrived and each has taken a house, one from Robert Hooker and one from Mrs. Ann Tubbs.



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To Enlighten the Oracles

For the benefit of my confused contemporaries, I would state that Miss Mary Harrington is to be married next week to Lieutenant-Commander Albert Parker Niblack, U. S. Navy, and that the ceremony is to be performed by Chaplain Adam Armstrong McAlister, of the same service. I have been as greatly amused as the participants and their friends have been annoyed by the floundering of the press social oracles over the spelling of the names of the two men. They have had it Niblach, Niblache, Niblacke and I do not know how many other ways. The worthy chaplain, who, by the way, was for a long time chaplain at Annapolis and afterwards Sampson's chaplain on the flagship *New York* during the Spanish war, has been called McAllister, McAlester, and other things. It will be some time yet before Niblack is a commander.

Life Is Too Strenuous for Them

I learn with surprise and regret that Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans—our "Fighting Bob"—is breaking in health out on the Asiatic station, which he commands. The extent to which ill-health is assailing our naval officers, both young and old, is becoming a serious matter, and can only be attributed to the shortage of officers which requires long and arduous service in the tropics, with reliefs few, and responsibilities great in peculiarly trying climates. Our Navy is suffering from both paucity of officers and the lack of experience in the youths now occupying the grades from lieutenant down.

Our Historical Flagship

The recently created Rear-Admiral, French E. Chadwick, has just hoisted his flag upon the oldest vessel in the Navy in commission, the ancient sailing frigate *Constellation,* which has been made the flagship at the Narragansett Bay training station. The *Constellation* was built shortly after the war of the Revolution, and saw her first active service under old Commodore Truxtun, ancestor of Truxtun Beale and "Billy" Truxtun of the Navy, in the short and peculiar war with France during the last decade of the eighteenth century, when she captured one French frigate and crippled another. The old vessel has been serially overhauled since those gallant days of carronades and boarding pikes, until little of the old hull save the topsail-sheet bitts and a few pieces of keelson are left, but she preserves the graceful lines that made her as splendid a sailer in the old times as she was a score of years ago, when she was used as a practice-ship at Annapolis.

Rash Usher

There is a pretty little story, which has never yet appeared in print, about Lieutenant-Commander N. R. Usher, who has just been relieved from duty at the Naval War College and assigned to the General Board of the Navy. It is characteristic of the man. Usher had command of the *Ericsson,* the second of our modern torpedo-boats, before and during the Spanish war, and was an enthusiast over her possibilities. When Cervera's fleet was located, Usher was wild to test his little boat, and, summoning his men together, informed them that he thought the *Ericsson* had some chance of sinking one of the Spaniards if allowed to go after them, single-handed, into the harbor of Santiago, but impressed the men with the fact that there was slim chance of the torpedo-boat or any of those on her surviving. "Are you with me, men?" he asked, when he got through. "YES, SIR!" came immediately from every throat. Usher thereupon went to Admiral Sampson and implored him to permit the attempt. Sampson positively refused the request, which was almost on bended knees, and Usher's heart was broken for the rest of the war because he and his men were not allowed to commit suicide in the slim hope of hurting the enemy. His anguish was worse when Hobson's bungling exploit was allowed.

Gallant McCalla

The recent promotion of Bowman H. McCalla to the grade of Rear-Admiral meets with the approval of all who appreciate merit. If any one has earned this rank, the highest in the normal run of the service, McCalla certainly has. He is admittedly a hard man to sail under, for he keeps every one on the jump, and is exacting in the extreme, but he accomplishes things. If some of the croaking critics who have "knocked" him for his brutality on the *Enterprise* a dozen years ago, or for his joyous little lark in Bermuda during the same cruise, had a tenth of McCalla's efficiency, they would find some better use for their time and their tongues than for envious attacks upon one of the best officers in the service. He was hard on his officers and men of the *Marblehead* during the Spanish war, but he was still harder on the enemy in consequence of his and their activity, and I have not heard one of his old shipmates, either from forward or aft, of that cruise, who was not glad he had served under McCalla on the "fightin'est ship of the fleet," as the jackies under Sampson called her. The new admiral's record in the Chinese expedition is too recent to need the praise that is its due.

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Personal Comfort Provided For

The new cruiser *Tacoma,* which is to go into commission at an early date under the command of popular Commander "Reggie" Nicholson, will be the second of her class to be commissioned, the *Cleveland* having been put in service under the command of Commander C. E. Colahan on the second instant, at Portsmouth, N. H. I understand that the vessels of this class are sought after by the officers who are fond of personal comfort, as they have exceptionally commodious quarters, their speed having been considerably sacrificed to yield to the cry for "more room."

The Hero in Bohemia

Not long ago President Phelan of the Bohemian Club had General Miles in tow, and, as he entered the dining-room with the soldier, he whispered hurriedly to one of the members who sat near the door, "Start three cheers for General Miles," whereupon the member, not at all impressed by gold buttons, said quite audibly, "To hell with Miles."

Invitations have been issued to a favored few in San Francisco to the wedding of Miss Maria Louisa Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Miller Peters, and Lieutenant David Harmony Biddle, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A. The marriage will take place at high noon on Tuesday, December first, in the Church of the Ascension, Philadelphia.

Misses the Brass Buttons

Since the departure of the popular Seventh regiment several of our society girls have been feeling quite lonesome. Out in Green street lives a girl who was made disconsolate by the departure of Lieutenant Ben Tillman. She is one of last winter's debutantes. Tillman, by the way, is a brother of Lieutenant-Governor Tillman of North Carolina who murdered editor Gonzales.

"What is Scooper doing now? Is he on a daily, a weekly, or a monthly?"

"On a periodical, the last time I saw him. Came to in the bug-ward three days later, I believe."

It Lacks Verisimilitude

The only improbable feature of the story about the deal made by Whittell *pere* to secure the freedom of his precious son from a contract marriage, is the purchase price. Mr. Whittell is such a worthy son-in-law of that late unlamented, soulless miser, Nick Luning, that it is highly incredible that he would be so extravagant as to part with twenty-five thousand dollars when the end desired could have been accomplished at far less expense. Though Mr. Whittell endured no handicap, or anxiety, or mental or physical strain in achieving his wealth, he is as cautious in the handling of it as though he spent a life-time in accumulating it. He could not be a more prudent manager if he were under direct restraint from old Nick, the founder of the fortune.

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It Doesn't Mean an Estrangement

It has been pretty well understood in social circles that Pearl Landers and young Whittell were betrothed, and that the announcement would be made as soon as the millionaire's son had emerged from the shadow of his past. It is consequently unfortunate that a scandal grew out of the annulment of the marriage, for no young girl cares to have the past of her fiance ventilated. There was a time in the good old Puritan days when such a scandal would have ruptured an engagement, but pasts no longer have any terror for a society girl. In his novel, "The Mettle of the Pasture," James Lane Allen separates his hero and heroine because of the former's confession that he was not as pure as the beautiful snow. The episode causes most young people to shriek with laughter.

"Tom Gay says he passes his whole life pursuing virtue."
"Never heard of his catching up, did you?"

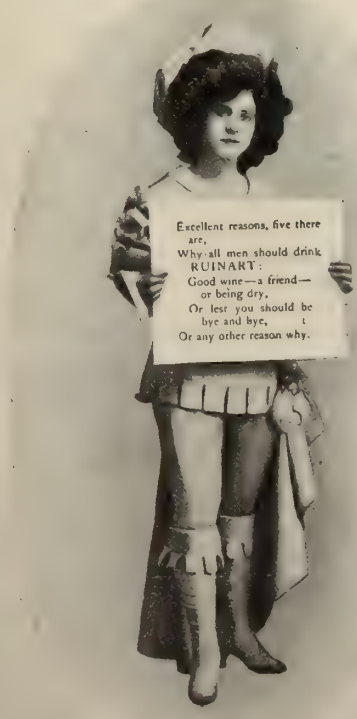
He Was Not Indicted

In my paragraph of last week concerning the appointment of Frank Heney as special counsel for the prosecution of the Oregon land fraud cases, I inadvertently referred to attorney C. A. S. Frost as one of the men indicted in connection with the litigation over certain Nome mining claims. Mr. Frost was found guilty of contempt of court but his alleged offense involved no moral turpitude.

Mrs. Chauncey Winslow gave a card party for ten ladies and gentlemen one evening last week.

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The Coming of Yeats

Mr. W. B. Yeats, the Irish dramatist and poet, who is said to be coming to this city, is a very interesting character. Readers of Stevenson may remember this letter, which the novelist wrote to the young Irishman just before his death:

"*Vailima, Samoa*, April 14, 1894.

"Dear Sir,

"Long since, when I was a boy, I remember the emotions with which I repeated Swinburne's poems and ballads. Some ten years ago a similar spell was cast upon me by Meredith's 'Love in the Valley': the stanzas beginning 'When her mother tends her' haunted me and made me drunk like wine; and I remember waking with them the echoes of the hills about Hyeres. It may interest you to know that I have a third time fallen in slavery: this is to your poem called 'The Lake Isle of Innisfrae.' It is so quaint and airy, simple, artful and eloquent to the heart—but I seek words in vain. Enough that 'always night and day I hear lake water lapping with low sounds on the shore,' and am, yours gratefully,

"*Robert Louis Stevenson.*"

"Why does Scribbler call himself a stylist?"

"Because he is so successful in rendering his meaning obscure, I suppose."

In the Manchu Court

The Misses Yu Kung, writes my correspondent in the Orient, are the social sensation in Peking this season. These young women are the daughters of the former Minister to France. They are in the eyes of all men, chic, svelte, and altogether out of place in the dreary solemnity of the Manchu court. Contrary to the ordinary etiquette of the palace, these exotics of the Parisian salons are permitted to go abroad. They visit the various legations and are received there because they are court ladies—if they were mere daughters of merchants or mandarins their mixed blood would stain their 'scutcheon with the bar sinister, and the proud legation dames of Peking are very much averse to anything that is not a legitimate blazon. The favor of the Empress Dowager, however, covers a multitude of sins other than her own, and the legation ladies pretend to excuse the Misses Yu Kung on the plea that, after all, they couldn't prevent the accident of their birth.

The Empress's Standard

These young women speak Chinese with a decided French accent which is said to be the funniest noise in China. They have taught the imperial princesses the figures of the German and cotillions are danced every evening in the presence of the Empress Dowager, before that amiable old lady lies down to pleasant dreams of decapitated reformers and torture inflicted on those who hate the Manchus. There is a scandalous story afloat in the foreign settlement that the partners of the princesses in these cotillions are the eunuchs of the Imperial household. Some of these foreigners are exceedingly venomous in their hatred of the Empress Dowager and are constantly circulating the most flagrant slanders concerning her entourage. One of these malignant whispers is to the effect that the only reason Her Majesty does not smoke opium is because she is so vain of her complexion. It is not denied, however, that the old lady smokes the vilest tobacco and prefers it. Her silver water pipe, properly studded with precious jewels, is constantly filled with common Chinese tobacco of the rankest quality, and her favorite cigarette is the "Peacock," a coolie smoke of the worst American variety, sold in the Mongol market at the rate of three packages for five copper cash. That the tobacco habit of the Dowager is wilfully depraved, is apparent in the fact that she provides the daintiest Persian cigarettes for the ladies of her court and gold-tipped Egyptians for her eunuchs.

Their Doubtful Pedigree

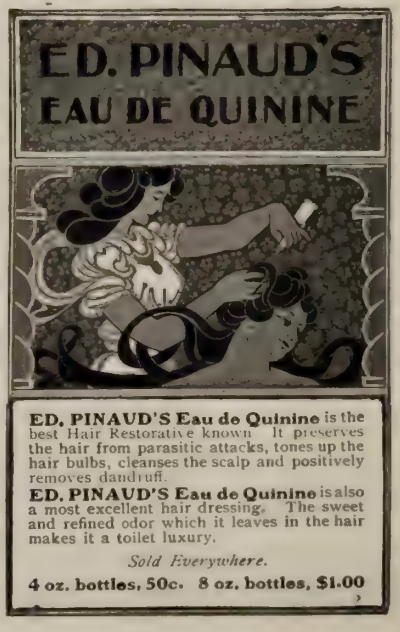
The mother of the Misses Yu Kung is never mentioned in polite or diplomatic circles except for the purpose of reflecting on the daughters. That she was, or is, a white woman is conceded. The mystery involves the nationality of Yu Kung's wife—it is said that he married her after the birth of the elder Miss Kung. It is a disputed point as to whether the father of Madame Kung was a Yankee sea captain or an English beachcomber. In lieu of an exact lineage, the tiffin gossip of the legations has settled that the mother of the court favorites was born in Canada.

Their Debut in Oriental Togs

There is no question, however, in the diplomatic coteries that the Misses Yu Kung are highly accomplished. There are ten pianos in the Yellow Palaces and they perform on all of these. They speak French, English, Italian, Spanish, German and the Mandarin dialect of Chinese. In view of the probability that Russian may soon be the language of the Chinese court, these young women are now endeavoring to master that thick tongue. When they came to the Imperial Court they were gowned in the very latest creations of Worth, but the conservative element of the

---

At this time of year every one is looking forward to the festive Thanksgiving season, though probably were the unfortunate turkeys able to express their ideas on the subject they would enter a most energetic protest. There are few households in San Francisco that will not fare on that unhappy bird Thanksgiving Day, washed down by the generous vintages of the State, though amongst what Thackeray calls the "hupper suckles" champagne will be the crowning touch to the feast, and it goes without saying that among the cognoscenti no other champagne than Ayala will be tolerated, because well they know that by being faithful to that beverage they will have no cause for regret on the following day.



Household made strenuous objection, declaring that there was enough foreign innovation in the Empire without making a perpetual parade of it in the dress of the palace inmates. It was finally agreed that the Emperor should decide and the young women were ordered to appear before His Majesty first in the gorgeous brocades of the Manchus and then in their handsomest Parisian gowns. The day of judgment dawned and the entire court assembled in the throne room. The Empress Dowager sat in state on a dais one step higher than that occupied by the Emperor. The Misses Yu Kung came "left upper entrance" and stood under the calcium for the Imperial inspection. While the Emperor was trying to blink the dazzle of that splendid presence out of his vision, his masterful aunt decided the question for him. "That will do, young ladies," she said, in her softest, purring Pekingese. "You may retire. You could not look lovelier in anything else, and you will continue to wear the Manchu dress. There will be no further display. The audience is ended."

Her Affable Majesty

In her social relations the Yellow Empress is not such a bad lot. She can smile as sweetly as a Borgia, and the Cenci was not more lamb-like in her superficial expression. She can purr like a suckling tigress, and she is generous in her gifts as the Greeks of the Troad. Since her abortive attempt to massacre all the foreigners in China she has assumed the repentant humility of a condemned criminal. The ladies of the foreign legations are all welcome at her audiences, and only the ladies themselves quarrel concerning who shall kow-tow in the presence and the order of precedence. She is especially condescending to the ladies of the American Legation and frequently "has them in" to an afternoon tea in her private apartments. She gave one of these "informal affairs" on the Monday following the execution of the Reformer, Shen Chien, and it is reported that on this occasion the old lady was unusually amiable, laughing heartily at every little jest flung aside by her guests for translation into choice literary Chinese by the interpreter. Ten automobiles have recently been supplied by a French maker for the progressive element of the Forbidden City, and it requires all the influence of the Dowager's favorite eunuch, Li Lien-ying, to keep the festive old dame out of them while they are in operation. So fearful are the guardians of this imperial calamity that something will occur to deprive the gods of their most efficient instrument for the plaguing of the Chinese, that they suspect the intention of a French motor car. There is a tinge of selfishness also in this solicitude for the health and welfare of Huang Tai Han. If anything fatal should happen to her Li Lien-ying and his faction would immediately march through the Shun Chih Gate and their heads would gargoyle the buttresses of the Tartar City. The Empress Dowager is a very dangerous personage, living or dead, and those whom she loveth, her enemies will chasten when she has abdicated the throne which she has so unscrupulously usurped.

An Heir Wanted

An absurd story is afloat that it is the Emperor's desire to marry the Misses Yu Kung. There are various insurmountable reasons why this dual marriage cannot happen. In the first place the father of the young women is not of proper rank to enable his daughters to enter the seraglio of an Emperor. He is a mere statesman, like Wu Ting Fang, for whom nothing better than a foreign mission could be provided. If his daughters were received as the sixth and seventh wives of Huang Hsu, he would be at once raised to the rank of a prince and that would disturb the political and personal calculations of the palace factions. As the only object of another inmate of the Imperial harem is to provide an heir to the throne from the family of the Emperor, and as five wives have not gratified this hope, it is deemed useless to send any more women into the Emperor's already overstocked family. The principal reason, however, why the Misses Yu Kung may not attain to imperial eminence in this regard is because the Emperor's aunt, who is also the aunt of his head wife, and duenna in ordinary to the entire Imperial outfit, does not approve of the proposed double-headed alliance.

Career of a Sacramento Boy

There is a strong portrait of Lincoln Steffens in the current *Bookman*, reproduced from a painting by Miss Ben Yusuf. Lincoln Steffens is regarded nowadays as a great reformer, but when he started out as a writer on the subject of municipal corruption he was imbued with no high ideals. He was intent only on making a living. He is not of the chronic reformer type, but he has done much good work in exposing corruption in municipal politics. In Sacramento, where he was raised, he was an ordinary lad who loved such pastimes as hunting, fishing and riding, and after graduating from St. Matthew's military school he went to Berkeley, graduating from the university in 1889. Then he studied in the universities of Leipzig, France, Berlin and Heidelberg, his father's idea being to have him attain thorough academic knowledge before entering business life. But an early marriage with a fellow-student abroad changed his plans. He found he must begin to make a living for his wife as well as himself, and so he went into literature. He received forty-five dollars for a story from *Harper's*, but that success was not immediately followed by another. He tried to get on one of the New York newspapers, but it was only after much solicitation that the *Evening Post* agreed to give him a space job. Mr. Steffens says he made only one dollar and seventy-five cents the first week. But afterwards he made a hit with a Wall street assignment and then his rise was rapid. He was detailed at police headquarters for several years, and during the Parkhurst crusade and under the Roosevelt regime became familiar with the topics which he later wrote of and which have given him his present secure and high place as a prophet of reform.



In the Upper Thirteen

The winter season of festivities is on among the Upper Thirteen of San Rafael. The Browne-Krag wedding gave it considerable impetus last Saturday, and next week there are to be two "at homes" at which two daughters of the Marin aristocracy will "come out." The two young women have been "out" in society for at least two years; that is, as far out as it is possible for any one to go in the festive circles of the Upper Thirteen, and nobody knows just why their parents desire to spring them as debutantes at this late day, but it is suspected that the debut of Miss Christine Pomeroy is responsible for one of the impending functions. Prior to the elevation of Mrs. Pomeroy from the ranks of the Upper Thirteen she was a neighbor of the mother of one of the candidates for social honors, and her daughter was the chum of the girl who is about to make her tardy formal debut. When Mrs. Pomeroy emerged from the obscurity of San Rafael into the metropolitan limelight, and opened her social campaign which has proved so successful, the two girls drifted apart. Meanwhile the Upper Thirteenite, who by the way is the wife of a clerk in the village, had to content herself within the circumscribed rural field, for Mrs. Pomeroy was not inclined to imperil with dubious freight the frail craft in which she had embarked on the uncertain social sea. But it has been noticed that since the drifting apart of the erstwhile neighbors, the Upper Thirteenite has made a practice of matching each of Mrs. Pomeroy's entertainments with one of her own. Hence nobody was surprised when, after the Pomeroy tea, it was learned that the Upper Thirteenite had decided to have an "at home" for the presentation of her daughter.

The Wine Flowed

The Browne-Krag wedding in San Rafael created as great a sensation over the strait as did the Goelet-Roxburghe marriage in New York. From the viewpoint of the Upper Thirteen it was a "sumptuous affair." Champagne was served, and that circumstance alone was sufficient to make it a notable function in the social annals of Marin. The wedding was pulled off on Saturday night because the flower of the Upper Thirteen's manhood has to be at the office betimes each morning in the week except on the Sabbath. Saturday night is the one night in which joy may be unconfined, and consequently the Krag-Browne wedding was a highly successful affair and "the wine flowed like water," much to the delight of the guests.

Where Blacks Hold Sway

There is fighting again in San Domingo, the most picturesque of the tropical islands of the Antilles. The ups and downs of the political parties which have kept San Domingo plunged in civil strife, with only an occasional breathing spell of two or three years, makes a long and dreary record. Four years ago Isidro Jiminez, the leader of the more moderate faction of the Liberal party, became President after the overthrow and assassination of President Heureaux. Horacio Vasquez, the leader of the more strenuous faction of the same party, was Vice-President, and appealed to the people to support Jiminez. But not long after Vasquez and Jiminez fell out, and the latter was forced to seek safety in flight to New York. Now the Jiminez party are the revolutionists, their leader is back in the island, and the probability is that Vasquez will soon be the fugitive. San Domingo, by the way, is the only place in the world in which blacks, slaves and descendants of slaves, have ever wrested the supremacy from their white masters. They established their autonomy and up to this time have succeeded in maintaining it. There are two negro Republics in the island. The Republic of Hayti occupies the western third, and the Republic of San Domingo the eastern two-thirds. The Haytians are French-speaking negroes and most of them are pure bloods. Their country is therefore called the black republic. Most of the Dominicans are mulattoes and their language is Spanish. This country has long felt an interest in the Republic of San Domingo because its trade is chiefly with the United States, while that of Hayti is with France.

He Hadn't the Price

Addison Mizner likes to run an automobile but he has never been granted a chauffeur's license. The other day he was speeding through the Park when he encountered a policeman who, seeing no number on his machine, hailed him and demanded to see his license. "I haven't any," said Mizner, "but I'm going down as fast as I can to get it." He was allowed to go, and presently he was stopped by another officer who wanted to see his license. "I am on my way to give an exhibition of my skill in order to get one," said Mizner. Again he was permitted to depart, but a few moments later he encountered another uniformed functionary who halted him, and he repeated the statement that he was on his way to give an exhibition.

"Very well," said the officer, "this is the place where the exhibitions are given; get busy."

"It's no use," said Mizner, "I haven't the two dollars to pay for the license."

Our Promotion Committee

Though W. H. Mills, Charles Bundschu and Arthur Briggs resigned from the California Promotion Commit-

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tee without expressing dissatisfaction with the way in which the affairs of the organization are being managed, I believe they were far from enthusiastic over the conduct of the business. The committee has done some good work at the expense of the merchants of the city, but expenses grew in a manner that did not appear to be justifiable. Of late expenses have been curtailed, and Rufus Jennings, the executive officer of the committee, is now performing the duties of secretary with a view of earning his salary.

The Nobility Escaped

Some of our society people will be surprised when they learn that they missed an opportunity to kow-tow to some very distinguished representatives of the British nobility. The cousins of the Duke of Roxburghe were here for a week, and were scarcely noticed though the dailies were devoting a deal of space to the Duke's nuptials and the aftermath thereof in the East. The party was under the guidance of Captain, the Hon. C. H. Guest, a first cousin of the Duke. In the party were his sister, Lady Rodney, and Sir Bryan and Lady Leighton. Captain Guest is a son of Lord Winbourne and a descendant of the famous Admiral of that name. Sir Bryan Leighton is a cousin of Sir Frederick Leighton of the Royal Academy. Lady Rodney is a striking looking woman with perfectly white hair. Some years ago her husband, Lord Rodney, disappeared, and at the same time a pretty young governess employed in the family dropped from view. Neither has ever been heard of since.

The Overpowering Presence of Money

Though the newspapers of this country refrained from criticism of the vulgar show made by the Goelet family on the occasion of the recent purchase of a coronet, the London press discussed the affair quite freely. This is what the *Daily Mail* had to say: "We may congratulate ourselves that the barbaric debauch of color, perfume and expensiveness did not take place in this country. Everything emblematic of mere religion seems to have been obliterated under the sensuous garment of materialized wealth. It is in moments like this that the Americans surpass the civilized and barbaric world. The supposable overpowering presence of money compensates them for any slight defects in good taste and restraint. The Duke of Roxburghe, with his simple English bringing up, makes an odd figure in the crowd, almost a pathetic one, lacking even the reassuring consciousness of ante-nuptial settlements."

The George Howards of San Mateo have returned from their trip to Europe. Mr. Howard has been perfecting himself in architecture at the Beaux Arts in Paris.

Puckett's Select Academy of Dancing

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary G. O'Brien, administratrix of the Estate of John J. O'Brien, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Mary G. O'Brien, at the offices of J. J. Lermen, Attorney-at-Law, Rooms 908-911 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY G. O'BRIEN,
Administratrix of the Estate of
John J. O'Brien, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 21, 1903.
J. J. Lermen, Attorney for Administratrix.

Mrs. Mills's Birthday

Mrs. C. T. Mills will be the hostess at a large reception this afternoon at the Sorosis Club, when the alumnæ of Mills College will be the guests. Mrs. Mills had a birthday on Wednesday, and the teachers at Mills' surprised her with the gift of a beautiful clock which runs a year without winding. Some of the classes also contributed surprise-gifts, and they have subscribed liberally toward the erection of the new clock tower. Perhaps the prettiest feature of the day was the rendition of Mrs. Mills's favorite hymns, as a morning serenade before her door. Five of the students who are violinists prepared this surprise for her awakening, and it was very pleasing to Mrs. Mills. It is thirty-two years, by the way, since Rev. and Mrs. Cyrus T. Mills founded the institution that bears their name. They had been in charge of the Young Ladies' Seminary at Benicia before that, but it was in August, 1871, that Mills Seminary had its beginning.

Dr. Grant Selfridge has returned from a month's rest in Santa Barbara and has resumed his practice.

George H. Ismon, whose resignation from the Western management of the Pacific Steel and Wire Works I noted a few days ago, has been replaced by Mr. A. T. De Forrest, of Cleveland, Ohio, whose advent to this business sphere has excited some interest. Mr. De Forrest has reached high business and social heights in the East, and I am told that he was compelled by reason of his ill health to abandon most agreeable surroundings in Cleveland and accept the new position in California.

Talent From the East

Mr. Hearst has selected his managing editor for his new Los Angeles daily, in a Mr. Farrally, who has been filling an executive position on the New York *American*. He is reputed to be one of the brightest newspaper men in New York. The supposition is that several New York men will be sent out to start the new daily on its way, not that Mr. Hearst lacks confidence in Californians, but because there is a shortage of first class newspaper talent in this city at present.



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The Irrepressible Lane

Mr. Franklin K. Lane confesses that he was pained to learn that his post-election epistle was misinterpreted. He has taken the trouble to write to the dailies to explain to the dear public just what he meant when he said he never thought he could win. The habit of equivocation is so strong in Mr. Lane that it is hard for him to be explicit. But it doesn't matter much what he did mean when he wrote that letter. I know that Mr. Lane has superb confidence in himself, but it is useless for him to attempt a miracle. He is not endowed with divine power. He cannot resurrect himself.

Patti will give two concerts here in January. Full particulars will be given in a few days, but it is known that the concerts will be given in the Mechanics' Pavilion. On Monday night Patti made her first appearance outside of New York, at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. From three o'clock in the afternoon there began to grow a line of people from the Academy door running around into the side streets and three abreast. It was reckoned that before six o'clock this line amounted to about two thousand people; at any rate, it took forty policemen to keep them in order. The receipts of the concert were within a few dollars of fifteen thousand.

Madame Fabbri-Muller's third subscription program in English and German will be given next Tuesday evening in Golden Gate hall. The entertainment will include "Chums," the one-act farce, a song and dance by Helen Darling and a tambourine dance by Irene Shenernon, and two German playlets.

At "Guests' Day" of the Papyrus Club last week the program arranged by Ella V. McCloskey included violin solos by Adele Wellisch, alto songs by Edith Hanks, and readings by Esther Malcolm Johnson, with an address by Rabbi Nieto

An invitational musicale was given at Mr. H. B. Pasmore's studio last Friday evening, when some of his pupils rendered the program. Those taking part were Mrs. L. A. Larsen, Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, Mrs. Edith Phelps Collins, Miss Lida Benedict, Miss Aldanita Wolfskill, Miss Louise Smith and Frank Figone, assisted by Miss Edith Adams, one of Arthur Fickenscher's piano pupils.

Society's "Stage" Jewels

When Mrs. Cornelia Baxter Tevis was sued by a Los Angeles jeweler for an "imitation" diamond and pearl necklace, a secret of society's grand dames was thereby given away. Those who fancied that the magnificent gems worn by wealthy women at theatre, opera and ball are all real were undeceived. They know now that though society women possess valuable jewels, they do not always wear them in public. Indeed, they rarely do. What they wear is a clever imitation of their diamond and pearl tiaras, necklaces, pendants, etc. There are probably more Alexandra jewels worn by American society women than the unitiated have any idea of. There is one New York jeweler who makes a specialty of what is called "jewelry of reconstructed gems." He copies the jewels of some of the most exclusive society women of the United States. The Alexandra factory is in Vienna, where diamonds, rubies and emeralds are turned out to order. The famous fish-skin pearls are also his invention. It must not be supposed that these gems are cheap things, to be bought for a song. Not a bit of it. They are as valuable in their own way as the originals after which they pattern. There is art in the copy, an art that is the product of long experience in manufacturing imitation gems that defy detection. But the woman who loves the blaze of jewels about her person and cannot afford to pay thousands to gratify her desire can be happy at the cost of hundreds instead. For instance a diamond dog collar set with pearls, which in the real thing would be not less than twenty-five thousand dollars, can in the "reconstructed gems" be obtained for two hundred and seventy-five dollars. An exquisite emerald and diamond ring, worth in the genuine from twelve hundred to two thousand five hundred dollars, can be bought for thirty-eight dollars. The beauty of it is that these Alexandra jewels not only defy detection, but are actually worn by high and mighty dames of the land who would scorn anything like deception, but do not object to wearing gems copied from the originals in their strong-box. These women, with millioned husbands, like the feeling of safety that is the accompaniment of the knowledge that, though they make a magnificent jeweled showing to the public, there is no fear of being despoiled of their jewel-cases' valuable contents. And if these women like the reconstructed jewels so well, and give them the cachet of their approval, there is no reason why the women in moderate circumstances should not do the same.

HAND-MADE UNDERWEAR

For "Brides to be"—A Most Charming Selection of Some of the Finest Parisian Lingerie—Single Piece and Sets.

Hand-Made Gowns from $5.00 to $50.00 each Hand-Made Petticoats $3.50 to $55.00 each.

Hand-Made Chemises, $2.75 to $25 00 each. Hand-Made Drawers, $2.50 to $20.00.

Hand-Made Sets, Three Pieces, $15.00 to $125.00 Per Set.

Ladies' Gowns

At 45c—Good muslin, full size, tucked yoke and ruffled cuffs.

At 75c—Heavy, good muslin; high neck; trimmed with fine tucks and good embroidery.

Ladies' Drawers

At 50c—Cambric, extra wide flounced Drawers; splendid quality; hemstitched and fine tucks; very unusual quality.

At $1—Finest muslin, quality in every stitch; fine embroidery and perfectly made.

Children's Skirts, 25c

Good muslin, well made, hemstitched and ruffled; ages 2 to 10 years.

Children's Gowns, 50c

Splendid muslin, well made, neat embroidery edging; yoke of clustered tucks; very exceptional value; ages 2 to 14 years.

Ladies' Flannelette Gowns, at 75c, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50

Every one extra long and wide and made right; a full value in every garment.

Children's Flannelette Gowns, 40c

Good flannelette, soft and warm; ages 8 to 14 years, 40c; ages 4 to 6 years, 35c; the usual 50c quality.

Ladies' Waists—Extra Values

At $1.25—New, heavy white waist of vesting granite cloth; very great value.

At $2.50—All-wool Flannel Waist, large pearl buttons; tailor style and finish; extra value.

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An Episode

By Barnett Franklin.

Lawrence Rixford, man-about-town, sat in his luxurious bachelor apartments, contemplating suicide. Nothing unusual—or, for that matter, alarming—lay in that fact, however; it had been almost a bi-weekly happening for some little time past.

His general action on the occasions of these moody soliloquies bore an unvarying degree of sameness. All his grievances against the world in general—and no one in particular—were gone over, singly and collectively, in elaborate detail, seemingly gaining added bitterness by each subsequent rehearsal.

It was in one of these periodical maunderings that Rixford had actually coined an epigram, the kind that falls to the lot of the Cynical Character in the Problem Drama.

"Happiness,"—it ran—"happiness is a mirage—a never to be reached oasis in the desert of life.'

He wondered, too, if one of all his "countless" friends would be pained to know that he had gone from them. He recalled having come across, somewhere,—"A man only finds out his friends when he is in need, and then, he only finds out how that would apply in his case."

When he had reached this stage of his soliloquy, he would generally take a brandy-and-soda and think better of it all. But tonight he seemed to have forgotten the usual antidote and sank back deeper into the soft cushions of the chair.

The twilight shadows slowly began to fall. He roused himself from his lethargy, walked slowly to the window, and looked out into the approaching night. Down below, in the almost deserted street, a ribbon of lights sputtered jerkily for a moment and then burned evenly on.

He had been standing so for some little time when a sudden rustle of silk told that someone had entered the room.

"A very novel welcome, I am sure," a highly pitched feminine voice rattled off, "not even a light! And,"—her glance had evidently taken in the table-top, strewn with burnt matches and cigar stubs—"this hardly resembles the proverbial festive board. But," she laughed, "I forgot, Lawrence, you always were considered original."

Rixford recalled vaguely his suggestion for a little supper that evening with Thelma—Thelma Glynesk of the Theatre Burlesque—his latest infatuation. He had forgotten completely.

"Do you know,"—he spoke very slowly and very solemnly—"do you know of what I was thinking when you entered the room?"

"Of me, no doubt," she answered archly.

"I was thinking," Rixford replied, "I was thinking of throwing myself from this window."

She rushed forward and clutched his arm.

"Don't, Lawrence," she cried, "don't!"

He turned and looked at her, half pleased, half surprised at the intensity in her words. Like flashes the thoughts ran through his brain. Had he been wrong? Of all the rest, did this tinseled woman of a mimic world care? He scarcely knew what to think.

"That is," she went on, "that is—unless you are sure it is for the better and you feel that there is nothing more in life that you should live it. But"— her voice took on an added tensity—"if you must not be dissuaded, and sui-

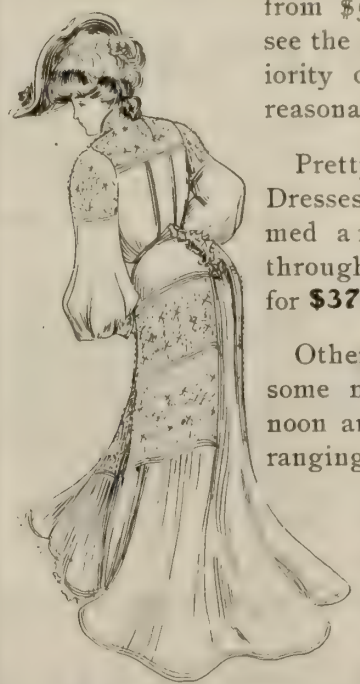
(Continued on Page 27—Second Column)

Evening Dresses Reduced

Naturally, at this season of the year, evening dresses are the subject of much discussion and thought in feminine minds. Many of the best dressers in California solve at The Emporium the perplexing problem of "What shall we wear."

At present our imported model gowns and wraps are being sold at about the cost of importation (in many cases much less). This affords an opportunity of purchasing Paris garments at prices you ordinarily pay for domestic makes.

Our gowns are the cleverest creations of the foremost European and American designers. From the least expensive Crepe de Chine costume at $37.50 to one at $200 (recently reduced from $500), you readily see the prevailing superiority of style and the reasonableness of prices.



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The Emporium
CALIFORNIA'S LARGEST
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Fads and Fancies

New York, November 14, 1903.

My dear Belle,

Lend me your ear. This is to be the liveliest season ever, in New York, and I am already in the vortex of the mad whirl. I hate to tell you about it because I know it will make you feel bad. Dear old mamma has urged me to bear in mind the golden rule of moderation. As if moderation were not the very last thing to be popular in these giddy days. The betwixt and between people are always ineffably dull. To be sure, I was at the birth of the new Duchess. It was a great crush and the polloi behaved like wild beasts. The interior of the church looked like fairyland. Hundreds of growing palms and shrubs lined the walls, the pulpit was a mass of orchids and asparagus vines and the altar was massed with white lilies. Heavy ropes of white roses, tied with knots of broad white satin ribbon, were garlanded on the chancel railing and choir stalls. From the tops of the stone columns baskets of growing English promroses hung. The bride's white satin gown was covered with tulle and chiffon, as well as point d'Alencon, and fully trimmed with lace.

By the way, the New York men of fashion are trying what they call the new English walk, in imitation of his Grace of Roxburghe. He walks with his aristocratic head thrust forward, and so of course he has imitators. A defect in people of exalted station is regarded as a grace by their social inferiors.

The latest dictum of the photographers is that if people want pleasing, natural portraits of themselves, they would do well to wear their old and comfortable clothes, instead of coming dressed out in all their newest, smartest and tightest-fitting finery, in which they are obviously uncomfortable and ill-at-ease. Who is not familiar with the vain smirk born of the consciousness of the new and elaborate gown? Who does not admire the careless, artictic, graceful and—of course—*perfectly natural* way in which the evening cloak or wrap or lace scarf is thrown back to show to best advantage the fair sitter's pretty neck and shapely bust, or finely moulded arm?

The women here look stunning in tailored gowns. All seem to have long coats, plain sleeves and small, flat collars. The skirts of these are walking length nearly always, though there are some dreams, with amazing trains, but the latter are mostly worn when one goes in a carriage. Who doesn't here, though?

I saw Mrs. George Gould in a black doe-skin made walking length, with a coat perfectly plain, coming to within six or eight inches of the hem. It was very becoming to her extremely matronly figure. One does see innumerable Etons on smart people, too. Mrs. Ogden Mills and Miss Beatrice have gowns of this style made wonderfully alike, only the mater's are more elaborate. Hats are just medium size, mostly close at the back, but all have some crown. You must get one or two turned or rolled up at one side with a splashing plume.

For coats to go with costumes for "dress up occasions" they have three-quarter skirts, too, but these are attached at the waistline. With these, immense turned back cuffs and lace ruffles must be worn, not to omit the lovely fluffy jabots from neck to waist in front. Then, with light-colored gowns even for street wear, you must have hose to match. How tastes change! A few years ago, a woman in light-colored hose, black shoes and a hat (with, of course, a dress and other accessories) looked *too* funny, we thought.

For evening frocks, I need not tell you about the tight sleeves with elbow "fixings" reaching even to the knees, for even tardy San Francisco was wearing them when I left, in September. Mustard yellow is a fad, appearing in velvet, satin, crepe de chine voile, etc. Champagne and oyster white are with us still, and red in sudden splashes on frocks and coats especially, is very stunning.

As for furs—oh! they are glorious. Everything is flat over the shoulders, with stoles and long cords to hold the sides tighter. Chinchilla with baby lamb and moleskin with ermine are stylish combinations. I don't think San Francisco is ever so late about styles in furs as in other things, strange to say, for we need them so little. But have the fur scarfs appeared yet? They end, either broad or narrow, at the breast or the waist, shoulder length, and are either merely crossed chastely or brought together something along four-in-hand lines. Flat pocket-books are of course *de rigeuer* and fans look as if made for big dolls. O, yes! shoes. After inveighing for decades against high heels, shoemakers and doctors are at last yielding to the needs of the arched foot which is wretched and clumsy in a flat heel, so the lucky arch-instepped lady may now put her foot into heavy as need be, thick-soled walking shoes with nice, comfortable Cuban heels, and look just as consistent in her tailored gown as her flat-heeled, long-vamped sister. It all depends on the foot if the shoe fits it.

We've been to ever so many luncheons, dinners and things. In homes, affairs seem to run to few courses long drawn out—an English innovation where the health and beauty fad has invaded the society dinner and ordered the aspirant to munch, not chew. The bunched floral centrepieces seem to have vanished for dinners and low vases here and there, with a blossom or two, or dwarfed growing plants occasionally, are substituted. The background is a handsomely embroidered "runner," giving the key to the general color scheme. On round tables (which I believe are coming in for even tremendous dinner-parties) centrepieces seem to be used yet with tulle, usually over the "dinner color"-silk surrounding it. You must "squash" the tulle in here and there and drop on a blossom or a piece of fern. Nasturtium, trailing vines with vigorous little blooms look lovely this crisp weather. If you can get any autumn leaves try some for a change without a flower in view—just fruit. Of course you know that all shades now for candles, or table-lights of any description, must be trimmed with beaded fringes, at least four inches long.

Sherry's, Delmonico's, the Holland House, the Marie Antoinette, the Waldorf, all those places and lots of others are just as sumptuous as ever. When, oh, when will they, however, provide good music with the rest of the luxuries and when, alas! when shall San Francisco restaurants have cloak-rooms for our dainty maids and matrons, that their wraps and those of their escorts may not add to the stuffiness of the dining-halls? As to the matter of cafes and hotel dining-rooms, don't you think San Francisco is really little New York? Only,—whisper it not in Gath—our restaurateurs never bother about floral decorations, which is almost absurd in a land where flowers are almost as free as the air. I have to laugh at their funny flowers here, even at the swellest florists' shops. But good-night.

Sincerely,

Francesca.

An Episode

(Continued from Page 26)

cide"—she shuddered a little at the word—"is all that is left, let your last act be a noble one. Leave a note saying that it was hopeless love for me that drove you to it. Think!" she fairly cried in her enthusiasm, "think what a glorious advertisement that will be for me!"

Were it not for her ready support he must needs have fallen to the floor; but he flung her from him and fairly staggered to his desk. Without the hesitation of a moment he pulled a drawer and snatched from within—a little vial labeled arsenic. Then he drained it at a gulp to take away the bad taste.

In Financial Circles

Consequent upon Eastern money rates stiffening, the transactions in Bonds during the week showed a falling off, while the volume of trading in shares shows quite an increase.

Trading in Bonds aggregates $45,000, and in stocks 3,903 shares, divided as follows: 1,611 shares Lighting stocks, 1,210 shares Water stocks, 327 shares Miscellaneous, stocks, 50 shares Bank stocks, 705 shares Sugar stocks. Fluctuations in S. F. Gas & Electric up to Wednesday were within a narrow margin and were largely influenced by rumors of dividends. Spring Valley Water stock made a new low record mark at $36, but quickly recovered to $39, at which figure the stock remains in good demand. California Wine Association and Alaska Packers' Association came in for a fair share in the decline, yet there was no particular selling pressure. A lot of 50 shares of Anglo-Californian Bank sold at $81, quite a concession from the previous price. Sugar stocks were inactive.

I see "The Stock & Bond Exchange" is issuing a supplemental list of "Unlisted Securities"; this is a good move as it adds quite a number of "dealable" stocks and bonds to the limited number heretofore dealt in.

—*The Financier.*

Iris off the Stage

An Autobiography, and a Woman's Defense of Pinero's Play.

By Virginia Harned Sothern.

You have asked me to write something of the days of my youth and also of my stage career. I was born in Boston but my parents left that city when I was a baby. My father and mother were natives of Virginia. Until I was about twelve years old I lived most of the time with my folks in Washington and Baltimore. When about fourteen years of age I was sent to England, and I attended school there and on the continent. After having spent four or five years at some of the best institutions of learning in Europe I returned to the United States and shortly thereafter had my first experience on the stage. My chief reason for entering the dramatic profession was to make, if possible, my own way in the world. I was desirous of occupying an independent position; therefore I chose the stage, believing it afforded the best means for earning a livelihood—one that brought better returns than any other avocation a young woman might engage in. I did not know that I had any dramatic talent and the only way to find out was to become one of the bread-winners in the profession. I had no particular theories as to how the stage might be improved or anything of that kind. In fact, I may as well say that I entertained no thoughts upon this subject. The stage was a fixed institution and I had no part in its creation. If I possessed talent, which must of course be developed, well and good—if not, I could retire and devote my attention to something else. Or I might have married, and thus been relieved of the burden of making my own way in the world. What success I have made in my profession is, I think, fairly well known and understood by a large percentage of the theatre-going people of this country. My first engagement was with a company playing Robson and Crane's old success, "Our Boarding House." My next engagement was that of leading lady with George Clarke of the Augustin Daly company playing "The Corsican Brothers" and "False Shame." This was my first and only financial disaster—that is, the plays were not successes as presented by Mr. Clarke's company. For two years I played throughout the South and West, the leading female part in "A Night Off," which role had been made famous by Ada Rehan. I also played with Harry Lacy in "The Still Alarm." My first New York engagement followed in Sedley Brown's "A Long Lane," after which I joined Louis Aldrich's company, playing the comedy part of Florence Featherly in "The Editor." While in this company I was engaged by Daniel Frohman as leading lady for Edward H. Sothern. My first character with Mr. Sothern was that of Clara Baxter in "The Maister of Woodbarrow." I also appeared with Mr. Sothern in "Lord Chumley," "The Dancing Girl," and "Captain Letterblair," playing the leading female parts. Leaving Daniel Frohman's management, I joined A. M. Palmer's stock company, then presenting "Lady Windermere's Fan." I believe I was the first to play the leading role in that play in the United States. I afterward acted such roles as Letty Fletcher in "Saints and Sinners" and Mrs. Sylvester in "The New Woman." It was following this that I originated the part of Trilby and soon again rejoined Mr. Sothern's company and played with him for a few seasons. In 1896 Mr. Sothern and I were married. I have frequently played with him since our marriage in his productions. Two years ago, I made my debut as a star under the management of Charles Frohman in "Alice of Old Vincennes," a dramatization of the novel of that name written by the late Maurice Thompson of Crawfordsville, Indiana, a fellow townsman of General Lew Wallace. A year ago last September I originated Iris Bellamy in Arthur Wing Pinero's play, "Iris." I am now on my second tour in this play, still under the management of Charles Frohman. At the termination of my present tour, I will appear at the Criterion theatre in New York, under the management of Mr. Frohman, presenting a new play, "The Light that Lies in Woman's Eyes," written by my husband, Mr. Sothern. This play was given its premier at the Columbia theatre, Washington, D. C., in September last, where it met with most pronounced approval. It was produced at that time so that Mr. Sothern could be present and direct the rehearsals. The scenes of this play are located at Stratford-on-Avon, the home of William Shakespeare, one of the scenes showing the interior of Anne Hathaway's cottage, where the immortal bard wooed and won the buxom Anne. I need not say that I will not regret when my time comes to appear in another play. The character of Iris Bellamy seems to me to be so generally misunderstood that it makes it unpleasant to appear in this role. Mr. Pinero has never written an uninteresting play. He is, without doubt, the one great master of his art now living. He seems to possess an understanding of human nature so far in advance of those who decry his plays, that comparisons are useless. To say that Iris Bellamy is unnatural is to set oneself down as being densely ignorant of existing conditions. The play "Iris" is in my opinion as true to life as if it were a newspaper report of individuals bearing the names of Iris, Trenwith, Maldonado, etc. The characters are all products of a vicious conventionalism that is quite generally known to exist. Contrary to the general run of plays, the author does not cater to public sentiment by having everything "turn out well." He is dealing with living types to be found in Europe and America, and he tells the truth to the very last line of the play. It is a bit amusing to read many of the attacks made upon Mr. Pinero for his alleged immorality in "Iris" and to find in the adjoining column of the same newspaper the nauseating details of the divorce court. I am not defending Iris Bellamy in her weakness, but to take the position that the author of the play goes to extremes in the creation of his principal characters, is not in accordance with the facts. As unpleasant as the character of Iris Bellamy may be to the average auditor, Mr. Pinero has unquestionably held aloft the true mirror of nature. I do not believe that it is possible to fully comprehend all the motives of the author by seeing "Iris" only once. It is a play that not only bears study, but seems to demand it to understand its full import. Take as an illustration, the signing of the first cheque by Mrs. Bellamy, in the cheque-book given her by Maldonado. She has been used to signing cheques all her life and the mere thought that this fatal cheque is out of the ordinary does not occur to her. The spirit in which she gives this particular cheque, to help out a deserving

young woman, of itself should convey to an intelligent mind that it is but the result of her generous nature and heart-felt feeling for the young woman who has lost her money through the dishonesty of the defaulting trustee of her own estate. If she loved money alone for selfish reasons, she certainly would not have drawn this first cheque to be used by another person, but would have declined to render this solicited aid and would have used Maldonado's cheque-book and his money with which to meet her own demands. I fear Mr. Pinero will have to labor very earnestly to make the general public fully understand all of his methods, not that they are intricate or unnatural, but because he is one of the most profound thinkers now engaged in directing his talents in the channels of stage-craft.

The Stage

The Eternal Sex Problem

What a pharisaical lot we are becoming! Fully aware of the fact that Arthur Wing Pinero, the most brilliant of the English-writing dramatists, is addicted to the pastime of holding a mirror up to the social life of people of atrophied morals, we go to the theatre and throw up our hands in holy horror at the dramatic exposition of the character and mental processes of a woman, weak and wanton, who declined to be poor, and who couldn't refuse to use a man's cheque-book. We regard the play as a deliberate affront to our sense of decency, a gauntlet hurled in the faces of the virtuous by a man distinguished as a dramatist for his technical mastery, his profound, unerring knowledge of human nature. Stories of women who have loved, fallen and suffered have been plentiful, and we have seen worse women than Iris Bellamy on the stage, and also in real life. It is absurd to argue that she is an exaggeration or a libel on her sex. Do we not see women marrying for money every day? Are they not worse than Iris Bellamy, who refused to make a sacrilege of the marriage ceremony? If the creation of character is the *summum bonum* of the dramatist's art, why scruple at Iris Bellamy? Whether you like them or not, Pinero's stage puppets are vital men and women. You don't have to approve their morals to appreciate the art that made them instinct with life. As a dissector of women's minds and a student of tortuous mental processes, Pinero stands pre-eminent among contemporaneous playwrights. His only peer is Ibsen. The shortcomings of his heroes and heroines should not concern the critic searching after the larger meanings. "Iris" is a painful play. So is the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles. The bold intimacy of the play is horrible, but it makes you think and having thought you are not in danger of contamination, even though the playwright plainly puts up a defense for the inconstant woman. Iris is a gay young widow in love with Lawrence Trenwith. He is penniless, and she is a bright bird of plumage who requires much expensive sunshine. Her marriage with Trenwith would, by a provision of her husband's will, take away her comfortable fortune. So she refrains from marrying him and accepts him as her lover. Thus does the playwright present an argument against the wills of selfish men in restraint of marriage. The trustee of her estate swindles her out of her fortune and she is left penniless. Trenwith goes away to foreign parts to make a fortune, and it is understood that upon his return they are to be married. Meanwhile she is pursued by a cunning, crafty, unscrupulous and wealthy chap, one Maldonado, who wishes to possess her. He takes advantage of her poverty and leaves his cheque-book within her reach after having given her *carte blanche* to draw against his account. Now, up to this stage of the proceedings, Iris Bellamy was not a very bad woman. True, she was not virtuous, but she was at least satisfied with one lover, whom she would have married had she not been reluctant to surrender her fortune. It is destructive of one's ideals to have one's sympathy aroused for a sordid woman; but in this twentieth century how rarely do we meet women whose love of Mammon is not stronger than sentiment! Ridiculous? Not at all. Shocking? Yes, but true. It is well to cherish ideals but hypocritical to affect a faith that has little justification. It is not the woman but the man in "Iris" that should excite aversion—this Maldonado who deliberately sets the tempting snare, his purpose being the gratification of his lust. Iris did not jump at the bait. It was the charity in her heart that led her into the brute's power. Her first cheque was drawn to contribute to the relief of a poor woman who had been despoiled by the same man who had wrecked the Bellamy fortune. Even after that she fought against the machinations of the tempter, until, reduced to dire distress, he thrust the key of his sumptuous flat into her hands. Later on Trenwith returns, discovers that Iris is the mistress of Maldonado, and declines to forgive her. It is the way of the world; men exact a degree of constancy that they themselves are incapable of. Maldonado learns of the visit of Trenwith, and in his rage drives his mistress into the street, after which he becomes one of the busiest home destroyers that I have ever seen. He is a man with a temper, and as the curtain goes down he is doing a rough-house stunt, smashing the furniture, and yelling like a savage. It is a powerful portrayal of a vulgarian's passion. The physical evidence of his anger is appalling. "Iris" is a new message in the eternal sex problem, and it is the most brutal one that was ever dramatized. This penchant of Pinero's for exposing human souls is irritating. His choice of material is unfortunate. I should prefer legitimate comedy-drama, but if we must have life's tragedies portrayed upon the stage, it is absurd to protest against the plays of Pinero. He appeals to the tastes of people who have lived, and he does so in a way that offends the squeamish, but there is nothing in "Iris" to promote demoralization. The woman who has sinned is a woman with a conscience who suffers mental torture while drifting to the "greater death." She does not inspire any one with the desire of emulation. The theme is handled with rare artistry, and is more calculated to produce shudders than tears. Virginia Harned's portrayal of Iris Bellamy is convincing. Her work is indicative of the highest quality of temperament. There are no distracting flaws in her art excepting perhaps a tendency to discordant tones. Henry Jewett looks the part of the lustful villain of Hebraic-Spanish extraction, and realistically accentuates the ferocity of the vulgarian. William Courtenay is a handsome and graceful Trenwith, and quite an effective lover. The affectation of the English accent is quite general in this company, and as a consequence the enunciation of some of the mummers is indistinct.

Pinero's "Letty"

Pinero's latest play, on which he has been absorbed ever since he wrote "Iris," two years ago, is "Letty." His genius for vivid characterization is shown in this play, and it is a marvel of workmanship, but the plot is a trifle commonplace. The master dramatist delights in the technique of his craft, and prides himself on creating a great play out of a meagre plot. Letty is a typist in a London bucket shop who falls in love with Nevill Letchmere, gentleman. Letchmere is a gallant but a fairly honorable one, though he comes from a family of dissolutes. He has a sister married to a brute to whom she is true, though she has flirted with the "other man." Letchmere first contemplated an intrigue with Letty, but when he found that she was pure and of a refined nature he fell in love with her. She had half starved herself and run recklessly into debt that she might have gowns in which to accompany him to harmless suppers without causing him to be ashamed of her, but he was a married man and she didn't know it. This is the foundation dexterously developed. When he tells her that he is married, and advises her to marry the bucket-shop keeper, a bounder who is in love with her, she says "Never!" "Well," says Letchmere, "you know where my rooms are. I'll cherish you." "Never!" says poor little Letty, and broken-hearted and in desperation she accepts the bounder. Act third takes place the evening of the same day in a private supper-room of a fashionable restaurant, where Letchmere's beloved sister is saying good-bye forever to the "other man," and has begged her indulgent brother to stay by and keep her from faltering. As the trio leaves, enter Letty and her betrothed, accompanied by friends, the guests of the bounder. The latter begs Letchmere to stay and drink a toast to the bride to be. He consents for love of Letty, leaving his sister and her lover to finish their good-bye alone. In a short time he is offended by the disgusting manners of the host. Letty is humiliated and in torture. "You can't marry such a brute," whispers Letchmere "No, I can't," moans Letty. "You've lost your place at the shop. You're

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ill and hopelessly in debt. I love you—come with me." She consents and the next act takes place at midnight of the same evening, in Letchmere's apartments where Letty is about to surrender herself, when news comes to Letchmere that his sister has eloped with the "other man." Letchmere forgets Letty in his wrath and grief, and in soliloquy he paints in dark colors his sister's future, in a manner that awakens Letty to a realization of the fact that the same fate awaits her. She begs him to let her go and he leads her forth. She returns in a burst of weakness, and again he leads her forth, though it is a struggle for him to do so. That is all. The prologue, which takes place two years later, is tedious. Letty is married to a funny little photographer, and Letchmere is on his way to a consumptive's grave.



GRACE GOODALL.

A very beautiful girl is the native daughter who has adopted the stage name of Grace Goodall, and who has given much promise at the Alcazar, in such roles as Madame Dufresne in "Zaza," and the ingenuous country maiden, Emma Green, in this week's farce, "The Club's Baby." In private life she is Miss Susan Schultz, and she is the daughter of Mrs. Aristeene Schultz, a choir singer well known in this city and Oakland.

The Envy of the Stage

That was a genuine heart-to-heart interview that Georgie O'Ramey of Fischer's had with Ashton Stevens the other day. It was a revelation to many people of what goes on behind the scenes; of the petty jealousies that afflict the profession, the selfishness, conceit and arrogance that are engendered among those whose business it is to win popular applause, the unmanliness of the men, and the cold and unsympathetic nature of the women. The artist that wins unexpected success invariably incurs the disfavor of all or nearly all the other members of the company. Even stars frown when humble members of the company score a pronounced hit, and it is not unusual for the star to demand the elimination of the song, or speech or hit of business by which the triumph was won. That is one of the worst evils of the star system. It robs many a performance of much that would delight an audience. There are star comedians in comic opera and musical comedy that insist upon occupying a position nearer the footlights, at all times, than any other person, so that they may hold the attention of the audience, by mugging or in some other way, even when others are doing the talking or singing. There are star comedians who at the close of a song that is bound to be encored, insist upon the company's coming out with the recall so that they will be driven back by the applause and thereby testify to the popularity of him whose return has been demanded by the audience. Strange to say, it is the male and not the female mummer whose conceit and selfishness are the most offensive in the profession. The jealous actress is unkind and uncharitable to her own sex, but she does not differ much from most most envious and intriguing women. The envy of the actor asserts itself even in his attitude towards the women of the profession. There is very little of that delicious virtue, gallantry, behind the scenes. In his greed of applause the actor does not differentiate sex. In a local stock company some years ago, an actor who is the pet of club circles was in a musical comedy in which he appeared in a duet with the soubrette, and in which he had all the business. One night the soubrette had an inspiration, and she proceeded to invent a little business that made a tremendous hit. The comedian thought that he was making the hit until he caught sight of the soubrette and then he sulked. At the conclusion of the song he turned his back to the audience and waited until the applause ceased. Later on he complained to the management, and the soubrette was required to cut out her business. When Miss O'Ramey has had more experience in the profession she will find that the coldness of the atmosphere at Fischer's is not unusual. Jealousy is part of the artistic temperament. Last season Julia Marlowe disbanded her company because Frank Worthing was getting too much applause. Every season companies are wrecked by reason of the aggressiveness of the green-eyed monster. But the truth is seldom told. There are not many Georgie O'Rameys in the profession with the courage of their convictions. Illustrations of disgusting envy are of daily occurrence, and if the public were vouchsafed more of them many idols would be shattered. In most instances the managers of theatrical companies are responsible for the dissensions behind the scenes and the injustice that is practiced. The actor or actress that appears to have made a hit dictates to the manager, whose judgment as to the value of talent is not always sound. Augustin Dalys are few and far between. It is the exceptional manager who realizes that judicial boosting, clever stage management and actor-proof parts have much to do with the triumph of mummers.

Farce at the Alcazar

It is an object lesson to fathers to see the way the men in the cast of "The Club's Baby" at the Alcazar handle the child that gives the farce its title. James Durkin handles it as though he were used to handling babies, but the other men are not so successful. They grab the poor infant as a man usually does, with its clothes all bunched about its neck. "The Club's Baby" is amusing from A to Z. There's not a single instant when the audience is not laughing. Farces in which babies figure always serve to draw laughs. I remember one given many years ago at the Bush street theatre, with Charles Bowser and Will Rising as the stars. It was rather a risque thing, and the town was not quite sure whether it ought to go, but the house was packed every night. People scarcely dared say they had seen the play, for it was considered so naughty. Nowadays, they'd go and probably take their children, for we look at such things differently now. Every one in the cast of the Alcazar farce contributes his or her mite to the general perfection of finish, which is what gives these frothy dramatic trifles their hold on the public. It is a long cast, too, much more extensive than is usually allotted to the interpretation of a farce. Miss Block looks her handsomest, and makes a fetching willieboy. But Miss Starr is even better in

her boy's clothes and is as natural as if she were accustomed to wear the masculine garments every day of her life. Walter Belasco as Major Plunkett does a fine bit of character work.

A Coincidence

The late Sol Smith Russell, and E. D. Price, now general manager of the Belasco and Mayer enterprises, were warm personal friends from boyhood. Upon the night that Russell gave his opening performance of Edward E. Kidder's "A Poor Relation" at Daly's theatre, New York, he was in a state of nervous apprehension almost bordering upon a break-down, and Price spent the evening in his dressing-room cheering him up between acts. It is a curious coincidence that the play, which yielded the quaint comedian a fortune, is now to have its first stock representation at the Alcazar, which is under Price's immediate direction

Another Tivoli Triumph

Leoncavallo's "Zaza" was sung for the first time in the United States on last Tuesday evening at the Tivoli. It was one of the most ambitious and successful productions that the management has yet given us, and was another reminder of what the Eddy street opera house has done for the musical education of the city. The season which is nearly ended goes out with a flourish, and will be memorable on account of its brilliant production of the new opera. It showed what the Tivoli can do when it is put on its mettle. Every one, including the principals, Steindorff and the orchestra, was unfamiliar with the opera, so that the excellence of the production was quite remarkable. The music of "Zaza" is not very heavy. Indeed in the first act and many times during the opera it is exceedingly light. It contains many exquisite lyrics, especially those that fall to the baritone. Much of it was very reminiscent of "Pagliacci," "Boheme" and even Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." The sparkling music of the first act brings the second act of "Pagliacci" at once to mind, and during the second act the orchestration is very similar to Nedda's beautiful bird song in the same opera. The book of the opera is enough like the drama to make every part of it perfectly understandable without a knowledge of Italian. The omission of the last act, that Belasco tacked on his version, makes the book infinitely more artistic. De Spada as Zaza did the best dramatic work she has done this season. She was particularly good in the last act with Dufresne. Gregoretti, although too loverlike for Cascar, acted with discretion and sang superbly. A solo in the first act and the duet with Zaza in the fourth act had to be repeated twice before the audience would let him go. Ischierdo as Dufresne did creditable work but took his high notes very badly. Marchesini as Zaza's mother was mildly amusing, but her loud dressing was a little overdone. Dado, Miss Barker, Napoleoni and Cortesi all did well with the parts allotted to them. An amusing thing about the costuming of the play was that Miss Barker, who had the role of Zaza's stage rival, was dressed so that she looked startlingly like Mrs. Leslie Carter in the part—red hair and all. When she entered in the first act every one thought that she was De Spada and began to applaud. De Spada's dressing was very sub-



MR. ANDREW BOGART,
Baritone,

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dued so that she seemed more like Violette in "Traviata" than the Zaza that we are familiar with.

A Record-Breaker

"Ben Hur" has broken all records at the Grand. It is having a phenomenal run considering the prices, and I hear that the success of the production is so much greater than was expected, that New York managers who have heard the news are now thinking of booking attractions for this coast, that they heretofore regarded as too expensive. There are very few cities in the country, outside of New York, in which "Ben Hur" or any other production could draw four consecutive weeks at the prices charged at the Grand, and to the extent to which the great spectacular play has drawn. The receipts for one of the performances at the Mission street play-house were larger than those of any previous single performance of the play. To the credit of the management be it said, the public has received fair play from the beginning of the engagement, notwithstanding the strenuosity of the scalpers.

At the Orpheum

"A Stand-Off," in which appear the old Alcazar favorites, Wright Huntington and Florida Kingsley, assisted by Alex Keamey, is one of the prettiest playlets that the Orpheum patrons have been offered in a long time. The bill this week is a particularly good one. Sara and Bella-Rosa are remarkably agile and strong jugglers and the Zolars are daring and dashing equilibrists. The Brittons, who are not new here, have added some novel steps to their remembered buck and wing stunt. Albert Bellman and Lottie Moore are an exceptionally talented team and have scored quite a hit. The catchy dialogue and songs of Warren and Blanchard lend variety to a fine program.

Ellery's Royal Italian Band Returns

The Royal Italian Band, increased by five new soloists, including a remarkable flutist, will return to the Alhambra for another short season opening Sunday night, December sixth, and continuing until Sunday night the thirteenth inclusive. Matinees will be given Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday. During this engagement an entirely new repertoire will be given and special nights such as Wagner, French composers and Italian operatic will be given. Saturday night, December twelfth, will be a popular "rag time" smoker on the lines of the famous London smoking concerts, where one can enjoy good, jolly music and the fragrant weed at the same time. Popular prices will prevail during this engagement, the reserved seats being seventy-five cents and fifty cents, with box seats at one dollar.

A feature of "I-O-U," which will be Fischer's next attraction, is the music, every number of which, from the opening overture on, has been composed by Dr. H. J. Stewart. Seats are now on sale for the first fortnight of the engagement. The Press Club's annual benefit entertainment, on December fifteenth, at Fischer's, will be an event of considerable importance. The program will be an exceptional one, comprising, in addition to the regular play, features gotten up expressly by the brightest members of the club.

A Nervy Heroine

When Alexy, the Siberian guide and hunter of the "Under the Polar Star" cast, made his entrance at the Central Tuesday night, the audience in general thought he was a real sure-enough Indian of the Far North, one of the outfit that is on its way to the St. Louis Exposition. It took some little time to persuade them that Alexy was not a genuine Siberian, but only Ernest Howell in disguise. This is one of the best parts Mr. Howell has had in the way of distinctive character, and he draws it with lifelike lines. He has all the strong situations, and he makes much of them. "Under the Polar Star" runs more to scenery than to dialogue, and the scenic artist deserves the major portion of applause. There's one scene where the aurora borealis appears, and another where an iceberg breaks up after drifting across the Pole. The iceberg is a triumph of scenic art. Mayall has the usual hero's part and Shumer is the villain, but he is not so villainous as usual. His part is more mildly sketched than those in which he has formerly appeared. Miss Lawton, the heroine, has one thrilling scene where, blinded and helpless, she crawls up an icy gangplank to rescue Mayall and Howell—Dr. Carleton and Alexy—who, in fetters, are awaiting a horrible death by fire. It is a sensational instant, and Miss Lawton certainly earns thrice her salary in surmounting its difficulties. I doubt if Barney Oldfield's wonderful automobile feat at Ingleside required more nerve.

Tyndall's Marvelous Psychic Powers

Those who witnessed the demonstrations of thought-transference at Dr. Alex. J. Melvor-Tyndall's lecture last Sunday night marveled at the ease and alacrity with which the thought-reader performed the most difficult feats in thought perception. Names, numbers, words, existent only in the minds of the audience or the committee selected, were accurately and almost instantly received by the telepathist. These experiments, while not as amusing as some of the others, are extremely convincing and of immense scientific value in proving the theory held by Tyndall, that thought has force and power similar to electricity. Tomorrow night Tyndall will talk on "Thought-transference and Telepathy," explaining the distinction between the two, and giving directions for the cultivation of both phases of psychic power. The lecture will be illustrated by further experiments in the power of thought. Tyndall expects to close his engagements here shortly before Christmas. On Sunday evening, November twenty-ninth, he will talk on "The Law of Harmony."

A production in German of Blumenthal and Kadelburg's comedy, "Im Weissen Roessel" is promised for the evening of Sunday, November twenty-ninth, at the Columbia. The presentation will be in the hands of Alameda's Lustspiel Ensemble, a group of amateur players. The cast will include some of the best known German players in California.

Jean Logan's "Dance of Judith" at the Episcopal Doll Fete last week was a beautiful and novel *pas seul*. It was full of grace and color. Miss Logan designs her own dances, and some of them are decidedly unique.

William Lamp, formerly of the Alcazar stock, comes with the special company to appear in "Way Down East," at the Columbia. Lamp plays the part of the villain in the drama.

Lulu Glazer in "Dolly Varden" and Clara Bloodgood in "The Girl with the Green Eyes," also Langtry, are prospective Columbia futures.

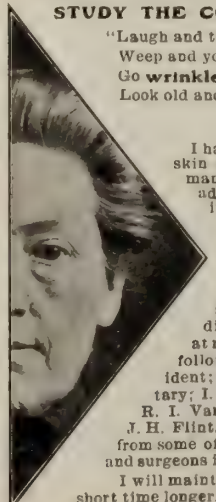
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—M. ELLA HARRIS



I have been a chemist and skin specialist for a great many years, having been admitted to practice in the State of California in the year 1891. Signatures of the members of the board of examiners, which stand upon my diplomas, can be seen at my office, and are as follows: S. H. Melvin, President; John W. Dawson, Secretary; I. W. Wood; W. M. Searby; R. I. Van Voorhies; H. G. Finger; J. H. Flint. Letters can also be seen from some of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in this State.

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To a False Friend

O Friend, I gave you a kingly feast for stones—
Your gift. All that I had I gave, of wine!
The drink you poured into my cup was brine;
The feast you set before me was of bones!

On scales your silver did I match with gold;
My warm appraise you met with icy sneer!
Good-bye,—our friendship's past. Have you a tear
To shed, because our love is dead and cold?

C. W. Doyle.

A Crowd on Grant Avenue

It is an old saying that "Nothing succeeds like success," and R. D. Davis has it in plenty. His firm has taken a lease on the adjoining store in Geary street, also McDonnell's drug-store in Grant avenue, which he occupied for sixteen years. They have also a lease on the entire building beginning about the first of the year. The premises of four neighbors absorbed into his own in four years is R. D. Davis's record thus far—one store annexed each year. He seems to be beating even John Bull's record for annexation, and one hears it whispered among the anxious store-keepers in the neighborhood, "Whom is he going to take next?" R. D. Davis & Co. have now as complete a Ladies' "Style" store as is to be found in the West. "Standing room" has been at a premium at the new show windows at Geary street and Grant avenue all the week. There was good excuse for the gathering, for nothing so handsome as the design and the furniture of the new windows has ever been seen in San Francisco. One has seen many windows remodeled, but the verdict in this competition seems to be that the genial R. D. Davis wins. The motto of the firm, "Our aim, the best," ought to be blazoned on these windows. Viewed in the evening, brilliantly lighted, they looked not unlike a peep at a fashionable night in a theatre. If Mr. Davis keeps on in this way the Treatre Trust will be down on him for running a rival show without a license. Once or twice it really looked as though the police would have to take some steps to keep the crowd "moving on." All who know Mr. R. D. Davis will wish him abundant and continued success.

Time for Thanks

"I never get such mince-meat pie
As mother used to make!"
There came a twinkle in her eye
As thus his wifey spake:
"Since you recall your ma's fierce pies,
Which oft you fed upon,
Cheer up, since now you've mine to eat;
Thank heaven that she's gone."

—*The Epicure.*

Livorno's Popularity

In the few short weeks that Madame Livorno has been in San Francisco she has fully justified all that has been said and written about her in the different countries she has visited. Her palmistry delineations are marvelous indeed, and it is becoming quite the proper thing to have one's hand read by this "Queen of Chiromants," as a Paris paper very appropriately terms her. Since she moved from the California hotel to her apartments in Kearny street, over Hammersmith and Field's, she has been kept busy night and day; and as her fame spreads her clients become more numerous. She has been consulted by some very prominent San Franciscans, and one lady, who met her in London a couple of years ago, was pleasurably surprised to renew acquaintance in this far Western town. Livorno's personality is exceedingly magnetic and sympathetic, and after a short conversation with her one can quite understand how it is that her client speedily becomes her friend.

A Famous Champagne

The Americans are said to be over-fond of titles, but that is not the reason the *haut ton* has expressed its preference for Montebello champagne over all others. The famous Duc after whom the wine took its name has not a more irreproachable pedigree than Montebello champagne. Its perfections are apparent to everybody.

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Stage

(Continued from Page 32)

Eugene Cowles is a member of the Fritzi-Scheff comic opera company, also Josephine Bartlett, the old Bostonian stand-by. The opera is called "Babette" and it was tried on the dog in Washington, D. C. last week, opening at the Broadway, New York, on Monday of this week. The plot is laid in the time of the Spanish-Netherlands war, and the costumes are of the Louis XIV period. The first two acts show the chorus in fetching peasant costumes, and the last in court dress. A minuet is danced in this act. The chorus contains some stunning looking girls. One of them was understudy for Jessie Bartlett Davis with the Bostonians for two seasons. A San Francisco girl is in the chorus, Eliza Oldfield, who started her stage career in Nance O'Neil's company.

Features of Next Week's Bills

Annie Abbott, the "Little Georgia Magnet," will began a limited engagement at the Orpheum. She is possessed of some remarkable powers of animal magnetism and weighs but one hundred and ten pounds, but performs many feats that are the amazement of scientists. She does not assume to exert any physical force, either of resistance or pressure, yet ten men by their combined efforts are unable to lift her from the floor or to push her from a position which she assumes on the stage, while she, on her part, is able to lift a heavy man against the resisting force of ten men who try to hold down the support on which he sits. She will undoubtedly create a sensation here. The Armenis-Tito Quartet, imported direct from Europe by the Orpheum Circuit Company, will make their first appearance in America. Lovers of genuine minstrelsy will be regaled by Bryant and Saville. Searl and Violet Allen will also be new, presenting their laughable absurdity, "The Sign Painter." Wright Huntington will present his greatest success, "A Stolen Kiss." This week the Thursday matinees begin, making four afternoon performances every seven days—Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

"Ben Hur" will be at the Grand but one more week. There is scarcely a seat to be had for the closing performances, and it could easily draw another month.

"Iris" will have another week at the Columbia, "Way Down East" to follow.

"Rubes and Roses" still goes at Fischer's but seats for "I. O. U." are now on sale.

"A Poor Relation," which E. E. Kidder wrote for Sol Smith Russell and in which the latter scored one of his greatest successes, will be given for the first time at popular prices, by the Alcazar company. James Durkin will personate Noah Vale, the starving inventor; Adele Block will be the generous society belle; Frances Starr, the hoydenish "Scollops"; John B. Maher, Marmaduke O'Haley, the Irish janitor, and George Osbourne the millionaire. Two clever little ones appear as Rip and Patch, the children of the tenements for whom the poor relation undergoes additional self-deprivation, and who are so scantily equipped that he has to put them in a barrel while he mends their ragged clothing. An extra matinee will be given on Thanksgiving day. The next attraction will be the first San Francisco production of the romantic comedy, "A Royal Prisoner."

At the Central will be "Midnight in Chinatown," a play full of color and replete with humorous incidents as well as sensational situations. The plot starts with a mysterious robbery and murder at the Bonanza mine, and the solution of the mystery furnishes the chief motive for the balance of the play. "Midnight in Chinatown" is just the kind of melodrama to keep an audience keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement for several acts.

At the Chutes will be Charles Carberry and Pearl Stanton, rural sketch artists, in "The Two Country Kids," and little Helene will also be new. Marsh and Sartolla will change their refined songs and dances, John Rossley and Marie Rostelle will continue "A Widow's Courtship" and the Volkyras will vary their gymnastic and hand balancing act. Mabel Lamson, the popular contralto, will be heard in new illustrated songs.

—*The Playgoer.*

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Matinees Every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

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Reserved Seats, 25c: Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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Monday, November 22nd — Last Week — Last Six Nights

Matinees Wednesday & Saturday. Special Matinee Thanksgiving Day

Klaw and Erlanger's Stupendous Production of General Wallace's

"BEN HUR"

Dramatized by William Young — Music by Edgar Stillman Kelly

Positively last performance of "Ben Hur," Saturday Evening, Nov. 28th

ALCAZAR THEATRE — Phone "ALCAZAR" Belasco and Mayer Proprietors E. D. Price, Gen. Mgr.

Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Extra Matinee Thanksgiving Day

Week commencing Monday Evening next, November 23rd

Sol. Smith Russell's Greatest Success

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First Representation in Stock

Evening, 25c to 75c — Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 15c to 50c

Monday, Nov. 30th—First time in this city, "A Royal Prisoner"

The Picturesque Romantic Comedy

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER — Matinee Saturday Only

Monday Evening, Nov 23rd, Second and Last Week

Matinees Thanksgiving Day and Saturday — Charles Frohman presents

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Matinee on Thanksgiving Day

Monday, Nov. 30th—A musical comedy sensation, "I—O—U"

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Week Starting Monday, Nov. 23rd — Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Special Matinee Thanksgiving Day

The Melodramatic Comedy

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Week of Nov. 30th—"The Counterfeiters"



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In Meditation

Though all else fade yet may I always keep
The memory of yesterday; that time
When words were said that made the pulses leap
And good was killed and evil set a-chime,
And every impulse that was virtue-fed
Lay prone. 'Twas then I hid the wound from which hope bled,
And made no outward sign when it was dead.

But I've remembered. 'Twixt my God and me
There lives a prayer, a fervid, earnest prayer,
That reaches down through all infinity
And rests where lesser pleas would fear to dare.
When He shall give His ultimate decree,
What will we do, my soul, when He shall say to me,
"This day I give to thee thine enemy."

November, 1903. MABEL PORTER PITTS.

A Problem Dialogue

"I have read," she remarked just as the *cafe noir* was brought in, "that under the empire of passion even the best hearts become in turn victims and torturers, and that passion once spent, they return to their better selves."

"Perhaps," he said, "but then I believe that sin has a chastening effect."

"I have heard so, too," she said, "but I have read that it is vain to beat against the barriers of the social law. People will talk, you know. By the way, do you think it is better to be sinned against than sinning?"

"I never had the opportunity to judge. I've been a sinner all my life, and I never really knew when I was being sinned against."

"Well, tell me candidly, do you think the game is worth the candle?"

"It all depends, my dear, on the quality of the candle."

"You equivocate."

"Not intentionally. The only game that ever I feel sure about is the one in which I lose more than I can afford."

"Do you think a woman can afford to lose the esteem of her friends?"

"Yes, of most friends, because it is not worth having."

"Have you ever heard that time dulls all sorrows except the remorse of the conscience-stricken?"

"I've heard something like that before. But a stricken conscience doesn't always superinduce remorse. It depends on how seriously the conscience has been seared."

"But when a woman sacrifices, through passion, the most priceless of the gems in nature's diadem, does she not suffer remorse when she returns to her better self?"

"If you were a lawyer you wouldn't ask that question."

"Why?"

"Because, being a man, I cannot testify as an expert regarding a matter that exclusively concerns your sex. However, I might suggest that if we always calculated upon the remorse that was likely to follow what we were inclined to do, our cowardice would keep us in perpetual misery."

"But the world would be more virtuous."

"And the churches would have to go out of business."

"You wouldn't miss them."

"I think you regard me as hopelessly unregenerate."

"Don't be afraid, I didn't come to a private room in a French restaurant to begin the work of your salvation."

"Well, will you please tell me why did you come?"

"Curiosity impelled me. I've heard a great deal about these dinners *a deux*, and I thought I should like to see what they are like."

"Disappointed?"

"Indeed I am not; the *chef* is an artist, and you know I'm something of an epicure."

"So you only came to eat."

"And talk. I've heard that you were an interesting controversialist, and a good pleader—being a lawyer."

"Did you suppose I came here to argue a cause?"

"Yes. I thought you were presenting a case just before the black coffee. At any rate your manner was quite impassioned."

"Was my argument convincing?"

The waiter didn't catch her answer, but he took the tip—a generous one. —*The Riddler.*

THE PROPER PUNCH.

What would Thanksgiving be without a nice, warming punch in the evening, after the heavy dinner? But to assure the punch's being of the proper flavor be sure and make it of the American gentleman's drink, Hunter Baltimore Rye.

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MUSIC

[*Communications addressed to this department should be received not later than Wednesday noon.*]

A Plea for the Old Songs

The illustrated song still lingers in vaudeville, and I have no doubt that the most popular number on the Chutes bill is still Miss Lamson's exposition of song, with pictures thrown on the sheet. Miss Lamson has been at the Chutes for some weeks, and her stunt shows no signs of boring the patrons. She is not an artistic singer, her voice being the kind that one hears in London music-halls. It is chiefly valuable for its far-reaching quality, and the fact that she pronounces the words so that not even those in the far end of the gallery can fail to understand their significance. The songs, however, are not of any value either in words or music. They serve to explain the pictures thrown on the screen, and that is all. Yet there are songs of artistic value that could be used in this way, old songs that were favorites thirty years ago and would be novelties to this generation. There is one I recall beginning "As I rummaged through the attic, listening to the falling rain," which offers itself readily to illustration. Its stanzas give reminiscences of by-gone days, inspired by objects found in the old attic. Then there is that old song "Learning to Walk," and, as soldier ditties are still reigning favorites, the ballad about the officer, the golden-haired sweetheart and the knot of blue-ribbon which used to be warbled in smart drawing-rooms two decades ago. If an illustrated-song-exponent would take the trouble to root out some of these old ballads it would repay her time. "The Jockey Hat and Feather" and "The Captain" who "took a sly glance at me," that Mrs. Florence used to sing, and Sol Smith Russell's schoolgirl ditty about "They locked me in an upper room and took away the key" are among them.

The Briggs Recital

The recital of Mrs. Wallace Wheaton Briggs on Thursday evening last filled Century hall with an audience of music-lovers. Mrs. Briggs is the possessor of a large, warm, although somewhat uneven mezzo-soprano. Her opening number was a group of Elgar's "Sea Pictures," in the first of which, "The Swimmer,"she achieved a distinct success. This selection presents immense difficulties to the singer, and Mrs. Briggs could well have rested on her laurels. But the program called for two more of the "Sea Pictures," and after the effort of the first her voice showed signs of fatigue. She was quite restored, however, by the end of Mr. Friedhofer's number, and presented the aria and recitative from Tschaikowsky's "Joan of Arc" in fine style. This was on the whole her best number and its broad, dramatic style was well suited to her. Dr. Stewart's "California Night Song" went off well, Mr. Friedhofer playing the 'cello obligato. This piece ought to become a favorite. The words are by Homer Henley. The song was written especially for Mrs. Briggs and dedicated to her. The Arthur Foote group of songs was well rendered. Child verses and slumber songs are a fad of the hour, and every singer feels called upon to present a few of them whether they suit her style or not. Mrs. Briggs did not sing to advantage in her three selections. She was much better in "Die Bekehrte" by Max Stange, which she gave in response to a recall. Dr. Stewart accompanied throughout and Mr. Friedhofer was a delight, as always, on the 'cello, particularly so in the Andante and Finale of the Goltermann Concerto in A minor, played without notes.

Mr. Bogart's Recital

Society and the music cult are much interested in the recital which Andrew Bogart will give on Thursday evening, December

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third, in Maple hall. It is a long time since Mr. Bogart, who the critics have ever termed our best baritone singer, has appeared in concert here. During his absence in London and New York he has added to his repertory of songs, and his recital will be one of the most interesting events of the year. The program will include songs of the seventeenth century, "The Happy Lover," "Lacia li dir" and "Drinking Song"; four by Robert Schumann and songs by Clifford Page, John W. Metcalf, G. W. Chadwick and R. Huntington Woodman.

A New Tenor in Town

A new solo tenor has come to town, and his advent is certainly welcome. We need good tenors in San Francisco, for they are exceedingly rare here. Indeed, I doubt if we have more than two or three really good tenors here. Charles Hildesley is the new arrival's name. He is straight from London, where he sang in St. Andrew's church, Well street, and The Temple, Fleet street. He was a choir boy at St. Andrew's, under the late St. Joseph Barnby. He studied under Shakespeare, who was Mr. H. B. Pasmore's teacher when he was in London, Randegger and Sir Arthur Sullivan. He also sang in opera in D'Oyly Carte's company at the Savoy, and in other organizations. If Mr. Hildesley concludes to stay in San Francisco he will probably open a school of voice and opera.

At the piano recital given by Mr. Van Yorx last Saturday afternoon the pianist was assisted by Miss Daisy Cohn, the soprano of Temple Emanu-El. Miss Cohn sang Chaminade's "L'Ete," and the runs, trills and staccato measures were executed with wonderful ease and finish. Her second number was Denza's "May Morning" which was likewise rendered in a charming manner.

The annual fall exhibition is now open at the Hopkins Institute, and the regular musicales will be given next Wednesday and the following Thursday evenings, the programs under Henry Heyman's direction. At the members' reception on Thursday night the compositions rendered were by Mayor Schmitz and Arthur Johannsen of our city, Thomas, Bendix, Strauss, Puccini, Arnold, Mascheroni, Osborne, Englander, Waldteufel and Mills.

In Alameda

The Unitarian Club of Alameda celebrated its seventh anniversary on Wednesday night with a fine concert when the following program was rendered by Miss Daisy Cohn, soprano, Newell Vinson, tenor, Cantor E. J. Stark, baritone; string quartet, August Hinrichs, violin, Raymond Bone, violin, William Rickey, viola, William Wertsch, cello; Miss Ada Clement, piano, Wallace A. Sabin, piano and organ: Traumerei, Schmelz, Pizzicato, Latann, In Dreamland, Sabathi, string quartet; Terzetto, A Night in Granada, Kreutzer, Miss Cohn, Mr. Vinson, Mr. Stark (assisted by strings); Aria, Queen of Sheba, Gounod, Mr. Vinson; Sur le Lac, Godard (for 'cello), Mr. Wertsch; Recitative and Aria, Don Carlo, Verdi, Mr. Stark; Flower Song, Bevivnani, Miss Cohn; Prologue, Pagliacci, Leoncavallo, Mr. Stark; Adagio et Rondeau, Vieuxtemps (for violin), Mr. Hinrichs; Duet, Rigoletto, Verdi, Miss Cohn and Mr. Stark; Sweetheart, Hawley, Mr. Vinson; Menuet, Boccherini, Serenade, Haydn, Love's Dream After the Ball, Czibulka, string quartet. —*The Music Critic.*

Why They are Thankful

Eugene Schmitz: Because the people believe in me, in spite of all.

Abe Ruef: Because *my* administration was so solidly commended and ratified.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin: Because I am still able to enjoy society's pleasures.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury: Because I reached town in time to resume my sceptre for the season.

The Buds: Because there are plenty of balls scheduled for this winter.

The Fortune Hunters: Because several heiresses are among the debutantes.

The Caterers: Because it is the proper thing now to give a good spread at all functions.

—*The Mind Reader.*

When you order your whiskey with soda on the side be sure the former is Chapin & Gore's—that's good.

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Automobile Topics

The recent automobile meet in this city gave great impetus to the trade, and stimulated interest in the horseless carriage to a degree that even the most enthusiastic promoters could scarcely have anticipated. The auto fever is infectious, and it is hard to escape it after one has had the experience of a ride. To get an approximate idea of the growth of the automobile habit, take an afternoon off, and stand at the corner of Golden Gate and Van Ness avenues, and watch the machines whirl by. Among other things, the races at Ingleside stimulated rivalry among the representatives of the various auto factories, and one hears a great deal these days about the respective merits of the various brands.

The following communication is self-explanatory:

300 Post St., San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 13, 1903.

Gentlemen,

Replying to a challenge published in your current issue, signed by the National Automobile Company, and directed at us, as we are specifically mentioned in the same, we beg to reply that we will accept the said challenge and compete a regular stock Model $2,150.00 "White" touring car, against a regular stock Model $2,150.00 Toledo. Their Toledo car, for which they ask $4,650.00, is not even as good as the "White," as we defeated it in the late races with two "Whites" which sell at less than half the price; and we will deposit $500.00 against their $500.00—the losers' money to go to the Automobile Club of California, the winners' money to be returned to them—that they cannot on the Ingleside track, with their $4,650.00 Toledo, specially geared as it is and stripped of everything except the frame, equal the record of 1:9 4-5 seconds for one mile, 2:19 3-5 seconds for two miles, and 6:04 2-5 seconds for five miles, the American record for American made stock touring cars, regardless of price, made by a regular stock $2,150.00 "White" touring car, on Ingleside track, when we defeated Barney Oldfield on November sixth. We reserve the right to have a timer and a representative present at the trial against that record, the timers to be officials of the Automobile Club of California.

It may seem like presumption to insist that we sell a superior car for $2,150.00 to that sold by them at $4,650.00, but we do so insist, and are ready to back up the assertion with $500.00 to the Automobile Club, of California under the conditions above named.

Yours very truly,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
per C. A. Hawkins, Manager.

The Pioneer Automobile Company is in receipt of congratulatory letters from the Olds Motor Works on the good work done by the Oldsmobile at the Ingleside races. While this machine has done some very fast work in Los Angeles and throughout the East, the Ingleside races are the first real work done in and around San Francisco. The Oldsmobile easily defeated the Rambler and Buckboard and, by time, the Cadillac, Franklin, St. Louis, Rambler and Orient Buckboard. Barney Oldfield, with his Winton Bullet No. 2, made a mile in one minute and two-fifths of a second at San Jose on Sunday, November fifteenth. Two thousand people were there and Mr. Oldfield said it was one of the most enthusiastic crowds in whose presence he has ever raced. The track was in bad condition and, on account of its narrowness, is not an Oldfield track by any means. However, Barney, who is known for giving the public the best he can wherever he races, succeeding in running off a mile in one minute and two-fifths of a second.

Mr. A. E. Joyce of Watsonville, California, is the proud possessor of a Winton touring car which he purchased from the Pioneer Automobile Company on Thursday of last week, and, in company with Mr. C. C. Eib of the Pioneer Automobile Company, drove the machine through from San Francisco to Watsonville.

At the races at San Jose on Sunday, Dr. E. C. Bangs was in evidence with his Stevens-Duryea automobile. Dr. Bangs recently made a trip of eighteen hundred miles through Northern California and his fare bill for the entire trip was ten cents. This simply illustrates the possibilities of the automobile if given the proper attention and driven by a careful person.

Another car load of Oldsmobiles arrived at the Pioneer Automobile Company's garage last Thursday and as usual everybody in the place is kept busy getting the machines ready for delivery. This makes the sixteenth car load of Oldsmobiles sold in San Francisco this season.

A great deal of interest is taken by local automobilists in the race meet of the Automobile Club of Southern California which opened in Los Angeles yesterday. Barney Oldfield is no doubt to be the centre of attraction. The champion, after trying for new records at San Jose last Sunday, left for Los Angeles with the two racing cars of the Winton Motor Carriage Company. Both the "Bullet No. 2" and the "Baby Bullet" will be entered in competitive races. The National Automobile Company, early in the week, shipped the Toledo touring car which distinguished itself so greatly at the Ingleside races, to Los Angeles, where it is to be entered against the forty-five horse-power Mercedes in which Foxhall Keene broke a number of American records last year. It will be a race for an American stock machine of less than five thousand dollars against a twenty-two thousand dollar carriage of French make, and if the Toledo wins it will be a feather in the cap of American manufacturers. The Toledo, after the races at Los Angeles, will be delivered to a Los Angeles millionaire who has purchased the speedy car. The speedy little four-cylinder Franklin owned by Messrs. Fred A. Jacobs and E. Courtney Ford will also be entered at Los Angeles. This car should make a great record as it alone carried off six prizes at the Automobile Club of California's meet. The two "Whites" that raced at Ingleside, the stock touring car operated so successfully by Walter Grothe and the racer run by F. D. Hyde, are both at Los Angeles.

The National Automobile Company is in receipt of specifications of the Rambler line of automobiles for 1904, and it is certainly one of the most complete ever offered to the public. It consists of two styles of runabouts, three styles of tonneau touring cars, and a delivery wagon.

Dr. and Mrs. Russel H. Cool have gone to Los Angeles to attend the automobile races. The Doctor is the owner of a Toledo touring car and watches the success of that machine with great interest.

The National company expects to receive a Knox air-cooled touring car within the next few days. This machine has been sold to P. George Gow. This is a new departure in touring cars and will attract a great deal of attention from automobilists in and around San Francisco.

Three carloads of White touring cars arrived in San Francisco within the past week, and two carloads also reached Los Angeles. These have been sold in advance, and among the San Francisco purchasers are Magnus Kjelsburg, Miss K. Dillon, Mr. A. W. Wilson and Mr. F. A. Hyde. Mr. Magnus Kjelsburg had his first ride in his new White touring car last Sunday. Although this was his first experience, he mastered the car immediately, and was soon running it himself—very little instruction being necessary.

Walter Grothe, in his "White" touring car, established three new world's records for stock touring cars of American manufacture at Ingleside: 1:09 4-5 for one mile, 2:19 3-5 for two miles and 6:04 2-5 for five miles. —*The Chauffeur.*



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The "White" Automobile and Its Reliability

The following comments on the performance of the WHITE in the Endurance Run, made by impartial observers, should convince the most skeptical that the WHITE is King:

Quotation from *The Automobile* of October seventeenth, 1903, page 392:

"Five WHITE steamers started from Wehawken Wednesday morning and all of them arrived here tonight, at the end of two days, among the first thirteen out of seventeen arrivals, the three entered in the test arriving among the first ten, a record that has put a pleased expression on W. T. White's countenance. As a demonstration of the ability of the WHITE tonneau to negotiate hills and bad roads, this showing could only be surpassed by the marvelous."

A prominent automobile authority, writing in the *Buffalo Express* of October eighteenth, of the finish of the great Endurance Contest at Pittsburg on the sixteenth, had the following to say:

"It was beautiful to see the WHITE steamer come up with a mighty rush. It had traveled the eight hundred odd miles from New York with the other pilot car and the two cars had marked the way for all the contestants. Both did all or more than had been expected or hoped. They stood side by side at the finish. Then came the WHITE Car. No. 5 at 11:55 o'clock, the first in of all the contestants, traveling swiftly and with marvelous ease; the COLUMBIA No. 2 at 12:22 o'clock: then the WHITE No. 6 at 13:34. The WHITE steamers truly were scoring."

Note.— Mr. Augustus Post, in his Touring Car, was the first of the contestants that left New York to arrive at the finish, having come in hours ahead of the pilot car. W. T. White in his WHITE pilot was second; Webb Jay in his WHITE No. 5 was third; and P. H. Deming in WHITE No. 6 was fifth; thereby giving the WHITE Cars first, second, third and fifth places among the finishers in the great Endurance Contest.

Many of the high-powered and high priced gasoline cars, some of them selling for more than double the price of the WHITE and claiming several times the horse-power, made great showings the first two days. The reliability of the WHITE began to show as the race progressed, and WHITE No. 5, driven by Webb Jay, made the best actual running time between Buffalo and the finish of the race at Pittsburg, by one hour, thereby showing what splendid condition the WHITE Cars were in at the finish of the race, and how the gasoline cars had deteriorated by comparison, over the same roads.

In figuring the percentages of the performance of various types of cars in the Endurance Contest, it will be noted that four of the WHITE cars finished in such time and under such conditions as would qualify for a first class certificate, to-wit: W. T. White in his pilot car, Mr. Augustus Post in his private car, Webb Jay in No. 5, and T. H. Deming in No. 6; and besides the fact that they finished four of the first five cars, they constituted four out of the nine cars which so finished, the other five being scattered among various makes of gasoline cars, thus giving the WHITES 80 per cent (the WHITE Car No. 4 having been disabled by an accident, was withdrawn), while of the gasoline cars, only five finished in such time as to qualify for first class certificates, out of a total of thirty starters; making an average per cent for gasoline cars of 16 2-3, as against an average for the WHITE of 80 per cent. If this showing does not prove the WHITE the car to buy for ordinary everyday use, independent of the fact that it takes far less repairs and is far simpler to operate, that it is noiseless and chainless, has no exhaust or vibration, and is sold for less than half the price of any gasoline car built capable of anything near as good a performance, then we would respectfully inquire what kind of evidence is wanted. As further evidence, however, we would state that the WHITE Touring Car made the first and second best showing of any American car in the English Reliability Trials at the Crystal Palace, London, during October, 1903 the White made the first best showing at the same trials last year, and the WHITE also made the highest score in the the American Endurance Trials last year.

The WHITE won twelve prizes at the Ingleside race meet, defeating gasoline machines of two to ten times the selling price, and established three new world's records. New models now on sale.

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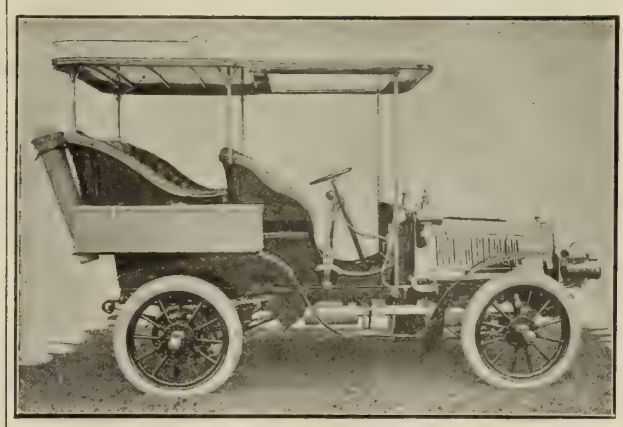
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Cupid at a Rummage Sale

"Why, certainly, you can have my cast-off suits for your rummage sale. Wait a second, and I'll phone my man to have them sent down directly."

"Send them to the hall, please, and oh, dear Mr. Conness, I thank you *so* much."

Mrs. Arnold beamed her most genial smile upon George Conness, who thought he was getting rid of the charitable society woman very easily with the gift of his old clothes. Generally, Mrs. Arnold asked for cheques with two ciphers, and he always hated to refuse her. For was she not Sylvia Arnold's aunt?

To be sure, Sylvia had treated him shamefully. After two weeks of rapturous engagement, with the wedding day almost set, she had written him a cold note calling the betrothal off and requesting the return of her letters. He had sent them at once, and she had returned his, with the ring and his gifts which included a blooded French bull-pup. He wondered how Sylvia could have returned the dog; she had always appeared to love the canine. Gerald had not the slightest idea of how he had offended his fiancee, and he had never been permitted an opportunity to discover the reason. He wondered if Mrs. Arnold knew, but it would not have done to talk over Sylvia in his office with the stenographer within ear-reach.

Gerald settled himself to his law-books. Two hours later, the telephone bell rang.

"Miss Arnold desires to speak to you," said the stenographer.

* * * * * * * *

This is where an explanation is due:

* * * * * * * *

"Mr. Conness must be terribly extravagant," observed Mrs. Brown, "to throw away clothes like these. Why, this tuxedo is as good as new. My husband's isn't in any later style."

"Goodness! what's this?"

Miss Green was rummaging in the pockets of a morning coat. She drew forth a tiny jeweler's box.

"A solitaire! Why, I wonder what Mr. Conness's man was thinking about?"

She put the ring on her finger, and danced about the room.

Mrs. Church was meanwhile delving into another pocket of the same coat. She drew forth a package of letters.

"That valet must be awfully remiss," she said, "why, look at these."

Sylvia Arnold, who had been paying but indifferent attention to the doings of the committee to provide Thanksgiving dinners for the needy by means of a rummage sale, looked up, at this. Her eyes flashed as she snatched the package from Mrs. Brown's hands.

"How dare you!" she cried, "how dare you—" for Mrs. Brown had half-opened one of the missives—"how dare you read my letters?"

Sylvia's eyes filled with angry tears as her aunt reproved her for her vehemence.

"I didn't know they were yours," said Mrs. Brown with a shrug of her aristocratic shoulders, "they were in Mr. Conness's coat, and he gave us the coat to sell. Perhaps *that* is yours, too," she added, indicating Miss Green, who was still holding up her finger to admiring gaze of its ornament.

But Sylvia had gone, with the old gray coat and the letters. She was in the office of the hired hall, at the phone.

* * * * * * * *

"How *could* you be so careless? Why, Geor—Mr. Conness, I never heard of anything so utterly horrid. Miss Green has the ring—*my ring*—on at this moment. Dismiss your man? Oh, what good would that do? Will I tell you all about it? Why, you *know*, George. It was that Slaven girl—she told me she saw you dining with a—horrid—woman—with—red—hair. Your cousin from Chicago? Why didn't you tell me? No chance? Well, what could I do? Well, come over here right away—I'll wait."

And then Sylvia buried her tearful face in the old gray coat.

* * * * * * * *

"Why, yes, Mrs. Brown," said Mr. Conness as he met that lady at the door. "I said the clothes and everything. Of course I thought Lamson would clean the pockets out first, but if he didn't—well, it's my loss. Certainly, Miss Green, sell the ring if you like. It will buy a lot of Thanksgiving dinners, won't it?"

To Sylvia, as in the dingy office they made their peace, he added:

"Never mind, darling. You never fancied solitaires, anyway, and you can pick out a stone you like better. Bless the old rummage sale, I say. But tell me, dear, why you sent the dog back?"

Sylvia smiled as she answered:

"Why, I couldn't bear to have him around. Don't you know, boy, he had a smile—just—like—yours?"

—*The Sentimentalist.*



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My Mamma's Model

Yes, I must confess that I have lost much of my respect for white hair; besides, there are many antique gentlemen who dye their locks, possibly because they do not feel worthy of them; and even for those who do not dye them, it is impossible for me to entertain in their regard that superstitious veneration which the Gaulish soldiers felt for the Roman senator, seated on his curelean chair—a veneration, I may add, which lasted until the said soldier had decided to pull the senatorial beard.

So what can you expect from me? I was a mere youth when, figuratively speaking, I held in my hand that venerated beard—not indeed the beard of a Roman senator, but the reputation of an old and esteemed friend of my mother's, Monsieur Torvilliers, a notary, who frequently visited us at the chateau, during the vacations, and who acted as my guardian at Paris.

In appearance, Monsieur Torvilliers was tall and slender. Slightly bald on the top of his head, his long white locks formed a sort of aureole around his smooth-shaven face; habitually dressed in black, his serious air and manner inspired respect and esteem. At home, the very mention of Monsieur Torvillier's name caused us to bow our heads; and mamma, whose business affairs he had attended to for an eternity, swore by the good Monsieur Torvilliers.

Whenever yours truly deviated from the straight and narrow path, it was always Monsieur Torvilliers who was deputed to administer the reprimand.

He acquitted himself of this duty in a most admirable manner, selecting his words with great care, and punctuating his lecture with a bewildering array of Latin quotations.

This particular year, my vacation had been unusually disagreeable. To begin with, I had returned home, after having been refused my baccalaureate. My reception, therefore, was rather chilling. To console myself, I began an ardent flirtation with Louise, the pretty house-maid. One evening at dusk I was discovered, by my small brother, truly an "enfant terrible," kissing Louise, in a dark corner on an upper floor. The maid, for her mansuetude in my regard, was promptly dismissed. The day after this terrible episode, Monsieur Torvilliers arrived from Paris, and for two hours by the clock we were closeted together. He spoke to me of Cato, comparing the purity and nobility of his life with that of the dissolute Anthony, who always wore his toga loose and flowing. According to the virtuous Torvilliers, my general deportment was strongly suggestive of the decadent Roman. I had not even respected the family hearth-stone. My conduct, he declared, was worthy of the most disgraceful days of the Lower Empire—for I had attempted to corrupt a simple country maid.

To be candid, his lecture bored me. Yet I was obliged to listen to him, with a contrite and penitent air; at the same time I must acknowledge that he spoke with grace and dignity, and the note of sadness in his voice recalled the "*Vir bonus bene decendi peritus*," so often alluded to by my professors.

When the vacations ended, I returned to Paris under the paternal wing of Monsieur Torvilliers. As we journeyed onward I was forced to listen to a new sermon on several very important points hitherto untouched upon. Happily, the stops en route afforded a few minutes' respite.

Torvilliers, always strong on the classics, recalled the story of the dangerous Circe, who changed men into swine; of Hercules, who one day found himself facing two roads, one leading to vice, and the other leading to virtue. The vicious road, strewn with roses, was soft and agreeable, commented my guardian, while that leading to virtue was rough and stony, bristling with thorns, briars and brambles—yet Hercules followed the thorny path.

As the train rushed along, I began to philosophize. Why, I asked myself, is virtue always presented to us under such a disagreeable aspect? And why is not the road to virtue sweetly perfumed, and strewn with flowers?

My reflections had reached this stage when we arrived at Paris. It was a misty, foggy October evening. Hailing a cab, we jumped in, and ordered the cabman to drive to the rue Lhomond.

Through the carriage windows Paris appeared to me like an enchanted city. The entire length of the Boulevard Strasbourg was one continuous line of fairy-like illuminations; the cafe terraces bristled with life and gayety—the restless populace, on pleasure bent, rushed hurriedly by us; mingling with the crowds were scores of pretty women, lively, vivacious little creatures, leaving in their wake a world of perfumes and desires.

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This is, I thought, the broad and easy road, strewn with flowers and redolent of roses. I felt sure that even Hercules himself would have hesitated, as I did, to enter the dark and gloomy quarters of the rue Lhomond.

The cab climbed Soufflot street. We passed the Pantheon, erected to glorify the memory of the great men of France; Monsieur Torvilliers seized this opportunity for another tirade in my behalf. Finally the carriage passed the house formerly occupied by the Jesuits, and drew up at the institute door. I raised the heavy knocker, which gave back a most lugubrious sound.

"Good-bye, my young friend," cried Monsieur Torvilliers, as soon as the door opened. "Reflect upon what I have said. Next Sunday I shall call for you, and after we have breakfasted we will attend a classical matinee at the Theatre Francais."

The carriage drove off, and I found myself face to face with the concierge. "Why did you return tonight?" he asked. "The college does not open until tomorrow evening."

This unexpected news gave me an electric shock. I did not, however, manifest the slightest agitation. "Yes, I am aware of that fact," I replied with assurance. "I merely called to secure my room, No. 12—the large one overlooking the street."

"It shall be reserved for you. Good-night, sir"—and the honest Cerberus, without the slightest suspicion, closed the door, and I found myself, at nine o'clock in the evening, on the rue Lhomond, at liberty to spend the night wherever I pleased.

This unexpected happiness quite upset me. However, I quickly recovered myself, and remembering that I had saved a neat little sum during the six weeks of vacation, I decided to spend the evening at the Folies-Bergere. Arriving there, I excitedly patroled its luxuriously carpeted corridors, resplendent with mirrors and gildings, and thronged with beautiful women, exquisitely gowned. In a moment the example of Cato was a far-away memory, while the heroic conduct of Hercules, the thorny path, and the virtuous Torvilliers were entirely forgotten. My mood was most decidedly in the Lower Empire vein.

I glanced around, and soon discovered in the throng my twin soul, the mistress of my dreams, in the person of a tall, graceful Italian girl, with languid brown eyes, daintily gowned in crimson chiffon. Our admiration appeared to be mutual. She graciously accepted my invitation to have wine, and we installed ourselves in the grand hall.

Ah, how happy I felt! Lucia was all smiles and gayety. To make sure of her not giving me the slip, our libations were frequent and generous—hence, when the orchestra played the good-night, and the lights began to be extinguished, I found myself with one solitary piece of money, which pride and custom compelled me to hand over to the waiter.

"Good-night, my little darling," said my companion, when we reached the street. "You are real cunning; I will see you again."

"What!" I exclaimed in desperation, "are you not going to permit me to escort you to your apartments?"

"No, not this evening, my handsome baby. Call on me some time during the week. Here is my address. Bye-bye—" and Lucia stepped into her waiting cab, and heartlessly drove away.

For the moment, I was strongly tempted to play highwayman and hold up the waiter. What was to become of me? I had not the price of a night's lodging. My falsehood to the concierge had closed the college doors against me. The October air was chilling. Suddenly, I felt the key of my guardian's residence in my pocket. Better lodge with him, I thought, than beneath the stars. The concierge would certainly corroborate my story.

Woefully disappointed, I walked towards the rue Chaussee-d'Antin. Noiselessly, I entered my guardian's house, intending to step through the dining-room to the apartment always reserved for me. The passage, however, was barred—for there sat Monsieur Torvilliers, with Lucia, sipping champagne!

I stood a few minutes and watched them, and as I passed into my own room, I thought: How like Anthony, how unlike Cato! Conduct truly worthy of the decadent days of the Lower Empire! Ah, my poor deluded mamma! Will she ever believe the story true?

—*Adapted from the French, for Town Talk, by Beatrice Hastings.*

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. —. No. 86531.

CLIFFORD E. LINTON, Plaintiff vs. ADDIE LINTON, Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

ADDIE LINTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 14th day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By WM. A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Attorney for Plaintiff

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of LAWRENCE FELVEY, Deceased

CATHERINE FELVEY, administratrix of the estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition praying for an order granting leave to sell real estate of said decedent for the reasons and purposes therein set forth, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS ORDERED by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before said Superior Court, Department 9 thereof, on the 23rd day of November, 1903, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., of that day at the Court room of said Department of said Court at the City Hall in said City and County, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be granted to the said administratrix to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased, at either private sale or public auction, as she shall deem best and as shall be necessary to pay the debts and expenses of administration, accrued and to accrue, and the family allowance in said estate, and that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County.

Dated, October 20th 1903. J. V. COFFEY, Judge of said Court.

JOSEPH E. O'DONNELL, Attorney for Administratrix,
460-461-462 Parrott Building.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87599.

MARY M. WALSH, Plaintiff vs. D. J. WALSH, Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting, to:

D. J. WALSH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's neglect and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By R. A MARTIN, Deputy Clerk

GEORGE M. HURLBUT, Plaintiff's Attorney
449 Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICES TO CREDITORS

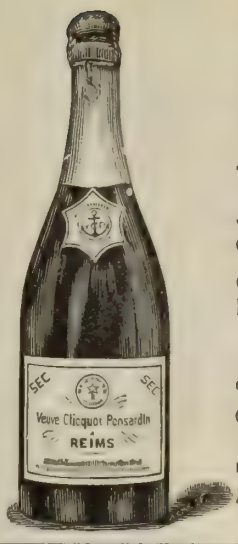
Estate of WILLIAM RYAN, Deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the Estate of William Ryan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Rooms 73 and 76 Chronicle Building, Junction of Geary, Kearny and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of
at San Francisco, Oct. 31, 1903 William Ryan, Deceased.
Frank McGowan, Attorney for Administrator

Estate of George Symon, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jemima Harling, Administratrix of the estate of George Symon, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jemima Harling, Administratrix as aforesaid, at the office of Edward B. Young, Attorney-at-Law, No. 14 Sansome street, Rooms, 35 and 36, San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Jemima Harling
Administratrix of the Estate of
Dated at San Francisco, Nov. 21, 1903 George Symon, Deceased
Edward B Young, Attorney for Administratrix



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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA
Department No. 7. No. 87248

ALFRED H. COATES, Plaintiff, vs, EMMA C. COATES, Defendant. } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

EMMA C. COATES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of said plaintiff for more than one year prior to the commencement of this action and upon the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty to plaintiff as appears from the complaint on file herein to which special reference is hereby made; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By WM A. DEANE, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT P. WHEELAN, Attorney for Plaintiff
222 Sansome St. Sixth Floor, Room 2.



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LETTERS

Renascence of Nolan

One might have supposed that such a story as Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country" would be let alone, and that if a would-be authoress could find no other topic with which to engage her pen she would restrict her activities to the darning needle and the stocking basket. Not so, however. One Carlen Balison, who is, as a matter of course, an infant phenomenon in the writing line, has taken Philip Nolan as her hero, and fitted him out with a complete set of frontier incidents of the wild bandit type. There are shiploads of pearls, crown jewels, cypher messages, and a royal princess mixed into the melange which she calls "The Man in the Camlet Cloak." "The Man Without a Country" is one of those facts built upon fiction which literature has occasionally supplied. The author says the only basis it had in reality was that Burr sailed down the Mississippi in 1805 and was tried for treason in 1807, and that General Wilkinson, in the volume which he dignified by the title of "Memoirs," had an easy way of extricating himself from bogs by explaining that the papers relating to the charge were lost when Mr. Nolan, his partner, was imprisoned in Texas. Mr. Hale says the story passed out of his hands when it was published, in 1863, and the explanations, embellishments and apologies are entirely apart from him. All he meant to do was to give a lesson in patriotism in the darkest days of the Civil War. It has been asserted by some persons connected with the Navy Department, that the supposititious Philip Nolan was pardoned, and returned to die in the United States. Another department declared that the exiled officer was not named Nolan. A venerable resident of Boston was sure he remembered the "Nolan court-martial," and still another assured Mr. Hale that he remembered reading the death notice in the newspaper. A Baltimore lady professed to be a friend of Nolan's two widowed sisters, and another correspondent disputed the whole story, since the U. S. frigate *Levant* was lost three years before it was mentioned in the tale. Still another, a correspondent of a New Orleans paper, asserted that Nolan was banished to Texas and shot there in battle in 1801. Now comes this raw school girl to turn the imaginary Nolan into a sort of Jesse James.

The Editing of Manuscript

Andy Adams's "Log of a Cowboy" is so unquestionably genuine as an account of a cowboy experience, and so simply and straightforwardly told, that the most carping and ill-natured of critics can find no fault with it as a book—unless exception is taken to the title, for the cowboy keeps no log, and the account is not made in log-form. But some people there are in this world who can never be satisfied. They must look for the pea under their forty featherbeds, and so, some cross-cut crank has made "The Log of a Cowboy" the text of a sermon in which he preaches against cowboys, sailors, and others of the non-literary fraternity, who write up their experiences and then "have them polished off by some one who never smelt sagebrush." As it happens, the bullet so neatly aimed does not hit Andy Adams at all, for he is in no need of a professional polisher, but as to the matter itself, one would like to ask what harm if copy is edited? It is one thing to appropriate matter, or to hire a name in order to pose as a "lit'r'y person." It is quite another to solicit mechanical help, whether it be paid for in coin or given out of good feeling and interest. After reading Frank Bullen's "Log of a Sea Waif," for example, no one would be at all surprised to find the author weak in orthography and English grammar, or ignorant of punctuation. But we do not read Mr. Bullen's books because his schooling was almost a minus quantity, and if, as our carping critic asserts, some one else polishes off the products of his pen, so much the better. Many of us who have read and re-read and re-enjoyed "The Cruise of the Cachalot" as it now appears, would have dropped it before ten pages, had we been obliged to wade through a mass of ill-spelt, uncapitalized, unpunctuated bad grammar. The loss would have been ours of course, but the fault would have been in the presentation of printed matter in such shape. Instead of going out of his way to find fault with what he merely surmises to be the case, our critic would have done better if he had commended the example to the authors of those crude, weak, ill-written books which are foisted upon us. The lack of elementary criticism is one of the most astonishing things

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about books of this day. Orthography we may blame on the compositor. He is used to it by this time. But grammar—shades of Goold Brown and Lindley Murray! It is only by accident that the correlation of either-or, neither-nor, so-as, and as-as is maintained, and let the simplest modifier obtrude between the compound subject and its predicate, and there is chaos. If there is a preposition within sight of the relative *who*, it becomes *whom* as a matter of course, while an inversion which throws the objective before its governing word deprives it of its *m* without process of law. As a specimen of ignorant impudence combined with vandalism, and an example of the capacity of the average person to write without revision, in a copy of "Other Things Being Equal" I find this sentence, as the author Miss Emma Wolf, wrote it: "Every one but me seems to have seen that something was wrong." Some impertinent busybody, pencil in hand, has "corrected' the statement to read, "Every one but *I seem* to have seen that something was wrong." Let us imagine, if such a thing is possible, that the one whose itching fingers has perpetrated this piece of vandalism had the brain capacity to think thoughts and express them in written words. What sort of a jumble would she have produced? What right would she have to present her crude and indigestible rubbish to a reading public? On the other hand, suppose that her thoughts were good, her ideas original, or even that she had the constructive ability to produce a readable novel, why should it be sent out ill-dressed, in fringes and tatters, when some kind soul with needle, thimble and scissors could clip and stitch it into presentable shape? Nine-tenths of the books that are published need just the kind of editing—correcting, they called it in those days—that the old-fashioned schoolmaster used to mete out to the weekly "composition." Within reasonable bounds, there is no more deception about having a book properly edited than there is in having a garment pressed by a tailor. To rewrite chapters or passages is one thing; to bring about an agreement between the parts of a sentence, to corral straying modifiers and tie them up where they belong, to strike out tautological expressions, and guide the author in recasting his obscure and ill-constructed sentences, is no more a matter to be complained of than is washing the faces of dirty children. It does not hurt them, and it adds comfort to all who come in contact with them.

No one who knows anything about Charles Reade would ever class him among the modest violets, for it is well known that if he suffered from lack of appreciation it was no fault of his own. *The Bookman* reprints from *Once a Week* a cartoon portrait with a most fulsomely flattering article on the author, which combines admiration for Reade with disparagement of George Eliot, and accusations of plagiarism set forth through the agency of the deadly parallel column. The whole thing is pitched on the key of the campaign editorial in which Reade is IT and every one else nowhere. Naturally the conclusion is that it was the product of some enthusiastic partisan of the author, and so it was. "The reason why it has seemed worth while to rescue this paper from the oblivion of the back number and to reprint it here in full is that it was written by Charles Reade himself in his own hand."

Another idol has fallen. Maurice Maeterlinck, who, such a short while ago, was hailed as the "Belgian Shakespeare," presented a new play in Brussels a week or so ago, "The Miracle of St. Anthony," and it was heartily hissed by the audience. From accounts that have reached us, it does not appear to have been much of a play, and perhaps foreign authors accept their hissings and "booings" philosophically, as part of the game, but the American plan of staying away from a theatre which presents a poor show would seem to be quite as effective and in better breeding.

—The Bookworm.



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First of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men.—*I Timothy, ii*:1

The Collect: O most merciful Father, who hast blessed the labours of the husbandman in the returns of the fruits of the earth; We give thee humble and hearty thanks for this thy bounty; beseeching thee to continue thy loving-kindness to us; that our land may still yield her increase, to thy glory and our comfort.—*Episcopal Prayer Book.*

This is the law of the sacrifice of peace offerings, which he shall offer unto the Lord. If he offer it for a thanksgiving, then he shall offer with the sacrifice of thanksgiving unleavened cakes mingled with oil, and unleavened wafers anointed with oil, and cakes mingled with oil, of fine flour, fried. Besides the cakes, he shall offer for his offering leavened bread with the sacrifice of thanksgiving of his peace offerings. And of it he shall offer one out of the whole oblation for an heave offering unto the Lord. . . And when ye will offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving unto the Lord, offer it at your own will.—*Leviticus, vii*: 11-14; *xxii*: 29.

Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.—*Proverbs, iii*: 9, 10.

Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. —*Phil. iv*: 6.

If ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again.—*Luke vi*: 33, 34.

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor.—*Richard II, Shakespeare.*

For this relief much thanks.—*Hamlet.*

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks.—*Hamlet.*

To the generous mind
The heaviest debt is that of gratitude,
When 'tis not in our power to repay it.
—*Franklin's "Matilda."*

A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged.
Milton's "Paradise Lost."

He that hath nature in him, must be grateful;
'Tis the Creator's primary great law
That links the chain of beings to each other.
Madden's "Themistocles."

The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours.—*Sir Robert Walpole.*

When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thanked enough.
I've done my duty, and I've done no more. —*Henry Fielding.*

—*The Compiler.*

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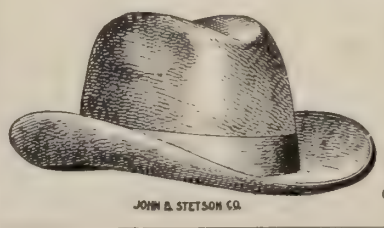
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Squelching of Livernash

The squelching of Mr. Livernash, of the Fourth District, on the occasion of his debut in Congress, was more emphatic and dramatic than the press despatches represented. It appears from a transcript of the proceedings in the *Congressional Record,* that the labor agitator undertook to overwhelm Congress by the same south-of-the-slot tactics that served to reveal his true character on the occasion of the reorganization meeting of Democrats in this city some months ago. That was the occasion on which Mr. Livernash damned himself politically by traducing the friends to whom he was indebted for his rise from obscurity, actuated though he was solely by a desire to aggrandize his political power. Mr. Livernash is a lawyer of considerable ability, and in this neck of the woods he is rated an exceptionally sharp-witted young man. But when he matched his wits against Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House, he soon found that he was up against his intellectual master. When the provincial Congressman rose to a question of privilege, and caught the Speaker's eye with his own hypnotic orb, he was prepared to shake the gallery with the eloquence of his maiden Congressional effort. He contemplated a strategic attack on the Administration under the guise of a question of privilege, "affecting the rights of the whole House." He had a resolution, but wanted to make a stump speech before introducing it. No doubt he had friends staked out in the gallery to applaud. He began by saying that the President's action in the Panama affair was tantamount to a declaration of war. He was about to analyze the relations of the United States with Colombia when he was interrupted by Hon. Sereno Payne, Republican leader of the floor. Mr. Payne said that it was evident that Mr. Livernash had no question of privilege, and that at any rate he should state it before spellbinding. Livernash started afresh, but was interrupted by the Speaker, who reminded him that he was not stating a question of privilege; that he was confounding personal privilege with privilege affecting the house, in the method of his procedure. Mr. Cannon cited the rule showing that in stating a question of privilege affecting the House he must first have his resolution read. Livernash thereupon informed the Speaker that his resolution was of such a character that it could not be offered until his question of privilege had first been stated. Mr. Cannon deftly closed the discussion with this statement: "If the gentleman is so unfortunate as not to be able to embody in a resolution in writing, for the information of the House, his question of privilege, he is unable to conform to the rules of the House, as the chair understands the matter." Mr. Livernash resumed his seat with a dull thud.

The Promotion of Leonard Wood

President Roosevelt's promotion of his friend, General Leonard Wood, is not to be confirmed by the Senate without an investigation. Specific charges of a scandalous nature have been made against General Wood and indignation is intense in army circles over the injustice to the hundreds of honorable and experienced officers who have been wronged by the favoritism of the President. Roosevelt has been subjected to adverse criticism for many of his official acts, but none of them is more difficult of justification than that by which General Wood, a physician, of comparatively little experience in military tactics and scarcely any in the field, was promoted over the heads of numerous officers who had seen long and arduous service, and who were entitled to the gratitude of their country. The injustice to those officers is especially severe because Wood is a young man, and if his promotion be ratified he will soon become the commander of the army, and stay the progress of many who will go on the retired list before attaining the rank to which in the natural order of things they would, in time, be elevated. To assist one's friends is praiseworthy, and even a man occupying the exalted position of President of the United States should not be expected to distribute all patronage solely with an eye to efficiency. It is characteristic of the noble-hearted to discriminate in favor of those to whom they are grateful, and that may be done by a President without seriously impairing the public service. But there is one branch of the public service in which considerations of friendship should not enter, and that is the military. There are responsibilities devolving on the President, so far as the army is concerned, which it were unwise for him to disregard. To elevate an incompetent man to the position of commander of the army is an outrage, the extent of which cannot be reckoned until the lives of soldiers have been sacrificed. General Wood may be innocent of the charges of personal unworthiness that have been made against him, but that he is not a trained soldier is a fact that is not disputed.

The Persistence of Rathbone

One of the principal witnesses against Wood, and the man in whom the opposition places great confidence, is Estes G. Rathbone, who was convicted in Havana of charges of conspiracy to defraud the Cuban Government then under American control. He was released under an amnesty bill after having refused a proposal for his pardon. He declined pardon on the ground that its acceptance would be construed into an acknowledgment of the guilt which he denied. If he is a criminal he is a man of remarkable effrontery. He emerged from prison declaring his purpose to devote the remainder of his life, if necessary, to the securing of a new trial of his case and the establishment of his innocence. He returned to this country and appealed for a Congressional investigation of his case. The matter was referred to a Senate committee in whose hands it still remains. A man conscious of his own guilt would naturally hesitate in taking the risk of having his crime positively fastened upon him, but Rathbone is earnest and

persistent in his demand for an investigation. He charges Wood with having persecuted him, and declares that he has ample proof that the President's friend interfered in the proceedings of the court during his trial. He preferred serious charges of personal misconduct against Wood, but President Roosevelt declined to give him a hearing. Now that the Senate has held up the matter of Wood's confirmation the probability is that Rathbone will be given a chance to tell his story.

The Value of Slang

A solemn critic has been taking some of our leading literary men to task for their too "kindly and receptive spirit toward the use of slang." One of the sinners is that highly cultured gentleman, Mr. William Dean Howells, who has garnished his latest book, "Letters Home," with an abundance of slang trimmings. His critic thinks that there is danger of our language being vitiated by the use of slang, and also that our literary men will mark their books for oblivion by using too much of it. Professor Brander Matthews, on the other hand, fears we do not use enough slang, and solemnly warns all of us against purism. Professor Matthews is right. The so-called stylist and purist who abhors slang is the most deadly dull of all writers. He is much more likely to mark his books for oblivion than is the writer skilled in the art of using slang judiciously and luminously. The purist is often stilted and vague. The stylist is often mechanical and obscure. The artist in slang is forceful and expressive and his writings have a piquancy and vivacity that constitute a charm which compels attention. Neither Dickens nor Shakespeare marked his works for oblivion by the use of slang. On the contrary, they employed it to advantage. True, the great mass of slang is ephemeral, but much of the slang of Shakespeare and Dickens is now idiomatic and is no longer registered among the irregularities of the language. Writing that abounds in slang is vulgar and offensive, but to contend that it may not be employed judiciously to good effect is absurd.

Curative Power of Radium

The most important and at the same time the most remarkable discovery in science in recent years is that of radium, or rather of certain phenomena of radium, the nature of which scientists are as yet unable to explain. The remarkable feature of radium is that it can emit both rays and heat without showing the least loss of substance, but people in general are not interested so much in the phenomena of radium as they are in the uses to which it may be put. The unscientific public is eager to know whether it is likely to be effective as a curative agent. So far as investigations seem to show, the new substance exercises its greatest influence on the eye and the skin. It has already been found that if radium is placed before the eye, which has been closed and heavily bandaged, the eye immediately sees very vivid light in consequence of the direct irritation of the retina. From experiments made thus far it appears that it is only in those cases in which the perception of light is not completely destroyed that radium can be of any use in the treatment of sightlessness. The afflicted person must not be so blind that he cannot say, from his own perceptions, whether it is day or night. Experiments have been made to test the effect of radium on bacteria, and there is grave doubt whether it will ever be capable of exercising, to any appreciable extent, a deleterious influence upon the development of certain species of bacteria. However, from a biological and physiological point of view, its action on the skin in general and upon certain morbid growths in particular is especially noteworthy. So far two facts have been established beyond doubt: that when brought into contact with the skin, it produces serious lesions and severe inflammation in which the deeper structures of the skin are involved; and that its effect upon malignant growths, including the different malignant varieties of lupus, is highly beneficial, inasmuch as it relieves the tension of the skin and stimulates, by means of the active afflux of blood, the local metabolism. Furthermore, it is claimed that it promotes the softening and ultimate absorption of the nodules.

A Troublesome Picture

The camera has played havoc with the peace and dignity of a Presbyterian church in Chicago. The pastor of the church is the Rev. D. B. Greigg, and he is the central figure in a very hot factional fight, the result of an indiscretion on his part which was perpetuated by a photograph. Some time ago he went swimming in the surf at Manhattan Beach, and he was accompanied by several female members of his choir. Somebody caught a snapshot of him standing on the beach in his bathing suit, surrounded by the girls in the picturesque costume in which they had been swimming. Lost by the photographer and found by a grave and puritanical elder of the church, the picture has stirred up a bitter conflict. Horrified at the depiction of his pastor attired in a bathing suit and standing with folded arms in the centre of a bevy of young women in the orthodox abbreviated costume of the seaside, the elder showed the picture to other holy men, and by degrees indignation has spread until the prospect looms of a fight in the Chicago Presbytery. Of course the pastor contends that he did no wrong, but the leaders of the opposing faction argue that the photograph is proof of his shocking indifference to the proprieties. They do not condemn him for making a public appearance in a bathing suit, or for signifying his approval of the mixed-bathing practice, but they think that the ensemble scene on the shore was unpardonable. In their opinion it betrayed a lack of delicacy wholly inconsistent with his sacred calling.

A Criminal Nuisance

Justice Julius Meyer of New York has put himself on record as favoring some sort of press censorship which will result in putting an end to the advertisements of quack medicines and of mediums, clairvoyants, palmists, masseuses, manicures and others who, under the guise of more or less miraculous power, really practice medicine or surgery. Something of the same kind would be welcome on our coast quite as much as in the larger metropolis, and at the same time a law should be so framed as to prohibit

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the distribution by mail or by private hand, of illustrated medical almanacs and pamphlets. The advertising cards which are printed in the newspapers are not apt to attract the attention of those who are not in search of them, but the booklets thrown about door yards and front steps fall into the hands of children who can barely read, but whose imagination is stimulated by the pictures. In these days when everything is exploited to the full in the newspapers, and biology is introduced into the kindergarten, parents who have old-fashioned ideas on the subject of over-sophistication of their little ones are hard put to it to preserve their innocence at best. They may exercise the utmost care about conversation in the presence of children, oversee their books and plays and supervise their companionship; they may ward off questions and be wary about answers, but in an age when the baby in arms is child-cultured, and the toddler taking his first steps is taught to propagate earth-worms, it is a matter of no small difficulty to succeed even approximately. It has happened in more than one household that the baby has treasured some wretched pamphlet, and when it has been surreptitiously abstracted and destroyed there has been a wail for "the book with the pictures of broken people in it," while the children of larger growth have spelled out descriptions of diseases and symptoms, set their imagination to work, and demanded doses to save them from death. If it were only a matter of clean streets and orderly dooryards this wholesale distribution of dodgers and other printed matter ought to be declared a misdemeanor, but when the contents of these quack pamphlets are taken into consideration, it is nothing short of crime.

The Academic Faddist

Professor Harper, of the Chicago University, is jubilant over what he considers to be the prospect of high schools extending their courses to five and six years and doing much of the work that is now left to the college and university. Presumably the college course will continue to be four years, and the additional training of the athletes will, in the professorial mind, add to the general worth of the college-trained man. Of course, viewed from the standpoint of the college and the college professor, it will be an excellent thing to have the advantages of more muscle in the foot-ball frays and more power to the yell. There is, however, another view. In these days of early superannuation, when few commercial concerns or manufacturing businesses will accept new men over thirty-five years of age, and when a man ten years over that, unless he has a competence to maintain him, might as well turn tramp as try to look for work, who is going to maintain these husky youths in idleness and luxury? The average age of the grammar school graduate today is sixteen years, and he goes through his senior course at the high school with less to his credit in the way of plain, elementary learning than his fathers carried away from the grammar school at fourteen. Boys and girls are sent to the high schools today, not because parents are impressed with the advantages of the course, but because they are in despair at the ignorance of their offspring and see no remedy but more school. If the high school course is to be extended to six years and the university course is added to that, the majority of the graduates from the football field will have reached the age limit before they begin their first tentative efforts towards self-support. Meanwhile, the children at the other end of the scale, the primary pupils, will be housed in sheds and barracks, taught in dark basements, and deprived of play-room, because the greater part of the tax levy for school purposes will be used for maintaining gymnasiums, shower-baths and other modern luxuries in expensive, steam-heated high school buildings where the future champions dawdle over a few books between practice bouts. It is a pretty theory that the longer pupils are kept at books the more they will learn, and that the best brains are to be found amongst the post-graduate students. Professor Munsterberg of Harvard disputes this idea. He says the bright intellects, the able, brilliant men, do not want to waste their time in theorizing when they can be testing theories in practice. They will not spend two or three years of the best part of life getting ready for what they are already able to take hold of. There is a fictitious value attached to a college diploma which often keeps students on until after graduation, when they know well that so far as any other advantage is concerned they are wasting time. It is not lengthening out of the school course that is needed, but lopping off. Any boy or girl who cannot tackle high school work at fourteen never will be capable of it. The sooner such are sent to work at some business which will in time make them self-supporting, the better for them and for the community. Our school courses are too overloaded with fads now. Get down to essentials, and limit the age at which any one may obtain teaching at public expense to twenty years. Cut off the athletic course entirely, and let us have an end to the spectacle of enfeebled clerks, bookkeepers and small tradesmen working up to the last limit of their strength in order to prolong the period of irresponsibility of their husky sons and muscular daughters, and enable colleges to make records. We need a change of public sentiment which will brand every able-bodied man who has reached his legal majority without having entered some trade, business or profession with a view to self-support, as a drone in the hive and a drain on the resources of the community.

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A Chapter on Noses

BY HARRY COWELL

The nose, no doubt because of its prominence, has hitherto been sadly neglected in literature: Cyrano de Bergerac's, which at once looms up in the mind of the cultured reader, is dealt with but superficially by the too renowned Edmond Rostand. Lamb has a chapter on ears, but none on noses—an oversight on the part of Elia for which I would never forgive him were it not for the fact that the fascinating subject is thus left virginal; for other writers are as remiss as he. My duty and pleasure is therefore plain. I do not, however, intend to treat here of noses from the standpoint of physiognomy, and set forth the significance of Roman, Grecian, *retrousse,* or what not, in the delineation of character; nor is it my purpose to consider them æsthetically, from the point of view of appearance. My concern is with the nose as the organ of the sense of smell—a sense for me full of strange meaning, a subtle sense, through which one may enjoy exquisite pleasure or suffer exquisite pain.

I have, in all modesty be it said, a nose, a middle-intelligencer—if I may so call it in imitation of Elia—of more than ordinary talent. The scent of a grain of musk moves me deeply, and the mystery of a grain of musk that gives and gives and grows no less fascinates me. Here, as it seems to me, is a miracle more wonderful than that of the widow's cruse of oil. No matter how beautiful, a woman without love or a flower without perfume affects me but little. My ear drinks deep of Schubert's melodies, say, and I am drunk; my eye drinks deep of the red of a certain rose, and I am drunk; I am drunk, too, when my nose drinks deep of the odors of favorite flowers—at night, when I see them not.

Each human being has a distinct personal odor, disagreeable or delightful, as the case may be, by means of which he or she can be recognized as by voice or by footstep. I have met very nice people, and yet my nose would have none of them. I could not draw a full breath in their immediate presence. The stench (I might just as well say the malodorous word as think it) was without a doubt physical as well as spiritual; was perhaps altogether physical. After being long subjected to it, I must needs expel all the air in my lungs, take a bath, change my clothes, let the wind blow over me. Disguised by perfumery, this evil personal odor is twice deadly. I have, however, admired many people whom my nose could not tolerate.

On the other hand, I have met those who filled their homes or the places they frequented with a fragrance unspeakably delightful, that invited deep inhalations. In their presence I breathed as one does when facing winds coming sweet from flowerful meadows fresh with rain, or from fields of new-mown hay, or from mountain or sea.

In public places—hotels, theatres, street-cars, and the like—renascent of all sorts and conditions of men, my nose causes me a martyrdom beyond mortal sufferance. Ghosts of personal perfumes haunt houses that have been long inhabited. I have a confessed horror of sleeping in one of them.

It is a matter for just wonder that the modern novelist, ever on the lookout for relatively unexploited features, has not made more use of the nose. Zola's muse had, it is true, olfactory nerves; the great Frenchman was evidently aware of the obvious fact that the sense of smell may, with novel effects, be pressed into the service of art. But seldom or never does the nose occupy in fiction that central position that is in fact its natural right. My advice to the "modern novelist" is: Follow your nose!

The truth that smells can bring the past before us with peculiar vividness, is trite enough. With me the fragrance of lilies of the valley awakens memories that have slept these many years, and but for one beloved perfume would, I believe, have long since passed from sleep to death. It is the scent, not the sight, of that exquisite flower that causes the mind's eye to become clarified so that it sees clearly persons and places dim with the dust of years. You who were true friend to me and my garden of long ago, I remember that I remembered you well when lately the breath of the lily of the valley brought you to mind. Since they last saw you in the flesh, my eyes have watched well nigh a score of poppy seasons come and go, and I have drunk lethean draughts of foreign life,—foreign and strange and all absorbing; yet in that fragrant vision your face was as distinct as though I had left you but yesterday. *Your* face, did I say? Twenty snows have not left mine unchanged. Now I might pass you in the street and know you not. Alas, my friend, the very memory of you is in the keeping of the flowers. I forget you from lily-of-the-valley time to lily-of-the-valley time. When your flower is out of season, remembrance of you is faint as that of fragrance itself.

The perfume of certain white blossoms, commonly put, I regret to say, to sad-sweet uses, will bring more vividly to mind the funeral of your first-born or of your betrothed than will the sight of a hearse.

Why does not some writer of fiction make full use of these facts?

Every lover knows the touch-thrill of palm on palm, cheek on cheek, lip on lip; and more than one flatters himself or herself that he or she could tell blindfold by the sensation experienced the beloved hand out of ten thousand. I should much like to experiment; for I am, tentatively, of the opinion that here the imagination plays an all-important part; that the effect is very indirect indeed. If a rejected suitor were adroitly substituted for an accepted one just wedded, and all the subject's senses except the intensive side of touch somehow put to sleep, I take it that a detested hand could be made to send ecstatic thrills through the body of the most sensitive of expectant brides. I think there is a greater knowledge in the nose than in the hand—the hand distinguishes by form rather than by feeling.

As for me, I am fully persuaded that I should feel just as forlorn as I should look, were I to become minus a nose.



Watkins Turned Down

Subsequently Governor Budd was urged to appoint Mr. A. A. Watkins to the vacancy, but the latter is the manager of the Montague hardware business, and the Executive refused to beat the devil round the stump. Of course there may be nothing essentially wrong in a public official's private business dealings with the government, but the reason of the interdiction is obvious. Some of our merchants are so conscious of their rectitude that they imagine they can do no wrong. Mr. Montague is probably one of them. I noticed some time ago that a branch of the post office was located in a hardware store in Montgomery avenue, and I regarded it as a coincidence but quite a natural one, interesting only in that it goes to show that Mr. Montague knows his business. Of course, I mean the hardware business.

The Next Big Political Fight

The leading Republican politicians of the State are once more buckling on their armor for the fray. The next big fight will be precipitated when the time arrives for selecting delegates-at-large to the National Convention. Only four men can be sent as delegates-at-large, but there are already about ten men ambitious of the honor. Governor Pardee thinks he is entitled to the distinction by reason of his high official position, and also because he rode in the Roosevelt procession in an open carriage, in broad daylight under a full-blown opera hat. His enemies say that he might appear in the convention in evening dress with his whiskers cut low. Those deadly enemies, ex-Governor Gage and General Rubicon Otis, are among the others that covet the distinction, but everybody agrees that it would be fatal to send both. George A. Knight, the attorney, made such a hit in the last National Convention that he thinks he should be sent as a delegate-at-large, and Mose Gunst claims the honor on the score of his itinerary with Roosevelt. Messrs De Young and Spreckels feel that if party service counts for anything their claims are pre-eminent. So it is quite evident that the scramble is to be a lively one.

School Department Politics

Mrs. Irene Doyle Reeves, the teacher who has been consolidated out of the School Department for the second time, should not feel aggrieved against the members of the Board of Education. When she was consolidated out some years ago she enjoyed a vacation pending her reinstatement by the courts, and she recovered all her back salary. She will in all probability have the same pleasant experience again, and by the time she is reinstated the men who have taken advantage of their little brief authority at the expense of the taxpayers will be pursuing the even tenor of their way in private life. Unfortunately the taxpayers have no redress. If the city could sue the school directors on their bonds for the sums in which it has been mulcted by their action in creating vacancies unlawfully to provide jobs for friends with a pull, those gentlemen would be less inclined to manufacture pretexts for the removal of teachers. Mrs. Reeves is recognized as one of the most capable teachers in the department. She was for several years a teacher in the Girls' High School, and during that period she had among her pupils many girls who now, in womanhood, look back to the days of their youth, and congratulate themselves upon having had the guidance of so capable an instructor, and so excellent a character-builder. Mrs. Reeves became unpopular in the department when she entered a protest against the conduct of a female teacher and a male pedagogue who were said to have been carrying on a flirtation somewhat openly.

Her Past

Mrs. Hattie B. Steele, the courageous teacher, who precipitated the tempest in the School Department over the course in drawing, is a woman with a past, not a Pinero past, but one that is not without interest. She was Miss McKee before her marriage with Dr. Charles H. Steele, a distinguished physician and lecturer. She was an orphan, and not of age, and her fiance obtained letters of guardianship over her before marrying her, his purpose being to secure for her the estate left by her father which was withheld by her stepmother, who had taken unto herself a second husband. Her marriage with Dr. Steele, who was many years her senior, proved unhappy and they were divorced. Dr. Steele owned a splendid collection of lantern slides which he used to illustrate his lectures. The slides came into the possession of Mrs. Steele, and after the divorce she took to the lecture platform and made her living by lecturing until she became a teacher in the School Department. She is an entertaining speaker, possessing a well developed sense of humor and considerable magnetism and dramatic ability. As I said last week, she is said to be engaged to W. W. Stone of the James Lick school, who has espoused Mrs. Steele's cause in the present controversy.

Engaged to a Count

Miss Stephens, the charming daughter of Mrs. Anna Cox Stephens, who was out here visiting her mother a short time ago, is now visiting friends in the East. Miss Stephens is engaged, conditionally I hear, to Count William de Jenison Topham Walmuth, a lineal descendant of Charles II of England. The Count is, however, a naturalized citizen of our country and his engagement with Miss Stephens was, I understand, the outcome of a romantic attachment of the love-at-first-sight order. He is at present visiting his aunt, Princess Libenstein of Germany. His grandfather was Grand Chamberlain to the King of Wurtemberg and his father, a favorite of the Court, brought letters to Lafayette when he came to this country. Miss Stephens is a traveled young woman and quite fitted to adorn the highest of social niches. Her mother is one of the most learned scholars among feminine American writers.

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Tactless Mr. Symmes

In addition to being president of the Merchants' Association Mr. Frank J. Symmes is also one of the principal stockholders of the Spring Valley Water Company, and in view of his connection with a public utility corporation many people were astonished at the communication sent by the association of which he is president to the Supervisors, urging that no franchise be granted to the Geary Street Railway Company except upon condition that the road be operated by an underground conduit system. Mr. Symmes has not long been interested in the management of the water company, and to his inexperience may be attributed his attempted interference with the business of the railroad. Men of tact engaged in conducting public utilities have always deemed it expedient to stand together. It has never been deemed advisable for the magnates of one corporation to stir public prejudices against another. To do so is considered not only indiscreet but indelicate. But Mr. Symmes is not noted for either his discretion or his tact. His social prestige has given him considerable pull in financial circles of late, but he has not yet achieved anything of note. Moreover, he is not likely to if he continues to make a practice of interfering in other people's business. If there is one company in town that should attend strictly to its own business it is the one in which Mr. Symmes represents a big block of Boston stock.

The Princess Played Queen

Princess Kawananakoa is now the acknowledged leader of the Honolulu smart set. She was formerly Miss Abby Campbell and she has many friends in this city. She is a handsome young woman, and as a promoter of social gayty, she is a distinct success. She was Queen of the Masque at a ball given at the new hotel in Honolulu a few weeks ago, and she presented a stunning picture in her court robes and glittering jewels. Her costume was of ivory silk, *a la* Princesse, with a train of ruffled chiffon. The corsage and train were ornamented with yellow flowers and applique lace. Over this was worn a heavy ivory silk court train lined with heavy satin. Under the coiffure was worn a magnificent tiara of diamonds, and clasped on her throat was a necklace of diamonds and emeralds. The officers composing the U. S. Army board to select fort sites on Oahu occupied a special box at the ball, which was one of the most ambitious social functions held in Honolulu since the islands were annexed.

Tay-Henshaw Engagement

Formal announcement of the engagement of Mrs. Helen Walker Tay and Supreme Court Justice Frederick W. Henshaw will be announced this afternoon, at a tea to be given at the residence of Mrs. Bert Morrow. Mrs. Tay is one of *the* beauties of society. It is customary nowadays to refer to every woman in society as a beauty, and consequently the word "beautiful" has lost its significance so far as its application to representatives of the elite is concerned, but Mrs. Tay's physical charms are not of the commonplace variety. She has the pulchritude that commands admiration. Moreover she is a woman of culture and wit, and in the qualities of her mind matches well her fiance who is distinguished in his profession not only for his knowledge of the law, but also for the literary ability which is displayed in his opinions. It is conceded by the bar of the State that the opinions of Justice Henshaw are unsurpassed by those of any other member of the Court, in clearness and purity of diction. The distinguished jurist is also a noted raconteur, and is therefore one of the most interesting of companions.

The Army Scandal

Whenever a scandal breaks out in the army it excites amazement among people who labor under the delusion that the morals of the military gents, and of their feminine relatives, are of a much higher grade than those of civilians. The fact is that they are no better than those of people who have had equal educational and religious training. The army has certain ideals which it cherishes, and it is popularly supposed to be jealous of its honor. The ethics of the military profession are a check upon dishonorable proclivities, and the discipline enforced is conducive to exemplary personal conduct, but the officers of the army are beset by as many temptations as those in private life. Domestic infelicity is not rare in the army, but the scandals of the service are seldom publicly ventilated. Army officers are enjoined from talking for publication, and consequently the scandals of a military post are infrequently given publicity. The case of Lieutenant Hector A. Robichon is an exceptional one. Every one connected with it has been talking. Mrs. Edith Partello Madden, wife of Captain John F. Madden, had too much confidence in the ethics of the military profession, and hence the disgraceful sequel to her flirtations. She is the victim of army gossip, a vice that has grown enormously in the military service since the close of the Spanish war. When the army lost its exclusiveness by reason of the admission of influential volunteers with political pull, it became extremely hazardous for women to flirt promiscuously. Mrs. Madden's flirtations may have been harmless, but she invited suspicion, and when a woman ceases to be above suspicion in the army she is lost.

Her Other Flirtation

Revenge is said to be the motive that inspired the charges against Lieutenant Robichon, but it looks very much as though the friends of the accused officer hope to

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intimidate the prosecution by threats against officers higher in rank than the defendant. There has been a story in circulation for some time to the effect that Mrs. Madden carried on a flirtation for awhile at the Benicia Barracks with a certain captain whose wife is now threatening him with a suit for divorce in which she will name Captain Madden's wife as co-respondent. All of which is tending to more seriously impair the army's reputation for honor. It appears that there are moral cowards in the army who are willing to sacrifice a woman to save themselves. The plight of Mrs. Madden is indeed pitiful.

An Unwise Appointment

The confirmation, last Monday, of the appointment of Sanford Dole to the position of District Judge of Hawaii, no doubt occasioned much surprise in the islands. There was organized opposition to the appointment of Dole but it appears to have miscarried. It is hard to believe, in view of his appointment, that the President is well informed as to social and political conditions in the islands. If he is well informed on the subject then he has a meagre appreciation of the temperament required for high judicial duty. Honolulu is a hot-bed of social and political strife. Sanford B. Dole is a factional leader. He has engaged in some very bitter political quarrels and he is wedded to the traditions of the missionary set which controls the wealth of the islands, and seeks to regulate the manners and habits of the people. He may be a man of integrity, but he is only human and it is not likely that he will bring to the determination of questions involving either life or property a calm, impartial judgment, free from the prejudices that he has imbibed during a long period of social and political commotion. The people who object to him as a judge espoused the cause of no man. They merely asked that President Roosevelt do as President McKinley did—select a non-resident, some disinterested individual who could deal impartially with the missionary, the anti-missionary, the native and the foreigner.

Beat the Record for Teas

Last Saturday was a trying day for San Francisco. Nothing on the same scale has been known since the Boston Tea-Party, and that occurred a century and a quarter ago. There were seven teas in San Francisco that day. Four of them were very swell ones, and it was the proper thing to "do" them all—all the swell ones. Never was there such a chance for competition among tea-givers and tea-brewers, and it was the consensus of opinion that Mrs. Chesebrough gave THE tea of the season. It was certainly the jolliest and most successful tea that has been given in San Francisco for many a day. There are teas and teas, some are deadly and formal, others are gay and jovial, and the Chesebrough was of the latter sort. It was not even necessary for the hostess to furnish music to enliven her guests—they did that for themselves. Mrs. Chesebrough is cordiality itself and there's nothing of the average cold-blooded society woman about her. She seemed really glad to see people and everyone took the cue from her. Mr. Chesebrough was everywhere, inviting the men to have something that was not in the dining-room and the number of men who thronged the house was a compliment to Chesebrough hospitality. Fully a third of the guests were men—men of importance and standing, not beardless youths. Perhaps something of the success of the tea was due to the attractive matrons who helped to receive and the delicious dainties, so different from the ordinary cut and dried salad and oysters of the ordinary tea, which were served in the dining-room. Whatever it was, Mrs. Chesebrough is being congratulated.

He Was So Attentive

An amusing story is being told of a young and wealthy San Francisco widow who was recently the pleased recipient of the devoted attentions of a young and rather impecunious youth. He was so attractive and the lady had so much money, that his financial distress was lost sight of in the interest he inspired. But this interest was not sufficient and when the time came to accept or reject him the wealthy widow gave him his *conge*. The youth was much crestfallen for he had counted on winning the lady. Indeed he had counted on it so confidently that for many months he had sent her flowers every day—beautiful flowers, expensive flowers, out-of-season flowers. The widow had often thought that he was going to great expense in her behalf, and he was. After he had been rejected the florist bill was sent to the lady, by order of the youth. She paid it without a murmur—even with a smile. To her friends she said that she did not mind paying the bill at all. What she appreciated was the pleasing attention. The florist smiled too—for his had been a contingent fee.

An Alameda Wedding

A bride in gray, and her maid-of-honor in white, were an innovation at an Alameda wedding last week. It was a home wedding, Miss Salome Waltz being united to Mr. William Whitlow of Washington, D. C. The bride's gown was gray crepe de chine over red silk, which was very becoming to her rich style of beauty. Her sister Mora attended her, her gown being white silk. They are daughters of the W. H. Waltzes of Van Buren avenue. Rev. Dr. Guthrie of Christ church performed the ceremony. The marriage would have been a church affair but owing to a recent death in the family, it was celebrated quietly, only relatives and very intimate friends being present.

"NOTHING but past facts are vouchers for the future."
—*Newmar*

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Why Ames Was Uncomfortable

Worthington Ames was caused no little annoyance the other day by the announcement, in a morning paper, that one W. Ames had become involved in a lawsuit over some bucket shop transactions, and was seeking to recover monies lost by some alleged crooked dealings. That a member of the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange should be so associated with such an affair was of course impossible, and Worthington Ames was not slow in vigorously explaining that it was quite a different "W. Ames" who was mixed up in the odorous affair. For some hours, though, he was very uncomfortable.

Their Novel Wedding Tour

"Roughing it" honeymoons are taking the place of the old regulation trip to a smart out-of-town hotel, or to Europe. The Ferdinand Stephensons took theirs in the former way. They went to the Grand Canyon of Colorado, and "did" its sights in an unconventional way in outing attire. They are back in town again at their home, which is a most artistic place, furnished in Old English style. Both the Stephensons are ardent collectors of furniture.

Lingerie from Paris

Even Therese Morgan, when she married Norris Davis, did not receive so many presents as did her friend Genevieve Carolan, when she became Mrs. Harry Poett. One exquisite and priceless gift was a wonderful set of handmade lingerie trimmed with real lace and hand-embroidered, that fragile sort that a breath would blow away. It was bought in Paris. Mrs. Frank Carolan's sunburst was a beautiful gift, and Mr. Poett gave his bride some handsome diamonds.

Is Going Abroad

Mrs. Scott, widow of the late Irving M. Scott, has been at death's door with an attack of pneumonia. Though slowly convalescing, she is still in a precarious condition. As soon as she is well enough to travel she will go to Southern California, and thence will proceed by slow stages to New York and Europe. The Scott home will be closed, and everything is now being packed and stored. The art treasures are among the most valuable owned by connoisseurs here, Mr. Scott having been a very liberal patron of artists. Mrs. Scott is not so worldly as her sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, her tastes running rather to mental pleasures than to society.

Bob Burdette's Latest

Robert J. Burdette, the clerical humorist, who has been lecturing in the East while his wife has been addressing women's clubs, wrote to a friend in Pasadena, the other day, and a correspondent sends me the following excerpt from his letter: "I have been on the zig-zag as usual and am very homesick. Mrs. Burdette has eloped with a crowd of club women and I have not seen her for ten days. The elections pleased me mightily, even the result in New York did not at all surprise me. The only surprising thing about New York is that it has moral strength of purpose to be half-way decent two years in twenty. That is a miracle of grace. That proportion will take any New Yorker to heaven. Peter will say to him in kindly rebuke: 'It was all right for you to try to get here, but you had no need to kill yourself doing it.' Shortly after which Peter will miss his keys, watch, lamp and halo. And they will find the New York man hunting a pawn shop."

The New Yellow Journal

After toying with the Los Angeles newspaper field for several years, says my correspondent, and after prolonged investigations, William Randolph Hearst has flung his banners to the semi-tropic breezes of the Southland and announces that he will fill the newspaper field chock full of holes on Sunday, December thirteenth, with an edition that will embrace sixty-four pages and will reach fifty thousand subscribers. The Los Angeles *Examiner* will espouse simon pure Democracy of the Hearst brand, and incidentally create presidential sentiment of the Hearst variety. An irreverent fellow in Los Angeles says it ought to be called the Hearst Bee Gum as Willie is only setting up stands in the national apiary to catch Democratic honey. The new *Examiner* will make its appearance through a star trap, and it will come screeching into the world of journalism. On the night of December twelfth there will be a mammoth procession of labor unions in Los Angeles, and banners will be borne bearing the announcement that the Labor Savior has come to free the masses from the galling yoke of capital. The people of Los Angeles are on the tiptoe of expectancy. They are looking forward to a battle royal between Hearst and Harison Gray Otis of the *Times*. The Rubicon hero is already manifesting signs of alarm. He has summoned the members of his staff into his sanctum and has entreated them to stand fast, at the same time adding a little pleasing persuasion through the medium of an increased salary roll.



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To Whom Credit Is Due

The average newspaper proprietor is seized with a fit of generosity when his field is entered by William R. Hearst. I have never sounded the depths of Mr. Hearst's sympathy for the plain people, but I know of the benefits that have accrued to the plain working newspaper man by reason of the pace set by the greatest of all exponents of yellow journalism, and I shall always welcome an opportunity to sound his praises in that connection. Hearst has always been the advance agent of prosperity in the newspaper business. He is entitled to the gratitude of the whole newspaper fraternity, including the men who have been given an increase of salary by Harrison Gray Otis, and if Mr. Hearst wants any of them it is not likely that they will hesitate to leave the *Times*.

To Smash Otis

One of the stories afloat in Los Angeles anent the coming of the new yellow journal is that Mr. Hearst is partly inspired by a desire to wreak revenge on General Otis, on account of the attacks made many years ago on Senator George Hearst. The newspaper men of Los Angeles are jubilant over the coming of Hearst, and it is said that ninety per cent of them are eager for a call to the *Examiner* office. The first to join the new staff is Ferdinand Webb of the *Herald*. He is to be the news editor of the new paper. It is reported that after the paper has been fairly launched Charley Nicholson, formerly of this city, but now one of the stars of New York journalism, will come out to take charge of it.

His Ambition

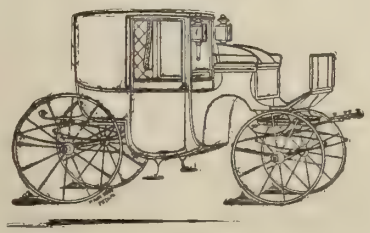
The very latest report concerning the political aspirations of Mr. Hearst is that he is not seriously seeking the nomination for President by the next Democratic National Convention; that he is merely shaping his political fortunes for 1908. It is said that he will make a show of strength in the convention, but not with the hope of securing the nomination, because he will not be ready to launch a real, substantial presidential boom. Hearst's newspaper enterprises have not yet begun to attain the importance which he has in view for them. And yet his influence is today far more widespread than even well-informed people imagine. It is not confined to the newspapers under his direct control. It extends to many papers scattered throughout the country that are indebted to him for their news service. That news service grows with each new Hearst paper that is established. It is rapidly becoming a rival of the Associated Press. If the rate of progress it has made in the past four years is maintained in the next four, William R. Hearst will indeed be the Napoleon of Journalism.

Edgren and Davenport

Bob Edgren, of the Hearst staff of artists, came to town the other day and he brought some interesting news from newspaper circles in the East. Since Homer Davenport began illustrating Brisbane's freak editorials on temperance his admirers have not had much opportunity to enthuse over him. Edgren is now exploiting the field in which Davenport made his reputation, and with great success. Some people think that as Davenport's work nowadays shows signs of brain-fag, the consequence of trying to absorb the Brisbane temperament, he has lost his grip as a cartoonist, but Edgren says that his brother artist has lost none of his vim and that when he returns to more congenial work he prove that he is in his old form. According to Edgren, Davenport is still an ardent animal lover, and a few weeks ago he confided in a friend that his ambition was to own an elephant and a tiger. He has quite a menagerie on his New Jersey farm, and he has the most valuable collection of pheasants in the world.

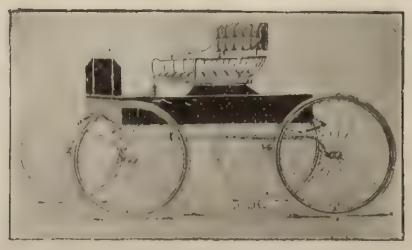
Davenport's Luck

Edgren tells an amusing story by way of illustration of Davenport's phenomenal luck. Seven months ago, a woman about eighty years of age, who owned a farm in New Jersey adjoining Davenport's, submitted a proposition to the artist. She said that she would deed to him her farm, which was worth about ten thousand dollars, providing he would agree to give her one thousand dollars a year for the remainder of her life. Davenport considered the proposition for a few days, and then rejected it. The woman looked so rugged that he thought it quite probable that she would pass the century mark. So he didn't want to take a gambler's chance. However, he said that he would agree to give her one thousand a year in semi-annual payments, for ten years, but no longer. She accepted his proposition, received the first payment a little over a month ago, and a week later she died leaving Davenport in possession of the farm. Davenport, by the way, has temporarily sev-



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ered his connection with the Hearst papers to go on the lecture platform. He has a repertoire of stories that would make a hit on the vaudeville circuit.

The Eccentric Swinnerton

Edgren tells an amusing story of his other Californian confrere, Jimmy Swinnerton, the discoverer of the miniature Californian bear. For awhile after his advent to the metropolis, Jimmy of the garish sweater and the variegated shirt-waist undertook to set the pace in the tenderloin. He made things hum along Broadway in his breezy, Western way, and was soon better known on the Rialto than either Dan Daly or William Faversham. In time he divorced himself from his art to train with the devotees of Bacchus, and promote the gayety of the post-theatre cafes. But Jimmy has pulled himself together again and is now one of the most prolific contributors to the comic supp. The red-light district has not lost its fascinations, however, and Jimmy is still popular among its denizens. It is said that he would rather be a prize-fighter than the highest salaried artist in America. One night, some months ago, he entered a saloon on the docks to get a bracer, and attracted the attention of two sailors. They whispered to the bar-keeper and presently the latter approached the artist and said, "Those sailors want to know who you are."

"Tell 'em I'm Terry McGovern," said Swinnerton.

A few moments later one of the sailors swaggered over to Swinnerton.

"Say," he began, "I've always wanted to know how it feels to lick a prize-fighter."

And by way of realizing the long cherished desire he hit Swinnerton in the eye and put him out. The artist made his appearance at the *Journal* office next day with a badly discolored face.

Gibson's Big Contract

Various are the reports that have been circulated concerning the big contract entered into some time ago, between *Collier's* and artist Gibson, of Gibson-girl fame, whose drawings appeared for many years exclusively in *Life*. According to one report *Collier's* had secured the services of Gibson for twenty thousand a year, but the fact is, says Bob Edgren, that the publishers of the weekly have contracted to pay the artist one thousand dollars apiece for his drawings, and that he is required to supply them with fifty-four within two years. This contract was made by one of the junior members of the publishing firm, and it spread cold chills over the other members when they heard about it. They thought it was a bad bargain, but the advertising that resulted from it has vindicated the business judgment of the junior member.

Mrs. A. B. Hammond gave a dinner last week at which twenty-eight covers were laid.

Two seasons ago there was a deal of grumbling among the members of the smart dancing clubs because only weak punch was served at the suppers. There was a demand for something exhilarating; something that would stimulate small talk, and promote congeniality. And now there will be joy among those who attend the functions of La Jeunesse, the most exclusive of the revived dancing clubs, for it has been decided to use Ayala, the most popular of champagnes, at all the functions of that organization.

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His Several Marriages

It is not always the man of Sandow physique and Apollo Belvedere pulchritude who wins the most admiration from the fair sex. Robert L. Sherwood, who died this week, was not especially good-looking but he was married three times, and every wedding was a love-match. When "Bert" Sherwood was a lad, at dancing-school he always had his choice of partners, and when he grew up and went into society it was the same way. Women always loved him. His first wife was Mamie Blethen. They had a big, smart wedding in church with the full accompaniment of bridesmaids and splendor. After a few years came a divorce. Though a charming lover, young Sherwood had not proved an ideal husband. It was not very long after this that Bert Sherwood found a second bride in Hope Ellis, the beautiful society tennis champion from up country. This marriage was also followed by a divorce. The first Mrs. Sherwood is still that. Though twice reported engaged, once to young Harry Macfarlane and again to a Mr. Kaufmann, Mrs. Mary Blethen Sherwood has not changed her name. The second Mrs. Sherwood, however, has married twice since her divorce from her first husband.

His Aunt's Romance

Young George Whittell is not the only one of old Nicholas Luning's descendants to permit romance to enter into his matrimonial arrangements. His aunt, Mrs. George S. Fife, contracted a romantic marriage, though no one would fancy such a thing now, such a conventional matron she has become. The Fife marriage was an elopement. The bridegroom occupied an humble position in the navy. It was a love match, but Papa Luning didn't approve of it. They said he nearly died when the news was brought to him of the hasty marriage, which took place in San Jose. Wags of the clubs suggested his illness was caused by his doubt as to whether the bridegroom had sufficient to pay the minister's fee. The Fifes have become very liberal spenders since old Nick's death. It is a curious thing that all the old miser's children are lavish in expenditure, not one having followed in his footprints. Mrs. Fife, by the way, though brought up a Catholic, has made Episcopalians of her daughters. She is a conservative woman and dislikes



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Notice of Sale of Real Estate

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of said Court, Dept 9 thereof, duly given and made on the 23rd day of November, 1903, in the matter of the Estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased, the undersigned, as administratrix of said estate will sell, at private sale, all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Northwestern line of Jessie street distant thereon 275 feet Southwesterly from the Southwestern line of Fifth street and running thence Southwesterly along said line of Jessie street Twenty-two (22) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northwesterly parallel with Fifth street Eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly parallel with Jessie street Twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches, and thence at right angles Southeasterly parallel with Fifth street Eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

Together with all the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging. Said sale will be made on or after the 14th day of December 1903, and offers or bids in writing for the purchase of said property will be received at the office of Mr. Joseph E. O'Donnell, Rooms 461-462, Fourth floor, Parrott Building, No. 855 Market street, in the City and County of San Francisco, California. All bids to be addressed to the undersigned.

Bids are to be for the property as a whole.

Terms of sale: purchase price to be paid in United States Gold Coin, payable upon confirmation of the sale by said Court.

Dated, November 24, 1903.

Joseph E. O'Donnell
Attorney for Administratrix

Catherine Felvey, Administratrix of the Estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased.

anything like newspaper notice. When her daughter Beatrice was to take part in an amateur theatrical affair last winter, Mrs. Fife insisted on having her name omitted from the program. She was very irate when Beatrice's picture appeared in the papers.

She Has Twenty-five Hats

The bride of a fortnight ago, Mrs. Andrew P. Welch, will probably be the smartest gowned matron in society this winter. After Julia de Lavcaga left the convent where she was educated, her mind still turned to religion and her friends were afraid she would elect to become a nun, but she soon found the world a pleasant place. With her beauty, style and great wealth, she is well-fitted to be a social leader. Her trousseau, by the way, is one of the most complete and beautiful ever possessed by a San Francisco bride. It includes twenty-five hats.

Developments Awaited

Vesta Shortridge, whose engagement with Emile Bruguiere, one of the eccentric Bruguieres, was reported to have been broken off some time ago, has gone East. Young Bruguiere is also in the East, and consequently the friends of both the young people are now on the *qui vive* for news of developments. Some of those friends say they wouldn't be surprised if the engagement were renewed, for they believe that the breaking of it was the result of a trivial misunderstanding.

Lady Sybil Cutting, who arrived with her husband, Bayard Cutting, at the Palace last week, on the way to their beet sugar place in the South, is a *bas bleu*. She is said to have under way a novel dealing with American life.

They'll Keep in the Whirl

It is not thought that the death of Mrs. Santa Marina will send into social retirement her nieces, the Mesdames Augustus and Will Taylor and Fred McNear, this winter. The Hopkins sisters were very fond of their aunt, but they have the courage to break away from the conventions that obtain among relatives of the departed. Their grandmother died a few seasons ago, and shortly after Mrs. Gus Taylor appeared at the opera. Mourning, by the way, is going out of fashion, though extremists still affect the dark band on a white overcoat, because it is so chic and English. Some people love to be ostentatious even in their sadness. They do queer things in society. A bud whose mother was in mourning made her debut at a formal home function the other day, but Mamma did not preside. She directed affairs from behind the scenes, and the girls' aunt did the honors.

Why He's Suspected

The appointment of Attorney Brobeck to the position of Chief Assistant in the office of the City Attorney-elect, Percy V. Long, has given rise to some ugly gossip in political circles. Brobeck is a brother-in-law of Boss McNab, and since the announcement of his appointment by Long, some of the politicians have recalled the fact that Gavin appeared very reluctant, some time ago, to jeopardize the chances of the Republican candidate. When the Democratic convention was in session McNab wouldn't agree to nominate anybody for City Attorney who would be likely to defeat Long. He objected to several and agreed only to those who, he knew, would not accept the nomination. He was afterwards urged to endorse the Democrat nominated by the Labor Party, and though the Democratic party could have won the office by so doing, McNab would not consent. It was suspected during the campaign that McNab was interested in the election of Long, and the suspicious ones now view the appointment of his brother-in-law as significant. Those who know that Mr. Brobeck is an exceptionally able lawyer, familiar with the litigation in which the city is involved, and with the duties of the office, and that Long lacks not only experience but also a sound knowledge of law, regard the suspicions of the skeptical as groundless. Those who know that treachery is characteristic of McNab's nature are quick to attribute vicious motives to all his political acts. It will be remembered that, some years ago, when he was on the junta that reorganized the Democratic party, he participated in the nomination of a candidate for high office and supported his opponent.



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An Episode of the War

York Noel, who paid us a fleeting visit last week while on his way to the Asiatic station, was a leading figure in a dramatic scene on board the *Marblehead* when he was the navigator and McCalla the captain of that vessel in Guantanamo bay during the Spanish war. It was on the night of the sortie from the marine camp on shore, during which a Spanish lieutenant had been captured and was taken on board the *Marblehead* for safe keeping. The Spaniard was shown every courtesy by the American officers, but it was soon noticed by the little group in the ward-room that he was in a towering rage, and getting madder every minute, while a conversation was going on in Spanish between two Cuban officers who were present as allies and guests. Noel came in just then, and being the only American who understood Spanish, quickly saw that the Cubans were hurling insults at the unfortunate prisoner. Noel turned upon the offenders sharply. "Look here," he said to them bluntly, "that officer is a gentleman and a prisoner of war. He is to be treated as such. If a single insult is uttered against him, the Captain will put the offender on the beach right off—and I don't give a damn who he is." That quieted the Cubans. The Spanish lieutenant spent the rest of the evening enjoying the hospitality that the American officers extended him in his captivity.

A letter from Japan informs me of a misfortune that befell Midshipman Nichols, of the gunboat *Annapolis*. Young Nichols, who is quite an athlete, took part in a game of football at Kobe between the team from his vessel and a picked team, and he was heavily thrown in a scrimmage, his leg being broken by his fall. He was carried off to the *Annapolis*, where he was treated for the mishap suffered in the cause of carrying our national games to foreign lands.

The Booming of Persham

From Army officers returning from the Philippines I am repeatedly hearing stories that lead me to the conclusion that the much extolled Captain J. J. Pershing is another man to be added to the list of Schleys, Miles's, and other military false alarms. It is evident that Pershing owes more to his pull and to newspaper notoriety than to his merit, even though that be above the average. The methods by which he has achieved fame are not dissimilar from those employed by both Schley and Miles, who are the most conspicuous examples of men who have fooled both the press and the public into thinking them the heroes of the age. In the first place, it was an undeserved rebuke to other officers to place Pershing, a captain, in charge of an expedition such as the Mindanao campaign, over the heads of entirely competent, but modest, pull-lacking, seniors. It is true that Pershing's column did good work, but the news that comes to me now, from men both senior and junior to him, sheds light upon the degree to which its success was due to Pershing himself. Time and again, I am told, a detachment of his command would sally forth, defeat and scatter the enemy, and then Pershing would follow with another force, meet little if any opposition, and later make a glowing report of the whole operation, the real work of which was performed by the first detachment. It saddens me to contemplate a fallen idol, but I am driven to the necessity of regarding Pershing as another press-agent hero.

When Stone Wooed Miss Conde

The conviction, by court-martial, of Lieutenant G. L. P. Stone, U. S. Navy, of the charge of drunkenness on duty, calls to mind another occasion when that young officer found himself before a military tribunal, but for a quite different reason. Six years ago Stone, then an Ensign, attracted much attention to himself by his devotion to Miss Marie Conde, the daughter of Swits Conde, a wealthy New York merchant. While the young swain found much favor in the girl's eyes, he failed to impress her father, and plans were laid, it was alleged, for an elopement. In his rage, the stern parent preferred charges of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" against Stone, and the principals were soon participating in a formal proceeding before a court of inquiry. Much of the spectacular attended the court's doings, but Stone emerged with flying colors, the court holding that he had done nothing either ungentlemanly or unofficerlike in endeavoring to woo the maid of his choice, even if he threatened the Lochinvar tactics. The Secretary of the Navy approved the court's findings, and the incident ended with Miss Conde's departure for some distant place and Stone's assignment to other duty. Drunkenness is much rarer among officers of the Navy now than it was in past years, the complication and value of the properties nowadays under their charge being so greatly increased that risking damage by reason of muddled brains is more than ever reprehensible. Stone's sen-

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tence of a mere loss of numbers in his grade is so lenient that it can only be accounted for by his past good record and the great dearth of officers in the Navy.

Captain Kelly's Auxiliary

Out at the Page and Gough street armory that gallant National Guardsman, Captain Kelly, is drilling a class of young women in military tactics. It is an Auxiliary to the N. G. C., and the feminine soldiers are to be taught how to march like real guardsmen, how to fence and various other things. When Captain Kelly was asked the other day what the purpose of the Auxiliary was, he answered:

"I guess it's a matrimonial bureau."

A Plea for the Hazer

As a result of the dismissal of Midshipmen Lofland, Chafee and Little for hazing, at a time when the Navy is in great straits for officers, many thoughtful people are questioning the wisdom of the law that provides so drastic a punishment for what is a mere boyish prank, by no means as terrible as the doting parents of a few milksop mammas' darlings believe. The case is well indicated by the following letter which has been received by President Roosevelt:

New York, Nov. 1, 1903.

To the President,

Dear Sir: I trust you will modify to a leave of absence, say for three months with pay, Secretary Moody's drastic sentence of dismissal forever from the Navy of three midshipmen for alleged hazing. In the name of Heaven, is the punishment of hazing to be equal to that of treason in time of war—to that of Hale's "Man without a Country"? Freshmen as a rule ought to be hazed, same as I was and some others who would never have amounted to anything otherwise. I am,

Faithfully yours, *W. H. Ballou.*

There is much sense in what Mr. Ballou says. For thirty years, the law imposing dismissal as the sentence for hazing has been in force but it has not abolished hazing and never will. Instead, it has deprived the service of many good officers. There are not a thousand people in the country who know what Naval Academy hazing really is. Standing on one's head, singing the laundry-list to the tune of "Mary Had a Little Lamb," growling like a bear, performing a selected number of the regular "setting up" exercise, saying "Sir" to seniors, running upstairs on all-fours, "furling the wardrobe," and other silly products of youthful imaginations, are surely not great hardships, and these are specimens of the "brutal hazing." A youth who cannot endure them has no business in a military calling.



She Sings Folk Songs

Miss Ramus, sister of Dr. Ramus of the U. S. Marine Hospital, will play the violin at Miss Ingeborg Resch-Petersen's song recital next Saturday afternoon. Miss Ramus is a very clever violinist, and is out here on a visit to her brother. Miss Resch-Petersen is a Swedish artist of reputation who has sung with Gade, Grieg, Sinding, Richter and others of the noted conductors of Europe. She will render some of the charming folk songs of Scandinavia, among other things. Will Greenbaum has charge of the affair, which is to be given in Lyric hall and is invitational.

Paymaster Eugene D. Ryan, U. S. N., is the proud father of the first American baby to be born on the island of Guam. Baby Ryan is now two months old. Her father was one of the heroes of the battle of Manila Bay, having served on the *Concord*.

Gossip of the Army

More changes have occurred at army headquarters. A new chief surgeon has made his appearance in the Phelan building, in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Torney. He succeeded Colonel H. S. Kilbourne who will leave for Manila on Tuesday. Captain George W. Rethers is to be the new chief commissary, and Major Krauthoff the purchasing commissary. Colonel L. W. Maus has been ordered to Fort Riley, and he will be succeeded in the Medical Supply Depot by Major Louis Brechemin. The latter was stationed at the Presidio some years ago, and at that time his wife was the soprano of Grace Episcopal church choir.

There were army brides galore on the *Sheridan* when that transport left for Manila with the Twenty-second Infantry, but the record of that regiment will be beaten when the Twentieth sails on next Tuesday. Eight out of the eleven lieutenants of the regiment will be accompanied by their brides.



Among the Artists

Local art lovers are finding much to interest them these days. Lorenzo P. Latimer's pupils held an exhibition in Maple hall last week, and the annual winter exhibition is on at the Hopkins Institute. The Bohemian Club artists will hold theirs within a fortnight. The Latimer exhibition contained some clever pupil work. One of the students whose work shows more than mere promise is Alice V. Myers, who exhibited fourteen sketches, chiefly Santa Cruz and Mill Valley scenes. There's a deal of atmosphere in F. Sewall Brown's work. His sketches were not pretentious but bits of nature well treated. M. W. Buck, J. E. Wilson, Amanda Austin, O. H. Hansen and Norma L. Castle had some good things in the showing of pupils' work. Miss Castle is one of the society amateurs, but she has evidently not permitted the magnetic giddy whirl to lure her from serious work. Her Killarney sketches are charming. F. Edith Whitefield has studied so long with Mr. Latimer that she has caught all his tricks of style and it is rather hard to distinguish between Miss Whitefield's work and that of her master. Still she shows plenty of originality in her treatment of Chinatown scenes. A "Land's End" and "Path—Mill Valley" were especially good. Mr. Latimer had a "Land's End," also, in the exhibition, a strong treatment of a place familiar to us all. A sketch of the Mill Valley redwoods was also delightful.

At the Hopkins

Piazzoni, who has one of his most exquisite things in the Hopkins hanging this year, is the artist who was the means of forming the California Society of Artists, the secessionists from the Mathews cult. Some of the Hopkins' committee objected to Piazzoni's work once upon a time, but it has a conspicuous position on the walls this year. "The Pool" is a delicious bit, full of poetry. Willis Davis, president of the Art Association, who is a business man when he isn't an artist, has some beautiful sketches. Gamble, Latimer, Olga Ackerman, Alice Chittenden, Haig Patigian and C. A. Friis show some admirable works. The miniatures are a striking feature of this year's exhibition. Last year the tiny gems were rather thrust into the background, but Rose Hooper Platner, Hallie Erminie Hyde, Lilla V. O'Ryan, Rose Campbell, Mrs. Arthur Silverberg and others are well represented this season.

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Miss Clement Returns

Miss Ethel Clement, the young San Francisco artist who never made much of a furor here, but whose work has met with considerable success in the East, is again in San Francisco, which is really her home. Miss Clement and her mother have been spending some years in Boston, where they were the guests of their cousin, Mrs. Beach, the musician. Miss Clement had a studio in Boston and many of her pictures now hang in the best Beacon Hill homes.

They Almost Met

There have been rumors for some time of an engagement between Francis McComas, the artist, and a young woman who paints well, and is handsome and somewhat his senior. But since his return from Monterey it has been reported that he has another affair on his hands. His Monterey inamorata came to town the other day, and she came within an ace of meeting the woman who paints face to face in Vickery's, where McComas was engaged in hanging his pictures. McComas was quite startled at the prospect of figuring in an embarrassing situation. By the way, his friends are delighted with the fine display of pictures he has made at Vickery's. This young man has made remarkable progress in his art. He has been working hard at Monterey and improvement has been noticed, especially in his drawing, which was his weak point.

Keith's Mammoth Effort

Keith is at work upon the largest picture of his entire career. It is an immense canvas ordered by the Hotel St. Francis Company and the artist dances up and down upon a support in order to paint it. It is said that he laid in almost the entire picture during the first five hours, working like a Trojan. So easy are the broad effects for him that the picture appeared to be finished then. It is a Tamalpais and it almost seems as though the mountain rose before you. The immense canvas is to be the only picture in the marble hall and will be an excellent advertisement for Keith. He is receiving for it the largest price of his career—ten thousand dollars. So furious has been the artist's frenzy that his wife predicted a fit of illness after the picture was painted, but so far the maestro has escaped.



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Wheeler Meets Dunne

Many lawyers neglected the interests of their clients last week. They were taking as deep an interest in a case on trial before Judge Kerrigan as does the average small boy in a university football contest. The case possessed none of the elements of interest that make for success in a Pinero problem play, but if it had been held in the Columbia theatre at the regulation price of a top-notch show, and none but lawyers had been privileged to attend, there would not have been any vacant seats. The intensity of the interest was due largely to the fact that Peter F. Dunne and Charles S. Wheeler were opposing counsel. Those two young attorneys are distinguished in their profession, and to follow the trial of a case in which they are engaged is a liberal education. Dunne has a phenomenal string of victories to his credit, and as a consequence he enjoys rare prestige. Ever since he began trying cases for the railroads he has been mowing down opposing counsel with wonderful dexterity. Until he slipped a cog in a case against John J. Barrett and later on against the Johnson brothers, late of Sacramento, he seemed invincible as a jury lawyer. Wheeler is not so distinguished as a jury lawyer as he is in other departments of his profession, but he ranks among the leaders of the bar. So when Wheeler and Dunne appeared in opposition to each other for the first time, the interest aroused in legal circles was akin to that which quickens the blood of an audience at a championship battle between heavy-weight prize fighters.

How a Leg Was Lost

The suit involved the claim of a man named Goldberg against both the Southern Pacific Company and the United Railroads Company for fifty thousand dollars damages for the loss of a leg. He was a passenger one day on an electric car that came into collision with a Southern Pacific train at the Sunnyside crossing. There are gates at that point maintained by the Southern Pacific Company, and a man is employed to lower them to stop traffic whenever a train appears. On this particular day he failed to see the train in time to lower the gates, and the engine crashed into the electric car. The facts were plain. The jury was called upon to determine the question of the negligence of either or both of the companies. Goldberg's attorney, Mr. Friedenrich, sought to saddle the blame on both because if successful the verdict would probably be larger than if only one had to pay the damages. Dunne as the attorney for the Southern Pacific blamed it on the United Railroads, and Wheeler, representing the United Railroads, contended that the responsibility was on the Southern Pacific. For four weeks they hammered away at the evidence, and the manoeuvring of those two wizards of the legal profession was an instructive revelation to a throng of Blackstonian disciples.

A Battle Royal

To the lay observer it would be impossible to discern which of the two had the advantage of inherent merit, but to the legal mind it was plain that Dunne had an uphill battle, devolving on him as it did to prove that the Southern Pacific had exhausted all precautions against accident at that point. His main point was that as the plaintiff was a passenger on a car of the United Railroads, that company was charged with the responsibility of a common carrier; that it was required to observe the highest degree of caution, whereas, the Southern Pacific, having no interest in the plaintiff, was required, under the law, to exercise only ordinary caution. The two lawyers were fairly saturated with technical knowledge pertinent to the operation of both electric and steam railroads. Moreover they had made a study of civil engineering and they spouted mathematics from beginning to the end of the trial in their efforts to elicit information from experts on the speed of a train, the time it took to cover a certain distance, the practicability of various devices for signaling, *et cetera*. And at the same time they were primed with the law of the case. The argument showed both lawyers at their best, one—Wheeler—in rhetorical flourishes and rounded periods, and the other in the expounding of cold, hard facts, and of the law on which he relied for a verdict. Judge Kerrigan had the last word, or rather words, for he gave a very lucid and learned exposition of the law, and then the jury, after deliberating several hours, decided that Goldberg, who valued his leg at fifty thousand, was entitled to just fourteen thousand two hundred dollars.



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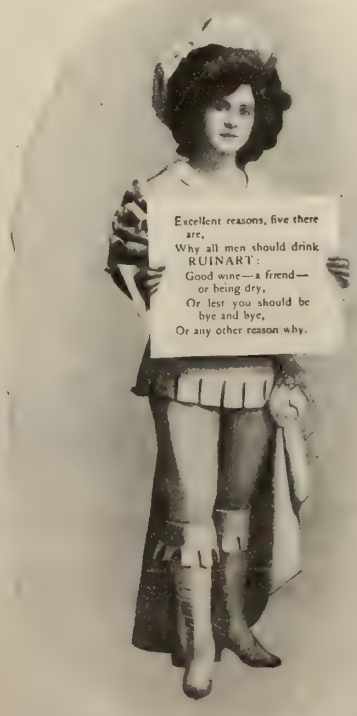
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She Wept on His Poem

Clarence T. Urmy feels that his Muse has been vindicated. Mr. Urmy is the poet laureate of San Jose. He is also a musician and a social lion, too, and as he is a church organist he has always zealously safeguarded his reputation for morality. It was therefore a great shock to him as well as to strait-laced San Jose, when, a little while ago, he was charged with being a home-wrecker. The charge was made by Eugene T. Russell, an Idaho drummer, in a suit for divorce. Mrs. Russell resided in San Jose before her marriage, and she was one of Urmy's most promising music pupils. The marriage took place two years ago, and then the Russells went to bleak and barren Idaho to live. According to the husband's story all went well until, one day, he found his wife weeping tears into a magazine, moistening one of Urmy's poems. He questioned her as to the cause of her sadness, and she said that she had been reading Urmy's verse, and that as she loved the poet his tender sentiments superinduced melancholy. Shortly after that Mrs. Russell returned to San Jose, and she was followed by her husband who instituted suit for divorce, alleging in his complaint that Urmy was responsible for his troubles. But the other day the court granted Mrs. Russell a divorce on her cross-complaint. So Urmy feels that his Muse still enjoys a stainless reputation.

A Capitalistic Feud

Santa Clara county is the scene of a bitter feud between two rival electric railway corporations, the San Jose and Los Gatos Interurban Company and the San Jose Electric. The former is championed by James W. Rea, the capitalist and politician, who is president of the company, and F. S. Granger, the manager. The Germania Trust Company of this city, represented by George W. Barker, is backing the San Jose Electric company. Both are seeking to control the franchises and rights of way over desirable sections of the county. The people of the Santa Clara Valley have but recently awakened to a realization of the fact that their county affords a splendid field for development. Rea and Granger were the first to stimulate enterprise. After organizing a company they secured franchises and constructed a road to Los Gatos by way of Saratoga. When they wanted a franchise within the city they met their first opposition. Their bid for the franchise was run up by an outsider and it cost them over five thousand dollars. Then they were bothered for awhile by injunction suits. They were very indignant and thought that as they were doing a great deal for the county they should be given everything they wanted for nothing. They attributed the opposition to their enterprise to the Germania Trust Company. They said that the San Jose Railway was jealous of their encroachments and desired to block them in every way possible. Some time ago the San Jose Railway applied for a franchise over Hamilton avenue to Campbell, to which place they contemplated extending their road, and the residents were apparently delighted with the prospect of being connected with San Jose by an electric line. Rea and Granger immediately opposed the granting of the franchise, by way of retaliation, and they succeeded in blocking the selling of the franchise. When the matter came before the Supervisors last Monday the bids were all rejected. But the end is not yet. Rea has not built his road and it is intimated that when he begins he will meet with some stern opposition from property owners.

Sombre Bohemia

The Bohemian Club walls are having a new coat of paint and tinting, and no Bohemian will dream again that he dwelt in marble halls. If he dreams at all he will have a nightmare. The walls are now of ebony, and so overloaded with gilding to overcome the dolorous effect of black paint that they present an atrocious appearance. The rooms now look like the apartments of a fashionable undertaker. No one appears to know who is responsible, but as usual President James D. Phelan is under suspicion. The Bohemians are sadly ungrateful to Mr. Phelan who has done so much for them and for the club. That they appreciate his wealth is evident from the fact that they twice elected him president.



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The Passing of the Tivoli

When man, grown rebellious, relinquished the right
To all things reflecting God's spiritual light,
An angel, in pity, reputed the cost,
And music was left us when Eden was lost.

And so, little Tivoli, this is goodbye;
I make it, old friend, 'twixt a laugh and a cry.
I know by the sigh that will not be repressed
Another will never hold sway in my breast
As you have; no structure of new-fangled grace
Can blot from my heart this Bohemian place.
I love your old back-breaking, hard-seated chairs,
Your quaint, little, dark, nestling boxes upstairs,
Where many a man, under stress of the play,
Has said foolish things he regretted next day.
I love your old stage with its fanciful hue
Of settings, no stage but this queer one ere knew
And though your drop-curtain is wonderous, quite,
I haven't the heart of a critic tonight,
So all the defects you so frankly reveal
Are lost in the honest regret that I feel.

The Catskills? Why, yes, I have seen them before,
And old Rip Van Winkle, tired, weary, and sore;
Hush! Hartman is speaking beneath the disguise
In a way that brings unbidden tears to your eyes.
A weird and incongruous, hurrying throng,
Some singing, some tragic, sweeps blindly along;
Old forms and old faces I view from my stall
Long since praised or blamed by the Critic of All.
I hear distant music that stirs in my breast
A whirlwind of passions, then soothes them to rest;
For music can cleanse, like a chastening rod,
And send the starved soul, pleading, back to its God.
The melody wakes a long slumbering sense
That dies, ere 'tis born, from its own impotence.
What's this? Shadow-faces grow dim, and the show
Is not what it was half a minute ago.
The curtain goes down, and the Tivoli's page
'Twixt the farce of the world and the farce of the stage
Is finished and closed. As I draw near the door
And whisper that ominous word, "Nevermore,"
Not woefully pained that I have the excuse
Rememb'ring some operas I've seen you produce—
Forgive me, the thrust was unwittingly dealt;
Impatience I may have at other times felt
Is absent tonight. Old Bohemian place,
I make my adieux with a sorrowful face.
Let's walk down your aisle for the last time, and try
To whisper goodnight, and forget 'tis goodbye.

MABEL PORTER PITTS.

The Stage

Our Historic Opera House

The passing of the old Tivoli inspires such tender and fond recollections, fraught with sentiment and emotion, that it seems a profanity to tear down the historic playhouse and thereby efface a picturesque monument to musical triumphs of the long ago. To the Tivoli many people in this community owe the development of the love of music. It was in the Tivoli that many of us heard opera for the first time, and within its portals we have witnessed the evolution of talent that first won recognition on the old stage and that subsequently scored triumphs in other climes. Some day the history of the Tivoli will be written, and it will be found to be a chronicle of the development of the musical education of this community. It was opened back in the seventies by the Kreling Brothers as a music and concert hall, and for awhile it appealed exclusively to the German colony. In those days there was sawdust on the floor and the auditors sat at round tables with their steins in front of them, and listened to German vocalists. Foreigners were the exclusive patrons of the house. The management did not begin to appeal to the general public until about the year 1879, when a good comic opera company was rounded up, the leading members of which came from a company that had appeared in the Baldwin, and that was stranded on the coast. A tenor with a paunch named Eckert was one of them. Among the others were his wife, Louise Leighton, a soprano, and Ethel Lynton, a dashing soubrette. The first opera that attracted attention was "Satanella" in which Frederick Bornemann, a basso, made a great hit as Mephisto. For years thereafter "Satanella" was the Tivoli's *piece de resistance*. It was revived every time business threatened to be dull.

Some of the Old Favorites

Some time ago it was suggested that ere the old Tivoli be demolished, a memorial performance be held in the venerable shack. What a pleasure it would be if some of the old-time mummers could be induced to pass in procession before the footlights that had so often illumined their make-up in the days agone! On second thought, how painful such an exhibition would be! Who, for instance, would care to see the once dashing and vivacious Ethel Lynton, the devil-may-care soubrette of other days, the darling of the primitive club-johnnies, amble across the stage, faded, fat and fifty? What a pathetic picture many of the favorites of long ago would present! Who that catches a glimpse of Arthur Messmer in the chorus these days, and recalls the tenor in his prime, though he was never a great artist, can suppress a feeling of sadness? Plump little Hattie Moore of the young Tivoli is now far advanced in the sere and yellow period, and her husband, Harry Gates, who scored in many a tenor role, is now a white-haired old gentleman. Helene Dingeon is another of the old favorites who sang herself into the hearts of Tivoli patrons years ago, and who is now living in this city, where her name is but a memory. Slim Louise Manfred with her high, shrill tones, Harry Norman, who later joined Henderson's forces in Chicago; Max Figman, who was later Sadie Martinot's husband; the clever Valergas—all those names are connected with the Tivoli's prime. Poor Kate Marchi, one of the best all-round vocalists the Tivoli ever had, passed away some years ago. She was of the Valerga family. The wonderfully preserved Emily Soldene, a veteran of the operatic stage, played more than one engagement at the Tivoli, and is still, I believe, in the land of the living. Others whose names I recall are the Gaillards—Alice and Francis, Alice Vincent, Gracie Plaisted, Emelie Melville, and, coming down to more recent times, the plump form of Tillie Salinger looms before my mental vision. It was at the Tivoli that Edwin Stevens first played on the risibles of an audience, and it was there that Alice Nielsen developed from a chorus girl into a prima donna. The Tivoli has had many good and many bad singers, but the prices usually silenced criticism. Some of the favorites were vocalists of mediocre ability, but there was always, in the old house, a sort of "happy family" atmosphere, and crudities and shortcomings were generously overlooked. The veteran theatregoer will tell you, as is his habit, that the old triumphs were the greatest, but they were not. In the period of our musical adolescence we were easily satisfied. The most artistic work was done in a comparatively recent period, but last season and the season before of comic opera, the house suffered somewhat from lack of talent. The future is big with promise. Ferris Hartman has returned with

(Continued on Page 23)

Automobile Topics

The automobile races at Los Angeles were a great success. Barney Oldfield was the hero of the meet, and as a result of his daring racing the world's record for a circular mile now stands at the fifty four and four-fifths seconds mark. On the opening day of the meet the great champion negotiated a mile in fifty-five seconds flat, thus smashing the record made at the Empire City track, but on Sunday in an exhibition he not only reeled off two miles in fifty-four and four-fifths each but also lowered the five mile record to four minutes, forty and one-fifth seconds.

Many local automobilists were at the Los Angeles races and it was with great interest that they watched the performances of the local cars. The Toledo owned by the National Automobile Company and driven by Bert Dingley, in most of the races, made a most consistent and remarkable showing throughout the meet. Especially did it make exceptionally good time in the fourth race on the opening day, and of its performance in this event the Los Angeles *Times* of November twenty-first said: 'Five machines came out for the fourth race, a five-mile affair like its predecessors. * * * Finally they got away and the Toledo was a winner from the start. The Tincher dropped out and the Flying Dutchman, Siebert in a Mercedes, ran a good second to the Toledo in the final mile, the Tourist being third. Time was 5:52 1-4. This race was for the Chanslor cup. * * * Time by miles was 1:12 3-4, 1:10 1-4, 1:10, 1:09 1-2, 1:09 3-4." H. D. Ryus in the White, the same machine that raced at Ingleside, did far better at Los Angeles. Especially did he do good work in the last race on Saturday, and of this race the Los Angeles *Herald* said: "But the most remarkable feature of the afternoon was Ryus's work with Hawkins's White car. This machine was entered in the ten mile race and though hopelessly outclassed by both of Oldfield's racers, the White succeeded in breaking the world's record for cars of its class. Ryus took a leaf out of Oldfield's book and began hugging the rail and driving hard on the turns. The best mile the White made was in 1:06 and the time for the ten miles was 11:20, lowering the world's record by almost half a minute. At the five mile mark the White had five miles the best of the record, which was 5:55, Ryus driving it in 5:50 flat."

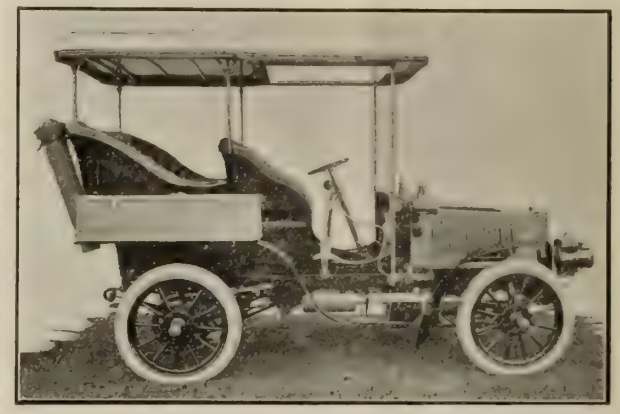
An enthusiastic admirer of the Toledo writes me as follows in reference to the races:

"The Toledo duplicated its wonderful work at Ingleside at the Los Angeles races last week, winning three first an one second out of five entries. The second was obtained in the race against Barney Oldfield, and the Toledo defeated all of the other machines in this race. One of the most interesting features of the race was the Australian Pursuit race on Saturday, November twenty-first. The White Ghost was placed on the one-fourth pole, the Toledo on the one-half pole and the Tourist on the three-fourths pole. The rules require that the three start at the same time, and when one of the machines passes the one ahead of it, that machine which is passed must drop out of the race. Although, in order to catch the White touring car the Toledo had to overcome a handicap of three-fourths of a mile, it gained steadily until, after the sixth mile had been traveled, it then cut down the distance and caught up with the White, winning the magnificent trophy offered as first prize. In the contest for the beautiful Chanslor cup, donated by Joe Chanslor, the well known oil king, the Toledo met the famous Foxall Keene Mercedes in addition to the White touring cars and several others. From the records of the Mercedes, which was especially made to enter the Long Island track races last year, it was expected that the trophy would remain in Los Angeles, as the machine is now owned by Mr. Merritt, the capitalist, who paid twenty-two thousand dollars for it. However, the Toledo was equal to the occasion and succeeded in defeating the Mercedes as well as other machines without trouble, and established a new record for American made stock machines of five-fifty-two. The following day the Toledo also won the Shreve & Co. cup, which was open to cars of any description. The time for this race, while not quite as good as the preceding day, was 5:58, which is the second best time ever made by an American touring car."

An automobile run that is well worthy of mention was accomplished by Mr. A. E. Joy of Watsonville who about two weeks ago purchased a Winton touring car and left Frisco for his home city, accompanied by Mr. Calvin E. Eib. Rain and mud were little considered by these two automobilists and when the Oakland mole was left for a one hundred and ten mile run to Watsonville, it was pouring and the downpour kept up until the chug-wagon pulled up into San Jose. Here the first stop was made and the soaked autoists had some lunch. About three o'clock the big touring car was again started on its journey and in two hours the foot of San Juan grade was reached, after having literally ploughed through mud and water that ofttimes reached almost to

THE TOLEDO

Won 1st Prize New York to Pittsburg Endurance Contest
Won 1st Prize Minneapolis Hill Climbing Contest
Won 1st Prize Boston Hill Climbing Contest
Won Seven Prizes at Ingleside out of Eight Entries
Won Four Prizes at Los Angeles out of Five Entries
Won Del Monte Hill Climbing Contest



At Los Angeles Nov. 20th and 21st

We Repeated our Ingleside Success
Won Four out of Five Races

Nov 20

FIVE MILES FOR CHANSLOR CUP.

1. Toledo. 2. Mercedes. 3. White.

Time, 5:52.

TEN MILES OPEN.

1. Oldfield. 2. Toledo.

Nov. 21

FIVE MILES OPEN EVENT. SHREVE CUP.

1. Toledo. 2. White.

AUSTRALIAN PURSUIT.

In order to win 1st prize we had to make a gain of three-quarters of a mile over the White, which we did, and won first prize.

At Ingleside, Nov. 6, 7 and 8

FIVE MILES OPEN EVENT.

Irrespective of power or weight. California owned cars.

1. Toledo. 2. White. 3. Mors.

FIVE MILES GASOLINE ONLY, 24-H. P.

1. Toledo. 2. Franklin. 3. Peerless.

FIVE MILES OPEN EVENT, 24-H. P.

1. Toledo. 2. White.

Nov. 6

TEN MILES OPEN EVENT.

Was defeated only by Oldfield's "Bullet."

Nov. 7

TEN MILES OPEN EVENT.

Was defeated only by Oldfield's "Bullet."

35 HORSEPOWER GASOLINE.

1. Toledo. 2. Franklin.

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the axles of the machine. And then they proceeded to climb the steep grade, which is not an easy task, even under favorable conditions. But it was accomplished and the distance from the foot of the grade to Mr. Joy's home—twelve miles—was covered in one hour and twenty minutes. The roads in the Pajaro Valley were almost impassable but the machine covered the whole distance in six hours and twenty minutes.

Mr. L. G. Rowell of Wells, Fargo & Co., this city, has just placed his order with the Pioneer Automobile Company for a 1904 Winton touring car, to be delivered February first. It will be remembered that Mr. Rowell is the gentleman from whom Dr. H. Nelson Jackson purchased his 1903 Winton touring car, with which he made his trip across the continent. Mr. Rowell purchased the machine for his own use last year and, when Dr. Jackson decided that the Winton was the best touring car for continental travel, it was impossible to get a machine. Dr. Jackson paid to Mr. Rowell a handsome bonus for his machine. Mr. Rowell's order makes the tenth received for 1904 Winton touring cars by the Pioneer Automobile Company.

Mr. S. H. Crocker, the companion of Dr. H. Nelson Jackson, arrived in San Francisco last Friday and looks none the worse for his trip. Mr. Crocker is very enthusiastic and states that it was a pleasure trip from start to finish. He also says that in the East there is a great deal of interest taken in the race across the continent proposed by Dr. Jackson. There are several well known Eastern people who are ready to make such a trip and it is not unlikely that Mr. Crocker himself will be in a trip of this kind. Since leaving San Francisco Mr. Crocker has toured the East.

The Mobile Carriage Company is busy this week in unloading and placing in stock what they consider the largest shipment of automobiles that ever came to the coast. It consists of a carload of Pierce Arrows and Stanhopes, a carload of Northern runabouts and a carload of Santos Dumonts. This company is increasing its passenger service by adding a carload of Santos Dumont touring cars and a Fredonia touring car. These cars are especially built for passenger service. The value of the car is largely expended in the essential parts, namely, the engine and running gear.' —*The Chauffeur.*

Stage

(Continued from Page 21)

new operas, and it is to be hoped that new people are under engagement. I know of only one absolutely new under contract. I refer to Mr. Wallace Brownlow, the English baritone, and I predict for him a warm welcome. His voice is reminiscent of Haydon Coffin. From all that I have heard of his achievements in light opera he will prove one of the strongest drawing cards the Tivoli ever had. I believe the new comic opera season will be opened with a revival of "Ixion" for the holiday season.

At the Columbia will be given tomorrow night a production in German of "Im Weissen Roessl." The Blumenthal and Kadelburg comedy is one of the most amusing of works. It will be staged under the direction of Arthur Becker.

Mrs. Arristine Schultz will give a musical matinee next Thursday at two-thirty o'clock in Century hall. She will be assisted by Arthur Weiss, 'cello, and Gyula Ormay, piano. An interesting program is announced and among the numbers are two new songs by Shafter Howard.

Annie Abbot, the Little Georgia Magnet, succeeds in mystifying the Orpheum audience this week. She invites a number of men from the audience to come on the stage as an investigating committee and then sets them to work trying to wrest a pole from her hands, lift her from the ground, and a number of other things which she resists without apparent effort. The gallery is intensely interested in her art and mercilessly jeer the men when they fail to lift the little woman. Searl and Violet Allen have an absurd but amusing skit called "The Sign Painter," which serves as an admirable vehicle for their talents. Both are good dancers.

The demand for seats at the Grand during the past week was unprecedented. Intense interest was aroused in "Ben Hur" throughout the State, and there was a great rush of people from the interior to see the play. Ralph Pincus, the publicity promoter of the show, spread the fame of "Ben Hur" from Siskiyou to San Diego, and demonstrated that it pays to appeal to our country cousins when there is a big attraction in town. Portland and Seattle are the only other towns on the coast in which the play will be produced.

Large Audiences to Greet Tyndall

The extraordinary psychic powers of Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall were again exemplified last Sunday night at Steinway hall, by some of the most remarkable demonstrations of thought-transference, thought-reading, clairvoyance and psychometry that the scientist has yet given in San Francisco. The large audience was made up of refined and educated people. In it were doctors, lawyers, law-makers, educators, and many women well known in San Francisco society. It was an appreciative audience, as well as one that was critical and observant. Many of those present had delved more or less into the occult, while the demonstrations of psychic phenomena puzzled many who have given little thought to the science. Tomorrow evening Tyndall's subject will be "The Secret of Thought-reading." The demonstration will include some new and startling features. On Sunday, December sixth, the subject will be "Proofs of Immortality."

Eleanor Haber's Recital

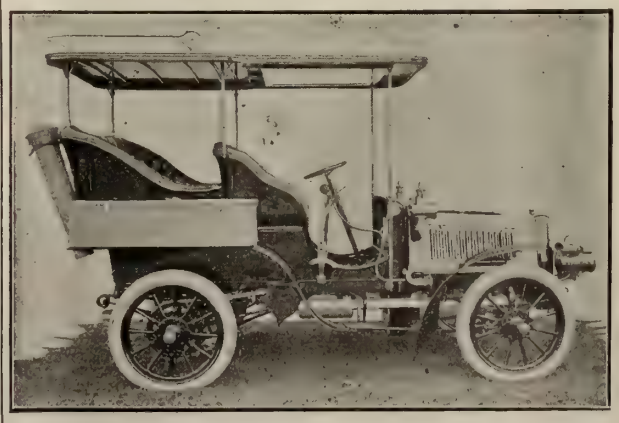
Pretty Eleanor Haber, the niece of George H. Davis, the Central's manager, is just back from Portland where she was a member of the Neill company. Miss Haber was made much of by society in Portland, and was persuaded to give a monologue recital while there. The Portland papers spoke very well of it, and predicted a bright future for the ambitious young actress. Miss Haber will give her first monologue recital here since her return from New York, next Friday evening in Steinway hall. It will be something out of the common, for all the monologues are new and some of them were written especially for Miss Haber. One of them, "Mrs. Benton's Easter Bonnet," tells of the troubles arising from a wrongly delivered millinery box. "The Book Canvasser" shows some of the worries that fall to the lot of harassed housekeepers interrupted in their work. "Graduation" will be appreciated by the sweet girl graduate and her relatives and friends.

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As Russell Played It

Mr. James Durkin of the Alcazar stock is not of the meteoric variety of actors. He reveals himself in the histrionic firmament gradually. There appears to be no limit to his versatility. Up to this week no one that had seen him in conventional lover roles would have imagined that he could have adapted himself to the part of Noah Vale, in "A Poor Relation." There was a time when I firmly believed that Sol Smith Russell was unique, in the profession; that his success in the portrayal of a Yankee type was due to the facilities afforded him by nature, and that as the playwrights fitted parts to him, nobody else could have played them as he did. After seeing James Durkin as Noah Vale I have changed my views. I have been assured that Mr. Durkin never saw Sol Smith Russell. Then he must be acquitted of the suspicion of being a mere mimic, but it would not be to his discredit if he had the ability to give what appears to be such a remarkable imitation of the famous comedian. It would be mimicry of a high order. But Mr. Durkin's performance is an artistic impersonation, and it is given with conscientious fidelity. He plays Noah Vale to the life as Russell played the part. He has reincarnated the quaint hero of Kidder's old play. He wins your sympathy for the noble-hearted inventor, and compels you to smile grimly at his pathetic poverty, and his quaint humor. It is a splendid achievement for a stock actor with scarcely any preparation, to enter so thoroughly into the spirit of a role written for a man of unique personality, and to give such an eminently satisfactory performance. It is Mr. Durkin's privilege to begin where Sol Smith Russell left off. The play is interesting as a revival because it serves to emphasize the crudity of the drama in the recent past. "A Poor Relation" satisfied the blase theatregoer of a decade or so ago, just before the eternal sex problem began to engross our attention. It is a blending of melodrama and homespun comedy, and it is full of the old-fashioned heart interest. The villainous villain is there in all his villainy, and even the heartless, scheming stepmother takes a hand in the development of complications. A valuable paper is stolen, and the accusation is made against the innocent and noble heroine. The situations are intensely theatric, the humor is archaic, and the pathos is bathetic, but the heart interest grips you, and the sentiment is wholesome and refreshing. The support that Mr. Durkin gets is far superior to any that ever Sol Smith Russell enjoyed. Mr. George Osbourne seeks to produce an illusion with a moustache that was probably designed for a pirate. Mr. Osbourne, however, is a nice, kind-hearted old gentleman in the play. Luke Conness is the villain, and he steals the inventor's plans in a way that almost wins a hiss. Marie Howe is the stepmother, and she talks like one. The acoustics of the Alcazar are so good that I always wonder why Miss Howe uses her voice as though she longed for a megaphone. Frances Starr does a neat character bit as Scallops, and Adele Block is an unobtrusive heroine.



JAMES DURKIN.

This is a very excellent and hitherto unpublished picture of James Durkin, the most versatile leading man ever at the Alcazar. There could be more no more striking contrast than his stalwart, dashing, deep-toned Gil de Berault, the soldier of fortune in "Under the Red Robe," and his attenuated, awkward and querulous voiced Noah Vale in "A Poor Relation," which is to be seen for another week.



CECIL COWLES.

The nine-year-old pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt who will give a piano recital in Steinway hall next Thursday evening.

Attractions Ahead

The Alcazar has a busy month ahead. After another week of "A Poor Relation" it will give the first San Francisco production of "A Royal Prisoner," a comedy drama of Russian romance, which turns upon the pivot of mistaken identity *a la* "Prisoner of Zenda." Then comes a revival of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," in which Adele Block will have strong dramatic opportunities as Kate Kennion. It was in this role that she made her stage debut in the East. For the holiday season there will be an elaborate production of "Blue Jeans," with its barbecue, buzz-saw and brass band.

With eight additional musicians just arrived from the old country Ellery's Royal Italian Band will begin a return engagement at the Alhambra Sunday night, December sixth. The repertoire of the band will embrace a great variety of styles of music and some fine special nights are being arranged. The opening night will be devoted mainly to compositions of the modern Italian composers, a magnificent selection from Puccini's "La Tosca" being one of the features. The prices for this engagement will be popular and good reserved seats can be had as low as twenty-five cents. Matinees will be given on Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

A benefit for the California Women's Hospital will be given at the Alhambra next Friday afternoon. The program will be an elaborate one, including many distinct novelties. The cause is a worthy one and the house will undoubtedly be packed.



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Her Prerogative Refused

Maud Lillian Berri, the Fresno prima donna, has resigned from "The Sultan of Sulu" cast because Manager Savage would not permit her to select her own dressing-room. As a consequence her husband, Frank Moulan, has given notice of his intention to quit. Moulan was unknown in New York until he made his appearance in "The Sultan of Sulu" at Wallack's. His work there put him in the front rank of comic opera comedians. Colonel Savage has a prejudice against stars and he is a stickler for discipline. As the prima donna usually has the choice of dressing-rooms, Savage's denial of the privilege to Mrs. Moulan might indicate that he desired a change in his company.

Features of Next Week's Bills

There will be a very large and fashionable audience at Fischer's on Monday night when "I. O. U.," the burlesque written by Judson C. Brusie and Dr. H. J. Stewart, will have its premier. It is said that the management of the theatre has such confidence that this burlesque will be an instant success that it has offered five thousand dollars in advance for an interest in its American and European rights. Much money has been spent on "I. O. U." and the scenery and costumes will be sumptuous and artistic. The plot is based upon the story of three hotel proprietors, who become financially embarrassed by reason of having housed and fed a circus outfit, which also becomes bankrupt and therefore unable to pay for its board and lodging. As a compromise a trade is made whereby the circus manager exchanges his circus for the hotel property, and the landlords become owners of the circus with such direful consequences as to bring about a re-transfer, the circus man going back to the sawdust ring and the landlords returning to their hotel. The situations are rendered interesting and very funny, by reason of the complications which arise from the manipulations of a Labor Union walking delegate. In the course of the comedy this definition of a corporation is given: "A Corporation is an aggregation of men, sanctioned by law to do what individuals wouldn't dare to do." A trust is described in this way:

"Corporations eat up companies—
Companies eat up Copartnerships,
Copartnerships eat up individuals,
And trusts eat up the whole cheese."

Shafts of satire are directed against the modern development of combinations, industrial and commercial. The Althea twins will make their first appearance in "I. O. U."

It is safe to say that "Way Down East" will be a strong drawing card at the Columbia. The New England drama is not new here, but the people like it, the clergy approve it, and it always draws. William Lamp, who is with the company, will receive a warm welcome Monday night. Lamp was a matinee idol when he was playing leading juvenile roles at the Alcazar two seasons back.

The regular combination season at the Grand will begin at tomorrow's matinee with Rowland and Clifford's "Over Niagara Falls." This play is from the pen of Jos. Le Brandt, author of "On the Stroke of Twelve," "Caught in the Web," and other well known dramatic successes, and is claimed to be his best effort. It abounds in sensational climaxes, and is possessed of a strong plot which is skilfully unfolded. The characters include Starlight, an old Indian chief, Asa Phillips, a pillar of the church, a circus equestrienne and a French ring master, a ubiquitous newspaper reporter, a mischievous, fun-loving darkey and an old Irish guide. The scenic and electrical effects are most elaborate and plentiful, the one showing the Falls by moonlight being a revelation in the scenic artist's world. Others notable for their ingenuity are beautiful Lake Chautauqua, Goat Island above the Falls, the Whirlpool Rapids and Suspension Bridge, all of which are depicted in a strikingly true and realistic manner. The usual prices, fifteen cents, twenty-five cents, fifty cents and seventy-five cents, will prevail, and the regular matinees will take place every Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

"A Poor Relation" will go all next week at the Alcazar to satisfy the demand.

The Central's Chinatown melodrama has drawn large houses. It will have an even more startling and sensational drama to follow, "The Counterfeiters," which was an enormous hit in the East. The scenery will be as picturesque as usual. There is no theatre in San Francisco that can beat the Central on scenic sensations and mechanical effects. In "The Counterfeiters" opening act there is a robbery and murder in Wall street, and the



LOUISE BARRETT

The talented Juvenile Actress who will play Mildred Rosslyn in "Over Niagara Falls" at the Grand Opera House the week beginning Tomorrow Afternoon

disinherited son of the victim is falsely accused of the crime.

Hal Godfrey, the "Private Secretary of Vaudeville," will appear with his company at the Orpheum in a one-act playlet by Arthur J. Lamb "A Very Bad Boy." Agnes Mahr, "The American Tommy Atkins," will be seen in new dances. Clarice Vance, who sings coon songs, will reappear after a long absence. The bill will also include Joseph Newman, the Denver song writer, who appeared here three seasons ago. The Thursday matinee is sure to be popular.

At the Chutes will be Conley and Klein, singing and dancing comedians, the La Moines, novelty musicians, Flood and Hayes, barrel jumpers, and Stanley and Villard, presenting their original creation, "Mrs. O'Grady's Wash Day," making their first appearances here. —*The Playgoer.*

In Financial Circles

Total transactions in the Stock and Bond Exchange aggregate $90,000 in bonds and 2,963 in shares, divided as follows: 1,270 Gas and Electric; 838 S. V. Company; 335 miscellaneous; 500 Sugar and 20 bank shares. Compared to the former activity in trade which the brokers enjoyed for a long time, this is quite a falling off, and is somewhat surprising in view of the steady increase of business in all other lines.

The Gas & Electric Co. declared a dividend of $2.50 per share, payable on December 24th, as predicted, yet the announcement had no effect on the price of the stock. The S. V. Company has perfected its organization. The capital stock now consists of 280,000 shares with an authorized bond issue of 28 millions.

Alaska Packers has declined to 142 1-2 under light sales and regained about $2. The salmon catch is reported to be extremely satisfactory, and also the prices realized from sales, still there has been a steady, unostentatious supply of stock. Sugar stocks have been dull. The public declines to construe the Cuban Reciprocity Treaty as detrimental to the sugar industry. This view is erroneous. —*The Financier.*

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Reserved Seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

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Matinees Sunday, Thursday and Saturday.
Tomorrow, Sunday Matinee, opening of the regular combination season
For One Week Only. The Famous Scenic Melodrama
"OVER NIAGARA FALLS"
Astounding Electrical Effects. All Special Scenery. Don't miss the realistic and marvelous Niagara Falls Scene
Sunday Matinee Dec. 6—Marie Heath in "For Mother's Sake"
Prices, Evenings—15c, 25c, 50c, 75. Matinees, 15c, 25c, 50c.

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Returning—Trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M., and immediately after the last race. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President
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The Sad Tale of an Epicure

A bachelor man, having had his single condition thrown up to him so many times as the acme of selfishness, and being tired of having his kind held up to obloquy as a menace to the nation, decided to change his manner of life. He made up his mind to marry.

And, like all men who have lived lives that knew nothing of self-denial, he looked about him for a bride, but not among women who knew life as he knew it, but among innocent young girls.

Finally he picked out one who seemed to fill all the requirements. She was pretty, of good birth, well bred, moderately dotted, and accustomed to moving in good society. Her mother approved the bachelor's intentions and permitted her daughter even to dine with him in public places.

It was the dinner, as it happened, that destroyed the bachelor's beautiful dream. The first time he chose a most ravishing menu, with delicacies that would warm the heart of a *blase* gourmet. He looked to see an answering glow of satisfaction upon the charming face of his young companion. But she ate through the menu as if it had been beefsteak and fried potatoes, and only once did she utter a comment. It was when he asked her if she cared for dessert.

"Oh, yes, I must have a big heaping dish of icecream," she said.

His face fell, but he charged the crime to her youthful exuberance, and the next night he supped her after the theatre.

He was cogitating whether the frogs' legs should have a Rhine wine or champagne to wash them down when a musical voice interposed:

"Please don't give me anything but a large dish of icecream. I still have a crush on that, you know, though I've been 'out' a whole season."

He felt dejected but thought he ought by all means to give her another trial. It would be wrong to condemn this lovely girl after two trials. He resolved to appeal to the luncheon as a supreme court.

She agreed at once that a luncheon was the sweetest meal one could eat, and he said she might choose the menu herself.

"Oh, no," she answered, "I never could bear to order anything for a man. You get what you want and I'll take—wait a minute," and she scanned the menu carefully. "I'll take—let me see—oh, I don't care for anything but shrimp salad and—well, I reckon a dish of icecream to finish on."

His love dream collapsed like a toy balloon. The mamma wondered why the bachelor no longer paid attentions to her daughter, and she was one of his most carping critics when his marriage was announced with a widow. She couldn't know, of course, that the widow was an epicure.

—*The Chef.*

Would She?

Miss Prude: You should have a chaperon, my dear. A young woman living alone should not receive her men friends unless she has a chaperon.

Miss Bohemienne: Do you think I'd have need of a chaperon if my men friends knew I had one?

—*The Maid.*

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The Widow's Year

Letters from Portia Pomeroy to her friend, Mary Martens.

June 10.

Dear Mary,

I feel disconsolate. I am not one of those who can exhaust their grief in a fortnight of tears, and then freshen up as the flowers do when the sun melts the dewdrops. There is no sun for me. With the passing of my husband I feel a terrible loneliness—you can't realize it, Mary, because you've never been married. Even when one hasn't a passionate love for one's mate, one gets used to him—yes, that's it; the "used to" feeling is a part of our daily life. I never loved Roland as he loved me. I used to hate myself sometimes when he lavished the wealth of his love on me, for I couldn't return in kind. But he was satisfied, oh yes, he never knew. I am a woman; i. e., an actress. What woman doesn't act sometimes—if not every day, every hour, every instant of her life? Rowland thought my passion for him was as intense as his for me. He adored me. He thought me the most beautiful, the cleverest, the best gowned, the Incomparable of our set. He was always so proud of me when we went out together. Yet I know, Mary dear, that there are plenty of women who discount and double-discount me in all the possessions I have named. But Rowland would not have it so. I don't know why I think of all these things now that he is gone. I *know*, dear, that I shall never cease to mourn his loss.

Your lonely *Portia.*

July 10.

Mary sweetheart,

Your letters have been such a comfort to me. You are such a mine of sympathy. It is so lovely to know one has a friend whose soul speaks to one's soul, one with whom I am never afraid of being misunderstood. I read a little bit of your last letter to a new acquaintance of mine today. He is such a fine fellow, a Mr. Jackson from Chicago. He came with a letter of introduction to poor dear Rowland—just think of that, but then he had been to several other cities before he reached here, and didn't know of my loss. Of course he came up to offer his condolences—that's how I happened to read him part of your letter. He reminds me of you—his smile is so cordial, his hand-clasp so sincere. * * *I had to leave this, dear, for Mr. Jackson came for me to take a little automobile spin through the Park. I did not think it quite right, with poor Rowland only a month in his grave, but Mr. Jackson said it is quite out of date for widows to stay indoors and mope and spoil their complexions. There seemed so much solid sense in that remark that I decided to go. I feel so refreshed by the outing. We stopped at a florist's and bought a big bunch of roses, long-stemmed La France, and I had Marie take them to the cemetery as soon as I returned home. Rowland was always so fond of roses—he used to keep me supplied with them during the season, and out of it, too, for he was very extravagant in some things. Good-bye, dear. Do write soon, for your letters cheer me up so when I am blue.

Lovingly, *Portia.*

August 10

Darling Mary,

Do you really think, as you wrote me, that I could venture to appear in white waists? I am simply smothering in black—and I never looked well in black next my face. I was wearing a white kimona yesterday, a stunning thing of China crepe that was one of poor Rowland's last gifts—you remember what a genius he had for buying negligees and fine lingerie—when Mr. Laurence was announced. It was such a frightfully warm day, I concluded to receive him in the kimona. Don't be shocked, dear, for it is quite proper now to wear Oriental costumes in the day time in one's own house—and Mr. L. is a very old friend. He was best man at my wedding, and was a school chum of Rowland's. The first thing he said was:

"Always wear white."

"But I have to wear black," I answered, without half taking in the sense of the remark.

"Make it white as soon as you can," he returned.

"But white is for virgin brides only," I retorted.

And then I realized how frivolous it was to talk that way—with Rowland's death only two months agone. We began to talk about serious things. But Mr. Laurence never can be serious very long. He's always laughing and telling clever stories. I made him tell me one I'd often wished to hear, one that Rowland never would tell me, but which I knew he knew and that Mr. L. knew. Rowland was overnice in some things, Mary. He always refrained from telling me the good stories he heard at the club. He said they weren't fit for my dainty ears to hear. You know Rowland believed me most opposed to anything like coarseness. And indeed I am—but there's a vast difference between the *risque* and the vulgar. Mr. L.'s story was just a wee bit Frenchy, but it had a brilliant point. Every time I've felt blue since then I've thought of that story—and laughed myself into cheerfulness. When you come to visit me, dear, I'll tell it to you—it won't do to write it. On second thoughts, I'll get Mr. L. to tell it to you himself.

Your devoted *Portia.*

September 10.

Mary dearest,

Do you think I've done a very dreadful thing? I had just returned from the cemetery, where I had wept myself into positive ugliness, when the 'phone rang. It was Mr. Gray—a dear, delightful man who often used to dine with us when poor Rowland was alive. He asked me if he might come and take me for a drive, the day being so balmy. Well, Mary, I felt so sad and wretched that I welcomed any change, and immediately accepted. I wore a thin white waist, but nobody of course noticed it under my sealskin. We had lunch at Uncle Tom's Cabin and drove as

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far as Burlingame. I enjoyed every minute, though don't for a minute think I forgot Rowland. We spoke of him several times. Mr. Gray handles the reins divinely. Poor Rowland never did drive well. He wasn't a bit of a sportsman. Au revoir, love. Write soon. *Portia.*

October 10.

Dear Mary,

I have bought myself a new gown of thin black gauze which I shall wear at dinner while I am at the Millers. Do you think it will be wrong if I have the bodice lining cut low and sleeveless? You know the gauze will cover the skin—and this is the warmest season of the year there. The Bowmans persuaded me to go with them. There's to be a hunt ball while we are there but of course I wouldn't think of attending that. The Millers give lovely house parties, and all the guests are quite congenial. The Bowmans said it is quite proper to accept invitations to country-places even when one is in mourning. I shall leave tomorrow. I have left orders at the florist's to have fresh flowers always laid on Rowland's grave while I'm away.

Always your loving *Portia.*

November 10.

Dear Mary,

I wish you were here. It is such a beautiful place and the Millers and their guests are so charming. There's one of the men —a man *you* would adore at once—who writes the most enchanting poetry. I suppose it's what you'd call erotic verse, but it's delightful. He reads it to me himself, as we lounge under the trees when the others are off playing golf or tennis. It is all about languorous feelings, intense passions, souls blending with hearts, and white arms twining about strong brown throats, and that sort of thing. It is very fascinating, particularly to me to whom all that sort of thing is so new. You know Rowland always hated anything like Swinburnian poetry. He said that Longfellow was good enough for him. My poet has taught me so much about rhythm and rhyme. He says he will write a sonnet to my perfect lips. I know, dear, this sounds silly to you—but think how lonely I am with poor dear Rowland no longer here.

Your desolate *Portia.*

December 10.

Dear Mary,

Back home again—and oh, how lonely it is! You don't know, dear, what it is to have had—and lost! I shall go wild if I must bear this terrible pain much longer—the bitterness of being alone. Can't you come and visit me awhile?

Your weeping *Portia.*

January 10.

Dearest Mary,

What a brilliant mentality is yours! Since you couldn't come yourself, how dear of you to send a substitute. And such a woman! Your cousin Cecilia is the best joy-maker I ever met. Such a fund of spirits! Such stories—club stories, too (oh, fie!). She mixed me a cocktail first thing—said she never knew anything better as a bracer when one is blue. Then she invited two of her men friends to dinner—and one of them was that charming Mr. Jackson of Chicago, who is in town for a few days. Your cousin made me turn in the neck of my crepe de chine gown. She was decollete, herself. We had a charming dinner—she supervised it all. We are going to dine at the Black Poodle tomorrow with Mr. Jackson and another man, a New York friend of his. We shall go upstairs, as of course I couldn't be seen in the public dining-room, only seven months a widow. Thanks, ever so much, for sending your cousin to me. *Portia.*

February 10.

Dear Mary,

Just a line, for I am dreadfully rushed. Cecilia has kept me going out to dinner, or lunch, or driving, ever since she came. She leaves tomorrow. Mr. Gray is giving her a farewell automobile drive and a dinner to follow at the Club, today, so I have just time to send this off before I dress. I had to get a new black chiffon gown for the affair. Cecilia made me have it cut demi-decollete and with half-sleeves. I am just sending Marie to the cemetery with some chrysanthemums. It is three weeks since I was able to get there myself, but then I have been so rushed.

Portia.

March 10.

Darling Mary,

I feel very lonely and sad today. Mr. Jackson left for Chicago this A. M. and I went down to see him off. He is such a dear, kind, sympathetic fellow. I suppose he will make some pretty young Chicago girl a magnificent husband some day. After leaving the ferry I went out to the cemetery. It seemed ages since I was there. Weeds had grown around the grave—yet I have always paid my cemetery dues. How careless and neglectful gardeners are! It made me feel so miserable I don't think I shall go there again.

Lovingly, *Portia.*

April 10.

Dear Mary,

Do you think it would be sinful if I introduced a bit of white into my Easter hat? It is now a good many months since poor Rowland passed away. I suppose nobody has kept count of the actual time, and it is really nearly a year. I am getting dreadfully tired of black—and it is so unbecoming. Rowland never could abide me in black—and surely I should try to please his taste as much now as when he was alive. Don't you think so?

Portia.

May 10.

Mary, dear girl,

I hate to tell you—and yet I don't believe you'll scold me. I am going to be married—tomorrow. Yes, I knew you'd say Mr. Jackson, but you're not making a good guess. I like Mr. J.—yes, and when we dined together it's true I did let him kiss me, as I wrote you. He wasn't the only one, either—now, don't preach, dear. I'll tell you all about it, and why I have decided that Mr. Laurence and no other shall be *the* one. You know I often told you how I felt toward Rowland—that I never could truly respond to his caresses. I pretended—and I liked him very much, and I did not know anything different, and so it didn't matter much since he was satisfied. But during my widowhood I have had some experience—I have *let* myself have experience. And the fruit is—Mr. Laurence. He's all that Rowland wasn't. I am all fire in his presence. He warms my very soul. And, you know, Mary, what that clever old matron told us—that widows should never stay widows, that they ought to give some man the benefit of their experience. For the last time, Mary, I write myself

Portia Pomeroy.

—*The Postman.*

Signora Lina de Benedetto with her husband left this week for Milan.

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LETTERS

The Trifler

A certain young lady was engaged to be married. The fiance departed for Australia on business before the engagement was made known, and in his absence Mabel thought better of her promise when she found a cabinet minister at her feet. In order to let the old lover down as easily as possible she wrote to him representing herself as a victim of parental compulsion, but, of course, his own and only Mabel. The average and ordinary man would have let it go at that, and of the exceptions, nine out of ten would have formed plans for stealing her even at the altar steps. Trefusis was the tenth. He probably did not take any stock in Mabel's representations, but at all events he was one who never let an offense go unpunished, and in consequence, immediately after her marriage to Lord Trewint, Mabel received a beautifully printed volume containing all her letters to her former lover. It was set forth in the preface that these had fallen into the hands of a third person who took this means of vindicating her reputation and proving to her friends that she was not a flirt. Naturally, the bride of a cabinet minister, married but a few weeks, could not view with complacency the prospect of having duplicate copies sent to her friends, much less letting her husband see in cold print her vehement declaration that she hated and loathed him. In this juncture her brother-in-law comes to the rescue. She confides her troubles to him and exacts a promise that he will secure not only the original letters but all the copies of the printed volume. This young man is "The Trifler," who gives title to the story. He has made the mistake of concluding that because his brother never had married he never would do so; that it was only a question of time when he would inherit both title and estate, and therefore he was justified in idling his time and occupying himself seriously only in playing cricket. For the sake of averting scandal, if for nothing else, Fred undertakes his sister-in-law's commission, and burglarizes the safe in which the documents are locked away. Out of this act grow all sorts of complications, for the vengeful Trefusis transfers his hatred from Mabel to Fred, takes an active interest in defeating the Trewint candidate for the House, leads the son into crime and the daughter into folly, and pretty generally plays the devil. The Trifler, having plenty of idle time on his hands, is the *Deus ex machina*, and with the assistance of Mabel, whose vanity has been the root of all the evil, he reinstates poor, foolish Molly, sees her happily married to the man of her choice and brings her pompous and pig-headed father to reason. For a bit of light literature with no moral, unless it be that women should not be left alone with pen and ink, "The Trifler" is not bad. It is by Archibald Syre, and reprinted from the *Smart Set*.

Geraldine Bonner's Latest

In "Tomorrow's Tangle" Geraldine Bonner has given a different picture of the California pioneer in his later days from that which was set forth in "Hard-Pan." This time we see him when success has crowned all his efforts and he has reached heights of which he did not dream in his early days. Lucy Fraser, a child of barely fifteen years, motherless daughter of a Methodist preacher on his way to California for his health, was married to Jake Shackleton, driver of one of the emigrant teams at St. Louis, not because the girl was in love with him but because her father, feeling his end to be near, thought this the best provision to make, and Lucy was one of the submissive sort who always did as she was bade. She was not of the rugged material of which pioneer wives are best formed, and by the time they reached Salt Lake City and the father was dead, Jake had repented of his bargain. In the city of the saints he found another woman more to his liking and joined the new religion in order to marry her. Having secured the wife he wanted the family renewed their journey across the Nevada desert, where, within an hour, the prematurely aged girl wife passed through the double agony of seeing one child die and bearing another, her sympathetic husband regarding both as unwarranted delays in his journey goldward. Three weeks later the caravan, with the horses dropping in their harness and the human beings scarcely in better condition, came to the cabin of two miners in the Sierras. Here Shackleton traded off his wife and baby for a pair of horses and proceeded on his way. One of the mining partners proved dishonest, and taking the remaining horse and all the proceeds of the summer's work he deserted Moreau, leaving him to be snowed in with the

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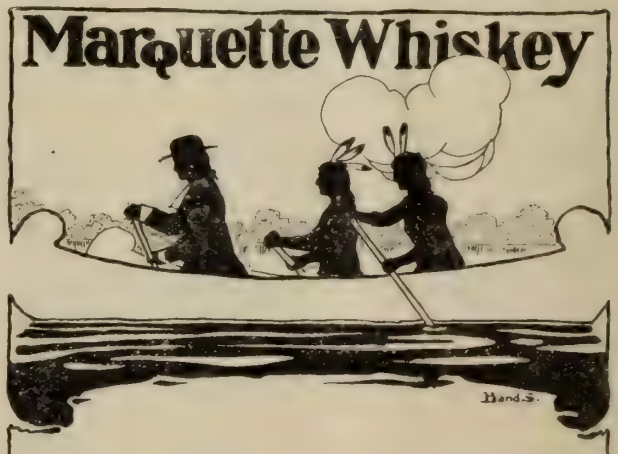
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abandoned wife and baby. In the spring they were married, both fully understanding that the step was not legal but regarding it as the best thing under the circumstances. There were only five who knew of the transaction and each had the best of reasons for maintaining silence. All this is preliminary to the story proper. Twenty-five years later Shackleton is a man of affairs. He has won wealth and position and has his Nob Hill mansion and his place at Menlo Park. The Mormon wife still lives, and has proved herself a good bargain, and there are a son and daughter who are as unsatisfactory to their father as was poor Lucy, his first wife. They are dominated and brow-beaten by their masterful father and overshadowed by their capable mother, given no opportunity to develop individuality and yet blamed because they do not shine forth like planets in their firmaments. Their case is not eased by the meeting between their father and his eldest legitimate child. Her mother is dying and her putative father is already dead, leaving his family in straightened circumstances. Mariposa, the daughter, has developed into a beauty, with a phenomenal voice, and it is under the guise of a patron of the arts that Shackleton is introduced to her—the millionaire who is anxious to assist the budding genius. It is at this point that the tangle begins. The death of Lucy is followed almost immediately by that of Shackleton. There is developed a game of cross purposes with Mariposa, the daughter, and the Shackleton millions as a storm centre. Mrs. Shackleton of course knows the legal aspects of her position. She makes a liberal offer to Mariposa, to send her to Europe to cultivate her voice, ostensibly to carry out her late husband's intentions, but really to remove the girl as far as possible from the chance of making discoveries. Mariposa refuses to take advantage of the offer. Is she actuated solely by motives of independence, or has she, by chance, in overlooking her mother's effects, made important discoveries? Does she know or does she only suspect, and how much? Barry Essex, who is connected with the *Daily Trumpet*, one of Shackleton's many enterprises, and who is aptly described as an imitation gentleman, has long regarded Mariposa as a paying bit of property if he can obtain her on his own terms. He has stumbled upon the truth of the situation. He too has his scheme. Can he manage to marry her in her ignorance and then bring a suit in her name for the major part of the Shackleton millions? Is the proof in his hands adequate, or is there other and stronger evidence to be got by fair means or foul? Or will he have to satisfy himself with mere threats and blackmail, or a substantial settlement to ward off scandal? Is it by any means possible that Mariposa knows everything and has all the proofs she needs, so that he can make no claim either upon her or upon the Shackletons? Knowing what the records of our probate courts can show in the way of sensational litigation and the crop of widows and orphans that springs up whenever a rich man dies, to say nothing of the shamelessness of the scandals unearthed whenever a few dollars are to be gained, it *ought* not to be difficult to forecast the outcome of the case. What Mariposa did do, how much she knew or suspected, and why she elected to follow that course, the reader must discover for himself. Win Shackleton, the son, who, with the dominating presence of his father removed, discovers unexpected capacity, rises above the sordid level of the money-changers and deserved better parentage than he was given. The principal interest is naturally concerned with Mariposa but her story is by no means the only one. There are kaleidoscopic views of society in various phases and inside pictures of yellow journalism. The Garcia family, with the Spanish grandmother, the feeble and inefficient mother, and the two masterful young barbarians, is drawn very close to life, and one wonders how many mothers can look their children in the eyes and assure themselves that they are honestly fulfilling their duties any more effectually than Elsie does. Mrs. Willers, the newspaper woman with her capable workaday manner and her industry which supports herself and her little daughter, in contrast to her efforts at style and an arch, society pose, is typical. Those who find any additional pleasure in fitting names and local habitations to the characters are at liberty to do so. As a picture of San Francisco life and society when Nob Hill was new, "Tomorrow's Tangle" is altogether satisfactory. The complications which involve the characters are not less probable than many which have been aired in court; to say nothing of those which have been kept from publicity because there was no fortune at stake. [Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.] —*The Bookworm.*

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MUSIC

A New Singer

Mrs. Richard Rees, who sang at the Latimer pupil exhibition in Maple hall last week, has one of the best cultivated voices that I have heard for many a day. The audience grew quite enthusiastic over her, as well they might. It often happens this way that in a drawing-room or at a private affair it is one's privilege to hear far finer music than one ever gets at a concert. Mrs. Rees has a voice full of feeling and with a rarely sympathetic tone. It is a voice capable of interpreting Wagner's tone poems to perfection. Mr. Garner S. Stenhouse also contributed two songs to the program, and Mrs. Wilbur Zeigler recited in a charming manner.

A Piano Recital by Cecil Cowles

Hugo Mansfeldt has presented many talented juvenile pupils, during his years of teaching, but in Cecil Cowles he has more than a merely clever child. Little Cecil is only nine years of age, but she already shows the artistic temperament developed to a high degree. She has played at some women's club affairs and next Thursday evening in Steinway hall will give a piano recital which will embrace works by Mozart, Rheinberger, Schumann, Floersheim, Sinding, Brahms, Chopin and Dvorak. She will also give two of her own compositions, for young as she is little Cecil already shows gifts of composition that would be considered rare in an older musician.

The San Francisco Musical Club will give a most interesting program on December seventeenth. It will be in charge of Miss Ella V. McCloskey, and Mozart's Grand Requiem Mass will be sung by a large chorus of prominent solists, with organ, piano and orchestral accompaniment. Dr. H. J. Stewart will direct the program, which will be given in Lyric hall. On November nineteenth the club's program was in charge of Mrs. John McGraw, and Mediæval Dance Forms were discussed.

Wouldn't Force Her Voice

One of the interesting events announced for the earlier part of the New York opera season is Madame Gadski's first appearance in this country as Brunhilda. Several times Mr. Grau urged her to undertake the heavier soprano roles in Wagnerian repertoire, but she refused, saying that she wanted her voice to develop before forcing it. She now feels that she is able to undertake such roles.

The program at Andrew Bogart's recital in Maple hall next Thursday evening will be: Songs of the seventeenth century—The Happy Lover, Lacia li dir, Drinking Song; songs by Robert Schumann—My Love Lay Thy Hand, 'Twas in the Month of May, When thro' the Piazzetti, Row, Gently Row; songs by modern American composers—Bring Her Again to Me, N. Clifford Page, Absent, John W. Metcalf, Folk Song, G. W. Chadwick, and An Open Secret, R. Huntington Woodman. More than the average amount of interest is being manifested in the recital.

The musicale at the Hopkins was held this week on Wednesday evening, Thursday being Thanksgiving. Under Henry Heyman's direction the following good program was rendered: Organ, Allegro Maestro, Mendelssohn, Otto Fleissner; song for baritone, A Flower's Sorrow, Coverly, F. Dudley Moss; violin, Andante Cantabile, Sgambati, Miss Madeline Todd; soprano aria from Carmen, Miss Beulah George; organ, Invocation, Capocci, Mr. Fleissner; song, Until You Came, John W. Metcalf, Mr. Moss; violin, Romanze, Wilhelmj, Miss Todd; song, Summer, Chaminade, Miss George; organ, Marche Militaire, Barnes, Mr. Fleissner. The last concert of the series will take place next Thursday evening.

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The Unitarian Club Concert

My Alameda correspondent writes me that the concert given by the Unitarian Club last week was considered the most successful in the club's history. Of the program, the critic of the *Argus* wrote: "The August Hinrichs string quartet gave the audience vast pleasure with its selections. * * * Mr. Vinson has a real tenor voice which he uses with exceeding taste; a voice which would make even a commonplace song appear like one of the elect. * * * Mr. Stark sang an aria from Verdi's 'Don Carlo,' and the famous Cantor's resonant baritone was especially suited by this selection. He sang also (by request) the Pagliacci Prologue, which has become the most beloved of latter-day 'big' solos for 'big' baritones. The Cantor's singing was full of passion and magnetism. He sang during the evening in Italian, English and French; and since German is his native tongue, he showed himself to have more acomplishments than his unusual vocal and musical ones. Miss Daisy Cohn's fluent and clear-cut soprano was also heard in Berignani's "Flower Song." It was given with much style and with archness. Her encore, Foote's Irish Folk song, gave opportunity for feeling and tenderness in which the singer was not found to be lacking. * * * Miss Clements and Mr. W. A. Sabin accompanied the strings and the singers in a most competent manner."

Ellery's Italian Band in the New Greek Theatre

Manager Greenbaum has arranged for a concert to be given for the establishment of a musical and dramatic fund at the Berkeley University, in the new Greek theatre, by the Ellery Royal Italian Band under Chiaffarelli. The date set is Wednesday afternoon, December ninth at two-thirty. San Franciscans should take the one or one-thirty boat. The program will be exceptionally fine and as the acoustics of this marvelous building, which seats over seven thousand people, are simply perfect, the tone quality of the organization will be heard to the greatest advantage. The seats are placed at the popular price of fifty cents, so that even with the railroad both ways one can attend the concert at a very moderate expense. It has been arranged that in case of rain the concert will be given in the gymnasium building of the University. Tickets can be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s any time after Tuesday, December second.

Miss Grace Freeman gave a violin recital in Y. M. C. A. Auditorium last Thursday evening, assisted by Mrs. F. A. Berlin, soprano, and Henry Salz, pianist, at which the following program was rendered: Piano and violin sonata in C minor; Reginella, Braga, Songs My Mother Taught Me, Dvorak, O, Fair Cheeks of Roses, Brahms; Prelude and Fugue for violin alone, Bach; Concerto in G minor, Bruch; Chanson Provencale, Del Acqua; Romanza, Sgambati, and Spanish Dances, Sarasate.

Mrs. L. Snider-Johnson will give a song recital on Tuesday evening, December eighth, at Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. The program is a very ambitious one, consisting of classics and standard songs and including two arias from the works of Von Weber and Tschaikowsky. Mrs. Johnson is the soprano of the First Congregational church of this city, and has been often heard since her concert debut last February. Dr. H. J. Stewart will assist and Miss Kathleen Parlow will give two violin numbers. The patronesses will be Mrs. George Adams, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. John S. Merrill, Miss Fannie Danforth, Mrs. W. R. Wheeler, Mrs. Harry S. Bates and Mrs. Louis R. Mead.

—*The Music Critic.*

THE MAPLE LEAF ROUTE.

The Chicago Great Western Railway recently completed its road to Omaha. Through fast service has already been established to St. Paul and Minneapolis and by the first of December will be through to Chicago. The C. G. W. is the famous "Maple Leaf Route," noted for its fast service. San Franciscans who have traveled by this route swear by its attractions and general completeness. To give fast and good service is not the property of every road, and when a traveler finds these properties combined he naturally prefers the railway that owns them.

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Wanted a Chaperon. By Paul L. Ford	2.00	1 60
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London. By Ester Singleton		1.40
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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87,758

LILLIAN B SMITH, Plaintiff vs. CHARLES E. SMITH, Defendant. } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of the said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

CHARLES E. SMITH Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bond of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful desertion of the plaintiff and willful neglect to provide the plaintiff with the common necessities of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) SWORN under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 17th day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

WEST & DE JOURNEL, Attorneys for Plaintiff
54-55-56 Crocker Building, San Francisco

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 88054.

CLIFF R. CURTISS, Plaintiff vs. JENNIE M. CURTISS Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

JENNIE M. CURTISS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's deserting plaintiff; also for generalrelief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By FRANK J. BURKE, Deputy Clerk.

E. M. RITTER, Plaintiff's Attorney

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

In the matter of the Estate of PATRICK F. LYNCH, also known as P. F. Lynch, also known as Patrick Lynch, also known as P. Lynch, deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the Petition this day presented by John Farnham, as Administrator of the Estate of Patrick F. Lynch, also known as P. F. Lynch, also known as Patrick Lynch, also known as P. Lynch, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the Real Estate of said deceased, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and now said petition having been filed,

It is therefore ORDERED by this Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before said Superior Court on Thursday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1903, at the hour of 10 A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 9 of said Court, in the New City Hall in the said City and County of San Francisco, to then and there show cause why an order should not be granted to said Administrator for the sale of all of said real estate, or so much thereof as shall be necessary

It is therefore ORDERED that a copy of this order be published four successive weeks in TOWN TALK a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County.

Done in open Court, this 20th day of November, 1903.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge of said Superior Court

CARLTON W. GREENE, Attorney for Administrator
Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Depar ment No. 7. No. 87599.

MARY M. WALSH Plaintiff vs. D. J. WALSH Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting, to:

D. J. WALSH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's neglect and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By R. A MARTIN, Deputy Clerk

GEORGE M. HURLBUT, Plaintiff's Attorney
449 Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICES TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM RYAN, Deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John Farnham, administrator of the Estate of William Ryan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all dersons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Rooms 73 and 76 Chronicle Building, Junction of Geary, Kearny and Market streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN FARNHAM,
Administrator of the Estate of
Dated at San Francisco, Oct. 31, 1903 William Ryan, Deceased.

Frank McGowan, Attorney for Administrator

Estate of George Symon, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jemima Harling, Administratrix of the estate of George Symon, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jemima Harling, Administratrix as aforesaid, at the office of Edward B. Young, Attorney-at-Law, No. 14 Sansome street, Rooms, 35 and 36, San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Jemima Harling
Administratrix of the Estate of
Dated at San Francisco. Nov. 21, 1903 George Symon, Deceased

Edward B Young, Attorney of Administratrix

Estate of JOHN J. O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary G. O'Brien, administratrix of the Estate of John J. O Brien, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Mary G O'Brien, at the offices of J. J. Lermen, Attorney-at-Law, Rooms 908-911 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY G. O'BRIEN,
Administratrix of the Estate of
John J. O'Brien, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 21, 1903.

J. J. Lermen, Attorney for Administratrix.

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Travelers' Tales

The Bootjack Was Expensive

A Belgian hotel-keeper likes Russian customers. "They are large, see you," he states; "they dispute not the accounts. Once lodged himself with me a Count ——," he relates. "When he arrived I was not; I returned home from my circle; my wife was all frightened. She cry to me: 'Go speak to the Minister Russian. He beat all the waiters. He is in anger, but what an anger!' I asked of what it is question. One tells me the Count he insists that the waiters take him off his boots. They are brave Belgians; they will not. He strike them and they say stern follies. I had courage, I; I feared me not of him, I go to his room and say, 'Mr. the Count, I am the proprietor; what will you?' 'Sir,' he say, 'I will thank you pull me off the boots!' My first sentiment is de lui allonger une claque—to give him a smack; But I master myself, and say, 'Wait only two minutes, Mr. the Count; I have an order to give.' So I run to my wife and tell her to give me my dress coat, my gloves, gray-pearl, my gibus, my pantaloons black. In two minutes behold me, of great tenue. I go back to the Count; I say him, 'Only in dress of gala can the proprietor of this hotel take off your boots,' and, my faith, I take them off in one, two! He raise himself, bow himself and thank me very politely. By and by, in three weeks, he ask for his bill. I inscribe on it as extra, 'To taking off Mr. the Count's boots by the proprietor in a dress coat and gray-pearl gloves, one hundred francs.'"

A Negative Compliment

A distinguished Parisian visiting the United States, having received the photograph of a lady, asked a friend what was customary under the circumstances.

"Compliment it," replied the friend. "Tell her its beauty is very rare."

"I beg to make zee acknowledgmong, madame," he said to her at their next meeting. "Zee beauty of madame is vair scarce."

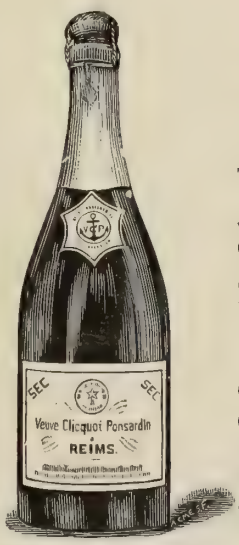
Appropriate Locations

A Yale graduate, who was a student about thirty years ago, said, in speaking of changes that had taken place since his time: "I never knew whether to attach any significance to it or not, but when I was there the Law School adjoined the jail, the Medical College was next the cemetery, and the Divinity School was on the road to the poorhouse."

—*The Raconteur.*

From Lorrimer's "Letters of a Self Made Merchant to His Son":

I've always found worrying a blamed sight more uncertain than horse-racing —it's harder to pick a winner at it.... Worrying is the one game in which if you guess right, you don't get any satisfaction out of your smartness. A busy man has no time to bother with it. He can always find plenty of old women, in skirts or trousers, to spend their days worrying over their own troubles and to sit up nights making his. The time to do your worrying is when a thing is all over, and the way to do it is to leave it to the neighbors.



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VOL. XII. No. 588. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 5, 1903. PRICE 10 CENTS.



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TOWN TALK

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 5, 1903.

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
TOWN TALK PUBLISHING CO.
THEODORE F. BONNET - - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - - - Manager
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Conspiracy Against the Law

The attitude of the law officers of this city toward Alexander Garnett, the murderer of Major J. W. McClung, gives the impression that there is to be no very strenuous effort made to impose upon the assassin the penalty of his crime. It appears that everybody directly concerned is anxious that the murder should be forgotten as soon as possible and that it should be considered a family affair in which the public has no interest. So intense is the desire for the stifling of publicity that the presumption is warranted that the *motif* of the crime was not of such a trivial nature as has been represented. However, the enforcement of the law is a matter of much greater importance to the people of this State than are the feelings of those who were involved in a scandal through the violence of a hot-headed ruffian. It is the duty of the law officers of this city to prosecute murderer Garnett just as they would an ordinary hod-carrier or tenderloin habitue, and for their own good is behooves them to manifest a little more zeal and sincerity than they have hitherto shown. So far they have acted as though they were engaged in the preliminary scenes of a farce. There have been very strong indications of collusion between the defendant's friends and the authorities. Instead of collecting evidence for the prosecution they have been "standing in" with the defense. Even the Assistant District Attorney, who was detailed to procure the dying statement of Major McClung, obtained a worthless paper. It is not what it purports to be and therefore cannot be introduced in evidence. It should be interesting to watch developments, and observe to what extremes the officers of the law will go in disregard of their sworn duty, to save the neck of an influential loafer.

More Hangings Needed

A jury in Judge Carroll Cook's court found a man guilty of murder in the first degree, the other day, and then fixed the penalty at life imprisonment. As it was an atrocious murder without a single extenuating circumstance that could be urged in behalf of the defendant, Judge Cook was amazed at the action of the jury in availing itself of the privilege of saving the wretch's neck, and took occasion to rebuke the jurors for their misguided leniency. The murderer's victim was a woman whom he shot without the slightest provocation, and as in all cases where proof of guilt is overwhelming, the insanity plea was interposed. In commenting on the verdict Judge Cook said that the circumstances of the case were such that, the jury having found the defendant responsible for his crime, there should have been no question as to the penalty that should be imposed. In his opinion the law could be vindicated only by the hanging of the murderer. It is the miscarriage of justice such as that which Judge Cook deprecated, combined with the maladministration of the law by negligent and corrupt officials, that is responsible for what might be termed, without exaggeration, the reign of terror which is alarming residents of this city today. Crimes resulting from violence are of daily occurrence, and scarcely a week passes without the killing of some human being to contribute to the sensationalism of the daily papers. No such reckless disregard of the law is to be observed in any other city in the world. The reason for this shocking state of affairs is not hard to divine—hanging bees are too few and far between. The shedding of human blood with malice aforethought no longer involves serious risk. The consequences of a protracted season of political demoralization are now being felt. Life and property are far less secure in this city today than they were in the period that immediately preceded the organization of the original Vigilantes. This statement will be received with incredulity by those whose time is absorbed by the various activities, but it is easy of verification. Corroboration may be found in the records of the morgue and the criminal courts. The slightest brawl nowadays culminates in an attempt to end human life. As soon as an arrest is made, the potent pull is invoked, and even before the machinery of the law is set in motion plans for the thwarting of justice have been matured. The case is juggled from the very beginning, and even though the defendant is convicted it is more than likely that the record will reach the Supreme Court in such shape that a new trial becomes a certainty. By the time the second trial is held the principal witnesses have disappeared, and if ever the prisoner does go to the penitentiary it is for such a short period that he has reason to feel that he escaped punishment. So infrequently is the law vindicated that people of vicious tendencies are becoming more rampant every day. It is becoming dangerous to resent an insult with a frown. The leniency of juries is responsible for much of the lawlessness that exists, but nothing short of an aroused public sentiment will revolutionize the administration of justice in this city, and bring about that security to life and property which is the boast of all civilized communities.

The Way of the Press

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is a maxim whose observance is highly creditable when it is construed to mean that you should not speak ill of the dead, but when it is accepted literally to serve as a pretext for lavish praise of notoriously corrupt and vicious individuals, the effect is decidedly demoralizing. It is generally conceded by the press of this city that the public conscience needs awakening, and though the dailies cry out periodically against corruption they are more responsible than any other single influence for the indifference to the unwholesome conditions that prevail. This community is afflicted with a degenerate and hypocritical press which hasn't the grace to conceal its own duplicity. What could be more significant of the atrophied morals of the press than the effrontery of one of our leading dailies in devoting columns of its space to extravagant

laudation of a man who, in consequences of his political practices, was once a fugitive from justice, and who was notoriously a dangerous and corrupting influence in the State for a quarter of a century? Did the author of the old Latin maxim ever imagine that it could be tortured into a pretext for thus proclaiming that success in roguery justifies a eulogistic obituary notice? What greater menace to the morals of a community could be imagined than a newspaper that would boldly and defiantly undertake to pedestal for public admiration the lifeless figure of a man who, during his active career, was the incarnation of all the vices that are popularly believed to threaten the stability of the government! We have always believed that the old Latin maxim was intended to discourage people from slandering the dead, but the modern moulder of public opinion is most charitably liberal in its construction. Even while attesting its virtuous indignation against corruption in politics by inveighing on one page against Abe Ruef for daring to aspire to a seat in the Senate, on another it commends his prototype to public esteem. A few weeks ago this same virtuous and charitable organ of public opinion scored one of its contemporaries for daring to represent the unspeakable Ruef as a man of praiseworthy parts, but obviously if Mr. Ruef desires the esteem of the journal in which he has been frequently and bitterly denounced, he has but to shuffle off his mortal coil and, presto! his contemporaries will learn that he was a man of noble character who devoted a lifetime to the improvement and elevation of the municipal government. And by such journalistic tactics is the public conscience being trained with a view to the propagation of high ideals.

Simian Worship

Some people, blessed with more of this world's goods than they can make use of, recently paid three thousand dollars for a young gorilla, which they are bringing up as if it were a child and lavishing all the care and affection upon the animal which could be bestowed on a human being. A foolish woman followed up this freak by expending fifteen hundred dollars on a diamond collar for her dog, and the two incidents form a theme for philanthropists to dilate upon. "Kissing goes by favor," and if people of means prefer to lavish their wealth upon dogs and monkeys there is no law to compel them to adopt children or endow orphan asylums. Notoriety is the breath of their nostrils and the smart set will continue to exhibit such freaks of perverted intellect as long as yellow journals will exploit them, albeit the pretence is to deplore and decry. But there is no reason to regret that the dog and monkey worshipers have not adopted babies, for it is notorious that the women who devote themselves to animals are rarely tolerant, much less kind or affectionate to children. Even their own babies, when there are any unfortunate enough to be born to them, are set aside for the dog or the parrot, and the thoughtless infants will be severely punished for shortcomings not reproved in the animals. If uncertain little feet turn up the corner of a rug, or a chair is pushed out of place, there is a sharp reprimand, and moist little fingers are not tolerated in contact where the dog's feet and muzzle may intrude unchallenged. Women will drag a little child by the arms, never dreaming of regulating their giant strides to its tiny steps. They will hurry past the attractive shop windows and be deaf to the sights and sounds so alluring to infant senses, but when it is the dog that goes for a walk it is another matter. There is no haste then, and no sharp jerking on the leash. There is no danger that the canine will be checked short, raising its forefeet off the ground, and if it runs through a crowd, tripping pedestrians and upsetting go-carts with their occupants, there is never a sharp word or a gesture of impatience. Doggie's comfort is always looked after, and though baby may be kept out of sight in a back nursery, doggie has his silken cushion at the drawing-room fireside or the front window. Three thousand dollars would furnish endless comfort for a child, but not under the same roof with the people who spent it for the monkey.

Drastic Immigration Bill

Another bill to restrict immigration, far more drastic than the act approved last March, has been introduced in the Senate by Mr. Lodge. It denies admission to "all persons over fifteen years of age and physically capable of reading who cannot read the English language or some other language." An exception is made of the wives and children of immigrants already settled here. The test of literacy is to be extracted from the Constitution of from twenty to twenty-five words printed in the various languages of the immigrants. Those who cannot stand the test are to be returned at the expense of the transportation company which brought them. A bill directed against the same class of immigrants passed the House of Representatives in 1896 by a large majority, and in the next year it went through the Senate. President Cleveland vetoed it on the ground that it was "a radical departure from our national policy relating to immigration" and because its provisions were "unnecessarily harsh and oppressive." He said that "the ability to read and write affords a misleading test of contented industry and supplies unsatisfactory evidence of desirable citizenship or a proper apprehension of the benefits of our institutions." The House passed the bill over the President's veto, but it failed in the Senate. In view of the fact that Senator Lodge has fathered the new measure, it will no doubt be approved by the President in the event of its passage. If it should be passed it would exclude a large part of the immigrants who are coming to this country from eastern and southern Europe, for it is among them that illiteracy is especially prevalent.

When Watterson Declined a Legacy

That gallant old war-horse of Democracy, Colonel Henry Watterson, of the dark and bloody battleground, has been provoked into a statement of what he did in a situation similar to that in which William Jennings Bryan found himself when engaged in the execution of the will of Philo S. Bennett. Bryan's course in accepting a legacy under a will of his own execution has caused a deal of newspaper discussion and among those who denounced the Nebraska statesman was Henry Watterson. He remarked that "if there is something noble in the rejection of money one has not earned or inherited in the regular order, there must be something ignoble in accepting it." Thereupon

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the Salt Lake *Herald* said: "We cannot help wondering if the editor of the *Courier-Journal,* himself a public man of almost as much prominence as Mr. Bryan, would not, under the same circumstances, do exactly as Mr. Bryan is doing."

The Kentucky colonel was not slow to make reply. Here it is:

The late Mr. Tilden desired to make the editor of the *Courier-Journal* a legatee in his will, and, though the benefaction was urged upon him, he gratefully, but firmly, declined to permit it to be done. Mr. Bryan himself wrote the Bennett will. It was written, not in Connecticut, where Mr. Bennett lived, but away out in Lincoln, Neb., under Mr. Bryan's own roof. Contested by the widow of Mr. Bennett, Mr. Bryan is contesting it in the courts. What boots it that he says he will donate the money to public uses?

As a man of fine ethical principles Mr. Bryan erred in accepting that legacy. There are many lawyers who have never boasted of a scrupulous regard for the proprieties, who would scorn to write themselves down a legatee under the will of a client.

Mutual Criticism Clubs

The latest wrinkle in clubdom is the mutual criticism club, in which the members are to give each other the benefit of their opinions, and all is to be sisterly love and charity. As far as heard from, this organization is still to be, but there does not seem to be any reason why a special club need be formed for the purpose since every organization of women, from the village sewing circle to the one for the discussion of the most highly ethereal ized and attenuated subdivision of esthetic ideas is, after all, only a mutual criticism and gossip society. Of course ladies who wear silk frocks and diamonds do not gossip. They only tell each other the news. And they do not criticise each other, but each one feels that she has an inherent right to seek sympathy for her grievances. But in the end, it is all one. Two cronies exchanging "she sez" over the back fence on wash day may not be so pleasing a sight to the observer as well-dressed dowagers seated in the arm-chairs of the drawing-room and comparing notes on what "I have heard hinted," but the effect is not different. We have a local club whose membership is composed of the *haut ton,* and if any one were to hint that the ladies were given to gossiping or backbiting, or exchanging personal criticisms, social war would be declared, yet in a catalogue in which this particular club and its performances is listed the record discloses "quarrel," "dissension," "fracas," "misunderstanding," "trouble," "gossip," and all the other euphemisms and synonyms which might be summed up as *rows.* One of the beauties of women's club fracases is that the disputants never stick to the subject under discussion. A decision as to who has a right to the floor is pretty sure to bring in allusions to personal appearances, household economy, the manners of the children, the husband's business standing and the social position of the ancestry on both sides. The awarding of a prize for a patch quilt at a country fair has been known to affect the election of the next state governor and break up a school district, and—"Tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in Ascalon"—there have been times when a plentiful supply of courtplaster was needed to heal wounds not of the spirit, and the friendly mantle of darkness has facilitated the home-going from an animated session of a mutual criticism club. No doubt the organizations are, as the despatches state, "popular, desirable and profitable," but they are a long way from being a novelty.

The Artificial Complexion

Since the days of '49 the women of San Francisco have had a reputation for "made-up" faces, as well as for beautiful complexions. The climate is popularly believed to be conducive to beautiful flesh tints, but there have always been women in San Francisco, even among the *haut ton,* who were not satisfied with what nature did for them. Some years ago there was such a strong prejudice against the artificial complexion that for awhile rouge was tabu except in certain circles, but since the Sunday supps began exploiting the secrets of the toilet the old practice of "touching up" has been revived, and nowadays the paint-bedaubed female is becoming conspicuous. It seems, too, that many pretty women are growing careless as the winter days grow shorter. Some of our most fashionable maids and matrons are to be seen with dabs of rouge on their cheeks, smears of black on their palpably lengthened eyebrows, and other first aids to beauty not by the cunning hand of nature laid on. From time immemorial women have made up, and they will do so to the end of time. There is nothing especially reprehensible in the practice if the "touching up" is done with artistic hand, but the inartistic "make-up" is disgusting. One rarely sees an actress off duty with a "laid-on" complexion. Why? Because if she resorts to artificial aid she does so in the light in which she is to be viewed. Most women put on their complexions in softly curtained boudoirs. Moreover, the non-professional woman does not make a proper study of the art. She disclaims all knowledge of such things, and pretends to be uninterested, while actresses seek pointers from one another, and instead of using old-fashioned beautifiers, investigate and experiment with all sorts of pastes, unguents and pigments. They frankly exchange ideas upon the art of making up, and take a pride in possessing and propagating beauty secrets. They are so cautious that they do not use for private life, and for sunlight, close inspection, the same materials that are employed on the stage, but the society grand dame goes about looking ridiculous, in a complexion the components of which were recommended by some "How-to-be-Beautiful" Sunday supp writer, and imagines that she has acquired the art of concealing art. Many stage women never "make up" off the stage, and they retain their youthful complexions because they are careful to use only the purest of ingredients in the materials required to enhance their appearance before the footlights. Old Ovid, who came into the world to view fair faces as long ago as forty-three B. C., recognized the need and recommended the means of judicious beautifying. Hearken, fair, heedless ones of nineteen hundred and three A. D.:

You know the use of white to make you fair,
And how with red, lost color to repair;
Imperfect eyebrows you by art can mend,
And skin when wanting o'er a scar extend;
Nor need the fair one be ashamed, who tries
To add new lustre to her eyes.
But still beware that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply.
Tho' art assists, yet must that art be hid,
Lest whom it would invite it should forbid.
Who would not take offense to see a face
All daub'd and dripping with the melted grease?
And tho' your unguents bear th' Athenian name
The wood's unsavory scent is still the same.

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The Confederate Viewpoint

[W. W. Foote, an ex-Confederate soldier, delivered an oration on November twenty-eighth before "Pap" Price Camp, Confederate Veterans, at Colusa. The following are extracts from his address.]

The fact that many of the greatest Southern leaders were educated at West Point and Annapolis, and resigned to enter the service of the Confederacy, has frequently been the reason given for denouncing them as traitors. The people who apply these epithets seem to forget that the South paid its share of the taxes which went to maintain these institutions, and were entitled to send their sons in proportion to their Congressional representation.

The charge that Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, Beauregard, Hood, and others, were traitors, is usually made by the hired emissaries who came from Europe during the war, attracted by the high bounties paid for substitutes, and the alluring hope of pensions to come.

I have often visited a little Episcopal church in Alexandria, Virginia, since the conclusion of the war. In the church-yard there is an imposing monument to the memory of the unknown Confederate dead. Around this monument are the graves of many soldiers who served in the Revolutionary war.

Upon entering this little church and proceeding up the left-hand aisle, and just before you reach the altar, on the right, is a pew, fitted up as it was more than a century ago, and on this pew is a modest little sign, bearing the name, "George Washington," who was one of the vestrymen, until the day of his death. Directly across the aisle is another pew the same size and appointments as that of Washington, and it also bears a great and historic name, not second even to that of the father of his country—R. E. Lee, who was likewise a vestryman. Doubtless the spirits of these two great soldiers and patriots are in close communion in the Heavenly realms above, attended by the heroic Stonewall Jackson, and the knightly J. E. B. Stuart, and others, who have with them "crossed the river, to lie down under the shade of the trees."

But an enduring earthly monument will soon be erected to Washington and Lee. The Congress of the United States has established a Hall of Fame, in which are to be placed the statues of two citizens of each State, selected by the States themselves, from the names of their two most distinguished deceased citizens.

Virginia has unanimously selected George Washington and Robert E. Lee. She could have made no other that would not have violated the feelings of her citizens. When Washington and Lee, in marble or bronze, are placed in the Hall of Fame, at the National Capitol, the State of Virginia can point with becoming pride to her selection, and in a spirit of friendly rivalry challenge any of her sister Commonwealths to point to their equals.

Washington is universally conceded to be as pure a patriot as ever shed lustre upon his country. yet the others have been denounced by flippant orators and malicious partisans, as traitors to their country.

As a Southern soldier and a lover of my whole country, I resent the charge, and I doubt not that I express your sentiments as well as my own, when I say, in the language of the brilliant Patrick Henry: "If this be treason, make the most of it." * * *

It is perhaps useless to speculate upon what would have been the result of the contest had certain things happened differently.

Had it not been for the untimely death of Albert Sidney Johnston at the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, the armies of Grant and Sherman would have been captured, or drowned in the Tennessee river. Johnston was wounded late in the afternoon, but refused to dismount, as the enemy were in full flight, and completely demoralized. General Johnston bled to death, and the command of the Confederate armies fell to General Beauregard, who was ill and giving his orders from a litter. He discontinued the attack and pursuit, and during the night the fresh troops of General Buell crossed the river, whereupon General Beauregard slowly fell back towards Corinth.

Again, had Pickett's charge at Gettysburg been successful, and it only failed through a blunder, the army of General Meade would have been destroyed, thus enabling Lee to capture Philadelphia, New York, and overrun the North. The happening of either one of these events would have secured the independence of the Confederate States.

At the time we looked upon these failures as great misfortunes—but looking back forty years, it would seem that perhaps things were ordered for the best. If this Nation could be governed in the future for the whole people, certainly the failure to secure our independence may have been a blessing in disguise.

There is no candid man of any party, or from any section, who does not now concede that the Amendment passed, which conferred upon the recently emancipated slaves the right to vote, was a political mistake, if not a political crime—it was a gross injustice upon the white race of the South, and the worst thing which could possibly have happened to the Negro race.

It created a political storm; the cloud was first no bigger than a man's hand, but now it covers and blackens the whole political horizon, and threatens to break and destroy our great system of government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

The wisest and most conservative statesmanship is required at this time, to repair the grave blunders made immediately succeeding the war, and made for the sole purpose of punishing and humiliating the South.

That great statesman, Jefferson Davis, at the conclusion of his book, gives this advice, and it will be well if we should follow it:

"Much of the past is irremediable; the best hope for a restoration in the future to the pristine purity and fraternity of the Union, rests on the opinions and character of the men who are to succeed this generation; that they may be suited to that blessed work, one whose public course is ended, invokes them to draw their creed from the fountains of our political history, rather than from the lower stream, polluted as it has been by self-seeking place-hunters and by sectional strife."

But self-praise is vainglorious, and I shall simply say that the virtues of our Southern people are beginning to be acknowledged by those who were earlier our foes and detractors. * * *

But you and I, fellow comrades, owe a duty to our-

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selves and to our country, to our children and our children's children, which we should sacredly perform. We should teach our children that their fathers were descendants of the all-conquering, ever-dominant, and properly proud Anglo-Saxon race; we should teach them that their fathers fought for a cause, and a principle, which is sacred to them; we should teach them that patriotism and love of country are still among the cardinal virtues to be cultivated, and that the acquisition of money, and the vulgar display of finery, are not the only things worth living for in this modern day and generation.

And we should especially guard our children against imbibing the insidious poison contained in modern school books, which are filled with perverted facts, and teeming with sectional hate.

Before finally closing I have only another word to say. Some twenty-five years ago I visited Mount Vernon and the city of Alexandria. At the little church before alluded to they were making some repairs, which required the removal of one of the locust rafters. The sexton, a venerable man, informed me that he had refused to have this rafter made up into souvenirs, for fear that frauds might be committed; but he afterwards had made for me two small cups, which he presented to me, partly because he had learned that I was an ex-Confederate soldier residing in California, but mainly for the reason that our conversation had disclosed that we were slightly related.

One of these cups I have had lined with silver, and I think, appropriately inscribed, as a gift from myself to Pap Price Camp. I hope that you will appreciate the gift as much as I enjoy being able to make the donation.

And now, fellow comrades, let me enjoin you to let all the ends thou aimest at be thy God's, thy Country's and Truth's, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.

Trusting I have not wholly disappointed your anticipations, I thank you most sincerely for your attention, and bid you a sincere farewell.

Self Esteem

BY HARRY COWELL

The greatest of wits is not half so interesting to the dullest of mortals as is the dullest of mortals to himself. To myself I am the most fascinating of all subjects, to yourself, you are. A man desires of the society of others in order the better to enjoy his own incomparable company. He is never, assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, tired of himself. For others to have modest opinions of themselves is a virtue, because in proportion as they abase themselves he is exalted. Agree frankly and fully with the next person who speaks disparagingly of himself in your presence, and note his expression. Fail to contradict the artist who is showing you the imperfections of his masterpiece, and on the morrow try to borrow five dollars of him, and fail. When people praise me or my work, it is my invariable habit to yield them immediate and hearty assent. I never could for an immodest moment dream of being so self-assertive as to differ from critics of such exceptionally good taste. But the result is truly remarkable. As the phrase is, it should be seen to be appreciated.

"You dance divinely," said a divinity to me once.

"I do," said I simply. What else could one say under the circumstances? "That's so," would have lacked elegance; "I am precisely of your opinion" would have sounded pedantic in a ball-room; "thou sayest sooth" is obsolete. To this day even it still seems to me that "I do" was as good a way of expressing agreement as any. But, would you believe it? the divinity aforesaid regarded me with amazement—looked as though she had expected immediate and hearty dissent.

The man who has a good opinion of himself makes certain of being well thought of by at least one not altogether unimportant person. Think how it might be with him—but no, that would be too dreadful. The great, almost without exception, esteem themselves highly; and the great are ever being held up to us as examples. Back of the obnoxious practice of "knocking," so prevalent among artists, is self-love.

To reduce self-abasement to absurdity is not difficult.

"Did you ever see such an idiot as I am in all your born days?"

Never, my dear sir, or madam, as the case may be.

When a man, about to make a speech, or give other public demonstration of his superiority over his fellows, begins by saying deprecatory things of his ability—things that he would resent to the day of his death, if said by another—he, by so doing, lowers the expectancy of his audience. The result is that the performance, if up to the average, is accounted remarkable. The reason why so many famous speakers, actors, singers, etc., prove such bitter disappointments is not far to seek. We go with expectations beyond the reach even of the loftiest genius. Discrepancy between the actual and the ideal is inevitable, and the end is disenchantment.

To the cultured ear of this generation, the word Heredity comes with awful significance. The irresistible, inexplicable power of this most terrible of the fates has been exploited with marked effect by modern writers, Ibsen, for illustrious example. On the other hand, we have Environment, a power of not less repute. Grant Allen's "What's Bred in the Bone" is offset by Walter Besant's "The Children of Gideon." More than one thinker has come to regard the strutting of man across the stage of life as the mere resultant of these two great forces, Heredity and Environment.

Now patriotism (which is for the most part but ex-

"NOTHING but past facts are vouchers for the future."
—*Newman*

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tended egotism, enlarged good opinion of one's self) requires you to say that your country is the best in the world, and the form of it known as "local," that you live in the best part of the best country in the world. So much for environment. Then filial affection requires you to say that your father is the best man and your mother the best woman in the best place in the best country in the world. So much for heredity and environment combined. But modesty requires you to say that you, the product of the best possible environment and the best possible heredity, are after all but a worm i' the dust and unworthy the name of man. Q. E. D.

Modest reader, you humbly beg to differ with me; but, mark you, in so doing, you assume that your judgment is juster than mine. If you held that my judgment was the juster, you would accept it. Between us should be no difference of opinion whatever. No matter how great a man may be, if on any subject you are not of one mind with him, the inevitable inference is that your opinion is in some way superior to his. And, my humble sir or madam, should I question you closely, and you answer me truly, I could demonstrate the startling fact that you have the audacity to differ with some sainted master-mind in almost every one of your opinions. If, for instance, you hold that the effects of use and disuse are not inherited, you put your opinion above that of the great Herbert Spencer, who has spent a lifetime in the study of biology and kindred matters. Are you of Christian persuasion, a Protestant, say? Think of the giant intellects among the Jews with whom you take it upon yourself to disagree! Think of Cardinal Newman! Nor will it help you in the least, Sir or Lady Humility, to be Jew or Roman Catholic. They of contrary or contradictory religious views are not all of them fools by any means.

Nothing less than the force of logic could have induced me personally to fall back on self-esteem. But when it came to thinking well of myself or else appearing unreasonable I chose the former.

I have heard men much bepraised because they were gentle in their judgments of others and severe in dealing with themselves. Out upon such, I say, for an unchristian and boorish lot. My practice is much more commendable. When I happen to tread upon the toes of my conscience, I hasten to say in my best Beau-Brummel manner, "Pardon me, dear Coward-maker." "Pray don't mention it," is the polite rejoinder; "I have no—ahem—corns." In brief, my conscience and I live together in Christian unity. Seriously, this hateful falling out with such a good fellow as one's self for faults pardonable in others is the last infirmity of noble minds.

The Saunterer

The McClung Tragedy

The *motif* of the Palace Hotel tragedy is the subject of a great deal of speculation. The people directly involved desire the public to believe that the tragedy had none of the morbid or romantic elements that are usually associated with the killing of a man in the private apartments of a woman, but the skeptical are inclined to give their imagination rein, while seeking to penetrate the veil of secrecy which was so quickly drawn after the fatal bullet sped into the body of Major McClung. The eagerness of the *dramatis personae* to avoid the calcium rays, and the nonchalance of the murderer, his confidence that he will not be prosecuted, and his ominous hint that if the charge against him were pressed, "all the facts would come out," are circumstances that tend to stimulate curiosity. It is said that Alexander Garnett was crazed with drink when he invaded Mrs. Coit's apartments. His conduct immediately subsequent to the shooting is not suggestive of a mind saturated with alcohol. His promptness in summoning a physician, in seeking seclusion, and in recovering from the effects of a debauch, rather belie the statement that he was crazed with drink when he did the shooting. Moreover there are many significant discrepancies in the statements made by the people involved in the scandal. Mrs. Coit was quoted as saying that Major McClung visited her to convey a message from his wife. Garnett said that McClung called on Mrs. Coit to straighten out his (Garnett's) trouble which grew out of a game of bridge-whist.

The Neilson Scandal

Mrs. Lillie Coit is not of the age at which women figure in tragedies spiced with romance. But she is of the type that in all periods of the world's history has fomented the passions of men. In the early fifties she was an unconventional school girl, and her pranks excited a great deal of amusement. She attended a public school in Washington street on what subsequently became the site of the First Baptist church. Ellis H. Holmes was the principal and he was also a teacher. She was afterward a pupil in the High School in Powell street which is now the Normal School. When she made up her mind to marry Howard Coit, son of Dr. Coit, efforts were made to prevent the match. Coit's parents objected, but the young people were married secretly. Then they separated, Coit starting for the East, but her parents learned of the marriage, and she wired a characteristic message to her husband: "It's all out—hell's to pay. Come back." The marriage proved an unhappy one because of Coit's penchant for flirtations. The most notable instance of his truancy was brought to light one day when Mrs. Coit surprised him in the company of Adelaide Neilson who was filling a professional engagement in this city. I believe Mrs. Coit interrupted a very warm love scene. At any rate there was quite a scandal over the affair, and the newspapers gave it wide publicity.

Some Big Gambling Games

The moralists will no doubt point to the McClung tragedy as a warning against gambling among women. Mrs. Coit says that her trouble with Garnett grew out of a bridge-whist game, but she has not gone into the details. It has been generally known for years that both Mrs. Coit and her mother were inveterate card players, and many stories have been circulated about games for big stakes that

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were pulled off in their apartments. Naturally she will be reluctant to go into court, and submit to a cross-examination about the game in which Garnett is said to have lost his head. Indeed the indications are that unless the authorities take the necessary precautions they will not have any witnesses when the case comes to trial.

Family Pedigree

Mrs. McClung is constantly being referred to as the only daughter of Dr. R. Beverly Cole. She was not. Dr. Cole had two daughters, one of whom, Eugenia, became Mrs. Sielken. When "Billy" McClung won Josie Cole, the glad news went forth in the Southern set that he had captured the only heiress to Mrs. Cole's fortune, but it was a mistake. Though the Coles are always referred to as Southerners, that designation is somewhat inaccurate. Dr. Cole was a Virginian who was educated in Philadelphia. He there married the daughter of a Frenchman who had been in business in Philadelphia for many years. On the completion of the doctor's medical course, he came to California with his wife. Six children were born to them but only the two daughters have survived. They have lived here all their lives except when they were sojourning in Europe for a brief while. Major McClung was a gentleman who had always been noted for his courtesy and his gallantry, and his tragic end is sadly deplored by all who knew him.

The Ruef Hoax

The story that Abe Ruef has Senatorial aspirations, and that he is already perfecting plans to win the toga, is a hoax. Thrifty Abe has no desire to shift his sphere of operations. Not yet awhile. Abe will have money to throw at the birds at the end of the Schmitz Administration, and then perhaps the scented atmosphere of the halls of legislation may appeal to his sensitive olfactory nerves, but meanwhile the toga has no charms for him. The running of this wide-open town, at present, is more congenial to him than a cushioned seat in the Senate would be. He intends taking a hand in the Senatorial fight but not in his own behalf. He is open to an engagement as a manager, and when he appears at Sacramento at the next session of the legislature it will probably be as the representative of a gentleman who expects to spend about one hundred thousand dollars to secure a sufficient number of votes to entitle him to the Senatorship. Abe has capitalized his political prestige, and he is prepared to employ it to the greatest advantage to himself.

The Premature Reformer

Some people of envious nature who take themselves seriously have gathered the impression that Mr. Ruef is getting ready to take the lid off hell about the first of the year, and they are quietly agitating the advisability of doing something by way of circumvention. I have heard that about two score of prominent city men, including a few clergymen, have already held a few meetings to discuss ways and means of blocking a few of the channels through which, it has been reported, Mr. Ruef's fees as an attorney flow in a steady, glittering stream. Their purpose, I believe, is to organize another Civic Federation, but if they do so they are very likely to find that they are somewhat premature. The town is about as wide-open as ever it was, and vice is boisterously and unblushingly rampant, but the reformers have mistaken their cue. The reaction from the last reform crusade has not yet subsided. The professional reformer is not a highly esteemed personage in this community. His ululations can awaken no response among the wicked. He is regarded as a Pharisee. He must bide his time. Perhaps in 1904 he will not be unwelcome.

De Young Doesn't Want It

Mr. M. H. De Young returned home a few days ago, and learned upon his arrival that he was an aspirant for the Panama commissionership which is to be vouchsafed this coast. The interesting news amused the proprietor of the *Chronicle*. He says that he would not take the commissionership if it were offered to him. Dr. Rowell of Fresno hopes to be appointed Panama Commissioner, and Republican politicians think that he will achieve his ambition. He has the support of all the influential men in the party. Dr. Rowell is a wealthy physician who controls the political destinies of Fresno.

Exit Montague

Now that Postmaster Montague has resigned his office, there will no doubt be a great improvement in the postal service in this city. The new postmaster, Arthur Fisk, may be relied upon to give his personal attention to the business of the department, and to see that his subordinates do not avail themselves of their official position to promote their private enterprises. Fisk is an energetic young man, and during the last session of the legislature, in his capacity as Speaker of the Assembly, he rendered conspicuous service to the people of the State. He was appointed postmaster on the recommendation of Senator Perkins. The news of his appointment gave a thrill of joy to the numerous embryonic statesmen of the Fifth District, who are eager to go to Congress. It was conceded that Fisk could have the nomination next year, but now that he occupies a high Federal position the field is open.

The third entertainment of the Polyglot Club took place on Thanksgiving eve at the Arts and Crafts building. It was in effect a Dante evening, the *piece de resistance* being a lecture on the poet by Mr. L. D. Ventura. Mrs. E. Avery, Miss C. B. La Barraque and Professor R. A. Lucchesi sustained the musical portion of the program. The Polyglot is one of the most advanced of our local culture clubs, and always offers a program far beyond the average in excellence.

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Jack London, genius, social reformer, aged twenty-seven years or thereabouts, is as versatile as he is virile and prolific. Finding himself awhile back in England's metropolis, he followed the advice of Abraham Lincoln and took "a bath of the common man." Then, having washed him and made him clean, he sat down and wrote what he calls, with his fine instinct for names, "The People of the Abyss," a plain, unvarnished tale of the night side of a great city, a tale that finds the heart and keeps it. This makes the fifth volume of his the Macmillan Company has published within a twelvemonth. He is now engaged in writing a new work, "A Sea Wolf" the title, which will appear serially some time next spring in the *Century* magazine. After that, he will probably revisit Japan, modify, or rather mollify, his manner somewhat, and go by way of the Japanese short-story to the goal of his friends' ambition for him, the subtle, complex novel of modern civilized life. If the too Anglo Saxon Jack London is really desirous of reaching the "great American novel"—and no other writer is heading in that direction much faster than he—he should go by way of France.

The Divine Anna

Miss Anna Strunsky, the poet of the "Kempton-Wace Letters," who defended lyric love so lyrically against the biological onslaughts of the scientific Jack London, is home again in San Francisco from her trip to Europe, penning enthusiastically a novel with a purpose for the Macmillan Company. Miss Strunsky is of the land that produced Turgenev and Tolstoi, and of the race that produced the Book of Job and The Song of Songs; and one of the most delightful experiences of her visit abroad was her meeting with her countryman, the noble Prince Peter Krapotkin, humanitarian, scientist, lover of liberty, now living, an honored exile, in London, England. As to personality, Miss Strunsky is "personality" personified—nothing if not fascinating. The angel entrusted with the distributing of charm, that rare attar of roses grown in paradise, emptied a vialful, meant for a whole countryside, on the head of the young Russian, and the result is indescribable. Should she succeed in putting herself into the work, her book when opened ought, like a volume of Lamb's or of Stevenson's, to give forth a faint perfume as though flowers had been pressed between the pages. The novel is to be called—well, that would be telling, and I promised not to, and moreover the writer might change her mind and the title of her work and make me as one who says the thing that is not.

His Fiction Pays

When Frank Norris died everybody was commiserating the widow because she was left nothing except prospective royalties on her husband's books. But it now appears that these will aggregate quite a tidy little fortune. Mrs. Norris's last check from the publishers for royalties on "The Pit" alone amounted to fifteen thousand dollars, and she has had several other checks almost as large. She is investing most of the money in sugar stocks. Very soon she will be receiving large royalties from the dramatization of "The Pit," which is said to contain the elements of success. It is the prevailing opinion that the essays of Frank Norris should not have been published, for they have not enhanced his literary reputation. His style was not sufficiently polished for essay-writing. Nor will the short stories posthumously published add anything to his fame, but they do add to his widow's income and so she can scarcely be blamed for putting them on the market. She is by the way a very attractive young widow and she has been receiving much attention..

In Her Husband's Footsteps

The old story of Elijah's mantle was never better exemplified, by the way, than in Mrs. Norris's case. As Nettie Black, she was a handsome girl without the slightest pretense to literary attainment, but during the years of her married life she was so closely in touch with literary men and their methods that she is said to have acquired a pretty taste in literature, and she has gone East to accept a position which was recently offered to her as reader for *McClure's*. She rendered her husband valuable assistance in collecting material for "The Pit," his most successful book, for which he gave her credit in the preface, and it was on the strength of this that she received the offer from the magazine publishers.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels are settled in New York for the winter. Mr. Mighels has his literary workshop at 340 East Fifteenth street, and he is now busy correcting the proofs of a volume of short stories which Harper will issue in the spring.

"Mistress of Herself Though China Fall"

One of the drollest incidents that ever disturbed domestic harmony occurred the other day in the house of a man whose wife has a notoriously bad temper. One evening he brought home unexpected guests to dinner—always a hazardous thing to do—and though the wife received them with smiles there was an ominous glitter in her eye. Just after dinner the hostess was missed from the drawing-room and shortly afterward there was the sound of falling crockery—a sure sign that madame was giving her temper free rein. Whenever anything displeased her she soothed herself by throwing the crockery about the kitchen. When

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reproached afterward for this churlish conduct she always averred that she could not help it, and that she was heartily ashamed of herself. This evening, after the guests had gone and the wife was upstairs, she was startled to hear crashing dishes in the kitchen. Rushing down she found her husband throwing down the best cut glass in the house, and the floor was already covered with a thousand crystal fragments. With tears she begged him to desist. At first he would not, but he finally listened to her entreaties, after she had promised never to break any more dishes. The husband had noticed that she never broke anything but the commonest things and he thought a little breakage of her pet pieces would cure her. It did.

The Crack Matchmaker

Mrs. Salisbury has taken Angelo Conti under her wing and is piloting him socially. He is a handsome, young and clever Italian lawyer, but Mrs. Salisbury is interested in him principally because of his noble birth. He is the son of the Mayor of Turin. He is both witty and popular, and speaks English perfectly, but with a penchant for hand-holding that Mrs. Salisbury will no doubt discourage. His great friend here is Count Grimani who is also very popular, but who doesn't seem to care much for local society. He is the son of the Mayor of Venice. As Mrs. Salisbury always has a good supply of plain heiresses on hand she is in a fair way to make some good matches. Her latest protege is Christine Pomeroy, for whom she expects to accomplish great things. She has promised to make her the most successful debutante of the season. She certainly is the prettiest, having inherited the pulchritude of her mother, who by the way is almost as great a social general as Mrs. Salisbury.

"There's a woman who should have no difficulty in making her way to the top in society."

"What are her claims to social distinction?"

"She has none, but she belongs to the Alpine Club. Her most sensational climb was in the Himalayas."

Their Dainty Trousseaux

There is a report current in smart social circles that the lingerie of the trousseau of Mrs. Norris Davis was the most beautiful ever seen in this city. It consisted almost entirely of ribbons and lace. I hear that she never dared exhibit it to her mother-in-law, Mrs. Horace Davis, it was so dainty. Mrs. Davis *mere* has very New Englandish ideas, and there was a time when New Englanders regarded lace and ruffles on lingerie as immoral. While on the subject of lingerie, I am reminded that Miss Drown is preparing her trousseau and that it is of great beauty, including many hand-made and embroidered articles. Miss Kip's trousseau is said to be the richest that ever gladdened the heart of a local bride.

Will They Wed?

According to the latest record of the bavardes of the daily press, Miss Adelaide Deming is going to New York to reside permanently. Nothing is said as to whether her marriage with Robert Mein of Oakland will take place before her departure, though it was to have been one of this winter's events. As both Miss Deming and Mr. Mein are record-breakers in the matter of broken engagements, it has been suggested that this move of Miss Deming's may be merely a preliminary to another step of that nature. When her twin sister wedded the actor, Harry Corson Clarke, it was understood that Addie would shortly after become the bride of a naval officer whose acquaintance she had made during a trip to Honolulu with the Frawleys. Then Mr. Groom—the same Groom who married pretty Gracie Shain—was reported to have been captivated by Miss Deming. After Gracie divorced him the gossips said perhaps Miss Deming would reconsider her old refusal. But she did not. Instead, she announced her engagement with a wealthy New Yorker, whom she didn't marry.

Is She—Are They?

Not long ago it was said that Charles Rollo Peters was engaged to a rich widow he had met in Washington, D. C., but now they say he is going to marry Vesta Shortridge. Nobody knows whether there is any truth in the story, but it is being hawked about by the gossips. Miss Shortridge and Mr. Peters became quite good friends when they were both staying at Monterey, and they have many tastes in common. It was a mutual love of literature and music that brought about Miss Shortridge's engagement with Emile Bruguiere, and a mutual love of art might naturally have cemented a friendship between Miss Shortridge and Mr. Peters. The artist is not so impressive looking as the society man who writes songs and comic operas, but he is a very clever and delightful companion. Besides, he is not bald, and Emile Bruguiere is very much so. Mr. Peters is a widower.

An "Old Holland" Party

A very original and delightful function was the "Dutch" party given by Mrs. Thomas Kirkpatrick last Tuesday afternoon. The Old Holland games that were played were very amusing, and the prizes, handsome steins, were in harmony with the general scheme of the affair. The table was artistically decorated in the Old Delft that Mrs. Kirkpatrick collected when abroad. The guests were Mesdames Goodall, Munger, Jones, Cox, Shipley, Wood, Partridge, Tobin, J. Kirkpatrick, Hall, Mead, Yates and Sorrenson, Misses Roberts, Eleanor and Maude Tobin.

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Getting Into Society

Among the new people who have received the brand of the elect are the Alexander Wilsons, who made a large fortune in the restaurant business in this city. They have been out of trade for some time and have traveled extensively in Europe. The daughters have been educated in fashionable Boston schools, and they are possessed of many graces of mind and person that render them exceptionally attractive. But above all they have lots of shekels, and are therefore bound to cut a swath. Whenever local society is threatened with the acquisition of new recruits there is always talk of "drawing the line," especially among match-making mammas who feel that their attractive daughters are about to have their chances reduced. As a rule the dissent is expressed by those whose position is somewhat insecure and who need a great deal of boosting. Local society would be in a bad way if people were barred on account of the character of the business in which their wealth was founded. Some of our aristocrats are not yet free from the odor of whisky retailed by recent progenitors, and I believe it is said of the founder of the Parrott fortune that he debated for a long time whether he should establish a pawnshop or a bank.

Lawyers We Read About

Frequently have I marveled at the tolerance of the local bar in the matter of the shameless tactics of indecent practitioners, but I must confess that it is no more discreditable than that of the profession in New York toward the thrifty team of Howe & Hummel. The brazen effrontery of that brace of spectacular practitioners is unparalleled in the legal profession of any other city on this continent. If Howe and Hummel were in this city they would rank little higher than Police Court practitioners, but in New York they do a tremendous business, and as most of their clients are in the theatrical profession they receive a great deal of advertising, for litigation involving thespians or their managers generally makes good "copy" for the newspapers. The names of Howe and Hummel appear in the newspapers so frequently as to give the impression that they are the most distinguished lawyers of the New York bar. They undoubtedly do a big business, but they do not handle any litigation that involves complex law problems.

Spectacular Brutality

Two shining examples of the methods employed by Howe & Hummel to advertise themselves were given last week. One night a process server in their employ entered a theatre in which Mrs. Leslie Carter was playing "Zaza," walked into a proscenium box and stepped across the footlights just as the actress was about to speak the opening lines of the dressing-room scene in the first act. He interrupted the performance long enough to serve the actress with a paper in an injunction suit, and before the audience recovered from its amazement he re-entered the box and dashed out of the theatre. His conduct was approved by Howe and Hummel. A few days later another one of their process-servers obtained admission to the home of Mrs. Mary J. C. Culver, eldest daughter of United States Senator William A. Clark, by representing that he was employed by her attorney. She was holding a reception at the time, and he appeared among her guests and served her with papers in a suit brought against her by a Mrs. Elizabeth Vlasto for alienating the affections of her husband. Both brutal performances were characteristic of the men by whom they were dictated. In each instance the victim was prostrated. Mrs. Carter received such a shock that she was scarcely able to continue her performance.

Her Sensational Suit

The suit against Mrs. Culver, by the way, smacks somewhat of blackmail. Mrs. Vlasto has not lived with her husband for ten years, and she has steadfastly resisted his efforts for divorce. As Mrs. Culver is suing her husband for divorce the suit was probably intended to convey the impression that she contemplated marrying Vlasto. The latter was an intimate friend of her husband. He is fifty years old and has been in this country about thirty years. He was formerly an importer of brimstone and coffee. He was married twenty-eight years ago, and has a son, who is a conductor on a western railroad. The plaintiff demands five hundred thousand dollars damages. She alleges that Mrs. Culver and Vlasto have spent much time together abroad, in France and Switzerland, and she is said to have a photograph of the two taken in Europe.

The Amicable Vlasto

Vlasto, by the way, is not unknown in this city. He has been a friend of Senator Clark's family for years. He is what is known in society as a graceful dinner guest, because he is an amiable fellow, a good talker and a good story teller. The Clarks have used him for social function purposes, and of course he was always ready to accept their bountiful hospitality. That his personality was sufficiently engaging to win the affections of the multi-millionaire's daughter I seriously doubt. I believe he is older than Senator Clark. From friends of the Clarks I learn that



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it is suspected that Mrs. Vlasto was prompted to institute the suit by a New York newspaper against which Vlasto instituted a suit for libel some time ago. The supposition is that the paper expects to force a compromise.

There will be a big crush at Maple hall today and tonight, when the Heartsease Auxiliary holds its bazaar for sweet charity. There will be pretty things on sale, particularly dolls which Miss Mabel Coxe and others have dressed. There will be a production of Jerome's comedy, "Sunset," by clever amateurs who have been drilled by Mr. Dillon of Fischer's, and there will be musical numbers by other talented people. The vaudeville program will be given in the evening.

The Spirit of Rivalry

The Family Club gave a farewell dinner Saturday night to Paymaster Stanton of the Navy and the Bohemian Club gave one to Amadee Joullin. The Family is an offshoot of the Bohemian Club, and though it affects an ultra-democratic air by way of accentuation of its bohemianism, it sternly resents any imputation of rivalry. Nevertheless members of the Bohemian Club are convinced that the men of the Family put in most of their time knocking the older institution on the score of the dominance of the commercial element in what was once a bohemian club in spirit as well as in name. There are some clever wits in the Family Club and they have a cynical way of jesting about all mundane affairs, including the club over which that up-to-date type of bohemian, James D. Phelan, presides. And as a consequence, whenever a *mot* that is in the nature of a smash at the Bohemian Club is quoted within the portals of that institution, it is at once surmised that it emanated from the Family. The Hale brothers, drygoods merchants, are members of the Bohemian Club, and they have lately been referred to as "Hale Brothers, well met." The Family has been charged with having invented the designation; also with having referred to Raphael Weill as "Riff-raff Weill."

An Army Officer in Trouble

Paymaster Stanton had rather an embarrassing experience at the races the other day. He went over to the track to while away a little time, and to impart a little excitement to his visit, placed a small bet. He received a ten-dollar piece in change from the book-maker with whom he made the bet, and a few minutes later, receiving a suggestion from a tout, decided to hazard the ten dollars on a sure winner. Stepping up to another book-maker he handed him the ten-dollar piece that he had received in the betting ring, and the man scrutinized the money suspiciously, and then summoned a Pinkerton detective who placed the Paymaster under arrest for uttering counterfeit coin. It was some minutes before Stanton succeeded in convincing the detective that he was an army officer and not a counterfeiter, and a little later the book-maker discovered that he was mistaken. The coin was not a counterfeit. He searched for Stanton to return the money but the latter had left the track.

The Banshee

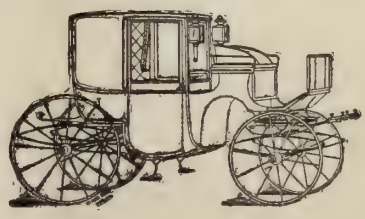
Mr. W. B. Yeats, the poet and dramatist, who is coming to this city as the guest of Mr. James D. Phelan, to tell us something about the Gaelic revival, was asked at one of his lectures the other night if there were any more banshees left in Ireland. He looked puzzled and declared that he didn't know what his questioner was "driving at." If Mr. Yeats pleads such ignorance in this city some of our Irish residents will suspect him of being a faker and doubt that he was ever in Ireland. Every Irishman knows that the banshee abounds in Ireland where it has always been indigenous to the soil. Irishmen are as familiar with the banshee as they are with the Big Wind. However, Mr. Yeats is not so ignorant as he pretends. In his "Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry" he writes: "In Ireland they (fairies) are still extant, giving gifts to the kindly and plaguing the surly. 'Have you ever seen a fairy or such like?' I asked an old man in county Sligo. 'Amn't I annoyed with them?' was the answer." In a note on "Omens" Mr. Yeats remarks, "We have other omens besides the banshee and the dullahan and the coach-o-bower. I know one family where death is announced by the cracking of a whip." The Gaelic revival would be uninteresting were it not for the banshees, the fairies and the omens that have imparted spirit to Celtic romance. If Mr. Phelan were as rich in Ireland as he is in this country a banshee would be one of the family entourage. It takes a rich family to sport a banshee.

Judge W. W. Morrow has gone to Washington, D. C., to attend the annual meeting of the trustees of the Carnegie Institution. Mrs. Morrow accompanies him. They will visit Washington and New York, returning in about one month. During his stay in Washington Judge Morrow will do a little active work for the bill for the purchase of the Calaveras Big Trees, a matter in which he is deeply interested, and which is being agitated by the women of the Outdoor Art League.

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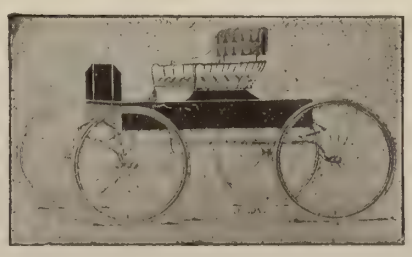
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The Three Handsome Shiels Women

The three Shiels brothers have married three very handsome women, each of a distinct type. The three beauties ought to be painted together to show the excellent taste of the brothers. The newest Mrs. Shiels, formerly Miss Elsie Bennett, is the handsomest of three. She is of French extraction and has a face like a cameo, with a pure Greek profile, exquisitely dainty coloring, violet eyes and dark brown hair, with a pink and white skin. Mrs. Jack Shiels was a Scotch girl whom the doctor met while he was a student at Edinburgh. It was a runaway match and Mrs. Shiels, like most poor girls who marry money, is one of the most extravagant women in San Francisco. At the confectioner's, the caterer's, the modiste's and the florist's she runs enormous bills and the Shiels establishment is expensive in other ways, as they have a flock of children.

A New Type

With the introduction of Miss Lulu Bothin comes a new type not of the Gibson girl variety. She is more of the Christy ideal, and yet possesses a marked individuality. She is tall, blonde and slender. She made her formal debut at the Mau tea, and her numerous relatives promise the young debutante a rose-colored future. It is whispered that the Whittier mansion is to be thrown open in her honor, and if rumor speaks truly, prodigal hospitality may be expected from that quarter.

The Husband's Retraction

A recent divorce suit that threatened sensational developments was litigated amicably, the husband having been induced to withdraw his cross-complaint in which he had made some unpleasant charges against his wife. The latter had resided abroad several years, being intent on giving her children a foreign education, and meanwhile her husband was having a very gay time at home. After the latter withdrew his cross-complaint, the wife asked, through her lawyers, for a retraction. She received it in the following words:

"Messrs. So-and-So, Attorneys-at-Law,

"This is to certify that my wife has always been chased," etc., etc.

The retraction would probably have caused an explosion if the attorneys had not persuaded the husband to change his orthography.

Matched Before Their Debut

Two maids about to be launched upon the social sea are said to have already selected life partners for the dangerous matrimonial voyage. One contracted a heart affection during the last term at Vassar, and, unknown to the elders, received a substantial solitaire in token of her bondage. But Cupid—like murder—will out, and notwithstanding threats of all kinds and the dire vengeance of parental authority, the whilom graduate is obdurate and vows that she will abide by her choice. Young fidelity remains to be tested, and "absence makes the heart grow fonder" may prove that it is the sensible exception who forgets. The other damsel was not attracted by an impecunious youth, and she, like the wise virgin, has the approbation of the long-headed generation. The sage term such accidents propinquity, for it seldom happens that the financiering bump develops before the first season out. The maid in question promises to become a distinguished belle, and the announcement of an engagement to the scion of a wealthy Eastern family may be expected when discretion sees fit.

He Distributes Wisely

Of all the young bachelors in town Fred Greenwood carries off the palm for the most successful host. He is a past master in the art of placing personalities. The clever sit by the dull, and the latter, in the egotism of their species, fail to see the reflections and fancy themselves the shining light. His last dinner was a jolly affair and the plump heiress was a conspicuous guest. The tabbies cannot determine the difference between the platonic and the erotic and the riddle is still in the hands of the gossips.

Mrs. Sterling Postley is expected to arrive from the East this week. While in New York she was constantly seen in the company of Mrs. Allan Wallace, who by the way has become a grand dame of Gotham. Mrs. Postley is debating a trip around the world with her mother, *versus* a winter in the South.

They Are Not Rivals

I am in receipt of a letter from Lillie E. Crothers, president, and Emma J. Orvis, secretary of La Jeunesse Doree Club of San Jose, informing me that they "read with deep regret an article that appeared in a recent issue of Town Talk in which the club was put in the position of a seceding rival of a local sister club." They assure me that their club was started before the Young Ladies' Auxiliary of the San Jose Woman's Club, and therefore it could not have seceded from that organization. "La Jeunesse Doree," say my correspondents, "was organized by a number of congenial young ladies for the purpose of taking up lines of study under the direction of special teachers—the social feature being a minor incident. The assertion that the success of La Jeunesse Doree annoys any member of the San Jose Woman's Club is absurd. A prominent member of the Woman's Club is an honorary member of La Jeunesse Doree Club, and several of our members are



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daughters of ladies belonging to the Woman's Club. There is no unfriendly feeling whatever on the part of La Jeunesse Doree Club toward any other organization, and we know of none toward us." An inaccuracy in Town Talk is the source of as much regret to me as it is to those whom it directly concerns.

A Bohemian Club Artist

Julian Rix, who died last week, was one of the early members of the Bohemian Club. The cartoon "The Absent" which hangs on the club walls with other painted souvenirs of famous jinks, was one of Rix's contributions. Rix excelled as a painter of country scenes. He had a peculiar shade of green that appeared in most of his works and which was in a way a trademark, for no other artist ever used a green exactly like it. The artist was a brother of Ed Rix, who was formerly Alice Rix's husband, and of "Billy" Rix, the attorney.

Porter Garnett, who has supplied material for Bohemian Club jinks at various times, and who has a pretty knack for versifying, is engaged in writing a musical comedy for Fischer's.

Looks Like a Good Scheme

The salon sale at the Palace was such a failure that local artists are now eager for some scheme to be devised to stimulate public interest in their work, and to promote the sale of their pictures. Park Commissioner Altman thinks he has solved the problem. He suggests that one room in the Park Museum be reserved for the pictures of representative Californian artists, and that they be exhibited but not sold there. According to his plan the names and addresses of the artists will be given in the catalogue, and those who approve of the scheme are confident that it will enable them to divert a great deal of tourists' money their way.

The Artistic Temperament

John A. Stanton, the artist, is a funny fellow. Not long ago he was met by a boon companion who said to him, "Come have a drink, John. I haven't seen you for an age." Stanton said he couldn't as one of his babies was ill and he was just going for a doctor. This was about ten o'clock in the morning. Quarter after ten found the two leaning against a bar and five o'clock of the same day found them drinking together in another place. Each time Stanton had been invited to drink he had given the same excuse for not doing so—the doctor for the baby—and then he spent the entire day with his friend. The friend knew perfectly well that the baby's illness was only in the artist's mind and so he had no conscientious scruples.

They Didn't Wait In Vain

Raoul Martinez, who the despatches say is dying, has many friends on this coast. He was for many years a dramatic critic in this city, and was popular in club circles. He was known to the reading public by his pen-names, "Beauclerc" and "Clairbeau." He was a facile and scholarly writer. Many years ago he figured in a pretty romance. He was infatuated with the eldest daughter of a Mr. Hochkofler, who occupied the position of Australian Consul in this city. She, however, bestowed her hand on Charlie Havens, and before the waning of the honeymoon discovered that she had made an unfortunate match. Havens treated her shamefully and she finally separated from him. Martinez was steadfast in his affection but as Mrs. Hochkofler was a strict Catholic she would not obtain a divorce, and as Martinez was of the same faith, with pious resignation they awaited developments. One day the unappreciative husband was accidentally shot while on a hunting expedition, and the unhappy wife was freed from the yoke that chafed. Martinez then pressed his suit with ardor and with success, and they were married amid the great rejoicing of all their friends. For years thereafter they lived in this city, the centre of an intellectual Bohemian coterie, and then they moved to New York.

A Modish Maid

Though Miss Maye Colburn danced long and late at The Assembly on Wednesday night, she was at church Thanksgiving morning. Miss Colburn is one of the most modish dressers of the younger set. She wore a black spangled net at the ball. Her church costume was a dark green of some heavy material, tailored, and a sable collar, stole effect, with hat and muff to match.

Hungry Youths at Debutante Dinners

This is the season for debutante dinners and the harvest time of the hungry youth. No debutante, unless she be very pretty, very clever and quite rich, dares nowadays to face an assembly without having presided at a dinner beforehand, or unless she has been a guest at another debutante's dinner. It is thus that she secures a number of partners. A man who has been a guest at a dinner is bound to dance twice with his hostess, and once with each of her guests, and even an indifferently charming bud can pick up a few other partners. Keep track of the most persistent debutante dinner-givers and you will find the girls who are afraid to trust themselves without an anchor to windward.

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Pedagogues Aroused

Public school teachers throughout the interior are very much exercised over a combination of pedagogues in the bay counties, which is said to control the educational policy of the State. It is said that a ring has been organized for the purpose of manipulating the public school system for the aggrandizement of a few, and that outsiders are unjustly treated. One of the purposes of the ring is to block the aspirations of men who are not submissive to the leaders, and the impression prevails that it is useless for a teacher to seek a position in the public schools unless he has the support of the autocratic combination. The political pedagogues, according to the reports that come to me from the interior, dominate the Schoolmasters' Club of San Francisco. It is in this institution that all the programming is done. The club was organized about a year and a half ago on close corporation lines by eight or nine educators of this city, and applications for membership are passed upon by secret ballot. Some prominent educators have been admitted to give tone to the organization, but as a rule men of independent character are barred. Among its members are J. W. McClymonds, City Superintendent of Schools of Oakland, Fred Burke, President of the San Francisco Normal School, E. M. Cox, City Superintendent of Schools of Santa Rosa, and President David Starr Jordan of Stanford. Until recently the name of President Wheeler of Berkeley was on the rolls. It is believed that many unsophisticated educators joined the club in absolute ignorance of its political operations.

Teachers throughout the interior, having become alarmed over the reports concerning the purposes of the ring, are now organizing to thwart the plans of the politicians. They are being rounded up by the heads of the county Boards of Education, and P. M. Fisher, City Superintendent of Schools in Alameda, is at the head of the opposition movement. Circulars have been issued calling for a meeting during the annual convention of the State Teachers' Association, which is to be held in this city during the Christmas holidays. At this meeting an attack will be made on the policy by which power is centralized in the State Board of Education, it being the theory of the interior pedagogues that the ring is fostered by the State officials. A fight will also be made over the question of the advisability of revising the old text books, a proposition favored by the ring and fathered at the last State convention by Richard K. Faulkner, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School, a prominent member of the Schoolmasters' Club. The present text-book commission, consisting of Governor Pardee, State Superintendent of Schools Kirk and Professor Brown of Berkeley, is in favor of going into the open market and securing the best text-books to be had. The ring is in favor of being employed in revising the old ones.

A Curious Ruling

A man was arrested in this city the other day for cruelty to animals for offering live lizards for sale. Just where the cruelty came in was not satisfactorily explained. I am puzzled to know how it is more cruel to sell lizards than to sell dogs, cats or horses, but the amusing feature of the case was the reason given by a police judge for dismissing the case. He said that the testimony failed to establish the fact that a lizard was an animal. Some of our minor officials are remarkable for their ingenuousness. Some time ago an amusing theory was advanced by Superintendent Thomas J. Blakeney, of the Life Saving Service, in explanation of the fact that few bodies of people drowned in the Golden Gate were ever recovered. Blakeney attributed the phenomenon to the amount of sand stirred up by the waves and mixed with the water. "This," he explains, "gets into the body and makes it sink." Of course, the rudimentary law of physics, that the denser a liquid, the more readily a foreign body will float in it, was unknown to the worthy life-saver. According to his theory, a man will sink more quickly in salt water than in fresh.

Mrs. F. M. Smith of Arbor Villa, Oakland, and her daughter, Miss Marion Smith, were made the motif of a very delightful luncheon on Wednesday in the red room of the Bohemian Club. Mrs. Lewis Risdon Mead was the hostess, and the other guests were Mrs. A. L. White, Miss Florence White, Mrs. Frank C. Havens, Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Mrs. Samuel Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Frank M. Wilson, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Edward A. Selfridge, Mrs. Edward A. Selfridge, Jr., Miss Katherine Selfridge, Mrs. George B. Sperry, Miss Elsie Sperry, Mrs. Hiram C. Smith, Mrs. John Coxon Klein and Miss Maren Froelich.

Rea on the Rampage

Jim Rea, political boss and capitalist of San Jose, is once more at a white heat. The row between the electric railroad companies of San Jose has resulted in an injunction suit against Rea's corporation, and the case is in Judge





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Hyland's court. Rea objects to Hyland, and demands that the case be transferred. He says that the judge has been his political enemy for years, and had scored him whenever the opportunity presented itself. He intimated there would be trouble if Hyland did not transfer the case, but the judge has ignored his objections.

He Kept in the Background

The news of the death of W. P. Harrington occasioned some surprise in social circles, for the reason that he was of a retiring nature. His very existence was unknown to some of our society people, and by others he was regarded as almost as much of a myth as Monroe Salisbury, who never puts in an appearance at social functions where his wife and daughters shine. Mr. Harrington was known to some as "the husband of Mrs. Harrington." His wife and daughters spent most of their time in town or else rushing about in society in the East. Only intimate friends knew of the existence of the head of the family. The new residence of Mrs. Harrington will be particularly lonely now, with both the daughters away, and it is probable the widow will rent it.

President Roosevelt having hailed Edward Kemys of Byrn Mawr as the Great American Sculptor, Mr. Kemys is being much lionized just now. His latest achievement is the two lions at the entrance of the Art Institute. Kemys is a modest man who does not boast, but does things. He has had hunting adventures of all kinds, and would be a mine of interest for interviewers, if they could get him to talk. But they can't.

Henry Miller's Chicago "Mash"

In Chicago they evidently do not know that Henry Miller is a married man and the father of children. For a Chicago weekly recently referred to the actor as being of the heart-whole and fancy-free order of mortals. This designation was made in reference to a crush Henry once had on Mrs. Robert Hurlburt of the Windy City, daughter of the late R. M. Hooley of Hooley's theatre. Mrs. Hurlburt is a beautiful widow, and she met Mr. Miller at Newport. They had a little flirtation and later continued it at Narragansett Pier. The Miller-Anglin season in Chicago, by the way, has been a big success. Miss Anglin's Camille was considered by the critics to be an even greater impersonation than Bernhardt's or Duse's. But the culture of Chicago is of the stockyards redolent. There is nothing approximating it outside of Chicago. It has a world-wide reputation as the city that discovered that Rostand did not write "Cyrano de Bergerac," and as the centre of Standord Oil education.

Eloquent and Theatrical

The Reverend Robert E. Lee Craig has succeeded in infusing new life into the congregation of Grace church. He has a name that is easy to conjure with among our Southerners, but he does not depend on it to enthuse his flock. He is a magnetic as well as an eloquent pulpit orator. Heretofore it was believed that old-fashioned, conservative Episcopalians were prejudiced against eloquent rectors with a passionate top-note, but the Rev. Craig appears to have succeeded in pleasing all elements in his congregation. He is a young man, very sincere in his manner, somewhat theatrical in his delivery, and oh! so different from the late Dr. Foute. But he never fails to stir his hearers.

That Menace to the Nation Subject

The Bachelor-Old Maid symposium is probably the most popular one ever started by a daily paper. Several correspondents have written to me to ask my opinion of the debated subject. One signing herself "A Society Bachelor Maid" writes as follows:

I wish you would say something about the spirit of generosity that animates the bachelor girl. Is it not very kind and sweet of her to be willing to stay single and let the other girls have all the matrimonial chances? There are so *many* girls who are dying to be married, and there aren't husbands enough to go around, you know. Don't you think it dear of us to be willing to give up our chance to them?

A college man, writing himself "A Philosopher," says:

In regard to this controversy it strikes me that most of the men who have accomplished great things have been free from matrimonial fetters. I beg to draw your attention to Schubert, Beethoven, Bellini, Donizetti and Cimarosa, great composers; Humboldt and Kant, supreme philosophers; J. G. Whittier, our American poet of poets, and others—all bachelors. Would Galileo have discovered the application of the pendulum, and that the earth revolves, had he been hampered by domestic cares? How about Hugens, the astronomer who discovered Saturn's ring? Wasn't he a bach? Dr. Hahnemann, the originator of homeopathy, Dr. Gail, the originator of phrenology, Guerecke, who invented the air-pump, Erasmus, the metaphysician, Baron Liebig, the world-renowned chemist—all these were single men. As Mrs. Peter Meserve says, in Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs's latest book—"There's men that would marry once a year if their wives would die fast enough, but there's men that seem to want to live it alone." Haven't they a right to live their lives in their own way?





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They Are Not All Marines

Confusion, as well as amusement, is often created by the recklessness with which the press, even through its most intelligent representatives, makes use of the phrase "landed marines," or in other ways brings in the word "marines" in connection with certain operations of the Navy, as at Panama at the present time. As a matter of fact, marines usually form but a small part of the landing forces from the warships. Even the largest battleships do not carry over seventy-five marines. Cruisers carry from sixteen to forty or fifty. Gunboats seldom carry any, save a few for orderly duty. What the papers really mean is that the ships land bluejackets *and* marines. The bulk of every landing force from American men-of-war is composed of blue-jackets, as may readily be seen from the excellent illustrations in *Harper's Weekly,* although even that ordinarily accurate journal labels the sailors "marines." Marines are only the nucleus of naval shore parties.

Jealousy on the Transports

The resignation of Captain M. B. Buford from the command of the transport *Thomas* was the natural result of an anomalous condition which has injured the transport service since its establishment, namely, the maintenance of a sort of dual command, having two captains on the same vessel, one a mariner, the other an army officer. The arrangement is a silly one, to say the least, and was due solely to the absurd objection of some army officers to having any but an army officer in a position of authority. Efforts have been made to avoid friction between the sailor-captain and the soldier-captain on the troopships, but difficulties are always bound to crop up when the soldier-captain imagines that his sphere is invaded. The exact lines of demarcation between the spheres of the two officers are not distinct, and are subject to much elasticity under the pressure of mutual jealousy. Jealousy, in fact, principally on the side of the soldier-captain, has been the root of practically all the conflicts of authority. As for Buford, he was a man of a type that the transport service needs. He is an Annapolis graduate, and served as an officer in the Navy for many years. His ship was always a model one and it was undoubtedly galling to a man of his training and experience to be rubbed down the wrong way by an underling in the quartermaster department of the army, whose knowledge of things nautical was trifling. The remedy for the troubles and absurdities of the existing system is the granting of Army commissions to the captains in the transports, and the removal from the latter of the wholly unnecessary quartermaster-captains, except in a subordinate capacity.

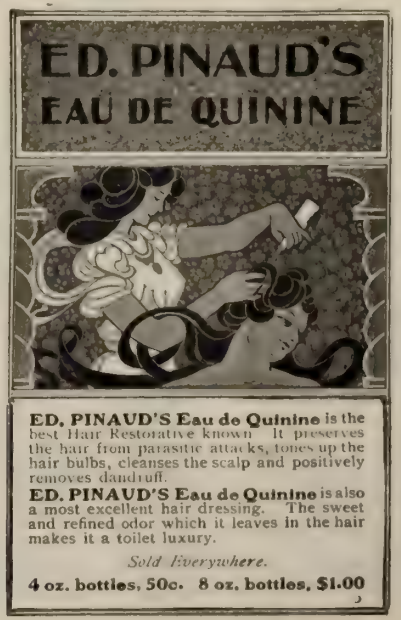
Short on Armament

While the development of the Navy in the quality and number of its new ships has proceeded with gratifying speed, it has dawned upon the Navy Department that it has not only an insufficient number of officers to handle the new ships, but an insufficient number of guns to arm them. In fact, the production of ships has gone far ahead of the production of guns, until the Department now finds itself in a serious predicament. It takes months and years to produce modern guns. It also takes a peculiar machinery plant to fabricate them. In the present emergency the Navy Department, having but one gun-factory, that at Washington, D. C., has been compelled to call upon the War Department for aid, and arrangements have just been made for the manufacture of twenty-four 8-inch and twenty-four 7-inch guns for the Navy at the Army arsenal at Watervleit. It is not unlikely that some provision may have to be made during the present Congress for giving out some of the ordnance work of the Navy to private contractors, for otherwise most of the ships recently contracted for may have to lie idle for a long period for lack of armament. The situation is a more serious one than most people imagine, and it cannot be brought too soon or too forcibly to the front during this winter's legislation.

Is Hobson Sane?

Evidence accumulates daily that Richard Pearson Hobson, "the hero of the *Merrimac,*" did not escape entirely unscathed from his dramatic ordeal in the harbor of Santiago. While he seems to have suffered no noticeable physical harm from his exploit, there are reasons for believing that the strain affected his mind. While being lionized in this city some time ago he betrayed his egotism to such an extent as to disgust many people. As a receptacle for hot-air he is unsurpassed. He is a poseur and a glutton for adulation, especially when it is supplied by women. However, bottomless conceit may not be conclusive evidence of insanity, though it does signify a weak mind, but it is hard to believe that a sane man would prepare such a bill as the one which Hobson contemplates presenting to Congress, providing for the expenditure of nearly three billion dollars for the increase of the navy. He thinks he is a friend of the navy but he is one of its worst enemies. While we want a fleet commensurate with our needs, and while Congress and the people show a growing appreciа-





tion of the service and a desire to develop it rationally, Hobson comes forth with a proposition likely, by its boyish absurdity, to overthrow all the good work of wise heads. Such a suggestion is calculated to throw ridicule on the navy and to suggest that Hobson is a fit subject for the lunacy commissioners.

The Gallant Bell

Now that General Leonard Wood is under fire at Washington by reason of his unprecedented promotion, on the score of the President's friendship, attention is directed to the fact that one of the most conspicuous victims of the injustice that will be done in the event of the Senate's confirmation is General J. Franklin Bell. The latter received his commission of brigadier-general fifteen days after Wood was honored for non-military services as Governor of Cuba. General Bell is five years older than Wood and in the regular course will be retired five years earlier. Therefore if General Wood's appointment should stick General Bell would be forever barred from the command of the army unless Wood should die. Yet Bell is one of the heroes of the army and he won his present rank by services of the most distinguished character. He graduated from West Point in 1874, and when Leonard Wood was appointed from civil life as an assistant surgeon, Bell had served seven years as a soldier and had seen active service on the staff of General Forsyth in the Wounded Knee campaign. But it was in the Philippines that he won distinction. As head of the Bureau of Information he kept the Commanding General forewarned of the designs of the Filipino leaders, but when the storm burst in 1899, desiring active service, he obtained permission from General MacArthur to join his command as a free lance.

How He Won the Medal

He organized a company of Montana volunteers, and no service was too hazardous for the intrepid Kentuckian. General MacArthur, who is now commandant at the Presidio, admits that as a scout Bell was indispensable. He was literally the eyes of the army. Too valuable to serve in a minor capacity, he was made Colonel of the Thirty-sixth Volunteer Infantry, and he kept the natives on the run day and night. He often surprised the Filipinos in their camps before dawn. At Porac he won the medal of honor, by charging alone when far in advance of his regiment, a captain and seven privates of the enemy, although he had but one cartridge in his revolver. He captured the captain and two privates while the others were trying to shoot him from his horse. "This feat and many similar ones," wrote General MacArthur, in recommending him for the medal of honor, "have been performed by Colonel Bell during this war, and the wonder is that he still lives." In 1900 Bell rendered such valuable service as commander of the military district of Luzon, both as an organizer and a fighter, that President McKinley sent his name to the Senate and signed his commission as brigadier-general on February nineteenth, 1901. Bell was promoted over the heads of other officers but there was no complaint, because he had earned promotion, and yet General Wood was his senior as a brigadier-general, though he had seven years' less experience in the army, and had never been in more than one engagement.

Mrs. Percy Kessler will leave next Tuesday for Fort Totten, to join her husband. She will be accompanied by both her children, little "Captain Bill" and his new baby sister.

Mr. W. H. Mills having leased his home, and Mrs. Mills having resigned from the patronesses of the Assembly, it is now pretty generally believed that the veteran railroad man is about to sever his connection with the Southern Pacific Company, and that the family contemplates spending a long time abroad. They are now living very luxuriously in a family hotel with their own servants and a private dining-room.

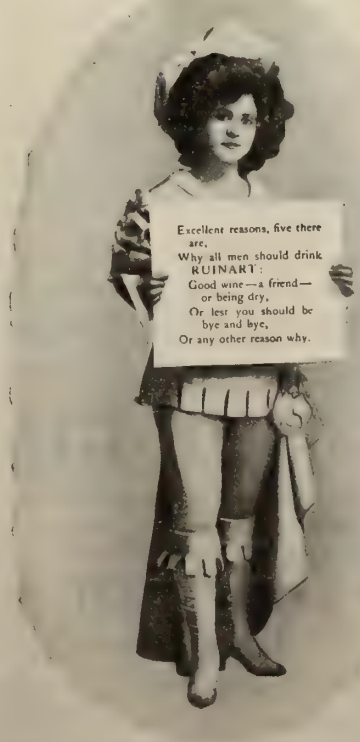
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An Entering Wedge

The visit of Mrs. Henry Oxnard with her sisters-in-law at Santa Barbara is said to be one of the steps taken by Mr. Oxnard's family toward affecting a reconciliation with his wife. The Oxnards did not like it when Henry married his pretty wife, who had been Mrs. Robert Oxnard's maid, but they long since decided that their opposition was absurd. Mrs. Henry Oxnard has made an admirable wife and mother, and she is as cultured as she is charming and womanly. She is extremely charitable as well as ambitious, and I have heard that it is she who urges Mr. Oxnard to try for the United States Senate. Mrs. Robert Oxnard, by the way, has as yet done nothing toward entertaining her sister-in-law, but it is expected she will follow the Misses Oxnard's example.

The Unknown Bard

My esteemed puritanical friend, Senator Bard, refused to recommend Arthur Fisk for the postmastership, for the reason, as he explained, that he did not know him personally. However he made no objection. It was rather a curious reason for withholding a recommendation, emanating as it did from Senator Bard. When Bard was elected United States Senator he was known to fewer members of the legislature than was any man that ever received the toga at the hands of a legislative body. He was elected because he was unknown. It was his obscurity that safeguarded him from protest. But how could he better argue himself unknown than to confess his unacquaintance with the Speaker of the Assembly of his own State?

The Awakening of Nevada

The people of Nevada are now more hopeful and cheerful than they have been at any time since the Bonanza days. The government irrigation work now in progress in that State promises unprecedented development in an area three times the size of Indiana but with a population scarcely large enough for a thriving county. The development of Nevada is a matter of great interest to the people of the whole coast, and it is of vital importance to California. If instead of forty thousand people in Nevada, four hundred thousand will be able to find prosperous homes there, the conditions of internal trade and commerce will be revolutionized, and San Francisco as the metropolis of the coast will be quick to profit by the metamorphosis. Since her admission Nevada has never proceeded upon the theory that her lands should be preserved for home builders, and the consequence is that the State is at a standstill. She received from the government two million acres of land to be located anywhere her lawmakers saw fit. The bulk of the valuable domain was turned over by kind-hearted legislators, at the suggestion of Colonel Mazuma, to stockmen, and the lands are located up and down every stream and surrounding every spring and water hole in the State. So that while Nevada has today some sixty million acres of public land, there is not a quarter section of it upon which a homesteader could make a living. However, the government plans contemplate the reclaiming of three million acres, and when these are opened to settlement, the sagebrush State will take a new lease of life, and there will be speedy development of a region of naturally great agricultural possibilities.

Not a hitch marred the trial trip of the new cruiser *Tacoma* which steamed into Santa Barbara on Monday within the required time. It is said the success of the trip was largely due to the energy and enthusiasm of the officers, and why should this not have been so? Ayala was the champagne served in the cabin during the trip, and Ayala is always inspiriting. It was in this now reigning favorite brand of champagne that the *Tacoma's* health was drunk as she steamed into port, achieving her great success.

In Financial Circles

The volume of business has again been extremely light, transactions aggregating $53,000 bonds, and 2417 shares, the latter divided into 1472 shares Gas & Electric, 110 shares Water, 25 shares Bank, 525 shares Sugar and 285 shares Miscellaneous stocks.

Dealings in Gas & Electric comprised about 60 per cent of the total dealings. The declaration of a $2.50 dividend, contrary to all just expectations, had a depressing effect on the stock, the closing price being $66. It is stated the bond issue had not been a perfect success; even if this is so it should not affect the value of the stock. The semi-annual rumor of fresh negotiations with the Mutual Electric is to be heard once more. —*The Financier.*



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The Star

The night shut in with black and threatening frown
When o'er my troubled world the sun went down,
Forebodings marked the time with vague distress
That bound me prisoner to hopelessness,
And darkness seemed more fearful to my sight
From having known the glory of the light.

The hours dragged on; I raised my drooping head
But not in hope, I knew the sun was dead,
And planned no life beyond the black expanse
When, lo, I saw a wondrous light advance
That glowed and grew until it filled the skies.
I stood and gazed with yearning, doubting eyes.

No more does hope's hurt wing trail idly down,
No more does night shut in with threatening frown,
I grieve no more because the sun is gone,
Hold no regret for yesterday's lost dawn,
But bless the salient gloom that reached afar,
For else how had I ever found the star?

MABEL PORTER PITTS.

The Insanity Plea

"Now," said Mr. Blackstone, "if I am to defend you I must have a thorough understanding of all the facts of the case. You say you visited the lady to pay your respects, and that you quarreled with the deceased whom you met in her apartments?"

Slaughter: "Yes sir."

Mr. Blackstone: "Did he assault you?"

Slaughter: "No, sir."

Mr. Blackstone: "What provoked your assault?"

Slaughter: "My feelings."

Mr. Blackstone: "Didn't you feel that your life was in danger?"

Slaughter: "Well, I should say not."

Mr. Blackstone: "Then why did you shoot him?"

Slaughter: "Because he was too fresh."

Mr. Blackstone: "Well, it appears to me that you have absolutely no defense. You evidently murdered the man through caprice and in cold blood."

Slaughter: "I guess you're about right."

Mr. Blackstone: "Weren't you interfering to protect the lady from insult?"

Slaughter: "No. It was just simply a case of two Southern gentlemen meeting and getting into an argument."

Mr. Blackstone: "Well, then, he must have had a bowie knife."

Slaughter: "No, he didn't have even a pen-knife."

Mr. Blackstone: "Sure he didn't raise a chair to brain you?"

Slaughter: "Quite sure. If he had I'd have filled him full of holes. As it was I only pumped one shot into him, and then he rushed to the telephone to call a doctor. I broke the 'phone because I wanted to see him bleed to death."

Mr. Blackstone: "Well, under the circumstances there's only one defense that I can put in."

Slaughter: "And what's that?"

Mr. Blackstone: "Insanity—the last resort of the cold-blooded, heartless assassin."

Slaughter: "All right—anything to save my neck."

—*The Jurist.*



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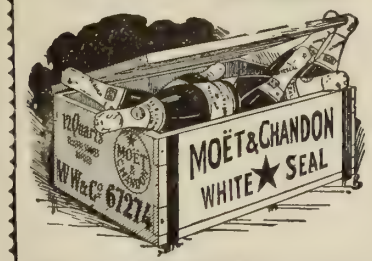
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The Stage

"Monna Vanna"

Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," which a British censor barred from the London stage because he objected to a lady's going through two scenes with nothing on but a pair of sandals and a bath-robe, was produced by the Yiddish actors of the Thalia theatre in the New York Bowery last week. It created a sensation. According to the New York *Sun's* critic the play sends the thrills up and down one's backbone. The story of "Monna Vanna" is not likely to receive the approval of the librarians of Sunday-schools. Prinzivalle, the mercenary commander of the Florentine forces beseiging Pisa, sends word to Guido, the commander of the Pisan forces, that he wants Guido's wife. He wants her right away, and she must come out to his tent "her cloak for all her covering." If she comes, as specified, Prinzivalle will betray his employers and send enough munitions of war and food into Pisa to save the city. Prinzivalle, incidentally, has discovered that the Florentine government is jealous of his popularity and is secretly preparing to accuse him of treasons he never contemplated. Guido, Monna Vanna's husband, prepares to sacrifice the city to a Florentine massacre rather than let his wife make the sacrifice. Monna Vanna and the Pisans, however, overrule him, and she goes. Prinzivalle receives her in his tent, after an open break with the Florentine representatives who accompany the army. He finds his passion suddenly controlled by her lovely purity—so much so that when he expresses some wonder whether it can really be true that she has come to him "as specified," and she (so read the stage directions) "makes a gesture as if to prove it by throwing open the cloak. He stops her by a sign." By their conversation it appears that Prinzivalle fell in love with her when he was twelve and she was eight. Those things happen early in Italy. All his adventures, his battles, his renown since had been but steps, in his own mind, toward the day when he should gain her. The lady is touched. She ponders dangerously on the assumption that he has thrown away his station, his good name, and life itself for the sake of possessing her for a few hours. He honorably explains that all these things would be forfeit to cruel and jealous Florence, anyway, even had he not taken possession of her. He doesn't want to make this confession, but honor forces it. Monna Vanna is so touched by his telling her thus his real situation—that she melts from stony indifference and lets him hold her hand. Morning comes and they still sit in chaste conversation, reminiscent of their childhood affection. They are disturbed by news that a Florentine commissioner approaches with intent to arrest Prinzivalle. They go to the door of the tent and see Pisa in the distance, riotously celebrating the arrival of Prinzivalle's bounty, the unearned price of Vanna's acquiescence. The lady persuades Prinzivalle to flee to Pisa with her, promising all possible hospitality from Guido, her husband, when Prinzivalle's considerate abstemiousness shall have been made known. Kisses—forehead kisses, traditionally unemotional and pure—are exchanged. They flee to Pisa, Prinzivalle putting his arm about her waist because she is a faint, weak woman and needs the help of a great, strong man. The Pisan populace receives Vanna with idolatrous acclaim. It does not recognize Prinzivalle. Guido is somewhat too much taken up with his own troubles to share the popular joy. But when Prinzivalle is introduced to him he is not as hospitable as Vanna has promised. He declines to believe that Prinzivalle has been good. He insists that Vanna has brought the Florentine scoundrel home with her to be tortured to death. Monna Vanna asserts and reasserts in vain her guest's innocence and nobility of soul. "I have issued from his tent as I might from my brother's house!" she says. Guido will not believe it. He begins to make preparations for a torturing party in the basement dungeons. Monna Vanna, her word doubted, her claims to purity rejected, is overwhelmed with a wild love for Prinzivalle, who has sacrificed all for her and gained nothing. With a woman's recklessness and quick intuition she sets about saving him. She declares that Prinzivalle did all that anybody could imagine he had done—and more. She had brought the ravisher home, not that Guido might kill him, but that she might do it herself, at her leisure and privately. She whispers passionately loving words to Prinzivalle the while, promising that they shall be united and flee together. She obtains the privilege of putting him to death in a distant dungeon. She stipulates that she must go to the dungeon all alone by herself. She goes toward the dungeon—to which he has been carried—crying these double-edged words:

"I must have it alone, that I may be sure—that no one else—It was indeed an evil dream * * * but a fairer one begins. Ah, * * * a fairer one begins!"

This play has long been popular on the Continent. Mrs. Pat Campbell wanted to produce it in this country but was discouraged.

A Disgruntled Playwright

E. C. Benson, the author of "Aunt Jeannie," the play in which Mrs. "Pat" Campbell appeared in this city, and which failed to arouse anybody's enthusiasm, has written a novel called "The Relentless City," in which he scores the dramatic critics of New York. He says that they are a lot of incompetents, basing his opinion, no doubt, on their inability to appreciate his play. The book is interesting by reason of the fact that Mrs. Campbell is his heroine. Though he credits her with some lovable and fascinating qualities, his characterization of her is likely to make her as furious as she was with the younger Burne-Jones when he printed his celebrated picture, "The Vampire." The book is sure to cause a great deal of talk for it is a severe roast on Americans and American methods.

Brusie's Burlesque

With becoming modesty, Mr. Judson Brusie, attorney-at-law and dilettante playwright, launched his maiden effort in the musical comedy line anonymously. But there is no reason why Mr. Brusie should blush for his tentative essay in the field so long and lucratively exploited by Mr. Edgar Smith, librettist of Weber & Field's burlesque theatre. His "I. O. U.," which was produced at Fischer's last Monday night, does not establish him as the legitimate successor of Charley Hoyt, but it is far above the ruck of inanities with which we have been pestered in this city of late. If that Chicago contract humorist who afflicted us with "Rubes and Roses," and that other bit of trash that preceded



PAULINE HALL.

The original "Erminie," who will sing at the Orpheum next week.

it, is permitted to make a living by grinding out pieces so devoid of substance and merit, then there is hope for Judson Brusie. Mr. Brusie has a well developed sense of the ridiculous, a fact that is evidenced by what little plot there is at the bottom of "I. O. U.," but in constructing the burlesque he was not in a sufficiently



RUBY BRIDGES.
As Anna Moore in "Way Down East" at the Columbia.

foolish mood to insure a trail of laughter through the acts. As a travesty on Organized Labor "I. O. U." is funny, but the dialogue lacks the sparkling humor and the effervescent repartee that raises laughter in the Weberfieldian burlesque. It is evident that Mr. Brusie was handicapped by the effort to adapt his characters to the people of the company. The only distinct characterization that he has given us is that of the walking delegate, and the type is not much of an exaggeration. He pelts Organized Labor mercilessly, but in a way that evokes considerable laughter. There is nothing offensive in the travesty. It is palpable burlesque which appeals to everybody, including union men, because it is justified by actual occurrences. Indeed there is so much truth underlying the burlesque, that "I. O. U." is well worth polishing. Many of Edgar Smith's most successful pieces were less amusing when first presented than Jud Brusie's maiden effort. In the hands of talented mummers with a keen sense of humor they were metamorphosed into uproarious comedy. There is abundant material for suggestion in the piece now running at Fischer's, and even in its present shape it goes with considerable sparkle, though there is a perceptible absence of spontaneity, and a tendency to force situations to the limit. For instance there is too much repetition in the scene in which each of the hotel keepers negotiates privately with the walking delegate for special advantages. It appears as though Mr. Brusie was so impressed with his own humor that he couldn't help nursing it. The piece is well staged, and the three dialect comedians make the most of their parts. Miss O'Ramey introduces a new specialty in which she repeats her initial triumph and the Althea sisters do a very good acrobatic dance. The music was written by Dr. H. J. Stewart, and is so good that the paucity of it is a matter of regret. The ensemble numbers are very catchy and the song "Here's to the Little Tin Pail" is tuneful enough to be barrel-organed.

Barney Bernard Is Going

There are rumors at Fischer's of impending changes in the company of considerable importance. I believe the management has reached the conclusion that new blood is needed, and manager Friedlander, who is now in the East, is said to be on a still hunt for talent. Barney Bernard will sever his connection with the company in two weeks. He is going to Los Angeles to join a company being organized by Ollie Morosco for the production of the Weberfieldian burlesques.

How Counterfeiters Work

It is quite a long time since the Central had anything quite so full of sensations as "The Counterfeiters." It is a very thrilling melodrama, and the audience seems to appreciate the thrills. Part of the pleasure in attending a Central show is supplied by the gallery. The comments of the gods are always audible to those below, and their enthusiasm or lack of it is what makes or damns the performance.There's plenty of opportunity for applause in "The Counterfeiters," in the situation where Mayall as an amateur detective does the "johnny on the spot" act *a la* Sherlock Holmes. Miss Lawton is as usual a sympathetic persecuted heroine, and Shumer shines in his star role of the villain still pursuing . Georgie Woodthorpe does a neat turn in character as an old apple woman. The scenery is in harmony with the spirit of the play.

Tommy Atkins Mahr

Agnes Mahr, who is cakewalking on her toes at the Orpheum this week, says that she fell into the cakewalk quite by accident. She was appearing at Tony Pastor's in a Japanese dance, and the piano player began throwing in some syncopated notes of his own, which changed the rhythm into ragtime. Before Miss Mahr knew it she had dropped into the rhythm and was cakewalking for all she was worth. She retained the toe cakewalk in her repertory, took it to Australia and made a hit there with it. Her Tommy Atkins dance, by the way, is not English though it has a British name. It was really originated in New York in "Broadway to Tokio." Miss Mahr has not been to London yet but will go there in February. She has been all over the Australian and South Sea circuit. Her dances are somewhat similar to those Arnold Grazer does, but she has a variety of beautiful costumes that please the eye and lend color to the *pas seuls*.



MARIE HEATH.
Who will begin a starring engagement at the Grand Opera House tomorrow afternoon in the new rural comedy drama, "For Mother's Sake."

The Blair-Grismer Drama

Joe Grismer has probably made more money out of "Way Down East," which he edited for Lottie Blair Parker, than out of any of his earlier and more artistic works. There are people in every city who would not miss seeing "Way Down East" for worlds, and they go to see the piece every time it strikes their town. This is its third visit to San Francisco, but it still draws, and at the same theatre. It has not lowered its admission price, or offered souvenirs as magnets; it simply draws on its clean, wholesome merits. The same reasons for this, I presume, are those that made "The Old Homestead" a steady money-winner. There's nothing new about the present Columbia production. It's the same "Way Down East" with the realistic snowstorm and the hired boy as the chief attractions. There's a new Anna this time, who is more lifelike and sympathetic than either of her predecessors. They all imitate Phoebe Davies, but I suppose that is the right thing to do, since we can't have the original Anna. William Lamp as the "city feller" with his wicked heart and witching ways is not exactly at home. Still, with Lamp as the villain, one can understand why Anna fell in love with this handsome sinner in preference to the saintly ruralities about her. I suppose there's nothing William Lamp hates so much as to be called a "beauty man," but he can't help it. It's one of the evils of matinee idolism that it will take years to live down. He is a capable actor but his forte is juvenile roles.

The great scene in "Over Niagara Falls" is where the heroine goes over in a barrel. It is a bigger act than that of the famous Blondin, and appeals to the gallery and parquet alike. I am told that real water was at first used in this scene, but electricity and lights now give the required effect without the fluid's aid. It's a good spectacular show, of the kind that made money for the late Walter Morosco in the years that are agone. The Grand seems like the old Morosco's theatre this week. Los Angeles, by the way, liked this spectacular feast so well that it played five extra performances there, doing close upon a thirty-five hundred dollar business the first week. There are three "Over Niagara Falls" companies touring this country, and one in England.

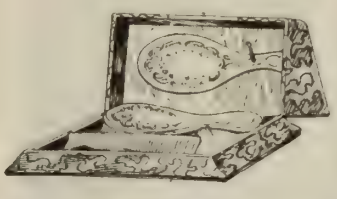
The more you see of McIvor-Tyndall and his marvelous demonstrations of thought-transference, mind-reading, telepathy, hypnotism, the more you are mystified and the more serious are your thoughts. There is nothing in the surroundings to suggest the supernatural, and everything is done before your full view on the platform in full glare of the lights, or right among you in the audience. A committee of citizens, composed of well-known ladies and gentlemen, is with him when he is off the platform and behind the scenes, and about him when he is on the platform. You do not know what to think about it; you are nonplussed and can only marvel, and marvel you do as you have never done. You may well say that this man is wonderfully endowed with some mysterious power. The psychic demonstrations were unusually interesting last Sunday night, and Steinway hall was packed to the doors with an appreciative audience. Tyndall in his lecture made clear the distinction between direct thought-transference and telepathic communication, and cited many instances of both phenomena. The scientist will give "Proofs of Immortality" as his theme for tomorrow night; the lecture will be followed by some novel and startling experiments in occult phenomena. Tyndall will undoubtedly have his usual crowded house.

Ellery's Italian Band

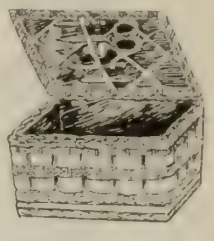
Tomorrow night Ellery's Italian Band will begin a series of concerts which will run through the week ending Sunday night the thirteenth, at the Alhambra, under the management of Will Greenbaum. The band has been increased by eight new soloists and the programs will be particularly interesting. At the opening concert the program will include "March of the Drums" by Chiaffarelli, the conductor, the Italian overture "The Girl of Asturia" by Secchi, Siberian Scenes by Marengo, selections from Puccini's "La Tosca" and "La Gioconda" and some light numbers. The soloist will be Antonio Decimo, said to be the greatest clarinetist ever heard in this city. Monday night's program will be made up of numbers by Verdi and Bizet, while Wednesday's will be Wagner and Gounod. Every night during the week varied programs will be given with soloists at each concert. The Saturday night program will be very jolly and popular, and at this one concert smoking will be permitted as at the London Smoker Pops.

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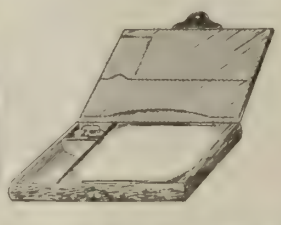
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Other styles, $1.00 to $20.00.



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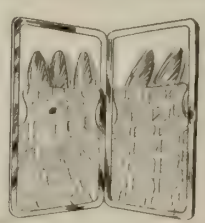
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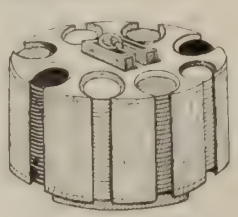
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Features of Next Week's Bills

"Way Down East" will go another week at the Columbia. Lulu Glaser in "Dolly Varden" comes next. The music of "Dolly Varden" is by Julian Edwards and the book by Stanislaus Stange.

"I. O. U." has hit the taste of Fischer's patrons and will be continued. The Press Club benefit will occur on the afternoon of December fifteenth at Fischer's and a fine program of original features will be added to the regular bill.

"A Royal Prisoner," at the Alcazar, will be new to San Francisco. It is a comedy drama in four acts, Russian in theme, brilliant with military trappings, and aglow with the picturesque and romantic. Its story turns upon the pivot of mistaken identity which swung "The Prisoner of Zenda" into such popular esteem. There are dramatic moments and an abundance of very droll comedy situations. James Durkin will be the fascinating Russian swashbuckler and Adele Block will find forceful opportunity as the ardent and imperious daughter of the Czar. One of the most distinctive and successful of American plays, to follow December fourteenth, will be "The Girl I Left Behind Me." And then comes, for holiday times, Joseph Arthur's famous "Blue Jeans," with its apple orchard, bull calf, brass band, barbecue and sensational buzz saw episode.

There's a leap for life from Harlem bridge, the burning of a canal boat and a thrilling snowstorm in "New York Day by Day," the sensational melodrama which will be the Central's bill next week. Among the impressive electrical effects will be sunset, moonlight and early dawn, depicted in a maze of varied hues; the great blizzard, the electrical snowstorm, and fog on the bay. The cast will be a strong one, and specialties will be rendered during the acts.

Marie Heath, in the opinion of many the best soubrette on the American stage, will begin a week's engagement at the Grand tomorrow matinee, in the latest rural drama. "For Mother's Sake" is a play of New England life by Carrie Ashley-Clarke. There are many opportunities in it for novel scenic effects. Miss Heath will appear as Jo Pemberton, a character which abounds in light, feminine touches and which is thoroughly devoid of the rough, heavy, stilted masculine character which so many actresses who play boys' parts consider it a necessity to affect. The company in support includes Eunice Goodrich, Adelaide Plunkett, Clara Beyers, Theodore Pottle, Dolly Davenport, Ella Blake, "The McKinley Twins," Charles Plunkett, J. Edwin Brown, Jos. Schaefer, Jr., Jos. W. Walsh, Pete Raymond, Edwin Roy, Geo. W. Lyons, Alexander Lawrence and William Pottle, Jr. Sunday matinee, December thirteenth, J. H. Stoddart, the oldest actor on the American stage, and Reuben Fax, will appear in "The Bonnie Brier Bush."

At the Orpheum Pauline Hall, the original "Erminie," will exhibit a number of her latest gowns and sing her most popular ballads, operatic airs and other songs. Francesca Redding will present for the first time one of Will Cressy's best sketches, "The Cattle Queen," the story dealing with a United States Senator with a past. Hines and Remington will present "Miss Patter of Patterson," a compound of rapid-fire dialogue. E. I. Edwards will introduce his trained horse, "Bonner," which writes sentences and his own name and adds figures.

At the Chutes will be the Allen sisters, acrobatic stars; Evangeline Dowe, a charming soprano; Conley and Klein, in new specialties; the La Moines, in new selections; Flood and Hayes in their barrel jumping act; Mabel Lamson, in new illustrated songs; Stanley and Carlisle, in a second week of "Mrs. O'Grady's Wash Day." —*The Playgoer.*

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Miss Mott's Reason

"There are two kinds of prudes," she said, "—yes, waiter, I will take a cocktail to begin on, a martini, please. One kind is so because of youthful unsophistication."

"And the other?"

It was very pleasant to Harcourt to be seated opposite this charming woman, whom he had not seen before for seven years.

"Oh, the other is prudish from oversophistication."

"And you are in—which category?" smiled Harcourt.

"Oh, I? I am not in either. I was not a prude in my bud days—and I have not achieved prudity since."

Harcourt's eyes roamed admiringly over Miss Mott's figure. Seven years had only added to her attractions, yet she was by no means a mere girl when he had last seen her.

"You haven't a wrinkle," he said, involuntarily.

"Oh, well, you know what they say about wrinkles," she returned, "that people who never think never have them."

"But that could never apply to you, Hortense."

The name slipped from his lips without thought. She had always been Hortense to him.

"You forget what a science is that of the beauty doctor nowadays, Mr. Harcourt."

Miss Mott shrugged her shoulders.

"No, I won't order," she said to the *garcon*, as he deposited her martini before her. "You order it all," she added, to her *vis-a-vis*, "you used to be quite a genius at ordering, I remember."

Was he mistaken, or did a gleam of tenderness shine in those dark blue eyes?

Harcourt had been married just eighteen months, but never a thought did he cast upon his pretty little wife at home. Probably at that moment Mrs. Harcourt was eating a lonely dinner, and worrying about her poor Harold's hard work, the dreadful figures that kept him so busy that he could not even stop to eat his dinner.

Harcourt had been very much in love with that pretty young girl when he wooed and won her. Well, she was his now. She was always there. A man needs a bit of mental change sometimes, preferably of the feminine gender, else he is apt to grow dull.

Never had Hortense Mott been more brilliant. Never had her brilliancy been more frequently punctuated by gleams of rare tenderness and softness. It was in the public dining room at the Gaieties, else he would have dared many things. As it was, eyes spoke to eyes, and lips to ears that heard an undermeaning in every phrase.

"How fortunate that I should have dropped in here to eat my dinner," said Harcourt.

"Call it fate," answered Miss Mott, "that I, too, was eating my lonely meal at the same place."

"Any one who sees us might think we had arranged it so."

"Well, what difference? We shall never eat here again together."

"I hope so—or at some other place," was Harcourt's impassioned retort.

"No, Harold—" the name slipped from her lips as hers had from his an instant since. "One of my strict rules of conduct is *never* to lunch or dine with a married man whose wife I know."

"But you broke it tonight."

"Ah, but then I did not know whom you had married—that she was an old acquaintance. I remember Alice so well, though she was much younger than I."

"What a queer woman you are—what queer rules you make for yourself."

"Well, one has to have some kind of a code of morals to live by. I don't believe in giving stabs in the dark."

"And if you didn't know my wife you would go to dinner with me again?"

"I might—if you would agree to behave as well as you are doing tonight."

"Didn't I always do everything to please you?"

She laughed, but there was a little catch in her breath as she answered:

"Sometimes you—well, sometimes, Harold, I was a little bit afraid of what you'd do next."

A passionate glint came into his eyes.

"Oh, Hortense, I wish we had our lives to live over again. My God, dear—"

"Hush! There are people all around us. And here's the waiter again. No sugar—bring me a curacoa. Yes, Mr. Harcourt, I still prefer the hard biscuit with my cheese. What a memory you have, Harold."

"Wish I hadn't. Wish I could forget—well, I won't, then, dear. But, Hortense, you don't know what I'm suffering at this moment. To think of what I missed—to think of what a fool I was!"

They sat silent until the menu reached its *finis*.

"Ce que femme le veut,
Dieu le veut!"

she quoted.

"But men will sometimes—and fools they are."

"Spoiled babies always get the things they cry for."

"And spoiled men never care so much for anything until the desired object is out of their reach."

"Well, I must go now, Harold. Thanks—you were always so clever at fastening one's collar. I've never met such a man as you at that since, Harold."

"Now ask me if your hat is on straight, Hortense. Ask me if your nose is the least bit red."

"Oh, *don't*, Harold—don't remind me of it. How can you remember all those silly things—those silly days?"

"Ask me *why* I can't forget. Oh, Hortense—" she was standing at the door of her carriage, one foot on the step, "oh, Hortense, why did you will it this way? Why did you not become my wife?"

She was in the cab now, but she looked out of the window, her eyes beautifully, darkly blue and shining with mirth mingled with tenderness.

"Because—why, Harold, don't you see how much better it is this way? Had I been your wife, I should have been at home now, alone and moping, while you were dining with her—or another woman! Good-bye!"

And Hortense Mott, flashing a final brilliant smile at Harcourt as he raised his hat, whirled from his vision.

Sarah Williamson.

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"I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered: 'I Myself am Heav'n and Hell.'"
—*Omar Khayyam.*

What end awaits thee, Soul?—or Heav'n, or Hell?
"O Prison of Clay," she answered, "Time will tell:
Time telleth all things—findeth all!" And, so,
I sent my Soul through the Invisible

To beg the echoes of Time's ceaseless bell,
That careless rings a pæan or a knell,
Some chapter, sentence, line—some single word—
Some letter of that After-life to Spell.

Naked She rode upon the winds, and free,
Tossed up through Space to Time; and royally
She questioned Time, who peered beneath his hand—
And by and by my Soul returned to me.

Heaven's vault gave answer? "'Twas an empty shell
Held to an Infant's ear, with mocking swell!"
And Hell?—Is there such Place of Fire? She smiled,
And answered: "I myself am Heav'n and Hell."

C. W. DOYLE.

Helpful Hints for Poor People

[This is the season when What to Give on Christmas is absorbing the minds of many. Our Lady Reporter, who learned her business as Editor-in-Chief of the Sunday supp. of a large and influential metropolitan journal, compiled the following in response to repeated inquiries from the poor relations of many of our opulent subscribers. They are suggestions to people who wish to make holiday gifts without being extravagant.]

Fancy Fuel: A very pretty present can be evolved from nutshells. Save all your nutshells, and ask your friends to save theirs for you. Then when you have gathered a sufficiency, place them in a bag—any corner groceryman will give you a paper bag—and label it "For your holiday fire." Give it to a friend with a grate in her room. She will appreciate it. If you give it to a bachelor with a gas stove in his apartment, he may use the shells to throw out the window at the neighboring felines.

Knickers for Kids: Beg from your married friends their husbands' cast-off trousers. Cut them down and make knickerbockers for your friends' sons. But be careful when you redistribute them to see that no boy receives a pair made from his father's old ones. Also be sure they have a spring to them.

Paper Hats: From the colored supplements of the Sunday papers, and the wire frames of cast-off millinery, you can construct gorgeous hats for your friends' little girls. They may prefer *crepe* paper, but if you are without funds, or credit at a store, the supps. will do, and will be original as well.

Decorated glasses: Take old jelly glasses, cover them inside with brown paint and outside with cigar rings, laid flat. They will strike you as being ugly, when done, but they will be odd anyway, and can be used as match safes, ash receptacles, for toothpicks, etc.

A very acceptable gift for a poor relation with a large family of girls is a trunkful of cast-off ball gowns, soiled gloves, etc. You and your friends from whom you beg them won't miss them and they will be a source of great pleasure to the girls. If you could also throw in the trunk a few old hats, out of date in style, and some shoes and slippers without mates, it will make the recipients' holiday all the merrier.

A tin bank to an impecunious relative is always a happy gift.

Also an empty stocking to a rich, miserly relative.

Other helpful hints on application. —*The Josher.*

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MUSIC

The Last Hopkins

The closing musicale of the Hopkins series on Thursday evening brought out a new violinist, a pupil of Henry Heyman, and who though a lad of only eleven years shows remarkable skill and talent. James Hamilton Todd is the boy's name, and his selections were Mozart's Sonata No. 4 for violin and piano, with Miss Elizabeth Howard at the piano, and a Sarabande and Bolero by Bohm. The program was in all a very interesting one, the other participants being Mrs. Greenleaf Kruger and Miss Virginia Pierce, sopranos, Miss Helen Crane, mezzo soprano, and Otto Fleissner, organist. Miss Julia Tharp accompanied for the singers. Mrs. Kruger's numbers were "Listen Here Cavaliere," Von Stutzman, Mrs. Beach's "Extasy" and "Bendemeer's Streams" (old Irish); Miss Crane's, Schubert's "Who is Sylvia" and "When Mabel Sings"; Miss Pierce's, Mignon's Song (Thomas) and "Sunrise" by Wekerlin. Miss Pierce is, by the way, a daughter of Mrs. J. M. Pierce, who was for some years soprano at the First Unitarian church of this city, and is now soprano and choir director of the Berkeley Unitarian church.

Patti's Farewell Tour

Leland Roberts, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts of Millbrae, is to have the honor of accompanying Madame Patti on the Apollo on her Pacific coast tour. Mr. Roberts is one of the most accomplished of our younger pianists. The diva has stated during the past week in New York that this is positively her farewell tour, and that at the end of the season she will retire from public life, or at any rate from anything like a regular engagement. It may therefore be taken for granted and without question that Madame Patti speaks the truth, and that those who ever wish to hear her at all must take advantage of this one opportunity. The diva's greatest triumph in New York was her third concert at Carnegie hall. It had been originally intended to give only two, and the third was a test of the financial endurance of the New York public, two appearances of Madame Patti in one week having always been considered sufficient. Her selections at this third concert are likely to be the ones that will be heard principally in all the other cities she will sing at. It was noticeable, also, that on each occasion the great singer appeared her voice seemed to be better. No doubt she was a trifle tired on the first night after her voyage, but at the Wednesday matinee and Saturday evening that marvelous voice, that has never been equaled in this world, is said to have rung out as it rang in its palmiest days. She sang the "Deh Viene" from "The Marriage of Figaro," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," "Robin Adair" and "Home, Sweet Home."

Concert at Palo Alto

Miss Dorothy Goodsell's pupil recital in Palo Alto on Saturday evening was one of the most artistic musical affairs given in the college town this season. It was an invitational affair, and some of the participants went down from San Francisco. A chorus under the direction of Mr. Arthur Scott Brook, organist of Stanford Memorial church, sang several numbers, and the solo singers were Miss Alberta Jones, Miss Augusta Upham, Mrs. C. A. Week, Miss L. J. Elliott, Miss Grace Partee, Miss Ethel MacFadyen, Miss Grace Kirkpatrick, Miss Ruth Foster, Miss Gertrude Beeger and Dr. G. B. Little, Charles Young and Paul Shattuck of San Francisco. The numbers were all well chosen and the renditions were marked by good expression and admirable diction. Miss Goodsell's San Francisco pupils are now preparing for a recital to be given during the winter.

The choir of the First Congregational church, Oakland, gave the eighth in the series of oratorio services last Sunday evening. As appropriate to Thanksgiving season, Weber's Jubilee (Harvest) cantata was sung by the chorus of sixty voices and the following soloists: Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, soprano; Mrs. Carroll Nicholson, contralto, Arthur A. Macurda, tenor, Walter E. Nicholson, bass, William B. King, organist, and Alexander Stewart, musical director. In addition to the Jubilee Cantata, Weber's "Jubel" Overture was played on the big organ by Mr. King and there was an additional contralto solo by Mrs. Nicholson. Weber's Jubilee Cantata has been given here in its entirety but once before within recent years, and that was by the choir of Trinity church, San Francisco, several years ago. The cantata

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contains some of Weber's most delightful music, the soprano solo work being particularly pleasing and well suited to Mrs. Northrup's voice.

The Great Caruso

Enrico Caruso, the Italian tenor who scored a triumph in New York the other night, ranks as the leading tenor in Europe today. He was born in Naples in 1873, and in 1896 made his debut in "Traviata" at the Fondo of Naples, but his first great success came in 1898 at the Lyric, in Milan, when he sang "Navaresse," Leoncavallo's "La Boheme" (in which he is to sing next Friday night at the Metropolitan) and again, at Genoa, in many other works to his own glory and the delight of the Genoese. He appeared at La Scala in Milan, singing Massenet's "Saffo" with great success, and created Giordano's "Fedora" so brilliantly that Italian critics threw up their hats and umbrellas and made puns on the word Fedora, crying aloud that Caruso had indeed made the opera golden. Later, he made a conquering progress through St. Petersburg, Monte Carlo, all the big Italian cities, and invaded South America, singing in Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, and at the last named place he was re-engaged for summer seasons for five years. He has also been successful in London at Covent Garden, where he is to appear again next summer. Last winter he sang at the Costanzi in Rome, in a long repertory, and afterward in Lisbon. After his third year in South America he sang in Warsaw, where the impresario of the theatre thriftily doubles his prices owing to Caruso's great popularity. He has sung also in Paris and in Trieste, and, in a word, has carried all Europe before him. He has been decorated by King Leopold and King Victor Emmanuel III. Caruso has a commanding presence, though not extremely tall, and is of very heavy build. Among his diversions is his humor for caricature—he draws admirably.

Mrs. Johnson's Recital

Considerable interest is being manifested in the song recital to be given next Tuesday evening in Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, by Mrs. L. Snider-Johnson. A program containing many new songs has been arranged. Seats for the recital are now on sale at Clark Wise & Co.'s.

Fritzi a Frost

When Fritzi Scheff was playing small parts in grand opera in this city she was the idol of the clubmen and the darling of the women. They pronounced her the most vivacious little singer they had ever seen. She seemed chic and cute and bubbling over with diablerie. They thought that hers was the sparkling individuality that would win success in comic opera. In the East many people had the same notion. One enterprising manager was so firmly convinced that she was fitted by nature for the comic opera field that he decided to star her in it, and he employed Harry B. Smith, the most indefatigable hack writer of comic operas and musical comedies in the country, to grind out a piece for Fritzi. And now Fritzi is one of the disappointments of the profession. She made her appearance on Broadway last week, in a comic opera called "Babette," and she was totally lacking in exuberance and dash. As Acton Davies remarked, "It is one thing to shine successfully as the village cut-up at the Metropolitan Opera House, when surrounded by staid and middle-aged singers of ingenue roles, but in comic opera Miss Fritzi Scheff will find herself in an entirely different atmosphere." The fact is that in grand opera Fritzi's exuberance was accentuated by contrast. I believe it was Paderewski who called her a little devil. The question on Broadway after the first performance of "Babette" was, "Where, oh where, is Fritzi's little devil?"

—The Music Critic.

Dr. Lawrence Hoffman, who has won local fame as a gynecologist, closed his office about two weeks ago, and left the city on Thanksgiving Day, for a trip to Europe, where he will take a number of post-graduate courses at leading universities in England, Germany and Austria. The genial "Larry," as he is properly known among the younger set of San Francisco, is not expected back before Christmas of 1904. In the meantime, his practice has been left in the hands of skilled practitioners, who can be reached by calling up Dr. Hoffman's residence. The doctor is accompanied on his European journey by another well known San Francisco practitioner, Dr. Henry Meyer, whose office was also located at 751 Sutter street, up to two weeks ago. Dr. Hoffman will be missed by the local musical talent, among whom he has been quite popular.

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LETTERS

The Plaint of Authors

The Bookman published in the November number an installment of letters received from writers, in which they give their opinions of the way reviewers treat their books. It is not exactly a new idea, since the *Critic* has also undertaken something of the kind in past times, and let the world know not only how authors looked upon their critics but how publishers regarded book reviews, and what the reviewers themselves thought about it. There ought not to be any serious difficulties amongst the three classes; at bottom the object of all is the same, to get the facts before the public. When the author writes a book he depends upon the publisher to produce it, and the publisher, in turn, depends upon the reviewer to let the reading and book-buying public know what it is about and whether the author has succeeded in accomplishing his self-imposed task. What is needed is some common ground upon which the majority can meet. It is noticeable that neither authors nor publishers make any complaints of deliberate injustice, nor, in the main, of carelessness. One complaint, however, appears in several of the communications, against those reviewers who try to tell the story again, condensing a thirty-thousand word plot into three hundred, and thereby maiming and mutilating the author's work. Now, right here comes the clash of opinion, for some of the publishers whose views were sought a year or two ago stated that they thought a brief resume of the plot was a factor in attracting the attention of readers. One can sympathize with the authors, who are justified in feeling that their work is belittled when their nut is cracked and the meat picked out, but sometimes the reviewer knows precisely what he is about, especially when dealing with the machine-made products, all of which are turned out of the same mould. By showing how little there is in the thing he places before his readers an argument against wasting time over trash. It is good enough reviewing for books which have only a stereotyped plot on which to depend, and for readers who read nothing but plots. On the other hand, take a good book by an author who knows how to handle his subject, and an outline of a portion of the plot only arouses interest and awakens curiosity. Moreover, those readers who read for anything but the adventures of him and her through a troubled love-episode, know as well as the author and the reviewer that a straight view of the main road gives no conception of the beauties of the by-paths and backwaters, and that no one but the author can paint the author's pictures. Take, for example, any of Jack London's Klondike tales. There is no deeply complicated plot to any of them. Half a dozen sentences would be a large allowance to use in narrating the incidents of most of them, but any one who thinks that he can gain an idea of the power and charm of London's work by that easy process would not be able to appreciate the tales in their entirety. It would not take very long to outline the plot of "The Octopus," but if any one who is furnished with that much does not want more, even that is wasted on him. In general it is safe to conclude that the books that can be spoiled for readers by so much of the plot as can be outlined in a review; the readers who will be turned aside from books because of such small insight into the contents, and the authors who write that kind of books, are "birds of a feather." One is surprised to find Gertrude Atherton taking such a peevish attitude and hinting that critics who are "annoyed at success or power in women" take it out on their books. Like Marie Corelli, she cries out for the abolition of the book review, but one has to suspect that their motive is at bottom the same, for if Marie Corelli and Gertrude Atherton were not advertising themselves by this attitude of protest and revolt a great many good people would forget all about them and their books.

Two Argonauts in Spain

"Two Argonauts in Spain" is the title of Jerome Hart's new book of travels. Mr. Hart is a good traveler inasmuch as he knows what to see and what to shut his eyes to, and the result of his Spanish pilgrimage is a book full of new, crisp impressions recorded in a singularly interesting manner. Books about Spain are numerous enough, and are generally filled to repletion with detailed descriptions of palaces and Alcazars, churches and picture galleries. They abound with dissertations on gypsies and beggars, religion and bull-fights. Mr. Hart avoids these done-to-death topics and finds much instead that is new and untouched. Moreover, we realize from his book that Spain is not a country wholly given over to the traditions of the past; she has her modern side like any other. Moreover, Mr. Hart writes without prejudice. His conclusions on nearly all subjects seem to be fair and uncolored, and he even finds much to admire in that country of



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The modish woman's stationery is as much a part of her nowadays as her dainty wardrobe. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the newest modes in paper and envelopes, dies and seals.

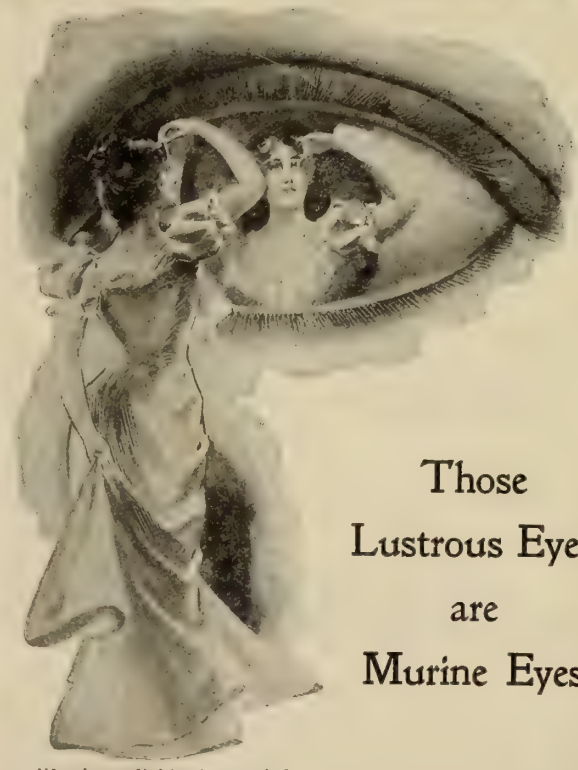
contradictions. For example, the French government had offered a reward of twenty-five thousand francs for the arrest of the Humberts. This sum the Madrid police department refused to accept, and the money was finally turned over to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul to be expended in charity. Fancy the San Francisco Police Department refusing five thousand dollars in a similar case. And yet Spain has a reputation for official bribery and greed. Our San Francisco Argonaut was surprised to enjoy fresh fish even in the inland cities of Madrid, Cordova and Seville, and found on the whole the cookery good, without an over-abundance of oil, garlic, or red pepper. The subject of newspapers forms an interesting chapter. There are many newspapers printed on the peninsula, and, as the Argonaut remarks, "if so few Spaniards can read, and so many Spanish journals are printed, the reading Spaniards must be overworked." Some of the journals are evidently as yellow as our own. One weekly is called *Ey Escandalo* and another *The Cake-Walk*. Several of the weekly publications are devoted to the interests of the bull ring. Apropos of the latter subject we learn that the star bull-fighters are called *espadas* and not *toreadors*, a word only heard outside of Spain. Mr. Hart notices that revengeful feelings toward the United States seem to have disappeared entirely. He expatiates interestingly on the prevalence of cigarette smoking among the men, but saw no women of the better class smoking in public. The lack of heating facilities in the hotels is feelingly described and in sunny Spain the Argonaut first became cognizant of warming pans, objects which heretofore had merely a literary existence like the Phoenix and the Dragon. He was not over-impressed by the Alhambra, but like most places that have been unreasonably raved over it is so infested by guides, tourists, beggars and sham enthusiasts that the result is an unappreciative frame of mind. Spain has its share of labor troubles. At Seville the shoemakers were on strike; at Santander, the coal miners; at Barcelona, the printers, dyers and other artisans; at Reus, the factory hands; at Madrid, the carmen; at Coruna, the factory hands; at Vigo, the railroad men; at Gijon, the cotton factory operatives. At Cadiz, the bakers, the iron workers and the carpenters began a strike which extended to all other trades and precipitated riots which it required the military to suppress. Commenting on the situation, a writer in the *Epoca* finds consolation in the fact that like conditions exist in the United States! It will be seen from the topics touched upon that "Two Argonauts in Spain" is by no means of the guide book order ,but is fresh and original both in style and matter. It is beautifully gotten up by Payot, Upham & Company, on thick linen paper with extra wide margins. The half-tones are beautifully executed, and the binding is heavy boards stamped in gold. A fine map accompanies the volume. The cover design is composed of the emblems of Spanish cities. It would be an admirable holiday gift, particularly as San Francisco can claim credit for both authorship and publication.

The Pepper Books

In "The Five Little Peppers at School" Margaret Sidney has gone back into the history of her interesting family to tell of some of their sayings and doings before they grew up and went abroad. This book will be best appreciated by those fortunate little folks who have already made the acquaintance of Ben and Joel and Davie and Polly and Phronsie, and if by chance there are any who never were introduced to them, now is a good opportunity. Just what the children did at school and at home is of less importance than what they are. The Peppers are well-bred little folks, respectful to their elders and considerate of their playmates. They are not slangy, flippant or precocious, but very safe companions with whom to leave boys and girls. Their fun is wholesome, and they have plenty of it, but they have their share of work and lessons as well. It is a pity there are not more Mamsies in this generation, and heartily as one can recommend the Pepper books to boys and girls, there is just as good reason to call the attention of mothers to them. [Published by D. Lothrop, Boston.] —*The Bookworm.*

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There are Whiskies and Whiskies!!
But there is only one BEST. They make it in Kentucky and proudly boast of it as Kentucky's Finest Production.
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Automobile Topics

Some auto experts are now advocating the abandonment of pneumatic tires in favor of solids. It is contended that a car on proper springs would run better on solid than on pneumatic tires, and then the absence of worry would be most pronounced. The expert motorist as well as the inventor is always looking for a tire that cannot be punctured, but no one has really produced a tire absolutely proof against punctures or collapse in some form or other. Apart from the worry and expense there is the continued uncertainty of the occupants of the car, not knowing what is going to happen next or where they may be stranded. This is where the pneumatic tire differs from the general mechanism, which the public realize in most high class cars is perfectly reliable, and that it is simply a question of tires whether they adopt the motor car in preference to the carriage or not. If the public felt that the tires were as good as the mechanism the manufacturers would have no difficulty in doubling the number of motorists. That being the case, solid tires are bound to come into general use, though of course the pneumatic is being perfected every day, and as a matter of fact they are almost immune to collapse from ordinary causes.

An automobile entirely of home construction is interesting the curious at San Luis Obispo. The machine was designed by and is in process of building under the personal inspection of W. H. Wright of that city. It is a French tonneau in style and has individual, finely upholstered seats for five persons. The engine is fifteen horsepower and the speed about thirty miles an hour. It is not a cheap motor, by any means, but Mr. Wright preferred to have it built under his own supervision that he might know just what went into its construction.

P. George Gow, who recently returned from a trip to El Dorado county in his Knox, had a rather stormy outing. In many parts of the road he worked his way through mud and water which in many places reached as far as the axles. Mr. Gow has just received a new Knox from the National Automobile Company.

Miss Kate Dillon runs her White touring car herself, and is becoming quite an expert.

When Sir David Edwards, London's ex-Lord Mayor, was here lately, he showed himself quite an enthusiastic automobilist. With his wife, three sons and daughter, he saw most of the sights here through the auto medium, being convoyed in a Winton touring car by Messrs. Rosenfeld, Peabody and Weldon.

The Mobile Carriage Company has just secured the block on Golden Gate avenue, Gough street, Jefferson Park and Elm avenue, and will erect an automobile house and garage to be probably the largest in the United States. It will have a frontage of one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half feet on Golden Gate avenue, one hundred and twenty feet on Gough street and Jefferson Park and one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half feet on Elm avenue. The building is to be one story high and will be constructed as an automobile house exclusively. The structure is to be imposing and artistic in every way, which will be in keeping with its excellent location. The furnishings will include ladies' reception room, gentlemen's reception room, club room for the employes and a spacious office. It will be completed for occupancy by January fifteenth. The Mobile Carriage Company, which purchased the interests of the "Mobile" Company of America on the coast, has taken up the gasoline business aggressively, having the coast agencies for the Pierce Arrow touring car (French car), Pierce stanhope and Northern runabout. In addition to its great house in San Francisco, it is about to open up a branch house in Los Angeles. In order that its service may be as nearly perfect as possible, it employed experts in the East to superintend the gasoline repair department and garage department. There is probably no automobile house in the country representing as much money as the Mobile Carriage Company. The directors are J. A. Marsh, president, Livingston Jenks, Heber C. Tilden, Charles K. Harley and Major Charles L. Tilden.

The Pioneer Automobile Company is in receipt of a letter from the Olds Motor Works at Detroit, Michigan, which reads as follows:

"We have just been advised that our two Oldsmobiles, which finished the New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburg Endurance Run on time, have each been awarded a first-class certificate. As one of these machines is the famous transcontinental Oldsmobile, it certainly demonstrates again the reliability of our popular runabout, and also shows the public that while our machines were the lowest in price and horse power of any machines which finished in the run, yet they did the work as satisfactorily as the more expensive cars. Unlike last year's run, the rules allowed almost any speed and the weather was worse, both of which worked against the low-powered automobiles. Nevertheless, we finished at Pittsburg on time and the repairs on the Oldsmobiles were very slight compared with those on some of the other machines. This statement will give you a clear idea of just what results the Oldsmobile did accomplish and also be of interest to prospective customers."

This week the Pioneer Automobile Company will receive from the factory of the Locomobile Company of America at

KENNEDY & CO.'S ART ROOMS

No. 10 POST ST., (Directly Opposite Shreve's)

Contain a Latest and Swell Line of Creations for the Holidays



WE MANUFACTURE TRICYCLES, Tricycle Chairs, Invalids' Rolling Chairs, etc. Send for catalogue

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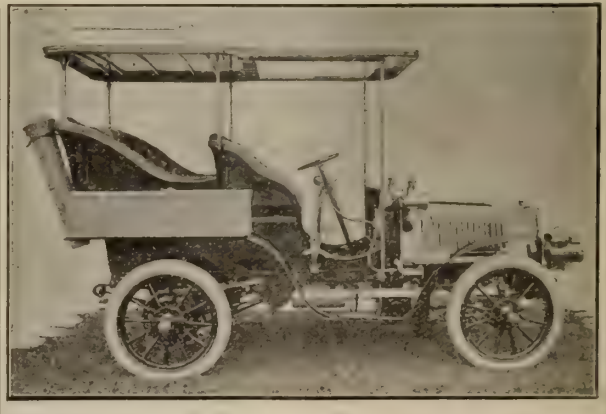
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Largest and best appointed garage in the West



THE TOLEDO

THE MOST MODERN DESIGNS OF HIGH CLASS AUTOMOBILES FROM $850 TO $8000.

Selling Agents for

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Knox (Waterless)
Haynes-Apperson
Toledo " "

GIVE US A CALL BEFORE PURCHASING

Bridgeport, Connecticut, one of the new 1904 model two cylinder nine horse power Locomobiles. This machine is similar to the one recently purchased by Mr. A. A. Moore, Jr., with the exception that it has but two cylinders and is nine horse power. It is a very popular machine throughout the East. Mr. Kearney of Fresno is the proud purchaser of a four-cylinder Locomobile which is due to arrive here some time during the present week.

An interesting trip was that of Dr. John T. Jones. He took his White stanhope to Colfax and back and the rough roads proved no obstacle to progress, the machine ploughing through the mud in excellent shape.

The J. A. Millans and their daughter, Mrs. McMurray, have joined the van of autoists. They have a handsome Stevens-Duryea machine.

In San Diego they are anxiously looking for the new gasoline cars that are to give an hourly service to the beach. The railroad management, it is said, will replace the station taken away from the eastern part of the beach.

The National Automobile Company has received the first 1904 double-cylinder air cooling touring car. This car has been purchased by P. George Gow of San Rafael.

The Toledo which did such wonderful work at Ingleside did even better at Los Angeles, where it won the Shreve cup, the Chanslor cup and the Stimpson cup, and a cup offered by the Automobile Club of Southern California. The time was even better than that made in San Francisco. The big four-cylinder reeled off five miles in the race for the Shreve cup in 5:58 1-5 and in the race for the Chanslor cup negotiated the five miles in 5:52. This was the best official time next to Oldfield's, and is the fastest time yet made in the United States by a stock machine. But the Toledo did better than this in the pursuit race, rolling off five miles in 5:46 1-4. This time while not officially announced was taken by L. P. Lowe, vice-president of the Automobile Club of California.

The four-cylinder Toledo which made such a creditable showing at Ingleside and Los Angeles has been sold to E. W. Davies, a prominent lumber man of that city.

The National Automobile Company has received a 1904 delivery wagon made by the Knox Automobile Company. Like the other machines made by this firm, it is cooled by air and no doubt will prove very popular in San Francisco.

Renting of automobiles is said to have been highly profitable in New York lately. One concern states that its receipts from this source in a single day amounted to about two hundred dollars.

Mr. L. P. Lowe has ordered a new four-cylinder Pope-Toledo touring car from the National Automobile Company.

George P. Fuller has gone to St. Helena in his Winton.

—The Chauffeur.

The Jeune Siecle Girl

The things I do and the tales I hear
Are more *risque* than they were last year.
Some time ago I forgot to blush
Or check broad tale with a cautious "Hush!"
'Tis not *ma mere* who listens now,
But *ma fille,* too—when the fates allow.
I go with men to Pinero's play,
And laugh when the scenes are more than gay.
The tree of knowledge long since was bare
'Tis an awful chestnut, too, I swear.
Life's a woeful bore, I am so *blase,*
Not a new sensation for me today!
With life a bore, why then pretend
That I care a rap how I meet my end?
There's nothing on earth for me to know—
Then welcome hell—for there I'll go!

—The Poetaster.

Do You Know

That a Ticket from San Francisco

—TO—

Del Monte

And return, good from Saturday till Monday, and including entertainment at the famous Hotel,

Costs only $10.00?

One way ticket to Los Angeles, with stop at Del Monte, and including two days entertainment at the Hotel

$22.00

Tickets at 613 MARKET, or Third and Townsend Streets

Southern Pacific

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 88054.

CLIFF R. CURTISS, Plaintiff vs. JENNIE M. CURTISS Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

JENNIE M. CURTISS, Defendant,

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's deserting plaintiff; also for generalrelief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By FRANK J. BURKE, Deputy Clerk.

E. M. RITTER, Plaintiff's Attorney

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87,758

LILLIAN B. SMITH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES E. SMITH, Defendant. } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of the said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

CHARLES E. SMITH Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bond of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful desertion of the plaintiff and willful neglect to provide the plaintiff with the common necessities of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 17th day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

WEST & DE JOURNEL, Attorneys for Plaintiff
54-55-56 Crocker Building, San Francisco

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

In the matter of the Estate of PATRICK F. LYNCH, also known as P. F Lynch, also known as Patrick Lynch, also known as P. Lynch, deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the Petition this day presented by John Farnham, as Administrator of the Estate of Patrick F. Lynch, also known as P. F. Lynch, also known as Patrick Lynch, also known as P. Lynch, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the Real Estate of said deceased, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and now said petition having been filed,

It is therefore ORDERED by this Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before said Superior Court on Thursday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1903, at the hour of 10 A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 9 of said Court, in the New City Hall in the said City and County of San Francisco, to then and there show cause why an order should not be granted to said Administrator for the sale of all of said real estate, or so much thereof as shall be necessary

It is therefore ORDERED that a copy of this order be published four successive weeks in TOWN TALK a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County.

Done in open Court, this 20th day of November, 1903.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge of said Superior Court

CARLTON W. GREENE, Attorney for Administrator
Chronicle Building San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of George Symon, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the under-igned, Jemima Harling, Administratrix of the estate of George Symon, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jemima Harling, Administratrix as aforesaid, at the office of Edward B. Young, Attorney-at-Law, No. 14 Sansome street, Rooms, 35 and 36, San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Jemima Harling
Administratrix of the Estate of
Dated at San Francisco, Nov. 21, 1903 George Symon, Deceased
Edward B Young, Attorney for Administratrix

A highball is tasteless unless the whisky is of the best brand. Try a Chapin & Gore highball if you want something delightful.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87599.

MARY M. WALSH Plaintiff vs. D. J. WALSH Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting, to:

D. J. WALSH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's neglect and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By R. A MARTIN, Deputy Clerk

GEORGE M. HURLBUT, Plaintiff's Attorney
449 Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICES TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary G. O'Brien, administratrix of the Estate of John J. O Brien, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Mary G O'Brien, at the offices of J. J. Lermen, Attorney-at-Law, Rooms 908-911 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
MARY G. O'BRIEN,
Administratrix of the Estate of John J. O'Brien, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 21, 1903.
J. J. Lermen, Attorney for Administratrix.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of said Court, Dept. 9 thereof, duly given and made on the 23rd day of November, 1903, in the marter of the Estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased, the undersigned, as administratrix of said estate will sell, at private sale, all that certain lot, piece ot parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Northwestern line of Jessie street distant thereon 275 feet Southwesterly from the Southwestern line of Fifth street and running thence Southwesterly along said line of Jessie street Twenty-two (22) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northwesterly parallel with Fifth street Eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly parallel with Jessie street Twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches, and thence at right angles Southeasterly parallel with Fifth street Eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

Together with all the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging. Said sale will be made on or after the 14th day of December 1903, and offers or bids in writing for the purchase of said property will be received at the office of Mr Joseph E. O'Donnell, Rooms 461-462, Fourth floor, Parrott Building, No. 855 Market street, in the City and County of San Francisco, California. All bids to be addressed to the undersigned.

Bids are to be for the property as a whole.

Terms of sale: purchase price to be paid in United States Gold Coin, payable upon confirmation of the sale by said Court.

Dated. November 24, 1903. Catherine Felvey, Administratrix
Joseph E. O'Donnell Attorney for Administratrix of the Estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased.

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Dealers in Feather Dusters, Brooms, Carpet Sweepers, all kinds of Brushes, Liquid and Paste Blacking.

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COMPLEXIONS LIKE PEARLS

WITHOUT THE USE OF COSMETICS

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This grand treatment will be sent to any address upon receipt of $2.00. The price of Face Bleach alone is $2.00; hence, you receive the other articles absolutely free of charge.

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A PLEASANT LAXATIVE
NOT INTOXICATING

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ELK LAGER BEER
Steam Beer

George Goodman....
Patentee and Manufacturer of
Artificial Stone in all its branches
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1071 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Stories Old and New

A Kate Field Story

Kate Field once related how she was sitting in a railway car just behind two farmers, who, to pass the time on their journey, bought a New York *Tribune* of the trainboy. One of them slowly put on his spectacles and slowly prepared to read the news aloud to his companion. It happened that the paper had been folded wrong side out, so that the advertisements were uppermost, and the venerable man was soon regaling his companion with a long dissertation on the merits of Dr. Jabberway's Celebrated All Sufficient Specific, which cured everything from chronic rheumatism to water blisters. He toiled patiently on, pronouncing the Latin names after a system exclusively his own, and devouring with unconcealed wonder all the elaborate descriptions of the internal economy of humankind, while his listening partner sat with bent head and mouth agape, nodding approval from time to time. When the last line of the advertisement was finished the reader laid down the sheet, and the eyes of the two friends met. Both were for a few seconds too deeply impressed to speak. Then the one who had been silent all the while found voice enough to gasp:

"Wa'al, I vow! That feller Greeley does know a heap, naow, don't he?"

Some Beecher Stories

In 1859 Mr. Beecher preached at Lenox, Mass.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Miss Heron, the actress, who was present, "I did hope, when I left New York, I should leave the stage behind me."

When Park Benjamin was invited to attend Plymouth church and complained of not knowing the way Mr. Beecher told the poet to take the ferry and follow the crowd.

"I would come," replied Benjamin, "only that I make it an invariable rule never to go to any place of amusement on Sunday."

In 1860 Mr. Beecher was invited by the Mercantile Library Association of St. Louis to lecture, but with the understanding that he should "*eschew all matters pertaining to politics and religion.*" The characteristic reply was:

"I am too much of a patriot to eschew the one and too good a Christian to neglect the other," and in closing, "hoped that before long the young men of St. Louis would be able to listen, without shrinking, to the free speech of an honest man."

When Mr. Beecher tried to stop running horse-cars in Brooklyn on Sundays, for the sake of the conductors and drivers, he unbeknown questioned a conductor, who replied:

"If that sanctimonious hypocrite Beecher would shut up his establishment the thing could be done."

Mr. Beecher inquired of some boys crying papers:

"What's the news tonight?"

"Oh!" said one of the urchins, "give me three cents and I'll show you!"

—*The Raconteur.*


THE CLUB
are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., *Sole Proprietors*
29 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
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TOWN TALK

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 12, 1903.

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Presidential Candidates

Now that Mr. Cleveland is no longer to be considered as a presidential possibility, having asserted that his determination not to run again is "unalterable and conclusive," a lively interest is being taken once more in the prospects of certain prominent Democrats who are known to cherish the hope of succeeding Mr. Roosevelt. Judge Parker is probably more seriously boomed than any of the others, and it would not be difficult for the two factions of the Democracy—the Clevelanders and the Bryanites—to unite on him, for he is a mild-mannered gentleman who has never excited the hatred of powerful politicians. Indeed he has never "taken sides" in any very bitter controversy. He is simply a Democrat of the old school, who has always been eloquent in his espousal of fundamentals. Consequently he is somewhat colorless. Senator Gorman has substantial backing, but it is thought that he is too well known as a practical politician to be considered seriously as a Presidential candidate. William J. Bryan is suggesting available men every little while, but none that he names has more than a local reputation. William R. Hearst is gradually winning recognition, but only as the champion of Organized Labor. The probability of the labor unions dominating the Democratic convention is remote, and therefore Mr. Hearst's chances are not very bright.

A Past That Shrieks

Though the Hanna boom is receiving considerable nourishment these days and the enemies of Roosevelt in the Republican party continue to depreciate his chance of nomination at the hands of the National Convention, the probability of his being turned down is exceedingly remote. If some man other than Hanna were being boomed Roosevelt's prospects would appear less bright. The Ohio Senator is greatly admired as a politician and a financier, and he wields tremendous influence in the councils of his party, but he would not be a strong candidate for the Presidency. He is far from being representative of the highest type of citizenship. He is a superb organizer, and he is skilled in the art of separating the Wall street magnates from their money for campaign purposes, but he has a past that would supply unlimited food for the moralizers if he were to aspire to the exalted station of Chief Executive of this country. Mr. Hanna is a man without ideals. He is a practical politician, a successful exponent of all the nefarious tricks that are conducive to success in the game. He won considerable prestige by grooming McKinley for the several offices occupied by that distinguished citizen, but the one blot on the career of the late President came from the contaminating touch of the political boss of Ohio.

Our Able Diplomat

It is amusing to read, in the despatches, the criticisms of some of our cow-county statesmen in Washington, of Secretary of State Hay's "dangerous policy" in connection with the preparations of this Government to construct the Panama Canal. If there is one circumstance in connection with the complications growing out of the canal controversy for which we should be thankful, it is that John Hay is at the head of the State Department. Moreover it is very fortunate that Mr. Roosevelt has implicit confidence in the judgment of Mr. Hay. The most accomplished among the veteran statesmen of Europe have the highest respect for the diplomacy of John Hay, for they regard him as one of the greatest diplomatists of the day. The fact is that few of his contemporaries have had the training by which he was fitted for the important duties which he is now performing so satisfactorily and with such credit to the Administration. His experience in the affairs of the nation dates from his young manhood when he occupied the responsible position of Private Secretary to President Lincoln. He served in that capacity four years and was President Lincoln's confidential medium of communication with the War Department. Since then he has been Consul-General at Paris, Charge d'Affaires at Vienna, Secretary of the American Legation at Madrid, Assistant Secretary of State in the Hayes Administration, Ambassador to Great Britain and Secretary of State in President McKinley's cabinet. There can be no question of John Hay's proficiency in statecraft, or of his exalted and inflexible Americanism. There should be no misgivings as to his wisdom, his judgment or his temperament, for they have been vindicated by his achievements in the field of diplomacy. He it was who paved the way for the acquisition of the Panama Canal by negotiating the repeal of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and to him is attributed the safeguarding of China from partition. He is the champion of the Open Door and the man above all others to whom the credit is due for perfecting the proposals for the Hague Arbitration treaty, to which we are indebted for the settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute. There is no likelihood of Mr. Hay's embroiling us in foreign complications, nor is there danger of serious friction with Columbia unless the demagogues at Washington of the Livernash type succeed in their efforts to create the impression that we took an unfair advantage of a weaker country.

The Greatest of Our Glories

The California Outdoor Art League, in its efforts to secure the passage of a bill in Congress for the preservation of the California Big Trees, should receive the support and co-operation of every public-spirited citizen. The two most vital internal questions in this country today are the forest and water problems. A great deal of attention has been given lately to the subject of irrigation and the reclamation of our arid waste, but quite as vital as this question and in many ways closely allied to it is the consideration of the preservation and protection of our forests.

In foreign countries, especially in France and Germany, the government has long been alert in its supervision of the woodland tracts. But we of this country, proud of our great forest reaches, yet blind to the fact that the ruthless hand of commerce is rapidly reducing their extent, sit idly by, nursing the delusion that, so broad is our forest domain, we can well afford to be generous, and to yield all that is being consumed for economic purposes and through negligence. Each year there is pitiable destruction of one of our greatest glories, and each year the necessity of its preservation is more and more apparent. The Calaveras groves of Big Trees, whose majestic beauty is unique and world-renowned, are the property of private individuals and are in danger of destruction. Lumbering is rapidly sweeping them off. These extraordinary trees should be purchased by the Government and converted into a public park for the use and pleasure of the people of the world. It is to that end that the members of the Outdoor Art League are working and it is to be hoped that they will meet with success.

When Dix Became Sensational

Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of old Trinity, is now recognized as one of the most learned and conservative clergymen in the country. He never courts public applause, but usually confines his pulpit talks to discussion of purely spiritual affairs. But the other day he dealt with the social tendencies, in a sermon, and became positively sensational. For instance, he expressed a desire to know what could be done "to stop married people from putting away each other as soon as they got tired of each other, and adding to the sin of unfaithfulness the fresh sin of rushing into the arms of the partners of their guilt." Dr. Dix probably had in mind the recent marriage of Mrs. Mary Isabella Kemp and Hollis H. Hunnewell, though of course it would have been libelous for him to intimate that in that case there had been any "rushing into the arms of the partners of their guilt." There have been numerous instances of such rushing among Dr. Dix's wealthy parishioners, and consequently his language could apply to a number of people. However, the haste of Mrs. Kemp was hardly in good form. She was divorced from Kemp in the morning and she married Hunnewell at noon. Mr. Hunnewell's first wife obtained a divorce from him early this year and a few months later she was married in London to John S. Tooker. Dr. Dix complained of other social evils, such as "class alienation, the angry discontent of the poor, the growth of luxuries, riotous living, education without religion, the reckless squandering of money on pleasure and pride, the insecurity of life through contempt for the law, and the steady decline of womanhood from its old ideals through copying the ways and invading the sphere of men." Evidently Dr. Dix would wish to introduce a reign of economy, but we doubt whether that would improve conditions. Better would it be to make it impossible for some men to grow ridiculously rich. The generosity of the many does no harm. As for the decline of womanhood, we are unaware of any such catastrophe. The old ideals of womanhood are mediæval. When woman ceased to regard marriage as her sole reputable means of livelihood her gradual exaltation commenced. She has never declined since. Her degradation was at its worst when she was subject to the necessity of marrying the first man from whom she received a proposal.

Disputes Among Christians

The question of Churchly authority which has interested Episcopalians for many years has assumed a new phase in Massachusetts. The Episcopalians have long been indignant that their claim to authority by right of descent from the Apostles should be questioned, but in Massachusetts it is the Congregationalists who are engaged in dispute, and controversy is between the Unitarian and the Trinitarian Congregationalists of Plymouth, as to which is the legitimate descendant and heir of the Pilgrims, not alone spiritually but also historically. It's a curious bone of contention even in this age of theological unrest. What spiritual blessing the old Pilgrims had to bequeath it is difficult to conceive. And what benefit a church is to derive from being acknowledged the historical heir of the Pilgrims, is a question we are unable to answer. The Congregationalists "on the stern and rockbound coast" ought to be able to put in their time to much better advantage than in quarreling over the right of descent. In New York the Episcopalians are in dispute over the subject of miracles. That involves a question of dogma, and its discussion is profitable to all Christians. The question of miracles is a stumbling block for the new theology, and there are many churchmen who are reluctant to discuss them. When forced to do so they seek to give a figurative explanation. In doubting miracles or seeking to explain them they strike at the very foundation of Christianity, which had its origin in a miracle. When they accept the essential miracle of the Incarnation they should have no hesitancy in accepting the others. However, it is not unusual for theologians to prove themselves illogical. The exponents of the new theology are afflicted with a timidity which would lead them to infidelity were they to follow their arguments to their logical conclusions.

Fanaticism and Worse

A Terre Haute justice recently fined a man for gathering corn on Sunday and thereby endangering the peace of the day. The defendant explained that he was gathering feed for his hungry horses, but the magistrate was not to be appeased. According to his interpretation, the horses evidently had no business to be hungry. The Terre Taute justice belongs in the same category with the Australian preacher who is expounding to his congregation that the drouth from which the country has suffered is a visible manifestation of the wrath of God aroused by the people who have not supported the churches. Time was when people could be frightened and bulldozed by such pronunciamentos from pulpit pounders, but the time has long since gone by. Preachers who take such ground are fully two hundred years behind their generation and only make themselves ridiculous, yet there is never a calamity but what some one of them is heard from. After the Chicago Fair, when some of the buildings were in course of demolition, a number of workmen were burned to death, and a "divine" made the occurrence the subject of a discourse in which he pretended to see the displeasure of God because the Fair was open on Sunday. Another made a steamer disaster a vehicle for the exposition of his theory that God was angry

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at the impiety of Sunday travel, and so on. When there is nothing but this sort of twaddle to be listened to from some pulpits, small wonder that their occupants complain of lack of patronage.

Our Degenerate Public School System

The school question seems to be taking the place of the servant problem as a matter of newspaper discussion in the East. San Francisco is just beginning to discover what is an old story now to the rest of the country, that fancy fads are not a valid substitute for the old-fashioned substantials, and that the originality developed in orthography from emancipation from the spelling-book, and picturesque individuality in multiplication, detract somewhat from the practical availability of graduates when they are introduced to a workaday world. Some thirty years ago the public school was exalted because it was then discovered that the education received there was superior to that of private institutions, and families which had never before patronized the free schools, choosing to regard them as in a measure charitable institutions, awakened to the fact that making wax flowers and hair wreaths and copying landscapes in soft pencil were not, on the whole, either useful or especially ornamental achievements, while the boys who were not urged to overstudy, lest they should take offense and petition to be removed to some less strenuous institution and thereby deplete the pedagogical income, were easily outdone by those who had no choice but to learn. Today the picture is reversed. The public school is the home of the fad and the public school pupil dictates to his teacher, with the alternative of an investigation and a loss of position. The consequence is that today the private school is once more in the ascendant. Not only do the military academies flourish, and the fashionable girls' schools report full attendance, but the parochial schools have all the pupils they can accommodate, a large proportion of them Protestant children, sent there to escape the silly nonsense with which the public school course is overloaded. A New York merchant whose firm employs many boys, and who is not actuated by religious prejudice, says that they take their young assistants from amongst the parochial school lads because they find them better prepared for usefulness. They are well grounded in the essential branches of education, accurate in figures and orthography, better in penmanship, and more tractable and obedient. They can do the thing they are told to do without haggling over it, though they are not experts in weaving shoestring watchguards and designing book covers, which no one wants them to do. The public school was once the place for the poor man's children to get a practical education which fitted them for facing the world, while wealthy parents, who expected to keep their girls at home and supply their boys with capital for a start in life, patronized the private institutions. Now it is only the wealthy who can afford to waste the time at public schools, and day by day we see the parents of moderate means paying for the tuition of their children where there is some chance of their gaining an education which will have some bearing on practical affairs.

The Servant Problem

The college graduate who went into domestic service and then put her experience into book form may not have done much to settle the vexed subject, but she has at least thrown new light upon some of its phases. The main trouble with the servant problem is similar to that of the matrimonial, it can not be settled by generalizing, but resolves itself at last into the personal equation. Next to the family relations of husband and wife, parent and child, that of mistress and maid is the closest possible. In the circumscribed area of domestic life the polish assumed for the outside world is laid by, the unscrupulous, the unreasonable and the nagging show themselves as they are. Loss of social caste is supposed to be the main drawback of servant life, but there are others more serious in their nature. "Servants, obey your masters" is one of the oldest of injunctions. From ancient tradition a servitor is supposed to have no personal independence. Her whole time, with the exception of an occasional afternoon off, belongs to her employer. To be sure, we have got a little beyond the days of good Samuel Pepys, when servants were subjected to personal chastisement, and when Mrs. Pepys could call her maids out of bed at one o'clock in the morning to do the washing. Neither are a man's servants, men and women, any longer classed with his children as dependents. Still, of all occupations that of the domestic worker is least characterized by personal liberty. A servant must conform to the will of her employer in hours, mode of living, method of work, and not seldom in matters of dress and individual bearing. She is confined at all hours night and day to the field of her work ,and is always under orders. It is this consideration, more than any other, which impels the women who toils to factory labor rather than domestic. When her hours are over she is for a time at least her own mistress, and can live a small part of her daily life among other scenes and surroundings. Her taskmaster in shop or office may be a hard customer, but beyond a certain point he is unable to dictate. Some small portion of her life belongs to herself, and in the main this is what renders her position superior to that of the domestic servant. There is much talk among advanced club-women of elevating the status of domestic labor. We can not look for any sensible improvement until women in general govern their households with more of reason and less of whim. Nerves and tempers have all too much play in the scheme of things, and perhaps always will have until some people learn that home is not the place to display their most disagreeable qualities.

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Love and Art

BY HARRY COWELL

Life is emotional rather than intellectual: we live not so much by logic as by love. The feelings are fateful, determinative of almost all our actions, deciding finally the question of failure or success. In the heart dwelleth destiny. It is science itself, cold and critical science, that is nowadays putting down the mighty intellect from its seat and exalting the humble and meek emotions. To have intense feelings of finest quality, to enjoy sentiment at its height, to be capable of experiencing the extremes of pleasure and of pain presupposes not a little of what is known as mental development; but the arrogant brain is far too apt to obtrude itself everywhere and needs to be kept in its place. The foreground of life belongs to feeling.

In the depths of our beings we are all—every last man of us, even the most matter-of-fact—on the hunt for ecstasy, which we look to find, this one in love, that one in art. We all, too, have our supreme moments; moments which admit of no repetition; which cause the common days to recede into the background of memory and become mere setting; moments which make us say: Life can go no farther, no higher: it is time to die. These moments, however, are prime factors in making a surpassing of themselves possible.

To certain generous minds, no price, how exorbitant soever, is too high to pay for a golden emotion. For such souls, to pass through existence with bovine placidity is not enough. Fain would they be human, and feel. To feel is to live. A day without emotion is a *dies non*. But to feel is to suffer. They suffer, and their silence, no less than their passionate protests and outcries of righteous indignation, is a call to the race of man to come up higher. The suffering of the noble is in itself the noblest, the most significant, sermon possible to preach.

In order thoroughly to enjoy the ecstacies of what may be called the qualitative life, it is necessary to maintain for years an exquisite attitude of mind towards a world with which one is naturally discontented. Supreme moments are possible only where there are mood and atmosphere. In this quest of golden states of consciousness cynicism in any form is fatal.

It is not always by means of love alone or art alone that one attains moments of the highest quality; more often it is by means of both combined. Somehow—perhaps because in art as in love sex is supreme; I do not pretend to decide so delicate a question—somehow the emotions caused by love and those caused by art mingle readily. Especially is this true where love and music meet. Shakespeare, noting this, makes one of his characters speak of music as "the food of love." It is more. Music appeals directly to the emotions and but indirectly to the intellect. It does not bore you with its brains. Its perfect blending of matter and manner affords a never-to-be-attained but ever-to-be-striven-for ideal of literature and of life. Well we know its magic, you and I. It awakens memories of impossible delights experienced in worlds that never were; it makes the listener homesick for native lands he never knew; he weeps over sorrows that no man ever suffered, and smiles because of beatitudes which no mortal will ever enjoy. All that is vaguely sweet and mysterious moving is music's. It holds strange dreams. It's the wonder of beauty and the terror. Its messages may be interpreted in as many ways as there are human triumphs and tragedies. But enough—music alone may speak adequately of music.

Now take love's hour, the dusk of evening, and love's season, spring, and for choice let a new moon be showing just a hand high above a not too distant hill. Into this atmosphere put a man and a maid natives of the land of dreams, lovers. Seat them together, hand in hand, on a couch by an open window. A friend, beloved of both, makes twilight music on a piano. His back is toward the lovers. They excuse it. Simultaneously at every particularly beautiful passage there is a convulsive clasping of hands. But if these two love music and each other well, it is, I take it, high time for you and me, commonplace folk and outsiders that we are, to retire. Have we not reason to hope that before the coming of the unromantic gaslight our young friends may have experienced one of those supreme moments which fate owes to us all?

Are our lovers of a literary turn of mind and fond of God's goodly out-of-doors? A favorite book, a lonely flowerful spot overlooking a sunlit sea, hills in the distance, hills green and gold and haunted with shadows. The author, of course, has written of love,—what else? It is the woman who reads. Her voice is low and musical. If there are pauses other than those called for by the punctuation, what of it, pray? They, too, if I mistake not, may ere sundown have known emotions to match the blue heavens above them; emotions sublime as sunlight aslant upon the sea.

Every one of the rare feelings which art, by presenting beauty to us under her manifold aspects, occasions, tends to combine with and perfect the feelings peculiar to love. The face of beauty is never so beautiful as when lovers behold it together. The delights of art are doubly delightful when shared with one we love. To the greatest of passions music can add; and Cupid counts literature among the most faithful and potent of his allies. Many a painter and sculptor has forgotten the model to remember the woman; many a model has forgotten the painter or the sculptor to remember the man. Most romantic of all romances are those of art.

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CHRISTMAS

For Law and Order

BY T. F. B.

On Market street, a short distance east of Sixth, one day last week, my attention was directed to some rough looking men standing at the entrance of a cloak store. They were stern visaged and of somewhat ferocious aspect. By their manner they seemed to be prepared to challenge anybody to enter the store. So resentful was the frown that darkened the countenance of each, such evil did their presence forebode, that no timid person would care to enter the store through such an ominous gauntlet. Pacing the edge of the sidewalk, to and fro, were several other men, of equally unprepossessing appearance, who proclaimed in angry tones and foreign dialect that somebody was the "enemy of labor," and that there was an"unfair store" in the neighborhood. Instinctively I looked for the police, but none of the guardians of the peace was in sight. Yet here were men on a public thoroughfare, who were acting in a manner calculated to cause a breach of the peace. Their bearing and their tone were eloquent of passion, and they were plainly engaged in inspiring prospective customers of an American citizen, engaged in a legitimate business, with awe and apprehension. The proprietor of the store must have been sorely tempted to take the law into his own hands.

Presently two young women of the class that imparts atmosphere to the tenderloin happened on the scene, and made straight for the cloak store. They ignored the frowns at either side of the entrance. They heeded not the threatening tones of the boycotters. But scarcely had they passed the portals when one of the bullies hissed, "Scab!"

Like a flash one of the young women turned on the man from whose lips the epithet had escaped.

"You — — cur," she exclaimed. "You — — —. Don't you dare to speak to me, you — — —."

It was a speech that abounded in picturesque oaths, and it had the desired effect. The bully skulked away, and his companions were mute. It was not an edifying episode, but though the vocabulary of the young woman was shockingly forceful, one could not quite repress the feeling of satisfaction over the crushing of the pestiferous representative of organized labor.

I am not an apostate from the cause of labor, but I seriously deprecate the evils that threaten the disruption of the whole labor movement. My sympathies have always been with the workingmen who have organized to compel recognition of their rights. My sentiments have undergone no change. My sympathy, however, is not with those labor leaders who have revolted the public mind and goaded it into asserting its disapproval of the methods employed to disturb society and create industrial unrest. Labor combines have become as odious as those of capital. They have alienated public sentiment by laying down rules, making demands and resorting to neasures that would make the eunuchs in the Sultan's harem rise in rebellion. The Market street incident which came under my observation is but a mild illustration of the tactics of the men who seek to compel acquiescence in all that concerns the furtherance of their interests. They should know that American citizens will never bow to the dictates of any one man, or set of men, not properly constituted authorities, who assume the right to act as such. All fair-minded men believe that the rights of the laboring man should be upheld, but they are not in favor of making those rights a pretext for throwing organized human society into chaos.

When labor troubles cannot be settled by arbitration the labor unions have no right to resort to force. But they have done so in almost every strike of any importance that has taken place in this country. Their leaders advocate peaceful measures but wink at violence, and the cowardly press dare not tell the truth. The American people object to being bulldozed, and the time is approaching when the exponents of the sanguinary boycott will learn that they have exhausted popular patience. In the recent street car strike in Chicago the bludgeon and the pistol were freely used, and it was only when the Mayor allowed a few hundred policemen to stand between the brickbats and the nobility of toil, that the strike leaders agreed to submit to arbitration.

As a result of labor troubles business has been seriously deranged all over the country. The building trade is in a particularly depressed condition. Wages and the cost of material have risen so enormously that comparatively few people care to make improvements. The work of erecting another million dollar building at Stanford University has been postponed on account of the unreasonableness of the demand of labor. The people who purchased the property at Fourth and Market streets from the Mackay estate are deterred from spending several millions, for the same cause, and many other enterprising citizens are waiting for the reaction. Conservative people are afraid to improve vacant property. They prefer to invest their money in standard securities.

But the tyranny of organized labor is soon to be met with resistance from organized industry. The signs of the times indicate that the encroachments of union labor have reached the limit, and that the professional agitator has had his day. The workingman is soon to learn that he is not of the class that constitutes the great majority by which this Republic is governed. When it was determined that this should be a government of the people and by the people, there was no intention of bestowing special privileges either on Capital or on Labor. The masses are allied with neither class, and they have rights which all others are bound to respect though they are slow in asserting them. They constitute the bulk of American citizenship. They are patriotic, and they believe that this Government is wise enough and powerful enough to regulate both Capital and Labor. They are not given to yawping horrendously, but they have faith in American institutions, and they believe in the maintenance of law and order. The workingmen of the unions, flushed with the success that attended their



efforts to enlist public sympathy, encouraged by the concessions which employers were forced to make, conscious of their strength and arrogant in the enjoyment of the fruits of their victories, became so unreasonable in their demands, and the rogues, demagogues and bullies by whom they were led became so insolent, that at length the indignation and alarm of the unorganized masses have been aroused. As a consequence the Citizens' Industrial Association has sprung into existence, with the avowed purpose of resisting the tyranny of the labor unions. It is representative of the employing interests and of the good citizenship of the country, and though it does not profess to be an enemy of organized labor conducted on lawful and beneficial lines, it is unalterably opposed to the illegal and unreasonable methods employed by the working men of the unions in the enforcement of their demands. The Industrial Association is to devote itself to the maintenance of law and order, and these sentences in its platform are expressive of the spirit that animates its members: "Since labor organizations exist for the apparent purpose of defying law and common sense, and are able to intimidate and influence men and municipal authorities, there is no alternative left to those who desire to preserve bearable conditions in our body politic than that of forming counter organizations. It is only through the machinery of organization that we hope to exercise a potent and salutary influence over public thought and the conduct of public affairs, to the end that the rights of American citizenship can be assured to free and independent labor, the rights of property maintained and legislation of a socialistic nature prevented from becoming law."

The Industrial Association has a branch in this city and it is growing rapidly. Its influence is being extended throughout the length and breadth of the land, and it has already secured legislation in some States calculated to render the sting of the walking delegate innocuous, and to safeguard both life and property when strikers are exercising their inalienable right of ceasing their toil. Perhaps in time it will be discovered that organized employers and organized labor may be polite, conciliatory and generous to one another, and that they may adjust their difficulties without jeopardizing the rights of others.

The Saunterer

The Crocker Home Muddle

The servile sycophants and transparent trucklers of the evening press weren't long in determining the question as to whom they should blame for the miscarriage of the plans of the patronesses of the Children's Hospital . Mrs. Walter Martin being a daughter of the Henry T. Scotts, and a daughter-in-law of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, the course for the journalistic toadies to take was obvious. The George Crockers are living far away in New York and their contempt for our snobocracy is overpowering. Indeed, there is no very strong bond of affection between the George Crockers and the Will Crockers, and moreover one of our social leaders has never quite recovered from the snubbing that she received some years ago at the hands of the George Crockers. This same social leader never forgets the side on which her social bread is buttered, and she therefore has great respect for the Martin-Scott clan. Incidentally it should be stated that she more than inspires much of the social gossip that is circulated by the local press. Under the circumstances it is easy to comprehend the attitude of a section of the local press toward the George Crockers for declining to endorse Henry T. Scott's general invitation to the public to inspect their home.

Scott's Generosity

Henry T. Scott has made some tremendously bad "breaks" in his time, but never did he so conspicuously betray his bad manners as when he gave his daughter permission to hold a reception in aid of the Children's Hospital, in the Crocker residence. Henry T. Scott, be it understood, has no more authority than I have over the Crocker residence. His assumption of authority was consistent only with the bumptiousness of his nature. In giving his daughter permission to take possession of the home, he pretended to act as the representative of the heirs of Colonel Fred Crocker, but those heirs do not assert any interest in the property. They at one time owned some personal property in the house but it has long since been removed. But even though he did have some authority in his capacity as executor, it would nevertheless have been presumptuous for him to throw open the doors to the public. Moreover, it would have been a reckless thing to do for that old Crocker home is filled with priceless treasures that could very easily be stolen. There is in one of the rooms a cabinet filled with a very valuable collection of old snuff boxes. Another contains beautifully carved Chinese ivories, and there is another containing gold and silver cloisonne ware. There are valuable ornaments all through the house. The gold spike which was driven in the last rail of the Central Pacific Railroad is there together with the hammer with which it was driven, and numerous other trinkets and relics are within easy reach of visitors. Yet Henry T. Scott was willing that anybody who paid the price should have access to these treasures. Surely Mr. Scott would not have been willing to have taken any chances if he believed himself to be the lawful custodian of that property.

Why Will Crocker Assented

I believe that if George Crocker had been consulted he would have given permission to the opening of his home in the interest of the Children's Hospital, for he is a charitable man whose donations to local charities every month amount to a considerable sum. But if he were to grant the desired privilege he would no doubt instruct his representatives to cover the carpets with canvas and take precautions for the safeguarding of his property. The first news he received of the generosity of Mr. Scott was sent by the housekeeper who was surprised by mechanics who visited the mansion to erect booths therein. Mr. Scott is reported to have said that he consulted Will Crocker

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about opening the house to the public and that the latter gave his consent. I have been informed that he merely asked Will Crocker if he had any objection, and of course the latter declared that he had none, having no interest in the property. However Will Crocker kindly donated the use of his own home which had been dismantled. There were no carpets on the floor and no curtains on the windows, and there was nothing in sight to tempt a looter.

Typical Hospitality

The action of Henry T. Scott was characteristic. We had an illustration of the genuine Scott hospitality when President McKinley visited the city some years ago. Mr. Scott threw open his own home on that occasion, to the President, won a lot of social prestige by doing so, and later on confessed himself an innkeeper and pronounced his own home a boarding-house by charging the cost of entertaining the Nation's chief against the fund raised by the Citizens' Committee to defray the expenses of the festivities in the President's honor. As a public spirited citizen Mr. Scott is unique. In doing the spectacular at other people's expense he is without a peer. His action in the matter of the Crocker home may result in steps being taken by George Crocker to ascertain if any of his relatives do assert any interest in the property. When Mrs. Charles Crocker died the heirs distributed the estate among themselves in accordance with memoranda left by her in lieu of a will. The heirs abided by her wishes as they understood them. George Crocker has always claimed the old home and his claim has never been disputed. However, I believe there has been some friction in the family. By the terms of Charles Crocker's will, his son George's share was left in trust with the proviso that he should not inherit unless he quit drinking. He was to be allowed twelve years in which to reform, but he would have to abstain from the use of liquor five consecutive years before he could claim his share of the estate. George Crocker was a rollicking blade, with an enormous thirst for champagne. The prospect of losing several millions of dollars seemed to have no effect on him.

A Thirst Repressed

His thirst gave promise of remaining unquenchable for an indefinite period. The other heirs were confident that at the end of twelve years they would be entitled to distribute his share among themselves. And meanwhile the millions held in trust were drawing interest at six per cent. One day after seven years of indulgence George Crocker pulled himself together and figured out that if he quit drinking then and there, and didn't open another bottle for five consecutive years he could win his inheritance and have fifteen or twenty minutes to spare. He hesitated, for the prospect of going five years without stimulants was appalling. Then he calculated the interest at six per cent on the trust fund, and the figures were as exhilarating as an absinthe frappe on the morning after. He resolved, in the parlance of the cocktail route, to take to the water wagon, and thereafter the other Crocker heirs took a feverish interest in their brother's struggle against temptation. But it wasn't a hard struggle, for George Crocker is a sensible, level-headed fellow. It was his congeniality, a trait, by the way, uncommon in the Charles Crocker family, that had developed the champagne thirst, but when he quit drinking to win his inheritance, there was never any danger of his falling by the wayside. But naturally his reformation aroused the keen interest of the other heirs. His failure would be greatly advantageous to them, and I have heard it intimated that there was not great rejoicing among them when he came under the wire winning by a nose, but the intimation was probably born of a cynical estimate of human nature. However their relations at this time are more than a trifle formal.

A Study in Degeneracy

Alexander Garnett would be an excellent study for the atavists. He appears to be degenerate in the scientific meaning of the word, not as applied to every criminal or every one with low instincts, but as good stock run out. The elder Garnett boys are all dead now, but they were studies in various forms of evil. Louis Garnett, the father, took two of his sons East once upon a time, and put them in school, but he was scarcely back in San Francisco when the school authorities notified their father to take them away. "Tip" Garnett was put on the training ship *Jamestown*, which was not like the naval training ships at Goat Island, but an adjunct of the House of Refuge. "Tip" would have been sent to the latter place had his people not been of the wealthy class. Some one of the training officers notified Mr. Garnett that he had better take his son home, for the boy would kill some one if he were not killed himself in the attempt. He was said to be beyond discipline and neither kindness nor cursing had any effect on him.

Californian Talent Recognized

Charles Ulrich, journalist and playwright, has been heard from. Weary of his efforts to persuade local theatrical managers that he combined in his unique personality

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the deftness of a Belasco, the finesse of a Pinero and the genius for atmosphere of a Fitch, he levanted to Chicago where they appreciate the culture peculiar to the masses. He had a trunk full of plays, and he took the lid off in the presence of the manager of the New American theatre. The first bit of manuscript that caught the managerial eye contained Ulrich's very latest drammer, "The Man from Nevada." The play was produced and created a sensation in the gallery. Now Ulrich is busy answering letters of inquiry from New York managers. By way of keeping his hand in he is earning a salary on the Chicago *Examiner.* Fred Lawrence, who is managing editor of that paper and doing splendid work, elevated Ulrich to the position of "Feature Editor" of the Sunday supp. and the probability is that the indefatigable playwright will work off a little of his excess baggage in the dramatic line through the columns of the paper. From the same correspondent who acquainted me with the success of Mr. Ulrich, I learn that Helen Dare (Mrs. Brough), formerly of the San Francisco *Examiner,* is now on Hearst's Chicago paper, and that Arthur Clark, formerly of the *Chronicle* but for three years city editor of the Chicago *Examiner,* was sent to Los Angeles to act in a similar capacity on the infant yellow journal.

Why Wheeler Eulogized Syle

Though Professor Du Pont Syle is dead he is not forgotten by his friends. They believe that he was the victim of revenge, and that it was the machinations of a petty and malicious spirit that compassed his downfall and drove him prematurely to the grave. It has been frequently hinted that President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the State University was the steadfast nemesis of Professor Syle, and that he had thrown obstacles in the latter's way to prevent him from obtaining employment. But when Syle passed away President Wheeler took occasion to deliver a memorial eulogy on the deceased which caused many people to conclude that the university President had been maligned. Now the friends of Syle are saying that Wheeler delivered that eulogy for no other purpose than to vindicate himself; that by publicly proclaiming his high regard for the dead professor he hoped to convince people that there was no foundation for the report that he had hounded Syle to his grave.

The Testimony

Instead of vindicating himself, however, President Wheeler, proved himself, say the friends of Syle, to be a rank hypocrite. They say that he not only prosecuted Syle but that he added hypocrisy and falsehood to that offense. Surely these are serious charges to be made against the President of the State University, and if Dr. Wheeler does not institute legal proceedings against his detractors, the regents of the university should demand that he do something to vindicate himself. If the friends of Professor Syle are telling the truth Dr. Wheeler is not a fit man to have charge of the training of the youth of this State. The evidence against Dr. Wheeler is founded on the testimony of two prominent citizens of Oakland. One of them, Dr. E. M. Patterson, a reputable physician, says that Wheeler prevented Syle from obtaining employment in the public schools of California by announcing that he would oppose the granting of a State certificate. Dr. Patterson pleaded with Wheeler to withdraw his opposition but the university president refused, saying that Syle was "a pessimist and a man of low ideals whose influence was pernicious." Incidentally Wheeler suggested, says Dr. Patterson, that Syle be advised to leave the State. Yet President Wheeler pronounced an extravagant eulogy on Syle a few weeks ago. If that public eulogy was a truthful portrayal of the character of Syle, then Wheeler should be eager to establish his innocence of the charge of having persecuted the unfortunate man. I have always regarded Wheeler as a very shifty individual, but I never thought him capable of such duplicity as that of which he now stands accused.

The Gonzalez Case

By the death of Dr. M. E. Gonzalez the other day, recollections were revived of one of the most bitterly contested divorce suits in the records of our Superior Court. There figured as one of the principals in that suit a woman who is now conspicuous in the American colony in Paris, and who occasionally occupies a sumptuous home in Santa Cruz. I refer to Mrs. J. Philip Smith whose husband is a millionaire, and a member of the famous firm of Crosse & Blackwell. Mrs. Smith was formerly Susie Crooks, daughter of Matthew Crooks, an old resident of this city who died many years ago leaving a large fortune. When she was quite young she married Dr. Gonzalez who was then a young man, a member of an old Spanish-Mexican family living in Monterey county. He was very rich, for his father, unlike many of the old Spanish settlers, was thrifty, and when the Gringoes came they despoiled him of none of his possession. Susie Crooks was a beautiful girl, vivacious and sufficiently unconventional to be considered piquant and dashing. The marriage was a love-match, but Dr. Gonzalez was extremely jealous of his handsome wife, and he seemed eager to give rein to suspicions.

The Conspiracy

Under the circumstances the divorce suit instituted by him was a logical sequel. Dr. Gonzalez believed that he had been wronged, and he succeeded in casting odium on the reputation of his wife, but in later years there came

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developments that, I believe, had a tendency to convince him that a grievous injustice had been done a woman. At the time of his domestic trouble Dr. Gonzalez was associated with some young men who were engaged in coaching him in his medical studies. He was very generous to them and they took advantage of his liberality. In those days the young Spaniard had quite an elastic leg and his friends had a tight grip on it. They undertook to supply the evidence against his wife, and I have heard that she was the victim of a base conspiracy the purpose of which was to "bleed" her husband. One of the witnesses against her remarked, some years ago, that he would regret to the end of his days that part that he played in the conspiracy against Mrs. Gonzalez. Several years after the granting of the divorce Dr. Gonzalez discovered the perfidy of his friends, It was not, however, until they sought to have him indicted. They went before the Grand Jury and told a sensational story about a conspiracy which he had instigated for the poisoning of one of their number. It was such an impossible story that Gonzalez was given a hearing, and when he was told of what his erstwhile friends had been trying to do he was amazed. He declared that it was evident that a conspiracy was in process of development, and that he was the intended victim. The case created a great sensation at the time on account of the prominence of the principals. One of the men involved was a Dr. Johnson. No indictments were filed. A few years after the separation Mrs. Gonzalez became the wife of J. Philip Smith. The daughter of her first marriage, now out of her teens, is residing with her mother in Paris.

When Bohemia and Society Mingled

The usual fashionable mob attended the members' reception that opened the Bohemian Club's seventh annual art exhibition on Tuesday night. There was quite a large sprinkling of Society there, with the familiar faces of artists and dilettanti. There were some handsome gowns worn, but nothing especially striking. Bernie Drown was in gray; Pearl Landers in brown with a pale blue feather boa; Mrs. Fremont Older in gray; Mrs. Helen Tay, in white; Mrs. Carroll Cook, in white; Mrs. Buckingham, in black; Miss Brastow, in gray. Gray, by the way, appears to be a favorite shade this season. When the guests adjourned to the supper room the scene became quite animated. Mr. Phelan had a large party at one table, the Frank Deerings and some friends made up another group, James McNab had another party, and Colonel Trumbo another. The exhibition this year is, as a whole, superior to any that went before it. The method used by the hanging committee was not, however, in every instance a success. I do not think the large canvases, particularly those of Peters, show to such good advantage hung high as they are. The glassing, too, does not improve many of the paintings. It gives them a flat look.

Some In the Hanging

Robert Aitken's sketches and portraits in sculpture and Putnam's lions and tigers are an interesting feature of the exhibition. Charlie Dickman was there Tuesday night and the critics had good opportunity to compare the original with his portrait in Aitken's panel, which is a most artistic thing. Peck's portrait of Charles Wheeler is best seen at long range; its full effect is lost when lorgnetted too closely. Peck also shows portraits of Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Hooe, of Washington, D. C. Clawson has some charming portraits of children—the Breuner boy and girl, and Constance Hart. Cadenasso has a study he calls "A Native Daughter," which is a portrait very uniquely treated. Cadenasso's "Mystic Pool" and "The Marsh" are in his best manner. Bloomer has some beautiful things, and Stanton's "Toilers of the Sea," a work full of human interest, is decorated with a "Sold" sign. Robinson's "Surf in the Moonlight" is inspiration for poets. Mathews has some cypress studies somewhat out of his usual vein, and worthy of attention. Breuer, Carlson, Earl Cummings, Willis Davis, Dickinson, Dickman, Dixon, Fonda, Gamble, Jorgensen, Judson, Latimer, Martinez, McComas, Peters, Seawell, Straus and Welch are others exhibiting. A small canvas by Gamble, a poppy field, is one of the best things on the walls. Indeed it is among the small canvases that one often finds the greater amount of artistry.

He Quotes Fervid Poetry for Them

Count Gremani, the new social lion, is surely cutting a wide swath among those of our elect whose affectation of culture is becoming quite amusing. Count Gremani is said to be a perfect type of the aristocratic Italian. He is of the artistic temperament, draws and paints cleverly and with some manifestation of talent, and he is a musical enthusiast, who knows all there is worth knowing about the modern school of Italian music. He is also up in literature, has Dante at his tongue-tip, and goes into raptures over D'Annunzio. Our society girls like to talk to him about the Italian poets, and they are good listeners when he quotes fervid passages from their works in his impassioned Latin style.

Mrs. Salisbury Critically Ill

The friends and relatives of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury have been very much alarmed over her condition during the past week. She had a fainting spell a week ago, and since then she has been dangerously ill from heart failure. Mrs. Salisbury has not been in good health for months. Since the wedding of her daughter, Mrs. Boardman, a year ago, she has had a number of severe attacks. She grieved so intensely over the loss of her daughter that she had to go to a sanitarium last summer.

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The Keramic Club's Exhibition

It is universally agreed that this season's exhibition of the work of the Keramic club was the best in its history. The display of Mrs. S. V. Culp, President of the club, was of special excellence, much of it being in beautiful cool greens. Her Eucalyptus vase was particularly striking. Mrs. Alice Haynes's work was up to her usual standard. Her flower decorations are always admired. Miss Emily Hesselmeyer had a Stork vase and an Iris vase, both excellent, as were also the American Beauty and Peacock vases of Mrs. Jakobs. Mrs. M. E. Perley's table was a centre of attraction. I was not surprised to see her Moorish lamp marked "Sold." Her gold and enamel work is strikingly rich. Much of her decoration was in oriental and conventional patterns. Much interest was also shown in Mrs. Taylor's display, which indeed merited all the attention it received. Her large vase in black and gold was one of the finest pieces in the room, and a gipsy kettle in a conventional pattern of blue and gold struck quite a new note. It would be impossible to catalogue all the good things in the exhibit, but I may mention Mrs. Root's Odette tea set. Mrs. Scudder's Morning Glory vase, and Miss Thompson's portraits in monochrome as being particularly excellent. The Misses Kleinschmidt had some skillful reproductions of Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Raphael, and other masters, very fine and conscientious work. Artistically the exhibit was a success, and perhaps financially too, as I noticed many buyers.

The Pansy Blossoms' Bazaar

There were several functions on last Saturday, but the vaudeville and bazaar given by the Heartsease Auxiliary in Maple hall did not suffer for lack of attendance. An immense audience jammed into the hall in the evening. There was a preliminary program of miscellaneous numbers before the production of Jerome's one-act play "Sunset." Miss Aileen Castella gave a pretty song and dance, Miss Callahan played the banjo, Mr. Adelstein gave some lute solos, Cecil Cowles played a Chopin valse and one of her own compositions, Miss Plagemann sang and "Sunset" was presented with a cast including Misses Cooke, Coxe and Schroth, Messrs. Thompson, Hopper and McKinnie. Some of the dialogue dragged but one expects that with amateurs, and as a whole it was a very creditable production. Pretty society girls acted as ushers, and the audience appeared pleased with everything offered for its entertainment.

The Bustless Athletic Feminine

The Sunday supps are going in largely just now for athletics for women. A careful study of the illustrations given to show the various poses women should assume to gain curves will reveal that by developing her muscles the athletic woman sacrifices one of the most charming features of her anatomy. It is well known that a woman with an abnormal chest usually lacks development below it. If the athletic cult should spread the poets of passion would be deprived of the source of their most rapturous inspiration. The bustless woman can never pose as an artist's model.

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School Politics

Elisha Brooks, principal of the Girls' High School, is getting ready to resign, and numerous pedagogues are casting anxious eyes on the job, which is worth two hundred and fifty dollars a month with nothing to do. Mrs. Mary Prag, head of the history department, is said to be the most forceful member of the faculty, and she is mentioned for promotion, but School Director Cecil Mark has his eye on the place. He regards it as a sinecure to which, he thinks, he should be assigned when he retires from the board, at the expiration of his term a year hence. Brooks' assertion that he will not retire for another year may or may not indicate that he wishes his retirement to synchronize with Mark's effacement from the service of the city in his present capacity. Mark is an accomplished political acrobat and wire-puller. He hopes to be chosen president of the board during the last year of his term, but while the precedent has been established in most of the municipal commissions of electing the short-term member presiding officer, the School Directors have not adhered to the rule. They broke away from precedent last year when Larry Walsh was appointed for only one year and Ruef's friend Woodward was made President. Roncovieri has his eye on the presidency too, and therefore Mark's chances are not very bright. Woodward hopes to go on the supplies committee and he may be gratified though he is no longer as close to Schmitz as he was. Walsh is now the candidate of the Mayor, and the shifty Mark is a rank outsider.

He Found the Maps

Anent the venerable Elisha Brooks, I am reminded of the story of a visit made to his school by Directors Roncovieri and Walsh about a year ago. With commendable curiosity and zeal Roncovieri expressed a desire to learn what had become of the supplies. He made a pretty thorough search and while prowling around in the cellar, stumbled over a bundle of new maps. His volatile Latin blood boiled and he literally flew to the calm presence of the imperturbable Brooks, whom he assailed in language hardly printable and with gestures quite indescribable. Brooks



listened unmoved, and replied to Roncovieri's outburst with the terse assurance that he "really had no idea how the maps got there," and then refused to discuss the matter. The maps were removed to the storehouse of the supply department. "That man wouldn't say a word," said an official of the department, "if you tore the building down."

An Appreciated Teacher

A few weeks ago I took occasion to refer to the persecution of Mrs. I. D. Reeves, by the politicians of the school department, and I stated that she was one of the most successful educators in this city, and one whose salutary influence was still felt by many of her old pupils of the Girls' High School now grown to womanhood. Since her reinstatement to the Polytechnic High School she has proved that her influence over boys is as wholesome and marked as it was among the girls. Upon her recent dismissal the boys of her class sent her this letter which bespeaks their appreciation of her ability:

Mrs. I. D. Reeves,

Kind friend and teacher: We, the members of your classes and of the Polytechnic High School, tender you this expression of the gratitude and love we bear you. Accept our feeble recognition of your efforts and sacrifices in our behalf in your capacity as teacher. We feel that we are indebted to you and we are therefore compelled to acknowledge our appreciation of your untiring kindness, and of your valuable and encouraging aid in our scholastic labors. You have so harmoniously blended the functions of the teacher with those of the friend, that you have made study a pleasure. You have always shown yourself the friend of the industrious and deserving pupil; ever ready to encourage by your kind words, thus giving new hope and dispelling all gloomy forebodings, pointing an easy and effective way to overcome all difficulties and remove all obstacles. We will ever try to be mindful of the many valuable precepts that you have often expounded to us as rules of conduct, and we will in all our undertakings endeavor to act on the impulse that will prove the sincerity of our principles. We trust that you will soon return to your post among the teachers and pupils to whom you have made yourself so congenial and helpful.

Bob (dressing for the ball): "Hang it! There goes a buttonhole. Lend me a collar, old man."

Rob: "Sure. Which kind, polished or divorced?"

Bob: "Divorced?"

Rob: "Yes. Domestic finish, you know."

A Windfall for Rix

Under the will of Julian Rix, the artist, his brother Edward becomes the owner of a collection of valuable paintings which he will have no trouble in selling and which will net him a handsome sum. The works of Julian Rix are appraised highly by Eastern connoisseurs. Ed Rix, by the way, will appreciate the legacy, for he has not been prosperous of late. A hoodoo pursued him after his divorce from Mamie Kittredge. They were a happy couple until a Christian Science experience upset their dreams of bliss. When they were divorced he surrendered half his property to his wife and then he married Alice Ballard MacDonald, who achieved such fame in journalism that he became known as "Alice Rix's husband." Their marriage proved a failure too, and after their divorce Rix married his first wife and the second Mrs. Rix became Mrs. O'Leary. I hear that the Rix's have been separated again, but Mrs. O'Leary is enjoying wedded bliss in Paris.

Wants to be a Nun

Miss Anita Harvey is said to have lived so much in the atmosphere of convents that she wishes to become a nun. The idea of "coming out" next year, the fate her mother, Mrs. Downey Harvey, has in store for her, is said to be exceedingly abhorrent to this young girl. Yet she is by no means of the conventual type in looks and pursuits. She is athletic and a daring horsewoman. The Harvey sisters are finishing their studies in Europe but will return to San Francisco next year.

Others Who Had the Desire

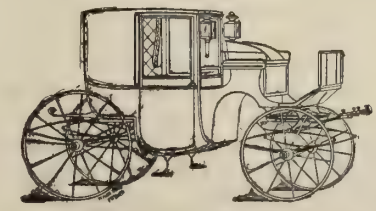
This desire for a convent existence has not been confined to Downey Harvey's young daughter. Several of our society girls nourished the desire to give up the world for religion, before they knew what the world was like. Birdie Fair was one, but she soon reconciled herself to the life of a society girl. Agnes Tobin has often expressed her determination to become a religieuse, and Julia de Laveaga, now a happy bride, was for several years thinking of taking the veil.

Named for Birdie

Little "Chiffon" Kemp, who was thrust into the limelight as the child Mrs. Arthur Kemp deserted for Hollis Hunnewell, has Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr. for a godmother. One of Chiffon's baptismal names is Virginia. Mrs. Kemp-Hunnewell, by the way, had to abjure the faith of her fathers to re-marry. But then ancestral beliefs cut no figure these days, when Eros comes on the scene.

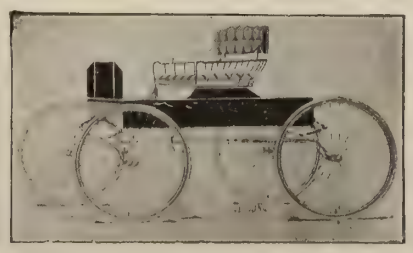
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The Goddess of Love

Though Joan Hadenfeldt will be billed at the Orpheum, where she makes her debut tomorrow, as "Joan Haden," the disguise will be but the thinnest gauze to those familiar with this striking beauty's features. And nearly everyone knows her by sight, if not more intimately, for she has been pictured in Sunday supps galore and has had her portrait exhibited for the public to gaze at. It was Clawson's portrait of Miss Hadenfeldt in a black velvet gown against a rich red background that started other artists to seeking similar effects in the painting of women. "Miss Haden's" stunt will be illustrations of the four seasons of love and it should be a success if realism counts for anything, for Joan Hadenfeldt has had more adorations than the average girl. She is usually picked out in a crowd by the swarm of men surrounding her. She is nearly six feet tall and of fine proportions. Clawson is not the only one who has painted her portrait, for she never refused to sit for an artist. Amedee Joullin, who was at one time rather *epris* in her direction, was among those who perpetuated her on canvas.

Irish Holds On

The announcement by one of the dailies that Colonel John P. Irish was about to lose the position of Naval Officer was premature. Republican politicians have been on the trail of Colonel Irish for several years but they have never succeeded in worrying him. However, when it was learned some days ago that ex-Congressman Wood of Stockton had decided to get out of the fight for Naval Officer, and that Senator Ralston would be substituted, it seemed reasonably certain that Irish's tenure of office was at an end. But Senator Ralston and his friends had not reckoned with the eccentric Senator Bard. Nobody ever knows what Bard is going to do. He doesn't always know, himself, and as a rule nobody in Washington cares. In addition to being an unknown quantity he is such an unimportant one that he ranks in the cipher class. But there are certain courtesies which Senators are guaranteed, and that is why Bard cut some figure in the chase for Irish's job. Ralston was recommended by Perkins, but old Bill Cutter of Yuba, the most wild-eyed job-chaser in the State, coveted the position, and secured the endorsement of Bard. The Senators were expected to unite in their recommendation, and not having done so Colonel Irish will continue to serve his country at a munificent salary.

Cutter's Record

When the news reached San Francisco that Senator Bard had recommended the appointment of Cutter, the politicians threw up their hands. Last week he refused to join in Perkins's recommendation of Fisk for postmaster, because, as he said, he "did not know the Speaker of the Assembly." The politicians are wondering whether he really knows Cutter. They are sure that he only imagines that he does. Bard is a puritan in politics, and he is also a reformer. He is popularly supposed to have a contempt for the ways of the professional practical politician, and yet he has recommended Cutter of Yuba, a man with a shrieking record, for Naval Officer of San Francisco. Cutter was formerly a Democratic member of the legislature of Nevada. When he settled in Yuba he became a Republican. He served two terms in the Assembly and one in the Senate, and after being a State Senator he had no hesitation in going back to Sacramento to become an assistant Sergeant-at-Arms at six dollars a day. He drew the money very promptly but about the only time he was seen around the capitol was when he worked as stenographer in an election contest, for which service he collected fifteen dollars, unmindful of the fact that he was a salaried officer of the State.

A Suggestion to Bard

Cutter is a man of some influence as a machine politician in Yuba, and last year he succeeded in sending a delegation to the State convention to nominate himself for the Senate. Incidentally, it should be stated that he prevented the veteran Judge Davis from going to the convention, though for many years he was employed by Davis as a stenographer. Later on he secured the chairmanship of the State Central Committee by voting two proxies for himself. He was elected by one vote. During the campaign he took advantage of his position as chairman of the State Central Committee to keep the political pot boiling in Yuba county. The best speakers were sent to Cutter's county but Cutter was defeated. He was beaten by a Democrat in a Republican county. I have heard it suggested that before making any more recommendations Bard should spend a few weeks traveling through California getting acquainted with the people. At the same time he might familiarize himself with the career of Cutter in the legislature.

The New Tivoli

If organized labor can be prevailed upon to refrain from causing any more delays in the work of reconstructing the building to be occupied as the new Tivoli, that theatre will be opened to the public during the week of the twenty-first. From a peep that I have had at the interior I am convinced that the new Tivoli will be the most sumptuous, and best appointed theatre in the city. And by the way the traditions of the old house are not to guide at the new. For instance, smoking will be prohibited on the

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ground floor and in the first gallery, and there will be no refreshments served except in the top gallery, which is to be the smoker's paradise, and connected with which is a promenade and lounging room. This part of the house will be reached by an elevator. The opening production is to be an elaborate extravaganza in which one hundred and fifty people will appear.

She Couldn't Choose

There is a pretty story attached to the six costly diamond rings worn by the young bride of William Lynham Shiels. Mr. Shiels met his wife, then Miss Elsie Bennett of Oakland, last spring, when they were members of a house-party at the magnificent country seat of Tom Williams, whose wife is a cousin of Mrs. Shiels. The engagement was announced in September when Mrs. C. A. Bennett and her daughter, Miss Elsie Beatrice Bennett, returned to Oakland. Soon after their home-coming Mr. Shiels came back to San Francisco and it was shortly after his return that he exhibited to his fiancee six rings—each one worth a small fortune—that she might select from among them an engagement jewel. Slipping the glittering hoops on her fingers, Miss Elsie looked long and lovingly at them, then, with an adorable smile at her betrothed, she said sweetly: "I don't know which of them to give up—they are all so perfectly lovely." "Keep them all; that's the easiest way to settle that," enthusiastically cried Mr. Shiels.

A Row in the Ebell Society

The liveliest row—if such a coarse expression may be used in connection with the grande dames of across-the-bay society—that ever took place in the upper circles of Oakland's swagger set is now in full swing among the members of the "Most Exclusive Women" of the Ebell Society. And all over a moving! The old club house has been found too small to accommodate its members and it is proposed to buy a site and build a house that will be as handsome as its inmates. It was supposed that a desirable place had been found in a fashionable up-town corner on Telegraph avenue. So far every one was agreeable. But the Ebell ladies have a lease of their present house which will not expire for four years. And that is where the trouble begins. Rather than have that lease, like the proverbial sword of Damocles, hanging over their heads, the timid ones will fight, and that is just what they are doing. At the last two meetings of this august club feeling has run so high that—well, the members are not telling all that happened, but they do say that it was the worst rumpus that ever a number of well-bred society women took part in. The president of the club, Miss Mabel Thayer Gray, is said to be using her influence toward the preservation of harmony. Personally, she is believed to be in favor of acquiring the Telegraph avenue site.

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Shakespeare at the Adelphian

Mrs. James F. McGauley, president of the Mills Club, Mrs. George Law Smith and Miss Maude Smith, Mrs. Sexton, and many other clubwomen went over to Alameda last Saturday, when the Adelphian Club's Shakespeare section produced an original playlet by Mrs. Will Maddern. The Shakespeare section was originated about a year ago by Mrs. George Perry, who is its curator. The little play contains eight characters, drawn from Shakespeare's women, who give their ideas on various subjects of interest to clubwomen. All of the parts were well sustained. It was considered the best amateur performance ever given in Alameda.

Intends to be Cautious

One of our haughtiest matrons became quite confidential at the Greenway ball, while talking to a circle of friends about charity. "Do you know," she said, "I think I shall devote all my energies to the blind this winter, for you know they can't recognize you in the street, and embarrass you by making people think they are your friends."

The Penalty of Popularity

Christine Pomeroy has made such a hit at the dances that I fear she is exciting a great deal of envy, and that is a dangerous thing for a girl to do. She keeps no account of her partners for the waltzes and the two-step, with the result that there are four or five claimants for every dance. Usually the huskiest chap wins, for Miss Pomeroy is partial to brawn. She is not pretty but she has a frank, ingenuous manner that attracts.

To Quit the Continent

From a letter recently received in this city I learn that the Fred Sharons have taken a residence in Washington, and that they will soon leave Paris with the intention of residing permanently in this country. The news will no doubt greatly surprise Mrs. Sharon's friends, for it was thought that she liked the continent too well ever to think of resuming her residence in the land of her birth.

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His Remarkable Nerve

It was with no surprise that I read of the coolness of Lieutenant-Commander H. M. Witzel—not Wiltsea, or Wiltse, as the press dispatches have it—of the navy during the exciting period of the outbreak at Colon. He was ever a cool, determined officer, and by a strange coincidence Colon was the scene of a closely similar incident nearly nineteen years ago, when Witzel was a young ensign, in the landing force with Commander, now Rear-Admiral, Bowman H. McCalla, during the revolution of 1884-85. Walking alongside of McCalla, Witzel, who commanded a section of howitzers, came suddenly face to face with a barricade, over which peered a row of ugly faces, and the muzzles of a lot of threatening rifles.

"Shall I go into battery, sir?" asked Witzel of McCalla, as he halted his men.

"Not yet," replied the imperturbable commander, and then McCalla calmly walked straight to the barricade, and knocked up the muzzles of the leveled rifles with his sword to the utter astonishment of the natives who immediately fled. The barricade was destroyed and the American column moved on. Witzel always said that was the greatest exhibition of coolness he had ever witnessed.

The Man For the Crisis

One of the most interesting characters in the Panama secession, a naval man informs me, is General Huertas, who has been made the commander-in-chief of the Panama army. Huertas was a strong and courageous fighter for the Colombian Conservative government during the last revolution, which ended last year, and he made many good battles against the very Liberals of Panama with whom he is now staunchly allied. He was a Colonel of the famous Battalion of Colombia during that long struggle, the organization, in reality a large regiment rather than a battalion, which is the only body of troops in the whole land with discipline and equipment approaching anywhere near civilized standards. In addition, he had the command of a little two-gun gunboat, called the *Chucuito*, which, until the American-manned cruiser *Bogota* arrived on the scene, was the only naval vessel worthy of any consideration that the Conservatives had on the Pacific Coast. With this tiny vessel, Huertas more than once dared go beyond the safe retreat of Panama, and even at one time exchanged shots with the much more powerful and larger *Padilla*. In one action, Huertas had the lower half of his right arm shot away, but did not let that dissuade him from keeping up the fight. After the *Bogota* arrived, the Americans upon her were quick to recognize and appreciate Huertas' admirable qualities, and a strong friendship grew up between them. He is small of stature, modest, cool, intelligent, and courteous. He has none of the bombast, arrogance and excitability of the Colombians, and it was no doubt his intelligence combined with genuine patriotism that induced him to espouse the side of Panama with his crack battalion. Without Huertas and his soldiers the secession and the independence of Panama would probably not have occurred. Huertas supplied the force which enabled the Junta to take the step, furnished the means of allaying disorder and avoided bloodshed. With Huertas in charge of the military, and an educated, broad-minded, progressive man like Morales as Minister of Foreign Affairs, the new republic has shown excellent judgment in the choice of officials for responsible positions.

A New Word Wanted

It is fully six weeks since the *coup d'etat* on the isthmus, yet the authorities have not yet supplied us with a satisfactory adjective to correspond with Panama. Our vocabulary suffers sorely for lack of it. We have had Panaman, Panamanian, Panamese, Panamaneno, and two or three others, none of which is entirely unobjectionable. Panaman seems the most logical, but when applied to a denizen of the new state it is a safe bet that linguistic rowdies will pluralize it into Panamen, just as they have called the Mussulmans Musselmen. I would suggest Panamananas. What is the matter with that? The happy combination of the Anglicized Greek "pan" with the national characteristic "manana" is something to give joy to the crustiest philologist.

McCalla Appreciated

I notice that the efficiency of Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla is appreciated by foreigners even more than by his own countrymen, particularly his excellent services in the international expedition for the relief of the legations in Pekin a few years ago. A bill has been introduced in Congress authorizing him to accept the decoration of the Order of the Second Class of the Red Eagle, tendered by Emperor William of Germany, together with swords presented by the same sovereign, in recognition of his exploits in China. I have no doubt that the bill will pass, as it should, for such recognition has a salutary effect. Every officer is of course expected to do his duty, regardless of special reward, but when he does it exceptionally well special reward is appropriate.

Official Smuggling

While smuggling on vessels of the Navy is an old story, it has rarely been for profit, and I was accordingly

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startled when I learned a few days ago of the seizure by Special Treasury Agent Caleb W. West of three barrels, containing fourteen thousand Mexican cigars, alleged to have been smuggled in on the cruiser *New York*. This is wholesale work with a vengeance, and the chief mystery of it is the manner in which the heavy load was spirited ashore. It was something of a coincidence that on the same day United States Judge De Haven sentenced a man to four months imprisonment for smuggling a small quantity of opium on the merchant steamer *City of Puebla*. The outcome of the *New York* affair is to be awaited with interest. It was plainly a case wherein not only the letter but the spirit of the law was violated by a government ship.

Old Sea Dogs

Apropos the longevity of naval officers, which has been often commented upon, I note that England has recently commemorated the eighty-ninth birthday of Admiral Sir E. Ommanney, R. N., the sole survivor of the famous naval battle of Navarino, fought seventy-six years ago. Admiral Ommanney was then a midshipman upon the line-of-battle ship *Albion*, '74, commanded by his uncle, Captain J. A. Ommanney. There have been instances of even greater longevity in our own Navy; for example, Commodore Hull, who died but a short time ago at one hundred years of age, while Rear-Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, Sr., passed well beyond his ninetieth year, and the interesting spectacle was presented of a father and son, both of the same name, on the list of retired Rear-Admirals at the same time. The son, Thomas O. Selfridge, Jr., has recently been assigned to active duty again as president of a board of inspection, owing to the dearth of officers on the active list. It is not so very long ago that I had the pleasure of dining and talking with the late Rear-Admiral Hiram Paulding, U. S. Navy, a survivor of the war of 1812, in which he was a midshipman.

Mrs. Madden's Plight

The case of Mrs. Madden, it is said, has put a stop to flirtations in the army, for the officers are now afraid of being court-martialed. As a consequence, the wives of army officers whose husbands are in the Philippines are now sailing for the Orient. Mrs. Madden's plight is a sad one, and reflects great discredit on the army. The sentiment of the army is that she has been treated outrageously. Her brother-in-law, Baron Von Horst, is the only one of her relatives from whom she gets any sympathy. The Partellos are almost as severe in their disapproval as are the Maddens.



The "Easy" Public

Jimmy Davis, the book-maker who was ruled off the turf the other day for corrupting jockeys and defrauding the public, is said to be one of that class of gamblers who never gamble; that is, they never hazard their money. They bet only on those events that have been ordained to happen in harmony with their interests. And that reminds me that Davis had a large bet on the recent Gardner-Fitzsimmons fight, which, it is to be presumed, was no more free from the fake element than the average prize-ring contest. It was significant that Davis had bet about four thousand dollars on Gardner. The presumption should be that the thrifty Fitzsimmons had agreed to go out, but having failed to do so, the inference now is that the familiar *coup d'etat* known in prize-ring parlance as the "double-cross" was engineered, and perhaps it was especially arranged for the discomfiture of the enterprising Danny Lynch, who is associated with Davis. If such was the case it was a pretty revenge that Fitzsimmons enjoyed at the expense of the man who arranged the Wyatt Earp deal some years ago. The whole tenderloin was on a broad smile the day after the Gardner-Fitzsimmons affair, but the unsophisticated dailies refrained from discussing the matter. The complaisance that characterizes the attitude of the dailies toward the plug-uglies who are engaged in enriching the gamblers at the expense of the public is amazing. I have been advised that nine out of every ten prize-fights that take place in this city are in the nature of a farce.

One of the Crew

The exposure of the crooked ring that had been operating on the Oakland track was complete, and it will have a salutary effect on the racing game, but I have heard it hinted that Davis did not divulge the names of all the people who were interested in his book. Moreover I have heard that among the crew employed by Davis was a civil service clerk connected with the Registrar's office in this city, and that he had been granted a leave of absence so that he could work at the track. That should be a matter of some interest to Mayor Schmitz.

The Temptation

The officials of the Oakland track are deserving of high praise for the promptness with which they ruled the guilty parties off the turf. The fate of the crooked jockeys



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will serve as a warning to others, and the probability is that the sport will be conducted on a higher plane during the remainder of the season. It is unfortunate that more drastic punishment could not be visited upon the men who engage in the nefarious business of corrupting small boys and jeopardizing their means of livelihood. Usually the unfortunate jockeys who are caught in the meshes of the thieving gamblers are minors whose earnings are turned over to their parents or guardians. The money with which they are bribed, they keep, and such is the character of their associations and their habits, it is not difficult to tempt them. Some of them are too young to appreciate the risk they run, and a few hundred dollars is a glitteringly tempting pile to a lad who is vouchsafed only a small fraction of his honest earnings, and especially to one whose moral training has been neglected.

Must Show Him

A few weeks ago Dick Peters, of New York, started in hot pursuit of Cornelia Baxter Tevis. Object, matrimony, it was said, and it looks that way, for while Dick is keeping close to Cornelia in Europe, and seeing that no foreign noblemen are casting covetous glances her way, his friends are sending inquiries to this city regarding the size of the lady's fortune. They are anxious to know just how much she inherited from the Tevis estate. They have been told that she didn't receive more than a million, and it is thought that when Dick learns the truth he will back up. His friends say that a million isn't enough to tempt Dick Peters, but in the present state of the New York stock market, it's no bagatelle. The supposition is that Dick Peters thinks that it is worth a great deal more than a million to link himself to a Western widow to assist her in climbing into New York society. Peters, by the way, has been vaguely described in the despatches as "A New York society man." The corruption of his Christian name gives the impression that he hasn't reached the age and dignity of "Richard," but he has been "doing" society for over a quarter of a century. He is in the fifties.

Homes for the Students

With the object of providing more comfortable living accommodations for the student body of the University of California, a committee of faculty members and alumni has just been formed. As there are no dormitories at the university, the students are obliged to live in club-houses, boarding houses and fraternity houses conducted on a co-operative basis. A club-house loan fund is being raised by subscription, for the purpose of enabling groups of students who may organize a boarding house club to obtain money for the purchase of furniture and other necessaries for housekeeping. When this equipment has been provided, the student bodies will have no difficulty in maintaining themselves. Moreover, they will have pleasant and comfortable homes, congenial companionship and proper surroundings, and all at small individual expense. Student clubs which obtain their club-house equipment through the medium of this fund will repay the loan in ten installments. The committee taking the initial step in this movement for the betterment and comfort of the students are: Dr. Mary Bennett Ritter, chairman; Professor George C. Edwards, secretary; Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. Leon J. Richardson, Mrs. Warren Cheney, Dr. Jessica Peixotto, Professor J. T. Allen, Professor William Carey Jones, and Warren Olney Jr.

A Clerical Contrast

When the Rev. Robert Coyle, the former pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Oakland, was re-visiting his old parish last summer, a close friendship sprang up between him and the present pastor, the Rev. Ernest E. Baker. Now it is a well known fact that Dr. Coyle's economical use of his salary enabled him to invest profitably in Oakland real estate, and that nothing of the lighter joys of life have ever found a place in his scheme of existence. Jolly Dr. Baker, on the contrary, is avowedly a *bon vivant*. He is a noted golfer and is always to be found on the links whenever the club gathers at the point for a day of sport and good fellowship. He argues that nothing is too good for the members of his cloth. Sitting in Dr. Baker's luxurious library in the perfectly appointed Thirteenth street residence, one evening, Dr. Coyle said gravely to his host: "I never smoke twenty-five cent cigars; I do not play golf or other games; I do not pay extravagant rent; I neither

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eat nor give expensive dinners; and when I go from home I do not put up at the most fashionable hotels—but, I own valuable real estate and——"

"Humph!" retorted Dr. Baker, the characteristic twinkle in his eyes, "I do smoke twenty-five cent cigars—when I can't get better; I do play golf, and I am good at it, too; I give the best dinners that the market affords and that my cook is able to prepare; I accept invitations to dinner-parties, wear a dress suit and enjoy myself; when I go from home I travel in the best style there is and put up at the best hotels——"

"I own real estate——" interrupted Dr. Coyle.

"And good property it is, but you have no advantage over me," cried Dr. Baker, with a chuckle. "I live in it and—we are both satisfied."

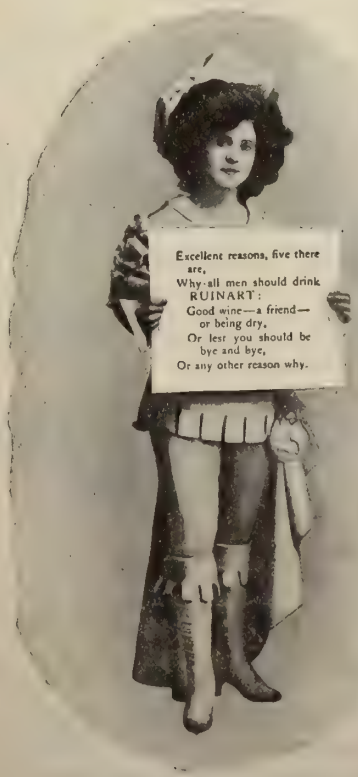
Fatal Impetuosity

The death of Herbert Spencer afforded those two distinguished academicians, Dr. David Starr Jordan and Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, an opportunity to respond to an invitation to rush into print. It's a foolhardy thing for a university president to do. When it comes to expressing his thoughts on paper for general circulation he should take his time. I am sure that when Jordan and Wheeler read their ponderous platitudes in print in one of the evening journals they fairly gasped. Moreover, I am certain that after reading, each wondered what he meant. Some of their language defied interpretation. Their utterances were pedantic and neither had anything to say worth hearing. Their views were painfully academic. In the opinion of both, Spencer was one of the greatest thinkers of his time. The fact is he was a dealer with the thoughts of others and with current notions. He never delved into the unknown. His admirers tell us that he was a pioneer in philosophy, a co-discoverer of the Darwinian theory, but those familiar with Coleridge's essays on Shakespeare know that he was able to define all that is vital in the Darwinian theory fifty years before Darwin was heard of. Spencer was not a genius. He was merely a man of equable temperament, of impartial view and tireless industry, and it was as an exponent of common sense that he attracted attention.

His Jejune Essays

As a thinker he was not to be classed with Shakespeare, or Bacon, or even with Emerson. In his last book, "Facts and Comments," he presented a series of essays on such subjects as "Patriotism," "Party Government," "The Pursuit of Prettiness" and "Imperialism and Slavery." They abounded in platitudes and would have supplied interesting reading for those magazines that supply quick culture for the illiterate. They might have been signed by some hopeless mediocrity, and then they would not have attracted any attention. Yet they were filled with common sense. In his essay on patriotism he says "the cry of our country, right or wrong, seems detestable." He loves the England that freed slaves but dislikes the England that would add to its possessions. Quite a commonplace view, and not half so interesting as some that Tolstoy has expressed on the same subject. He discussed style and quoted with approval the French saying, "The style is the man," and then he tried to improve it by varying it, thus: "Style is organic." Surely Mr. Spencer's admirers won't contend that he improved the Gallic epigram. He didn't even convey the Frenchman's meaning, for the latter meant that style was essentially personal. Spencer turned the concrete into the abstract and slaughtered the phrase. It's dangerous to trifle with the subtleties of French literature. Mr. Spencer assumed to be a literary critic, and he made the dogmatic assertion that "Avoidance of defects of construction is a primary requisite of style." Rather an awkward phrase for a stylist to use, and incidentally inaccurate. A genius converts defects into perfections, and thereby creates style. Many writers are so cautious in avoiding defects that they become stilted and vague—Jordan and Wheeler, for example. It was an evil genius that prompted Herbert Spencer to write about style. I think it is his own execrable style that prejudices me against him.

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An Election Satire

The Ben Hur burlesque written by Will Irwin of the *Chronicle*, for the Bohemian Club jinks, is bright enough for presentation on the professional stage. It is the sort of thing that the management of Fischer's should be eager for, and it is reminiscent of the burlesque skits that made the Standard theatre popular in the days of Reed and Emerson, when local happenings were satirized in burlesques on popular plays. Irwin's skit is a satire on the late election. The three wise men are Schmitz, Crocker and Lane. The hero is Abe Hur. For the galley scene there has been substituted a chain-gang scene on a public road where the convicts are working, each man secured by chain and ball. Abe Hur sells his chain and the purchaser files it off. Abe hurls a rock from a roof during a Labor Parade and kills Crocker, who is making an open-air address. He is arrested and exclaims, "I never done it." The piece abounds in gags with a local flavor.

Expects Great Things of Himself

I hear that Mr. "Watson," the monologuist who "came out" at Mrs. McLaren's week before last, has made good. His next engagement is at Mrs. McCutcheon's and after that he is to recite for Mrs. Salisbury, who will give him the brand of the elect. He hails, I believe, from San Rafael, and Watson is not his real name. He is merely using this name temporarily, as he feels that his present work is only pot-boiling. He hopes to become a literary celebrity and he feels that if ever he does something worth while he will not wish to be reminded that he once made his living as a parlor entertainer. When a man is so cautious in anticipation of fame, he betrays a constitutional disability that may prove disastrous to his hopes. However, Mr. Watson may be an exception and really succeed in doing something worth while.

When She Hears the News

Many of Mrs. Will Crocker's acquaintances are eager to know what sort of message Willie will receive when his wife learns that he threw open the doors of her home to the *polloi*, by way of charity. Though there was nothing in the house that could be stolen, it is thought that nevertheless Mrs. Crocker will be indignant when she learns that the privacy of her home was invaded by the mob. The only thing left uncovered in the house during the invasion was a piano. The charity affair was a frost, but I have not heard of any contributions from the people who did the most grumbling about the change of program. It has been remarked that though they are very active charity workers, their charity consists principally in stimulating the generosity of others.

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Why Peter Is Coming

The smart set is already beginning to crane its elastic neck. The hopes of Mrs. Eleanor Martin are about to be crowned with fruition. Yes, her distinguished Newport daughter-in-law is coming and that's no Patti-farewell. There need be no further misgivings. Peter and his better half are due here in January, and preparations are already under way for the lionizing of the dashing Lily Martin. But the preparations may prove to be premature, for young Mrs. Martin doesn't relish the prospect of contributing to the gayety of a provincial holiday by lending herself as the *piece de resistance*. Some time ago, when Peter was being urged to tear himself away from Newport, his wife confided to a friend that she was reluctant to make the trip, because she would be expected to receive members of our heterogeneous society and also to return the calls, and she hated to be bored. Since it has been known that the Martins had decided to make the trip the rumor has been current that it was a case of necessity; that Peter's bank account was in a state of collapse. Going the Newport pace as Peter did is frightfully expensive. I have heard that he made the pace to the tune of ten thousand a month, and he has no mines in Montana. It was reported that his revenue came from an oil well in Texas, but it didn't. Mrs. Eleanor Martin knows where it came from and she won't tell because she doesn't like to discuss the matter. However, to Peter's credit it should be said, he sustained in Newport the reputation of California and the Martin family for hospitality, and he is coming home for encouragement.

To the student of human nature a most interesting study is afforded by watching the faces of people returning from the races. One can tell at a glance those who have been successful or otherwise. The lucky ones generally repair to one of the well known restaurants up town to refresh the inner man. Of all this contingent the traveled racing man can always be picked out because, as it is essential to him to have a clear head for the next day's business, he invariably winds up his dinner with that healthiest and choicest of all imported champagnes—Ayala.



The Transplanted Ear

[*Note*: A wealthy Eastern man who had lost an ear recently paid five thousand dollars to another man for an aural appendage which was successfully transplanted.]

The speakers are the Ear that was Always There (One) and the Transplanted One (Two):

One: What a lovely day it is. Nature breathes nothing but love and harmony.

Two: I'm wondering how the taters are growing in the field at home.

One: I know nothing of such plebeian things.

Two: What's plebeian? Got anything to do with the price of pork?

One: You're an interloper in society.

Two: Well, I didn't want to come here. I was forcibly brought to this part of the world.

One: Hark to the strains of the piano. Isn't that Chopin nocturne divine?

Two: What's that? I thought it was a new kind of dinner gong.

One: You're hopeless, I fear. How do you ever expect to get along in society if you don't know Chopin from a dinner-gong?

Two: I don't want to know. I wish I were back on my old man's head.

One: That's Mrs. Exclusive over there. Listen, and you'll hear how much she gave for that diamond tiara.

Two: I'd rather know how the children's shoes hold out this winter.

One: Children? There are no children here.

Two: More's the pity.

One: Hopeless, hopeless!

The Owner of the Transplanted Ear experiences strange sensations:

Now, I always enjoyed music, but somehow that Chopin nocturne doesn't sound as it used. I seem to feel a yearning for "Old Dan Tucker," a common melody I forgot the sound of years ago. (*Turns head.*) It sounds divine now—how odd it is! (*To neighbor at table*): Would you mind repeating that remark? I caught the words but they seemed to convey nothing to me. I wonder if my memory is failing me. Such a strange chaos is going on in my mind. I seem to comprehend nothing that is said, yet I hear every word. This society jargon is like a foreign language to me. Yet when I listen to my right-hand neighbor I am quite at home. She is speaking in French, too. My left-hand neighbor must be writing me down a fool.

The Guests, on their homeward way:

I believe our host is going crazy. He said the queerest things. I wonder if he drinks too much—or it might be opium.

And the man never knew. —*The Surgeon.*

Mr. A. J. Frankland of Chicago, who for many years was connected with *The Inter Ocean* of that city, has accepted the management of the advertising department of *The Evening Post*. Mr. Frankland, although a young man, has enjoyed a successful career in the Eastern advertising field, and will no doubt do well in the work he has undertaken.

RACING ON THIS SIDE NOW.

Beginning next Monday, the races of the California Jockey Club will be transferred to this side of the bay. They will be held at the Ingleside track, which is easily reached by train from Third and Townsend streets. The racing special leaves at 1:15 p. m. and leaves the track immediately after the last race.

To Manuela

Manana? No. The light that's speaking
In your eyes
Is the answer I am seeking.

Manana? Talisman for sorrow,
Not for love;
Love may die before tomorrow.

And when 'tis dead we may deride it—
Who shall know?—
Laugh when we should weep beside it.

Manana? No. Ahora; cherished,
Lotus-breathed,
Lived, before 'tis past and perished.

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The Stage

Lulu's Autobiography

To write an autobiography. It has always seemed to me that only the most confirmed egotists would ever attempt such a thing and I hesitate as to how to begin. Of course I know that we of the stage are supposed to be fond of seeing our names in print, and no doubt this is so of all of us, but not more so than of the rest of humanity. I will confess that I am above suspicion in this respect, especially if nice things are being said about me, but to write about myself—that is quite different. And why should anyone be interested in "little me"? My stage career has not been so different from that of many others. While I have always loved my work, it was not from that fact alone that I became a member of the theatrical profession, but from the stern, hard necessity of doing something to earn a living. To tell of my career on the stage? It seems so small, so limited, that there is very little to tell. My first engagement was with Francis Wilson, in the ranks of the "Merry Merry." Mr. Wilson was very kind to me and gave me a chance to under-study Miss Marie Jansen, who was then his leading lady. But Miss Jansen was at that time so distressingly healthy that I did not dream of ever being called upon to play her part, and I went on the even tenor, or rather soprano, of my way, practically dismissed the whole thing from my mind, and was satisfied to do my tra la la's with the other girls of the chorus. It is the unexpected that always happens, however, and that, too, when one is least prepared. It was in New York city at the Broadway theatre that it all happened. New York, of all places! If it had been Cohoes, or Schenectady, or sleepy old Philadelphia——. But New York, dear old New York, the lair of the dramatic critic, where knives are long and sharp for the poor actor. Wilson was at that time playing "The Merry Monarch." On this particular evening I arrived at the theatre about seven-thirty and was met at the door by the stage manager. "Miss Glaser," said he, "we have just received word that Miss Jansen is too ill to play tonight, and you must go on for her part." I rebelled at once. "I simply cannot do it," said I. "Go on without a rehearsal? It is impossible." "But you must," he said. "The house is sold out and Mr. Wilson insists that you must play the part, and says he will help you through." I went to my room in a terrible state, I can assure you. The other girls brought me Miss Jansen's costumes and helped me to dress, and then what do you think happened? Just before the time came for me to go on, I was taken with a deathly nausea and I had to be almost carried to the place where I was to make my first entrance. They literally pushed me on, and for a moment the audience, the theatre and my fellow players all swam before me in a giddy whirl. Finally the time came for my cue. In an instant all was changed. As soon as I opened my mouth, my self-possession returned, and they do say that I made a "hit" that night. At any rate it was the turning-point of my career and I bade farewell to the chorus. I did not, however, get the position as leading lady of the company at once. I was not formally installed until later in the season, and it was in this town of San Francisco that I was selected to permanently occupy the position made vacant by the final retirement of Miss Jansen. I remained in Mr. Wilson's company for several years, playing the principal female roles in all his productions. I then retired from that organization to be at the head of my own company. I appeared as a star in "Sweet Anne Page," a delightful opera and part. Then, in "The Prima Donna," and now in "Dolly Varden." "Dolly Varden" is a very good play and part, and one that I like immensely, and what is still better, the public likes it, too. This encourages managers and box-office men to say that I am a good attraction, which is very sweet of them. I am not going to play "Dolly Varden" forever, however. I expect to have another opera next year which I hope will be equally well liked by the public, the managers and the box-office men. Which reminds me that I am also requested to say something of my aim in life, as far as my profession is concerned. It is to produce worthy musical plays or comic operas. I know it has been said that comic opera is a thing of the past, but I am one whose experience has been that this is not so. For my part I believe that the public taste for the so-called musical comedies is on the wane and that there will be a gradual revival in the field of romantic light operas. That this movement has already begun seems to be the universal opinion of writers in general on dramatic and musical subjects. *Lulu Glaser.*

Among Columbia futures are Mansfield in "Heidelberg" and "Ivan the Terrible" and Clara Bloodgood in "The Girl with the Green Eyes."

One of Lulu Glaser's Offers

Lulu Glaser has had a good many offers of matrimony, but she preserves this one as being the most unique she has ever received:

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"Mis glaser—
"you will very Likely be very much surprised receiving a Letter Like this from a Gentleman who is a perfect Stranger to you. Well I noticed your name and adress in Last evenings peny press and I thought I would write and ask you if you would corrispond with me or grant me the privilige of caling to see you some time next week as I am Looking for a wife and think that you would make me a very good one. Please write soon and let me hear from you soon. I think that I would like to come up in that neighborhood to Live, and will tell you more the next time. I have no Bad habits am a church man. good Bye for this time.
"yours With respect
"Mr. thomas Harkins
"N. 129 Walnut St.
"East Liverpool,
"Ohio."

Marie Heath a Real "Little Sunbeam"

If "For Mother's Sake" were put in the hands of one of our good stock companies, it would be a paying play. By the company presenting it at the Grand it suffers. It has a wholesome plot and book, and its settings are pretty, but the characters are very ill-treated by their exponents. Marie Heath, however, is an an exception. She is all her advance notices claimed for her, and with a much more attractive personality than her pictures betray. She makes a capital boy, her characterization being perfect even to the shrill voice of a fourteen-year-old lad. Another exception to the general mediocrity of the cast is Adelaide Plunkett, who enacts the role of the old maid very cleverly. "For Mother's Sake" is far too excellent a play to be consigned to road oblivion. I shall look to see it transferred to the repertories of stock companies.

A Sketch that Doesn't Bore

There is an aggregation of talent at the Orpheum this week such as I have seldom seen crowded into one night's entertainment. The feature that pleased me most is the sketch entitled "The Cattle Queen"; it is so different from the average vaudeville comedietta. When Miss Redding appeared as the girl from Texas I summoned all the patience at my command, and, Job-like, resolved to remain passive. But the plot had scarcely begun to thicken when I emerged from my self-imposed cold storage and sat up and took notice. It was not that I cared for any possible denouement, or that the piece aroused interest in any dramatic complications. It was simply the dialogue. Here was a vaudeville piece whose lines fairly sparkled and scintillated. Some of the witticisms were more than reminiscent, but on the whole they were refreshing and effervescent. It is one of the few vaudeville sketches that I have seen that do not depend on the talent of the mummers for their success. It is almost actor-proof. Next to "The Cattle Queen," Clarice Vance is entitled to the greatest amount of admiration. She is an exceptionally artistic dialect singer, and her coon songs are gems. The perennial Pauline Hall adds charm to the program. Pauline is not a wonderful vocal



artist, but she has a graceful figure and uses her voice discreetly, which is something to be thankful for these days, since some of the most persistent howlers are not only generously applauded by our music hall patrons, but are venerated by their managers, and have the satisfaction of having their most dismal yelps pronounced "cornet tones" by the critics. Pauline knows her limitations and never howls. The palm for pulchritude at the Orpheum this week belongs not to the human species. "Bonner," the buxom black horse, is an easy winner.

Where Melodrama Is Well Done

"New York Day by Day" was uniquely advertised. Its posters announcing a big reward for the recovery of a lost woman attracted many rubbering passers-by, and helped draw the big audiences that have filled the Central this week. Half the success of the melodramatic productions at this theatre are due to the fine casts allotted them, and half to the fine scenery and mechanical effects. Those who thought the chariot race in "Ben Hur" a stupendous piece of stage mechanism should see some of the scenic effects the Central's mechanical force is responsible for. "New York Day by Day" has several startling scenes, and the cast throughout is fully able to cope with the strenuous acting necessary to bring out the situations.

The Wizard of Broadway

Dave Belasco is surely the most wonderful of all contemporary craftsmen engaged in contributing to the stage. There may be more intellectual and cultured playwrights, and there are unquestionably dramatists who have a greater knack for creating character, but among all his contemporaries there is not one who is as sure of his touch, who is as accomplished as a promoter of action, or as skilled in the devices that appeal to the eye and quicken the pulse. Mr. Belasco is at once a playwright and a stage manager. He is artificial but at all times realistic. Mr. Belasco never fathers a failure. Everything that comes from his workshop is a success. "Du Barry" was the sensation of its day, but its glory was eclipsed by the superior radiance of "The Darling of the Gods," a play that was both unique and startling, and now comes "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" which was tried on the dog in Washington last week, and which is said to be destined for as long a run as anything Mr. Belasco ever wrote. A correspondent writes me that it is one of the most charming plays that has been seen in this country for years. It has stage pictures which for realism and magnificence of detail far outshine the glories of all other Belasco productions. It has a war story running through it, and it presents some very audacious situations. The star of the piece is Henrietta Crosman who limped into New York with a road company, penniless and unknown, two years ago, and electrified Broadway with her performance of Nell Gwynne. She is now one of the foremost American actresses. Belasco, by the way, is today the most successful manager in American theatrical circles. Other managers have been losing money this season. He is coining money. All his stars—Mrs. Carter, Miss Bates, and Dave Warfield—are drawing well in his plays, and now Henrietta Crosman, lately added to his galaxy, is going to swell his bank account.

Norma Whalley in London

Norma Whalley, known here as an Orpheum attraction, with Walter Jones, the comedian, and later with her husband, Sherrie Matthews, in the Matthews Bulger company, is now in London playing a very small part in George Edwardes' "The School Girl." But she is to be cast for a big role in "Mme. Sherry," to be produced by him in December. Miss Whalley is suing Mr. Matthews for a divorce. He is now a hopeless ataxic in a New York sanitarium. She has been most devoted to him during their short marriage. Her first husband was Charles Erin Verner, the well-known Irish actor.

Burton Holmes Coming in January

Those who attended the lectures of Burton Holmes last season will be glad to learn that he will again visit San Francisco for two weeks, during which time he will give two parallel courses of five lectures each, "The Yosemite Valley," "The Yellowstone Park," "The Grand Canyon of Arizona," and two of Alaska; Norway, Russia, Siberia, China and Corea. These will be given at the Lyric during the two weeks beginning January tenth.

Why the Managers Have Suffered

Though a great deal is being said these days of theatrical failures in the East, it is admitted by the critics that only one good play has suffered and that one is Guimera's "Marta of the Lowlands." But it dealt with peasant life in a remote province of Spain, and the leading part was not well acted. A glance through the playhouses of Broadway will reveal a multitude of pieces in which life counts for nothing and the archaic tricks of the playhouse everything. The simple fact is that the managers have been overdoing the dramatized novel, besides creating a supply of theatrical entertainment greater than the demand. Last season several new houses were opened in New York and it was thought the limit had been reached for years, but this season six new ones began bidding for public patronage. So perhaps after all the theatrical slump told of in despatches should not be attributed to Wall street depression. Too many theatres and not a sufficient number of competent playwrights sums up the situation.

Tyndall's Extraordinary Powers

The longer Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall enlightens the thinking people of San Francisco, the larger grow his audiences. His "Proofs of Immortality" left nothing but standing-room in Steinway hall last Sunday night, and very little of that. With plain, logical proofs, he demolished the most laboriously constructed materialistic foundations. Tomorrow night he will give an interesting discourse on "Our Common Birthright," with many new and some startling tests in telepathy and thought-transference. Many, among the professions, who have been Tyndall's pupils, have requested him to locate here permanently, and open a school of "New Thought" for the proper direction of the mind, but he has not decided yet whether he will do so. On December twentieth he will lecture on "A Night of Mystery."

Patti Gives Us Hot Air

Patti is loyally carrying out her statement that she would wear a new Parisian gown, and a different one, at every concert she is to give in this country. This is not a part of her agreement with Grau; it is simply a voluntary action on her part without any compulsion whatever. She thought that the women of the country would feel a certain interest in this somewhat novel way of presenting herself. At each concert in New York and Philadelphia she wore a fresh gown. Patti has been in high spirits ever since her arrival. She compares the American climate to the exhilaration of champagne and says that it has the same effect on her.

Irving Reduces the Tariff

For the first time in his American career Sir Henry Irving has reduced the price of seats from three dollars to two-fifty for his road tour, which, by the way, does not extend this far. Times have changed since Irving first came to this country. In the old days people cheerfully paid three dollars a seat because he produced his plays on a scale of magnificence which surpassed anything that we had ever seen. Now there are several American producers whose extravagance is far greater than that of Irving. However, I believe that Sir Henry could crowd any local playhouse for two weeks of repertoire at three dollars a seat. There is only one Irving.

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TYNDALL IN - - "A NIGHT OF MYSTERY"

Stoddart in Reminiscent Mood

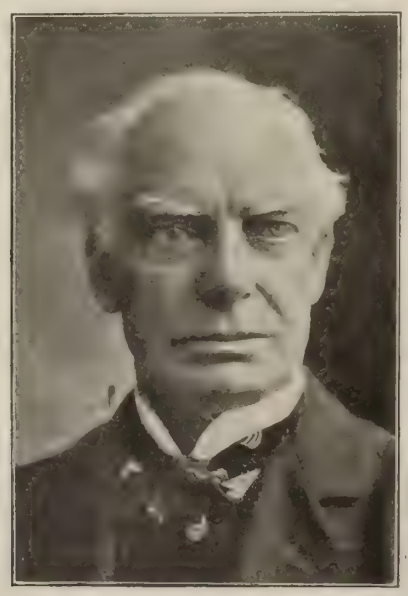
J. H. Stoddart, the veteran actor who came to town the other day, to prepare for his opening at the Grand in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," met some of his old cronies in a down-town cafe, and growing reminiscent chatted away in this strain:

"It was in 1854 that I arrived in this country, and I was a good deal of a youngster then. It seems to me as if I had always been upon the stage, for you know my first appearance was when I was six years old. My father was an actor of more or less importance in Edinburgh, and for more than twenty years appeared at one of the leading theatres, playing the old comedies and Shakespeare repertoire. I left him when I was a boy and toured through England and Scotland, but it was a precarious sort of life, and I determined to seek my fortune in America. Those were days when we did not know much about your country. It was a vast indefinite something, somewhere across the water, where every boy of brawn and pluck might strike out with his good right arm and battle his way toward fame and fortune. Being an actor of rather doubtful histrionic reputation, I was impecunious. So when I started on my voyage, it was on one of the slow packets, where I had ample opportunity to loll about for days in the shadow of its spreading canvas and dream of hope and despair. All this led me to the conclusion that I would quit the stage and become a man of affairs. But, bless your heart, the minute I got into New York, I made directly for the theatre as if I had been led with a chain. I saw the elder Wallack and he gave me an engagement, not important, but still a start. In my modest way I was successful and remained there for twenty years. Those were in the good old days of the splendid stock company, and my! what a company that was. I was associated with Laura Keene, Lester Wallack, Lysander Thompson, and others who made up the really best company I have ever seen. Mr. Wallack was a great favorite in New York, but he had a powerful rival in William F. Burton, who also had a splendid company. In those days we played Shakespeare and the old English comedies year in and year out. A new play was an event, and was not always heralded or received with favor. People, I think, then had a better conception of the good things in the drama than they have now, but they had more time, and nowadays the public very properly wants the lighter stuff to offset the more serious aspects of the drama. Comic opera and musical comedy were unheard of then, and when I came to New York, the only entertainment of the kind in the city was Christy's Minstrels, which was a very crude entertainment as compared to the minstrel performances of the present day."



ELEANOR HABER

Whose charming monologue recital was a feature of last week's amusement record.



J. H. STODDART.

The Grand Old Man of the American stage, who will begin a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House tomorrow night in "The Bonnie Brier Bush."



LULU GLASER

As "Dolly Varden" at the Columbia.

Features of Next Week's Bills

Harry Girard will be in Lulu Glaser's "Dolly Varden" company that opens at the Columbia next week. "Dolly Varden" is said to be quite a catchy comic opera. It was written for Miss Glaser by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards. It has been found necessary to explain that the heroine is not Dolly Varden of Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge" but quite a different person. Some charming costumes are worn by Miss Glaser in the part. The orchestra will be doubled during the engagement and will be conducted by W. E. MacQuinn, formerly leader of the orchestra at the Boston Museum.

"The Bonnie Brier Bush" will be given at the Grand with the same company that presented it at the Columbia. It is one of those simple yet charming life sketches that no one should fail to see. There will be no matinee at the Grand tomorrow, Stoddart's engagement opening with the evening performance. The following Sunday May Stockton in "A Little Outcast" will appear at the regular matinee.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is always a splendid drawing card. It is a play of human interest and will pack the Alcazar during its engagement.

"I. O. U." shows no signs of tiring the patrons of Fischer's, and will be continued.

The Central's attraction next week will be out of the ordinary. It is "The Scout's Revenge," a thrilling drama of adventure, and will be given a magnificent cast and setting.

"Joan Haden's" first appearance on any stage but that of society will be made at the Orpheum next week. Miss Haden will pose in an entertainment of her own creation, formed of copies of famous paintings, all about love. A living Cupid will assist the beautiful San Francisco girl in her original stunt. Songs and music have been specially arranged to harmonize with unique light effects and different costumes will be worn in each picture representing the Cycle of Love. Lotta and Belle Tobin, also San Francisco girls, will be on the Orpheum's bill. They play on a variety of instruments. Henri Humberti, a comedy juggler, will be another attraction. The Orpheum Road Show will be here December twentieth.

At the Chutes will be Esmeralda, xylophone and bell soloist; Al. H. Tyrrell, "the funny little feller," in amusing songs and stories; Ferry, "the human frog," just from Australia, and the Harrison brothers, comedy sketch artists.

The Press Club benefit at Fischer's next Tuesday afternoon will draw a packed house.

Louis H. Eaton will give his twentieth free organ recital at Trinity church next Monday evening. Wm. F. Zech, violin, and Louis von der Mehden, 'cello, will assist in an interesting trio for organ, violin and 'cello. The combination is unusual and Rheinberger has written a beautiful work, which is a novelty on the Pacific coast. The other numbers on the program are the second trio sonata by Bach, Nocturne in A by Faulkes (new), and a Funeral March from "Grania and Diarmid," which was sent Mr. Eaton by Dr. Elgar, the composer.

Though Samuel Adelstein's name has frequently appeared on concert programs, the mandolinist has not for years given a concert of his own. Therefore the musicale he announces for next Thursday evening in Steinway hall will be an event of interest. Mr. Adelstein will be assisted by some of his pupils; Miss Elena Roeckel, contralto; Edward A. Thornton, tenor, and H. Warner Sherwood, the marvelous boy soprano.

Those of us who remember the dismal howlings of the handsome Marcia Van Dresser a few years ago, with the Bostonians, will be amazed to hear that she is now a member of Herr Conreid's forces, singing such parts as one of the Valkyrs in "Die Walkure." Our old friend Agostini of the Tivoli grand opera company, happened in New York just in time to jump on in the role of the duke in "Rigoletto," the great Caruso having succumbed to the American climate.

An Actor's Bereavement

There are times when the actor must stifle his sense of personal sorrow and sacrifice feeling to duty. Luke Conness of the Alcazar company was playing with a heavy heart last week, having received news on Wednesday of his aged mother's sudden death in Kansas City. The time required for travel was too great to permit him to attend the funeral, and there was no one to replace him in the cast of "A Poor Relation."

Mrs. Lotta Day Coleman has returned from New York, where she had the good fortune to place both a play and a novel. Mrs. Coleman is the author of "When the Heart was Young," the rural drama that had its premier at the Alcazar a season or so back.



JULIET CROSBY.

For the first time in several months, Juliet Crosby will be seen at the Alcazar in next week's production of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Her artless and unaffected personation of Lucy Hawkesworth has been much admired in the past. So excellent and versatile an artiste should be seen oftener by the public which holds her in such high esteem.

The Wearisome Dramatized Novel

Somebody has had the boldness to dramatize Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter." The average Ward novel is a nightmare to people of average intelligence, but her commonplace fiction dealing with utterly superfluous English society and political life should appeal in dramatic form to the soft-headed theatregoers of San Francisco who were unable to appreciate "Iris." Such is the taste of the feminine readers of today that this platitudinous portrayer of merely snob life and snob philosophy is hailed as one of the geniuses of the age. Moreover our critics, incapable of perceiving the larger meaning of Pinero, are shocked at his subtle, wholesome philosophy and applaud the perverted sentimentality of Mrs. Ward. I am pleased to know that the dramatization of "Lady Rose's Daughter" was a frost in New York. There is hope for Broadway. People are becoming weary of plays transposed from books. The doom of the dramatized novel is impending. It has been done to death.

The Sceneless Fake

Ben Greet, of "Everyman" fame, who deluded the cultured (?) of San Francisco into the notion that he was giving them Shakespeare *a la* Shakespeare, threatens to return to this country to give "Twelfth Night" in New York without scenery. Mr. Greet will find that theatrical gold bricks are not disposed of in New York so easily as they are in this city. The absurd notion that there was such a thing as a sceneless Shakespeare has been exploded. Research has proved that the Elizabethan Society is sadly mistaken.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Belasco of the Alcazar go to New York next month and take as guests their nieces, the Misses Sadie Herenghi and Anne Levy, to whom the marvels of the metropolis will be like a glimpse of fairyland, for they are native daughters and their journeyings have never extended beyond the confines of California. This little transcontinental trip has been devised as a somewhat unique Christmas gift by the Belascos, who always like to see other people happy

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Whittlesey to Return

The matinee girls of Boston are kneeling in adoration at the shrine of the new idol, our own White Whittlesey, who is coming back here to be starred on the coast by Belasco and Mayer next year. They have surrendered to the sorcery of his grace as the gallant Lysander in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which Nat Goodwin is finding enormously profitable since he escaped from blase, burned-out and burlesque ridden Broadway.

It is the intention of Frohman to present E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in a series of great Shakespearean revivals next season. —*The Playgoer.*

In Financial Circles

Bank clearings uniformly all over the country show a falling off and money rates have hardened to an uncomfortable degree. The local demand for money is quite brisk and the banks have assumed an attitude of watchfulness instead of lending encouragement to speculation.

Moneys to the credit of corporations are to be used towards paying dividends and interest on bonded loans at the beginning of the year, and are therefore not considered available by the banks for loan purposes, since we are nearly at the close of the year.

Transactions in "The Stock and Bond Exchange" were as follows: $144,000 bonds and 2719 shares of stock divided in 1789 shares Gas & Electric stock, 365 shares Water stock, 365 shares Miscellaneous stock, 5 shares Savings Bank and 195 shares Sugar stock. The lion's share was done in Gas & Electric and fluctuations, light as they were, simply followed the law of supply and demand. —*The Financier.*

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Next Monday—First Appearance of Allen Curtis, the world's greatest Hebrew Comedian
Novel stage effects and magnificent costumes
New music, new songs and new jokes
Seats two weeks in advance — Matinees Saturday and Sunday

Orpheum — O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets. Week Commencing Sunday Matinee Dec 13th

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HENRI HUMBERTY. The Tobins. Joan Haden's "Cycle of Love." Francesca Redding and Company. Hines and Remington. 'Bonner." The Brittons. Orpheum Motion Pictures and Tremendous Success of
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J. H. STODDART and REUBEN FAX in the Great Comedy Success
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Strictly a $1.50 show. Same company and production that played at the Columbia last season
Superb Scenic Production! — Excellent Company of Players!
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Popular Prices, Nights—15c, 25c, 50c, 75c — Matinees, 15c, 25c, 50c.
Beginning Sunday Matinee, Dec. 20th—May Stockton in "A Little Outcast"

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Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
One Week Commencing Next Monday, December 14th
The Famous American Military Post Drama
"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME"
By David Belasco and Franklin Fyles
Evening, 25c to 75c — Saturday and Sunday Matinees, 15c to 50c
Monday, Dec. 21—The Great Holiday Production of "BLUE JEANS," the Comedy of Indiana Life, with its Realistic and Thrilling Saw Mill Episode

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Two Weeks Beginning Next Monday, Dec. 14th — Matinee Saturday
F. C. Whitney presents — Special Matinee Christmas Day
LULU GLASER in Stange and Edwards' Dainty Comic Opera
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Beautiful Costumes — A Perfect Production — Magnificent Scenery

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Automobile Topics

The sum total of the practical value of the automobile for military purposes, in the opinion of Capt. T. Bentley Scott, the military attache to the American Embassy at Paris, expressed in a paper on the subject in the last number of the *Outing* magazine, is illustrated in the long trains of army wagons drawn by steam tractors which may be seen daily in Paris wending their way to the great subsistence depots. "After all the enthusiasm, all the talk, all the experiments, this convoy of meat and groceries typifies almost absolutely" the limit of the military usefulness of the automobile. So far, the further use of the machine in armies has been "more in the nature of sport than anything else," and its chief advocates have been "not so much military men as sporting men." That the automobile as a tractor "has come to stay," Captain Scott does not doubt; but after careful and special attention to the subject in France, the country where experiments in its military uses can best be conducted, he concludes that in that restricted sphere alone it "will play hereafter a part intermediate between the railway and the draught horse." This conclusion he reaches after an expert argument which seems convincing.

Barney Oldfield has gone back to Ohio, but before leaving he said that he expected to return again in about a year. Like all champions, no matter what their specialty is, Barney has a fascination for the fair sex. When in Los Angeles he aroused the interest of the wife of a prominent millionaire and she tried to persuade him to permit her to ride in Bullet No. 2 just as he was about to enter a race.

It was not long ago that I read in a Ventura daily: "An exchange says that A. E. Joy of Watsonville is the happy possessor of a 25-horse power double-cylinder automobile, with a seating capacity for six persons and a speed anywhere between 50 and 100 miles per hour. Al used to live in Ventura and is an old friend of ours. We are glad to learn that he has had to enlist the services of a crack-a-jack auto in order to keep pace with his increasing business demands in the prolific land of spuds and apples." And a few days ago a letter was received from Mr. Joy, who purchased a Winton touring car, saying that he was having exceedingly good success with the car and that it was the talk of the town. He recently ran twenty-two miles to Salinas from Watsonville in one hour and fifteen minutes and made the same trip back without a single stop in five minutes faster.

Miss Kate Dillon was out last Sunday morning driving her White car all alone and fearlessly through the Presidio, then over to the Park, along the south drive, and out along the ocean boulevard. Miss Dillon doesn't seem the least bit afraid when at the throttle of her carriage, and wants all the speed out of it the law will allow.

It is more than likely that Los Angeles will have an automobile speedway to Del Rey in the near future. The intention is to parallel the Los Angeles and Pacific railway tracks for about seven miles from the beach, and have the road branch into Washington street at some point not yet decided on. The need of such a road to be used exclusively for automobiles has long been urged, and would be a great additional attraction for Easterners visiting the coast. The Del Rey route's directness makes it a very favorable road and more so because of the straightaway run for the last seven miles, over a practically level road on which there would be not more than a dip of fifteen feet in several miles. Then it would tap near the middle of the Long Shore boulevard from Santa Monica to Redondo, which is in course of construction, and it is believed that in the course of time other automobile roads would be built to connect with the Playa Del Rey end of the new road. The entire length of the road would be about eighteen miles. Dr. Milbank Johnson, president of the Automobile Club of Southern California, said that the intention is to build a road of such excellence that automobilists from all over the country and even from Europe would have to come here to make records.

Many of the "choo choo" wagons journeyed to San Jose and back last Sunday on both sides of the bay. Mr. and C. B. Hale took the trip to the Garden City in their Winton. Mrs. R. E. Parrish, Dr. Russell and some friends were seen in a White touring car bound for San Jose on this side.

Among automobilists and parties who drove to San Jose last Sunday on the other side of the bay were President F. A. Hyde, John D. Spreckels and Messrs. Kjelsburg and Lindbloom. All of these drove in their new White touring cars.

When in the East a few weeks ago Mr. Larzelere of the Pacific Motor Car Company secured the services of Mr. F. R. Dorman, who has for several years been in charge of the offices and garage of the American Company of New York and Cleveland. This company has also contracted with Mr. George Sooner of Cleveland to take charge of its machine shops. Mr. Sooner for three years has been the Packard Motor Car Company's expert repair man, traveling to the various Eastern cities to repair and generally overhaul the old machines owned by this company's patrons. The Pacific Motor Car Company has just installed considerable new machinery and has just completed many improvements in its garage and shops at 49 to 53 City Hall avenue, and with the expert heads of departments will undoubtedly be able to do a very satisfactory garage business.

The Packard Motor Car Company has just built and completed the largest automobile factory in America at the cost of $1,100,000. —*The Chauffeur.*

THE CHRISTMAS "SUNSET."

If you wish to send a Christmas greeting to your Eastern friends, send a Christmas *Sunset Magazine*. Here are 208 pages of color and artistic half-tone engravings; three thrilling Christmas stories; sixteen pages telling all about California automobiles; a line drawing by Gertrude Partington, picturing a California girl beneath the mistletoe; four stunning page pictures in color by Maynard Dixon, telling of Christmas on the Range. Prof. Wm. D. Armes tells all about the new Greek theatre at Berkeley; Tulare's Bond Burning is described by Mary E. Griswold; the attractions of Los Gatos are told by W. R. L. Jenks. Other contributors include Wallace Irwin, Alberta Bancroft, Arthur Inkersley, Ednah Robinson, Charles K. Field, A. J. Waterhouse, E. D. Peixotto, Francis McComas and Roy Farrell Greene. This is the best number yet issued of this progressive Western magazine.



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Inconsequent Woman!

Her Soliloquy at His Wedding.

Of course I would not stay away. I suppose plenty of people—his relatives particularly—were looking for my absence. But here I am. I look stunning, too. This gown hasn't a duplicate for style and cut in this church today. (*Looks about her with keen gaze.*) No, indeed, even the modish Mrs. Saylor is outdone by this frock. I know I never looked better.

What a mob! Well, when these parvenu families get a daughter married, they like to splurge and have all their calling-list in to see the show. Must have spent a thousand on the flowers alone. I wonder how Reggy likes all this sort of thing? He always said a quiet wedding suited his taste. What a change must have taken place in his disposition!

I wonder why a feeling of sadness comes over me when I think of Reggy marrying another girl? I did not love him a little bit. All his impassioned pleadings moved me not at all. My pulses never moved a trifle faster when he was with me. Yet Reggy was a charming lover. He said the sweetest things, paid the most delicate compliments in a way that never offended. I wonder if his bride-to-be appreciates Reggy? I hate to have that high-bred, clever fellow thrown away on a new-rich. I haven't a doubt that her mother made the match. Poor Reggy hasn't a penny beyond his salary, but he's got loads of blood and social position.

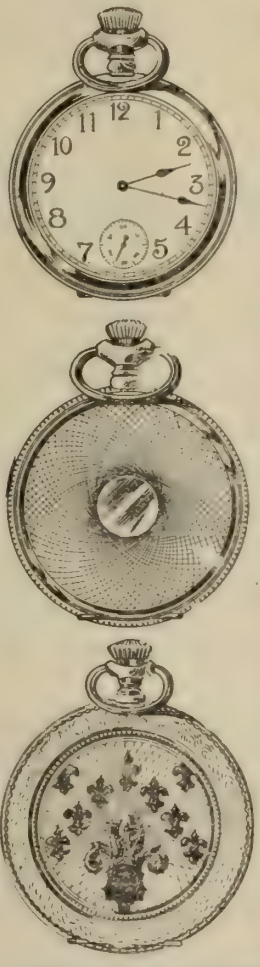
There's his mother. She's always had a grudge against me because I turned her precious son down. But mercy! one can't marry a man one doesn't love, even if he *has* a lovely manner and makes love in a charming way. There's that hateful Snodgrass woman and her brood of ugly daughters. (*Smiles and bows across the aisle.*) There! I suppose they think Reggy jilted me for this moneyed girl. I can't stand up and bellow to the world that I'm not a jilted maiden, that I didn't want Reggy, and that's the whole matter in a nutshell. What a vulgar saying "wearing the willow" is. Half the women here are applying it to me, I can tell by the curious looks cast in my direction—nasty things! Well, *my* heart's not on my sleeve for daws to peck at. It's a smartly-cut sleeve, too—not a woman here has a sleeve of such *chic* cut. And the arm it covers is a well-moulded one, if I do think it, who shouldn't.

What's that the organist is playing? Oh, yes, that sweet serenade. How many times Reggy and I have listened to that serenade together. I wonder if the future Mrs. Reggy is musical? Reggy would hate any one who was not. He's musical and artistic down to the ground.

Well, I must sit up and take notice now. That's the bride's mother coming in now—common-looking woman. I wonder how Reggy, with his refinement, can stand such relatives-in-law? A pity I couldn't have given him *my* people for in-laws. If I do say so, my father and mother cannot be beat in this city.

The first strains of the "Bridal Chorus." How nervous poor Reggy must be—I can fancy his knees shaking and his hands trembling. There come the bridesmaids. Well, the bride's cleverer than I thought her—she's picked out the homeliest girls I ever saw, and one never sees any beauties among bridesmaids. The brides know better than to do anything so rash. I see they each wear a diamond clover-pin—wonder how Reggy's pocket-book stood the strain? Their frocks are frights—I wonder if those frocks were *her* taste? If so, I pity Reggy.

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An immense purchase, consummated just in time for the holiday trade. All of the short lots of a reliable manufacturer, from 2 to 30 watches of a kind, and 51 different styles in all, will be placed on sale now at the lowest prices such fine timekeepers have ever been sold for anywhere.

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Ladies' Solid 14-k. Gold Watch—Exact size and style shown in picture; open-face chatelaine, either polished or satin finished; sale price **$12.35**

Ladies' 14-k. Gold-Filled Watch—Hunting case; fancy engraving, in the pretty and popular fleur-de-lis design; exact size and style as shown in illustration; sale price..... **$9.50**

Ladies' Solid Silver Watch—Very small; Hunting case; either engine turned (as in picture), which is exact size, or plain or fancy engraved..... **$5.85**

Men's Gold-Filled Watches—16 size satin finished, polished or fancy engraved Hunting case; sale price..... **$6.35**

Men's Solid Silver Watches—16 size; open face; engine turned, plain or fancy back case; sale price only **$3.60**

Men's Solid Silver Watches—18 size; Hunting case; sale price **$4.85**

Men's Gold-Filled Watches—12 size, open face; sale price **$5.45**

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The maid-of-honor's not so bad. That's a Parisian gown, I'm sure. Well, I'm thankful for Reggy's sake that his bride's not stingy. Generosity might condone lack of taste in dress. (*Cranes neck.*) Here's the bride. Can't see her face, but her gown's elaborate enough for a Drawing Room. She's not ungraceful, either; carries herself quite well, considering. And there's Reggy at the altar. How pale the dear old chap looks. My sympathy goes out to him.

(*Ceremony proceeds.*) What a short affair—and what a change it makes in one's life. I wonder if I'll ever care enough for a man to stand up before the altar with him, and promise to love, honor and obey until death do us part? *Voila*—not yet, not yet.

(*Bridal party passes.*) Why, she is not bad-looking. She's got no style, but there's something winning about her. She looks shy and happy, so happy. She loves him, I can tell. And Reggy? Why, he looks happy, too. He loves her! How quickly a man forgets. What a proud look that was he cast upon her as she took his arm—what an air of fond proprietorship.

(*Smiles and bows at people going out.*) It was a pretty wedding after all. (*Sighs.*) But how sad weddings make one feel. Now, I can't understand why I feel sad—I refused Reggy—I didn't love him. And yet—and yet—(*sighs again*)—perhaps I'm sad because, now that he loves another, he must be glad that *I* said no!

—*The Mind Reader.*

The Sins of the Sinless

(*A Clubwoman's Dream.*)

A very modest but good clubwoman, who had a very high opinion of her friends' virtues, dreamed that she died and went heavenward. To reach the gates of Paradise she had to climb a great many stairs, and about half way up she was accosted by a white-bearded old man.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am St. Peter," he answered.

Then he gave her a box of chalk and told her to walk up the stairs and she would come to a room where she would find several blackboards.

"One of these is marked with your name," he said, "and you must take this chalk and check off your sins."

The woman followed directions, meditating meanwhile on the errors of her past, and wondering what her immaculate friends would think of her when they saw her blackboard with its record of peccadilloes.

She had mounted but a few steps when she met one of the most irreproachable of her friends coming down.

"Why, where are you going, Mrs. Galabad?" asked the modest and good woman. "Are you not going to mount higher?"

"Later on, perhaps," responded the other, "but I had to come down for more chalk."

—*The Cynic.*

THE C. G. W. FAST ROUTE.

The "Maple Leaf Route" is the name popularly applied to the Chicago Great Western Railway, which lately completed its road to Omaha. The C. G. W. now runs to St. Paul and Minneapolis and the first of the month the road was completed to Chicago. It is already a prime favorite with tourists and travelers, who appreciate its fast and complete service, A I in every detail.

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A Duster Wanted

[illegible] Ladies should not be compelled to take out their handkerchiefs and wipe off the chairs before they dare to sit down in them, as [illegible]

An Accomplished Vocalist

[illegible] difficult aria from Max Bruch's "[illegible]," [illegible] of her hearers, and a trying [illegible] doing her best, she at [illegible] of power and [illegible] is of the kind that carries a thrill with it. To be sure, it was [illegible] first freshness of youth gone from it, but what it lacked in this [illegible] knowledge. As she advanced in her program she grew in touch with the audience, which was somewhat cold at first, [illegible] ally warmed up as it realized the excellence of the singer. By the time she reached the folk-songs which closed her [illegible] ers had become enthusiastic. Her repertory [illegible] several tongues and by such composers as Goring [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

doubtedly a wonderful child, and in addition to her other gifts she composes on her own account. A fantasia and an impromptu of her own appeared on the program, and she played them *con amore*.

The final concerts of Ellery's Italian Band will be given today and tomorrow afternoons and nights at the Alhambra. The "Rag-Time" smoker scheduled for tonight is attracting great attention. The additional attraction is a troup of Dalmatian swordsmen en route to the St. Louis Exposition. They give a sensational drill and sham battle, using two swords as in the olden times. The performance represents a combat between Moors and Turks and the entire drill and contest is with musical accompaniment. This is the first appearance of the organization in this country in public, though they appeared at the Olympic Club during the week where their entertainment was considered marvelous. It is something entirely new in this country.

Eleanor Haber in Monologue

A very large audience, including members of the various women's clubs, attended the monologue recital given by Eleanor Haber last Friday night. These recitals are entirely new here, though Miss Hereford has made them very popular in New York. They are a series of pictures of contemporary life, little sketches of every day existence dealing with happenings that might occur to any one of us. Miss Haber's monologues were all new, some arranged by herself and others specially written for her. A change of costume accompanied each monologue, and a bit of scenic effect that added to the interest. The monologues dealt with a book canvasser, Mrs. Benton's Easter bonnet, a girl graduate, a matinee girl buying theatre tickets, and a society woman's "informal" tea. They were all bright and amusing, the comedy element pervading every one. Miss Haber has gained very much in poise since the recital she gave before going to New York. This improvement is especially noticeable in her facial expression and in her carriage, which has a repose which only comes from experience. There was no opportunity in the selections given to show the reader in any but the lighter side of her work; it would be interesting to hear her in something of an emotional nature. Miss Haber was assisted in her program by Albert I. Elkus who played some of his own compositions. Young Elkus has fully borne out in the youth the promise his talent gave when a lad. He is a brilliant and forceful player, combining these qualities with a delicacy rare in a masculine pianist. His compositions show originality out of the common. "The Lady of Shalott" was an especially beautiful thing, full of poetic fancy. Albert Elkus is now eighteen years of age and a Sophomore at the University of California. He has been composing, and studying piano under Hugo Mansfeldt since he was a little boy, and his enthusiasm for his work still continues unabated. He is to be the soloist at the first concert of the Minetti Orchestra on December fourteenth, on which occasion he will play two original compositions and the Liszt legend, "St. Francois marchant sur les Floss."

A Studio Musicale

Mr. Theodor Salmon, who is one of the colony of musicians and artists who have their studios in the Roosevelt building, gave the last of his Friday evening "at homes" last week. These pleasant and artistic little functions will be discontinued until after the holidays. Mr. Salmon was assisted in his program by Miss Eleanor Connell, soprano, and Mr. Alfred Cogswell, baritone. As usual at Mr. Salmon's receptions, the studios of Miss Connell, Mr. Cogswell and Miss Flora Bell, the artist, were also thrown open to the guests. The inmates of this studio building are like one happy family, and all unite when any one of them is holding an "at home." The program presented on Friday night was: Piano, Prelude, E flat, Chopin, Fantasie, Op. 49, Chopin, Mr. Salmon; recitative and aria from "Judas Maccabaeus," Handel, Mr. Cogswell; songs, No one my grief can tell, Tschaikowsky, A Dream, Lassen, Miss Connell; piano, Concert Study, MacDowell, Romanza (by request), Salmon, Mr. Salmon; songs, A Necklace of Love, Nevin, Gipsy John, Clay, Mr. Cogswell; piano, The Brook (by request), Pape, A la bien-aimee, Schutt, Mr. Salmon; duets, Tuscan Folk Songs, Caraccioh, Miss Connell, Mr. Cogswell.

At the musicale on Thursday of last week given by Mrs. Martin Schultz, two of Shafter Howard's latest compositions, "Farewell" and "The Heart's Fancies," were on the program. They were very charming melodies, possessing much musical merit. Mr. Howard is one of our most promising young composers, and he has talent which is bound to win recognition. Mrs. Schultz is a woman of charming presence and she looked stunning at the musicale. She is a church choir singer much admired in Oakland.

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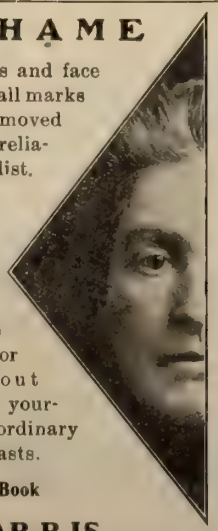
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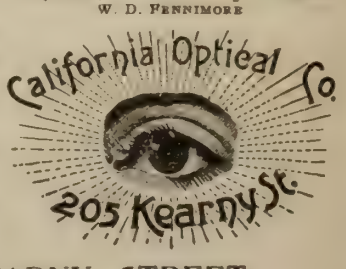
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LETTERS

It Is Worth While

In "The Shutters of Silence" G. B. Burgin has discovered a novel and unhackneyed plot. A child is born of the illicit love of a young guardsman and the daughter of an English vicar. The mother, being inordinately ambitious, refuses to marry the father of the infant, feeling certain that, as no suspicion of wrong conduct has been attached to her, she can do better for herself than to wed poverty. Her tropic passion is quenched after the first flare of the flame, and partly because her love has turned to hatred, and she can cause suffering to the father who loves his little son, partly because the child resembles her so closely that it may excite surmise, she turns him over to the tender mercies of two profligate wretches about to emigrate to Canada. Maternal affection she has not, and out of her sight the child is no more to her than a superfluous kitten doomed to drowning. Half starved and otherwise abused, the little waif makes his escape and in the midst of a storm he is found, nearly frozen to death, at the gate of a Trappist monastery. He is taken in and cared for by the monks, and being unclaimed and evidently unwanted elsewhere, he remains there, becoming a lay brother of the order, and anxious to take the final vows of renunciation. It is here that he is finally discovered by his father, reclaimed from his life of voluntary renunciation, and taken abroad into the social life of London. In some respects Harry Winchester is as pathetic a picture as old Dr. Manette of "A Tale of Two Cities," for, as Brother Colombe of the Mahota monastery, he knows nothing of luxury. Warm baths, soft clothing, animal food and luxurious sleeping accommodations are as foreign to his experience as the society of women, freedom of speech and esthetic surroundings. But in spite of his unfortunate birth the boy is of good blood, quick of understanding and of a grave and respectful demeanor, which makes him a sharp contrast to others with whom he comes in contact. When a youth has grown into his twentieth year without having seen a woman's face since his earliest boyhood, so that he has almost forgotten that there are such creatures, it is inevitable that he should have strange experiences. The women of the social world are various in kind and quality, and young Harry meets those of the two extremes. As a matter of course, he falls in love, and equally as a matter of course, there are obstacles athwart his path. What the nature of them is, and whether Harry decides to renounce the world with all its snares and temptations, and take up again his life as Brother Colombe, or whether he will stand up for a second round after being floored—whether the influence of seven years of seclusion and prayer, or one of life and activity is to prove the stronger, is just what Mr. Bergin has told and what readers must discover for themselves. The author has not attempted to poach upon the field of Rev. Charles Sheldon and others of the "What Would Christ Do?" fraternity, but he has shown that simplicity, directness and innocence will often accomplish what threats and force fail to do. The young ex-monk was not hampered by any of the fine-spun theories of what the world would say, and whether things would look well, or by any far-fetched notions of complicated, hair-splitting justice and equity. To him an action was right or wrong, just or unjust, and he ranged himself at once on the proper side. But lest any one should be turned aside by the idea that he was a pious young prig with nothing heavier than a verse of scripture to hurl at an opponent, it may be well to hint that one of his first victories was over an exorbitant Montreal hackman, and more than once in his social career his knuckles gave evidence of coming into contact with something more substantial than a kid glove. The story itself is good; it is well told, and it is infinitely more wholesome than the majority of the volumes issued from the Smart Set Press. Even in this day of the multiplication of books "The Shutters of Silence" deserves attention.

Wonderful discoveries are made by the amateur literary editor—the new sweetheart or little sister variety. One of them last week spoke of Louis Becke as "*a new* and popular Australian writer," and called "The Octopus" Frank Norris's first novel. What a treat there is in store when, some time, with a day off, the infant stumbles upon "Vanity Fair," or "The Virginians," or "David Copperfield." And there are "Middlemarch," and "Mill on the Floss," and two or three more. There really were books written before the days of best-sellers. Not that one has a quarrel with a belated discovery of Louis Becke or Frank Norris, or Joseph Conrad. Better late than never, but for pity's sake, why advertise ignorance? Why not look up the record and find out whether the book in hand is a first effort or whether it is the first of importance, or only the first that the reader has encountered?

The first free library was established about two hundred and seventy years ago at Wimborne, in England, when a clergyman donated two hundred and forty ponderous volumes to his parish. The volumes were fastened by chains three feet long, so that they could be removed from the shelves to reading desks below for the convenience of those who wished to consult them, but not taken from the building. Some of the volumes are so valuable that today they justify the precaution. —*The Bookworm.*



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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 88054.

CLIFF R. CURTISS, Plaintiff
vs.
JENNIE M. CURTISS, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

JENNIE M. CURTISS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's deserting plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By FRANK J. BURKE, Deputy Clerk.

E. M. RITTER, Plaintiff's Attorney

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87,758

LILLIAN B. SMITH, Plaintiff,
vs.
CHARLES E. SMITH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of the said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

CHARLES E. SMITH Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bond of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful desertion of the plaintiff and willful neglect to provide the plaintiff with the common necessities of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 17th day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

WEST & DE JOURNEL, Attorneys for Plaintiff
54-55-56 Crocker Building, San Francisco

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

In the matter of the Estate of PATRICK F. LYNCH, also known as P. F Lynch, also known as Patrick Lynch, also known as P. Lynch, deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the Petition this day presented by John Farnham, as Administrator of the Estate of Patrick F. Lynch, also known as P. F. Lynch, also known as Patrick Lynch, also known as P. Lynch, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the Real Estate of said deceased, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and now said petition having been filed,

It is therefore ORDERED by this Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before said Superior Court on Thursday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1903, at the hour of 10 A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 9 of said Court, in the New City Hall in the said City and County of San Francisco, to then and there show cause why an order should not be granted to said Administrator for the sale of all of said real estate, or so much thereof as shall be necessary

It is therefore ORDERED that a copy of this order be published four successive weeks in TOWN TALK a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County.

Done in open Court, this 20th day of November, 1903

J. V. COFFEY, Judge of said Superior Court

CARLTON W. GREENE, Attorney for Administrator
Chronicle Building San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of George Symon, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jemima Harling, Administratrix of the estate of George Symon, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jemima Harling, Administratrix as aforesaid, at the office of Edward B. Young, Attorney-at-Law, No. 14 Sansome street, Rooms, 35 and 36, San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Jemima Harling
Administratrix of the Estate of

Dated at San Francisco, Nov. 21, 1903 George Symon, Deceased
Edward B Young, Attorney for Administratrix

A highball is tasteless unless the whisky is of the best brand. Try a Chapin & Gore highball if you want something delightful.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87599.

MARY M. WALSH, Plaintiff
vs.
D. J. WALSH, Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting, to:

D. J. WALSH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's neglect and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By R. A MARTIN, Deputy Clerk

GEORGE M. HURLBUT, Plaintiff's Attorney
449 Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary G. O'Brien, administratrix of the Estate of John J. O'Brien, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Mary G O'Brien, at the offices of J. J. Lermen, Attorney-at-Law, Rooms 908-911 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY G. O'BRIEN,
Administratrix of the Estate of John J. O'Brien, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 21, 1903.
J. J. Lermen, Attorney for Administratrix.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Matter of the Estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of said Court, Dept. 9 thereof, duly given and made on the 23rd day of November, 1903, in the matter of the Estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased, the undersigned, as administratrix of said estate will sell, at private sale, all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the Northwestern line of Jessie street distant thereon 275 feet Southwesterly from the Southwestern line of Fifth street and running thence Southwesterly along said line of Jessie street Twenty-two (22) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Northwesterly parallel with Fifth street Eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Northeasterly parallel with Jessie street Twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches, and thence at right angles Southeasterly parallel with Fifth street Eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement.

Together with all the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging. Said sale will be made on or after the 14th day of December, 1903, and offers or bids in writing for the purchase of said property will be received at the office of Mr. Joseph E. O'Donnell, Rooms 461-462, Fourth floor, Parrott Building, No. 855 Market street, in the City and County of San Francisco, California. All bids to be addressed to the undersigned.

Bids are to be for the property as a whole.

Terms of sale: purchase price to be paid in United States Gold Coin, payable upon confirmation of the sale by said Court.

Dated, November 24, 1903. Catherine Felvey, Administratrix
Joseph E. O'Donnell Attorney for Administratrix of the Estate of Lawrence Felvey, deceased

---

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From "The Making of an American," by Jacob I. Riis:

It was never a safe plan to lie. It never did work out right, not once. I have found the only safe plan to be to stick to the truth and let the house come down if it must. It will come down anyhow.

I don't care two pins for all the social theories that were ever made unless they help to make better men and women by bettering their lot.

Two can battle with a fit of homesickness much better than one, even if never a word is said about it.

Providence has a way of ranging itself on the side of the man with the strongest battalions of resources when the emergency does come.

When there are two sides to a thing, it is not difficult to get at the right of it in an argument and to carry public opinion for the right. But when there is absolutely nothing to be said against a proposed reform, it seems to be human nature—American human nature, at all events—to expect it to carry itself through with the general good wishes but no particular lift from any one. It is a very charming expression of our faith in the power of the right to make its own way, only it is all wrong: it will not make its way in the generation that sits by to see it move. It has got to be moved along, like everything else in this world, by men. That is how we take title to the name. That is what is the matter with half our dead-letter laws. The other half were just stillborn.

Oh for irregularity enough to throttle precedent finally and for good!

It does seem as if the chance of getting something for nothing is, on the whole, the greatest temptation one can hold out to frail human nature, whether in the slum, in Wall street or out where the daisies grow.

Stories Old and New

What He Saved

At a recent fire a fireman came gasping and panting from the burning building with his beard and eyebrows singed in the flames. Under one arm he carried a small but heavy box which he deposited in a place of safety with the air of a man who had saved a box of government bonds from destruction.

"I've saved something valuable, from the heft of it," he exclaimed proudly.

On opening the box, it was found to contain six bottles of a patent fire-extinguisher.

A Comedian's Jest

Mr. Toole was once traveling on the Great Eastern line from Ipswich to Cambridge. The train was a slow one, and the journey in consequence very tedious. When Bury St. Edmunds was reached the comedian was thoroughly wearied out by the length of time the train was delayed at the station. Calling a porter, he asked in a very bland manner for the station-master, who, all politeness, bustled up to the door in which sat Mr. Toole, looking as solemn as a judge.

"What is it, sir?" asked the official.

"At what time is the funeral to take place?" inquired Mr. Toole.

"Funeral, sir—whose funeral?" asked the now wondering station-master.

"Whose funeral?" continued Mr. Toole. "Why, have we not come to Bury St. Edmunds?" —*The Raconteur.*



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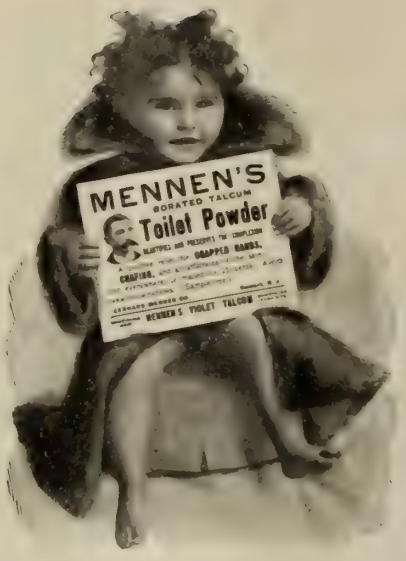
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The Evolution of Christmas

At first blush it would appear that any people calling themselves by the name of Christian must naturally acknowledge the birthday of Christ, or the day commonly accepted and set apart for the commemoration of that event, as the most important in their religious calendar, and to be celebrated in some manner, either socially or ecclesiastically, though every other festival of the year should pass without notice. Not so, however. When once the idea of protest and reformation took root each successive reformer undertook a larger task of "purification" than his predecessor. It is in the nature of all such movements to become radical and proceed to extremes, hence it is not surprising that many of the sects and subdivisions of sects which arrogated to themselves the exclusive right to declare themselves Christians had all but eliminated the spirit of Christ and Christianity from their creeds.

It was not from Luther, but from the ascetic Calvin that the Puritans derived their ideas of the religious spirit, and none of the traditional characteristics which are connected with the reformed religion are associated with either Martin Luther or Charles Wesley. A lover of children and family life, of nature, of simple pleasures and harmless sport, we do not picture the great Reformer as one who would banish Christmas joys. On the contrary, there is an old print which represents him seated with his wife and family about a table on which stands a lighted Christmas tree. Clustered about the base of the tree are numerous articles, evidently Christmas gifts, and one of the children is apparently singing to the accompaniment of his father's lute. In the corner, by the great German stove, sits the grandmother, with the family cat at her feet, and a child's hoop and stick rest against the wall. But for the quaint costumes and antique furniture, it would readily pass for the picture of many a family gathering of our own day.

In the year 1617 James I made a journey to Scotland to establish the English church with all its forms and observances, and one of the Five Articles in which the king set forth his will proposed that "the festivals of Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension Day and Whit Sunday should be observed in Scotland just as in England." The articles were received with unequivocal signs of displeasure, and many of the churches flatly refused compliance with the revival of Christmas, which was denounced as a return of the pagan Saturnalia. Three years later the Articles were enforced by an act of Parliament. In a little while we shall find Parliament just as active in passing laws to prohibit the celebration of church festivals.

It was in the same year that we find the English Parliament passing laws to enforce the recognition of church holidays that the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and it must have been a source of satisfaction and uplifting to these uncompromising protestants against papacy and prelacy that their first work, the felling of trees and hewing of logs for sheltering the little band, was undertaken on Christmas day. One of the chroniclers of the times makes boastful mention that "no man rested all that day." As the stores had begun to run low it was advisable to begin to limit allowances, and one can imagine the grim pleasure which the elders must have found in beginning the restricted diet on the very day which elsewhere was given over to feasting and good cheer. We cannot help a suspicion that the "master who caused us to have some Beere" at night was actuated as much by a lingering recollection of the old Merry Christmas as he was by the fatigue of the unwonted exertion of the day's work.

In 1633 one William Prynne, a Puritan lawyer, published "Histriomastix," in which he denounced plays,



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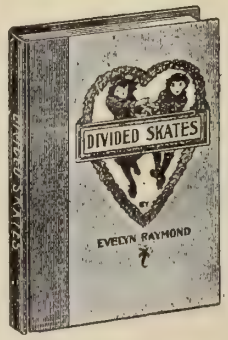
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masques, balls, the decoration of houses with holly and evergreens, feasting and all other celebrations of Christmas, and was committed to the Tower, prosecuted in the Star Chamber, expelled from the University of Oxford and the Society of Lincoln's Inn. He was also disbarred, compelled to stand in the pillory on two occasions, forfeiting one of his ears each time, while his book was burned before him by the public hangman. In addition to all this he was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment as well as to the payment of a fine of five thousand pounds. But William Prynne was only a few years in advance of his time, for by 1642 we find ordinances issued forbidding the performance of plays at Christmas. In the following year shops were first kept open on that day, and shortly after that parish officers were prosecuted for permitting the decoration of churches. In June, 1647, it was decreed by act of Parliament that the feast of the Nativity of Christ, Easter and Whitsuntide be no longer celebrated, but that servants, aprentices and others be given a holiday on the second Tuesday of each month instead. In Canterbury, on the twenty-second of December in that year, the town crier went about with his bell and proclaimed the abolition of Christmas, and that a market should be held on that day.

It is not to be supposed that the mass of the people accepted these ordinances peaceably. On the contrary, there were riots in every quarter of the kingdom. In Canterbury resolutions were passed declaring that unless Christmas was restored the people would declare for the king and raise an army to fight for the restoration of the monarchy, while the apprentices and servants in London clamored loudly for church services. It is not probable that the apprentices would have been over-zealous in attendance had the services been continued, but they felt that they were being deprived of a right, and declared, not without reason, that making Christmas the only day in the year when no service was held and no sermon preached was in itself an observance of the day by the Puritans, in spite of their prohibitory ordinances. It has always been regarded as a fortunate circumstance for the Parliamentarians that the first Christmas under their rule fell upon Thursday, for if it had happened to occur upon Sunday they would have been placed in an awkward dilemma. They could not have prohibited the regular services on that day, and to have permitted them would have established a precedent for subsequent celebrations.

General Browne, a Presbyterian zealot at Abydon, sent out a proclamation commanding the people to work especially on Christmas day, and one of the newspapers of the time took the stand that God had concealed the date of the birth of Christ for the same reason that the burial place of Moses has ever remained a secret, "so that they might not put an holiness on that day." The writer was in favor of celebrating such occasions as the Fifth of November instead, and in spite of his declaration that God had intentionally concealed the date of the true Christmas he gave it as his opinion that the time fell in September. Meanwhile, in order to prevent a recurrence of the same disturbances in the following years, Parliament took stern measures of repression. During the years of the Puritan ascendency there were no further attempts to celebrate the day publicly, but the authorities very wisely took no notice of what people chose to do privately and in their own homes. All this while the English laws were echoed in the colonies, and Judge Sewell, whose diary has thrown much light upon the early days of American occupation, records gleefully the open stores and the carts which came to town to transact business, and when, many years later, the prohibitory statutes were repealed, he tempers his



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annoyance by blessing God that there is yet no authority to compel the observance of the day.

The English Christmas was revived with the Restoration, but the spirit of Puritanism survived for two centuries, though not in its virulent form. There are, however, people yet in middle age who can remember little playmates who never hung their stockings for Santa Claus to fill, or plucked the fruit of the Christmas tree, or listened to the immortal story of the jolly saint and his team of reindeer, at the knee of mother or father. In these more liberal times, when Jews and pagans as well as Christians unite at least as far as in making the children happy, it comes upon us sometimes, with a shock, in turning over the pages of reminiscences or of old-time children's books, to realize that the time is so recent when even to exceptional families there was by deliberate design and intention, no Christmas.

But the ups and downs of Christmas have not been all of the Puritanical and prohibitory order, for they have had their comical aspects as well. It was not until 1752 that the New Calendar was adopted in England, and the peasants could not comprehend the necessity for omitting twelve days in the enumeration as anything else but a deliberate attempt to deprive them of nearly a fortnight of their lives. They stood stoutly by the assertion that the day which, according to the new method of calculation, would fall on the sixth of January, and not the twenty-fifth of December, was the proper time for the celebration of the holiday, and they refused to eat the usual mince pies and plum pudding, drink their punch or hold their revels, much less to attend church, on any but the "right" day. The clergy were hard put to it to deal with their parishioners, and the peasants of Buckinghamshire hit upon an original solution of the difficulty. It was claimed, for the occasion at least, that a blackthorn growing near one of the villages was a slip of the flowering thorn of Glastonbury, which, tradition asserts, was the staff of Joseph of Arimathea. After the crucifixion the saint fled, carrying with him the Holy Grail, and as he stopped on Christmas Eve to rest himself against his staff, it took root and burst into bloom. The Glastonbury thorn is popularly believed to send forth blossoms at midnight of the holy eve ever since, and the Bucks peasants determined to leave the solution of their problem to the tree. They set out in a body to watch for the miracle, agreeing that if the thorn blossomed on the night of December twenty-fourth they would accept the following day as Christmas, but if not there should be no observance until twelve days later. They kept their vigil, but were unrewarded for their faith, so at daylight they set out for home in anything but a holiday mood. The rector of the parish met them and ordered them into church, but they refused compliance. He tried to argue them from their stand, but it was useless. They met all his reasoning with the same stolid answer of no flowers, no feast, and not a Bucks peasant would enter a church until the parson agreed to smoke a pipe with them on the only Christmas which they would recognize. Eventually, and perhaps as a matter of convenience, the twenty-fifth day of December came to be celebrated by gentle and simple alike, but it is noteworthy as an example of the tenacity with which the humbler classes cling to tradition, that to this day one may find people of English or Irish origin still referring to the sixth of January as Old Christmas, or Little Christmas day, though they may be removed two generations from the old country.

Sarah Connell.

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Willy Up-to-Date: Oh, no, nurse, we don't want a whole crowd of children.

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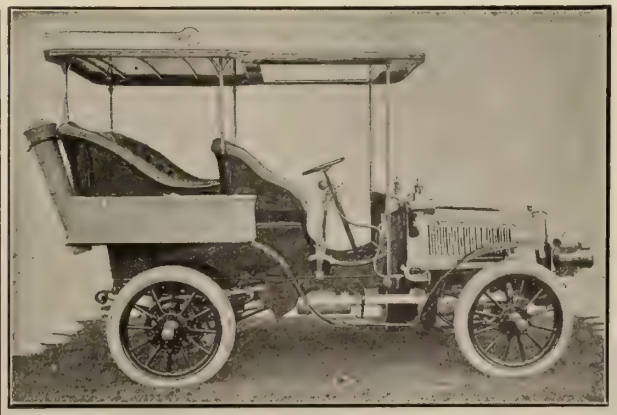
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The Nativity

It was not until the fourth century, A. D., after active persecution of the Christians had ceased, that the first effort to celebrate the Nativity was made. Then it began to be recognized that the life, as well as the death of the Saviour had significance, and that patience under suffering and resignation in death were not the only Christian duties. But when the Church determined to make a festival of the day of the Saviour's birth, it was found that there was not even an approximate record of the date, and no way of determining it. The Gospels give no hint of either day or month, and oral tradition was silent. There were scattered conjectures to be found in the writings of the Fathers, but there was no evidence to turn the scale in favor of one day more than another, while the dates were so widely separated that it was impossible to attempt to reconcile them. Moreover, all were of such a late origin that none could claim to be authoritative. Some held to the twentieth of March, while others considered two months later the proper anniversary, and Clement of Alexandria favored the nineteenth of November. The Eastern church, basing the Incarnation on a liberal interpretation of the first three verses of the first chapter of the prophecy of Ezekiel, celebrated the fifth or sixth of January as the date of the baptism. With such confusion it is evident that there was no better plan to be formulated than to be governed by convenience and symbolic significance and celebrate a day by common consent. The early Fathers did not profess, as some later theologians have done, to be determining chronology and settling history. They did not delude themselves, for a moment, with the idea that the date selected was the actual anniversary of the Incarnation, but there were many reasons why it was satisfactory in both an ecclesiastical and a popular sense. It had long been an assumption that as the earth was commanded to bring forth grass and herbs, the creation had taken place in the spring of the year, and as "the evening and the morning were the first day," it must have been when the days and nights were of equal length, therefore it was not unnatural that the vernal equinox, the twenty-fifth of March, should have been regarded as the actual day upon which the earth was evolved from chaos. With perhaps more piety than logic, it was equally natural to the primitive mind to consider the same day as the most fitting date on which the Immaculate Conception could occur, and a simple counting forward brought them to the twenty-fifth of December as the day of the miraculous birth. Now, the twenty-fifth of December is the winter solstice, the day upon which the light begins to lengthen and the darkness to grow less, and it had already been celebrated as a pagan feast, the birthday of the sun. What more natural than that the minds of the primitive Christians should be impressed with the coincidence of the waning of the spiritual darkness of the world? St. John the Baptist is presumed to have been born on the twenty-fifth of June, the date being determined by the same calculation by which others have been arrived at, and here again, as St. Augustine points out: "Behold, my brethren, another instance of the wondrous fulfillment of Scripture. St. John the Baptist was born on June twenty-fifth, the summer solstice, when the sun begins to decline. The Lord Jesus is born on December twenty-fifth, when the sun begins to ascend, and thus is fulfilled the saying, 'He must increase, but I must decrease.'" The earliest mention of December twenty-fifth as Christmas day occurs in the Calendar of Church Festivals, A. D. 354, but it would seem as though the world had been waiting for an opportunity to celebrate it, for in 360 the people crowded into the churches of Rome, and twenty years later we have an account of the services at Antioch. Fifty years from the first promulgation of Christmas as a church festival it had become the universal practice of Christianity to make it the great holiday of the year, and though there are thousands today who profess no religious belief, or who dispute the divinity of Christ, there is no civilized land, and certainly no household wherein there is a child, which does not make some recognition of the occasion. Higher critics may scorn the childish arguments by which the pious Fathers arrived at their deductions, and the wise and learned may point out the improbability of shepherds watching their flocks in the open fields in mid-winter; it may be proved and proved again that the tax registration of Publius Sulpicius Quirinus was not made in December at all. What the world wants now, as it did fifteen centuries ago, is a common day on which all may unite to celebrate the greatest event in civil and religious history.

Sweethearts and Wives

"Tu-whit, tu-whoo! Tu-whit, tu-whoo!"
Sang the Christmas bird.
"Now give me a toast to the girl you love most,
And I'll say the word."
And the names went forth—"tu-whit, tu-whoo!"—
From myriad lungs:—
"Marie, Gretchen, —*ach du lieber, j'aime,* fond"—
In many tongues.
The sentiment alike, for the hearts were true—
And the big bird sang "Tu-whit, tu-whoo!"

—*The Nonsense Rhymer.*

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In the Dawn of Christianity

It is a noteworthy circumstance that though the birth of Christ is the point upon which the whole Christian religion rests, no reference to the event appears in the art of the first four centuries of the Christian era. Writers and lecturers build fanciful pictures of the primitive church, and of the Christ child and the Holy Family, as though they held always the position amongst the faithful that they do today, but it is rather what they think ought to have been than what records show as the fact. From our present-day viewpoint this seems strange and almost inexplicable, but if we can assume mentally the attitude of the early Christians there is no mystery in the matter. Humanity was not very humane to the first converts to the new religion and the world was a hard home to them. They did not look upon it as a pleasant abiding place, but as literally a vale of tears, and it was not the birthdays, but the days of the deaths of saints and martyrs that were commemorated, for with death they escaped from misery and persecution and entered into the joys of the heavenly kingdom. Origen, one of the early fathers of the church, said: "None of the saints can be found who ever held a feast or a banquet on his birthday, or rejoiced on the day when his son or his daughter was born. But sinners rejoice and make merry on such days, for we find in the Old Testament that Pharaoh, King of Egypt, celebrated his birthday with a feast, and that Herod, in the New Testament, did the same. But the saints not only neglect to mark the day of their birth with festivity, but also, filled with the Holy Ghost, they curse the day, after the example of Job and Jeremiah and David." While the leading teacher of the church held forth in this manner, we cannot expect to find the Christians thinking of the Nativity as a joyous occasion, and so the event which we now look upon as the most important in the world's history, the fulfillment of the prophecies of the Old Testament, the personal entrance of God into humanity, the visible coming of the Saviour who was to redeem the world, was not looked upon as an occasion of supreme importance. It was not the humanity, but the divinity of Christ which engaged the attention. It was not the birth of the Saviour, but his death, which was to redeem the world. It was not through His life, but through His death that they expected to be saved. He was born only that he might die. It was not the Incarnation, but the Crucifixion and Resurrection which were to be final proof of his Messiahship. The Christian church did not spring into being ready-made as by the deliberations of a conclave or convention; the systems of doctrine were elaborated slowly, and the sequence and relative importance of church festivals were not determined at once, and since the principal article of faith and hope was the redemption of mankind through the death of Christ, it was but natural that Easter should be the crown of the year. Then, too, none of the Disciples and Apostles had known the Holy Family. None of them had seen the Child Jesus, a helpless infant in his mother's arms, nor had they observed him at play in the shop of Joseph, the carpenter, as a boy, or rendering such assistance as he could as a youth. In only one of the Gospels is there a dwelling with any degree of tenderness on the early years of Jesus. The Epistles antedate the Gospels, and it was not the poverty and humility of the earthly life, but the splendor and glory of the heavenly kingdom upon which thought was centred. St. Paul, whose was the dominating mind among the Apostles, dwells continually on this feature. It was not the here, but the hereafter which concerned them. The birth of the Saviour was but the opening of the door to the arena wherein his work was to be accomplished, but an insignificant though necessary detail without which the redemption of mankind could not have been brought about. In a word, it was a humiliating circumstance best left unnoted.

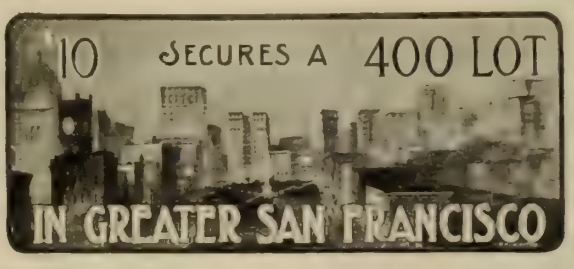
Distance Lends Enchantment to the View

"Miss Homely looks pretty enough to kiss as she stands off there beneath the mistletoe."

"Why don't you kiss her then?"

"I don't want to be disillusioned."

—*The Croaker.*



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"Eyes that shine with wondrous glory
Eyes that tell their own sweet story.
Eyes wherein no sadness lies
For this maid is MURINE wise."

MONTEREY PAINTERS

BY ELLEN DWYER DONOVAN.



Robert I. Aitken's panel portrait of Charles J. Dickman.
Shown at the Bohemian Club Art Exhibition.

Midway between Monterey and Pacific Grove is to be found the pretty home, recently built, of Mr. C. J. Dickman, the artist. It is situated in one of the most advantageous and delightful spots to be found in the Artist Colony of Monterey. It overlooks an expanse of wondrously changing scenery — due to local atmospheric conditions — of mountain and forest, sea and sky, rare to be found the world over.

As one enters the reception-room of the genial host, the artistic note given out of unaffected simplicity impresses the visitor. After descending a short flight of steps—to the left of the reception room as you enter—a fair idea of the artist's labor of the last twelve months can be gained by the many canvases hanging in his art gallery; paintings which have been added to his last year's collection. Prominent among them is a large canvas "Before the Storm." It is a replica of the one purchased by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, for two thousand dollars. It is a spirited work—a craft dipping into a deep bed of sea, with mountain waves just ridden, and many more to ride. The seaman is aloft, regulating and manipulating his sails, and lending his encouraging touch to the struggling, gallant bark. The spirit of night is closing round, with its accompanying additional dangers. You feel the foamy spray. You inhale the ozone, and though the wave-washed deck is not visible in the darkening light, you are made to feel its discomforts. It is an absorbing and haunting picture.

Among the late additions to Mr. Dickman's gallery are many historic scenes; *"La Casa de las quatros vientes,"* or House of the Four Winds, taken from the inner court, is probably one of the most interesting in the collection. It is a view never before taken of this old landmark of Mexican occupation, and gives one a fair idea of what the weather signal house was, before Sloat hoisted the stars and stripes over the old Custom House by the sea.

Mr. Dickman's Normandy and Brittany scenes are especially interesting; for one thing among others, the different life-notes they give us, as compared to our civilization. They are great studies in values and harmony of coloring, and in them one can see that the artist possesses that power over material, which proves no mean style.

Over the door, leading into the art gallery, is a bas-relief of the painter in his studio, herein given. It is the work of Mr. Robert Aitken, and a speaking likeness. It is true to the spirit of Mr. Aitken's best work, and bears the stamp of genius.

There is much that might be said of Mr. Dickman's ability, in other lines than painting, did space permit. For one thing, he possesses a rare baritone voice, and might easily have made his mark as a vocalist. He is at present engaged on a portrait of Mr. Frank Deering of this city.

Across the street from El Carmelo hotel, at the Grove, the studio of Professor Ivey is to be found. The first impression that one receives on entering is that of color. California is well represented on those walls, and proves the professor to be a close student of the atmospheric conditions which produce brilliant effects.

Monterey Bay is a transcript of that portion of the bay which, when seen from the heights above the town, is always compared to the Bay of Naples. Its composition appears to be as perfect as a pictorial composition can be. Its scheme of color is that which is seen under broken clouds. In the foreground there is a mass of olive-toned oaks, with the sun-lighted fields on the right, which

stretches away to the near curve of the bay; and again carries those foam-fringed curves past the sands of Del Monte, while again over the turquoise limpidity of its waters is seen the picturesque mountains in the distance.

"Lorna Doone" land—whether it is that the artist has made this district his favorite sketching ground or no, it is certain that the few examples of these illustrations of this bewitching book, "Lorna Doone" are second to nothing in his present portfolio. Those pictures are full of that dreamy poetic feeling which Blackmore wove so wonderfully into his story. In one the morning mists are being scattered into tender visions, while the soft rolling landscape lies glittering in pearly dew-drops, and leads the eye out into the great Valley of the Exe.

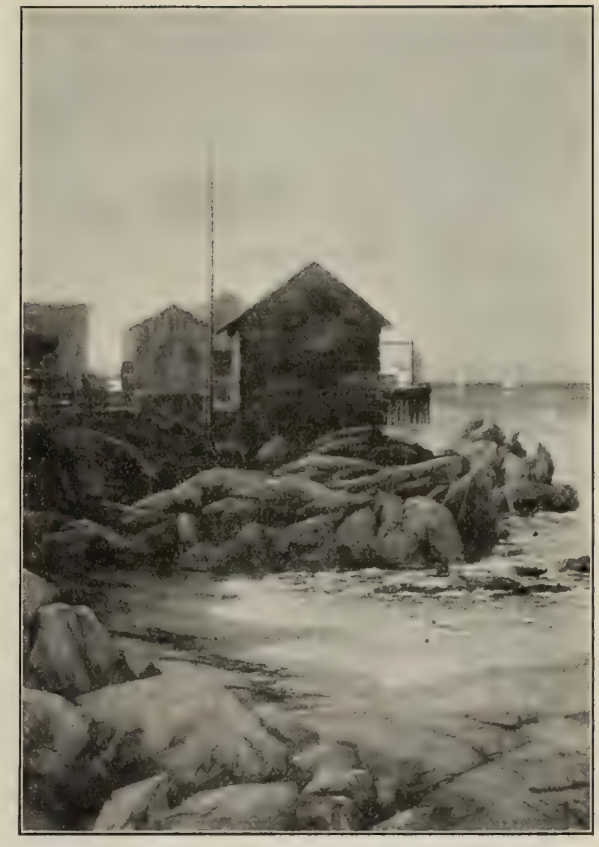
"The Old Wharf," by Mr. Ivey, will readily be recognized by any visitor to the old Mexican town.

Mr. Arthur Mathews has of late given his time to mural decorations for private homes. Some of the panels have been photographed for reproduction; barcaroles, fantasies, etc., but the delicate tints of grays and pinks did not take sufficiently well to warrant reproduction here, hence a loss to the interested public.

Little need be said to the San Francisco public regarding Mr. Mathews' work. His reputation has long since been established. He is at present engaged on a frieze for the Mechanics' Institute. The decorations done on the Dingee and Taussig residences are works of art, which this city may well be proud of. In omitting to give any measure of value to Mr. Mathews' line of work, it must be understood as the highest compliment the writer can pay to the skill and ability of the man.

Mr. Francis McComas' exhibition at Vickery's this year proves to the public the marked maturity which the young painter has gained in the last few years, in achieving art. The many pictures which he has sold in the last twelve months speak the confidence the art lovers entertain of his ability. Twelve were sold at the November exhibition of last year, and seven so far this year, though the term of Exhibition is not more than half expired. Several have also been sold from his studio, making about thirty in number all told within the last twelve months.

Visitors to this exhibition voice their sentiments of conviction that it will only be a matter of a short time before Mr. McComas will be recognized as a leading water-color artist. There is something so seductively fascinating in his coloring that it takes study and repeated visits to be able to grasp its fullest meaning.



Old Wharf-Monterey.
From a canvas by John Ivey.

"Summer—Monterey" is one of the truest interpretations of the title that could be expressed of that dreamland of the south. The restful summer speaks from the sun-dried land, clothed in its brown tints; some light, some dark. They are the browns which the eastern painters cannot understand until they have made a visit to California.



Monterey Oaks.
By Lucia K. Mathews.



From a Water Color by Francis McComas.
By permission of Dr. Harry Tevis.



By Louis A. Mathews

The summer is there;—heat; the parched earth; the warm air; the drooping famished oaks, all making their plea for the friendly rains of fall to hasten. Summer speaks from every blade of withered grass; from every drooping leaf of the shade-giving cluster of giant oaks. There are a thousand mysterious messages sent out to us from this painting, which are untranslatable on paper. Things "which we can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

"Cypress Land" brings to us, who have had the pleasure of seeing it, the recollection of the beautiful driveway, along the rocky, surf-beaten coast, with the sea and sky of wondrous coloring, and off to the point in the distance the attention is called to the ostrich-shaped cypress, boldly outlined, against the blue of the summer sky.

The spirit of Monterey cannot readily be thrown off after a visit to this exhibition at Vickery's.

Mr. McComas' studio is centrally situated in the old town of Monterey, at *La Senorita Bonifacios*. Gertrude Atherton has made this house famous by her story of "The Wash-tub Mail." The Sherman rose blooms as fair today, along the trellis-work overhead in the front garden, as if the withering hand of time had not laid low the one for whom it was named—the hero of the tale; or if it had never shared in a romance, which was fated to bruise the heart of the gentle-faced heroine.

"Do not fail to see Miss Mary Brady," came over the phone to me from a Monterey artist.

"An artist?" I questioned.

"Yes, one of the ablest women in the colony."

"Why have I not heard of her before?"

"'Tis a case of genius and extreme modesty."

On the road to Miss Brady's I met a high priest of the cult.

"I am going to see Miss Brady," I said, "I understand she is one of your clever women."

"No, she is not clever," he returned, looking off into space, his face as expressionless as a sphinx.

"I have been led to believe so," I argued tentatively.

"You were misled," he returned seriously. Then with some show of energy, she added, "No, she lacks the elements of artificiality which go to make up cleverness. Miss Brady is an able woman, of rare modest tendencies."

"In what line does she show strength in her work?"

"In any line she chooses. She works in no groove. She is too broad for that. Figure painting or landscape; it makes but little difference. Were she more self-assertive, she would be talked about."

A short interval in Miss Brady's presence, in her studio, convinced me of the truth of "genius and modesty." It might be called timidity. Closer acquaintance revealed a woman of nobly moulded character, of fine mental fibre and a painter.

Some of the finest Monterey sand-dunes to be seen are from the brush of this artist. The study in still life here given cannot fail to attract special notice for arrangement, drawing and color. The fingers itch to pluck the feathers off the breast of the goose, they are so real. The sketch of a Chinaman, also given from a finished painting, is considered one of the best things done of its kind. Miss Brady spent five years studying abroad. The first years were spent at the Julian Academy in Paris.

It is to be regretted that illness in the family for the last year has left Miss Eveline McCormack little time to devote to her studio work. "The Old Whaling Station Monterey" is, however, on her easel, waiting for additional shadows, and finishing touches generally.

Miss McCormack knows well what is wanted, and her paintings prove ability. Some of the best Monterey scenes



Study of a Goose.
By Mary Brady.

have been done by her. Miss McCormack and Miss Brady work a good deal on the same lines. Both women studied at the Julian Academy, under Boulanger le Fevre and Constans. It was Miss McCormack and Miss Brady who found Monterey for the artists, proving thereby their true artistic note.

Mrs. Lucia K. Mathews, wife of Mr. Arthur Mathews, the painter, has supplied us with two charming sketches of finished paintings, recently seen at the exhibition at the Maple room of the Palace Hotel. They were taken on the land near the Tevis residence, Monterey.

No local woman artist is considered more able than Mrs. Mathews. The harmonious blending of color noticeable in Mr. McComas' paintings, is also traceable in those of Mrs. Mathews. In making that remark to a sister artist, she said: "Yes, that remark was made to Mrs. Mathews, before she saw a painting of Mr. McComas." Both possess to a striking degree the same restful, subtle touch of the keys, and prove a kindred vein of genius. Such color affects us like beautiful strains of music, woven into our spirit from the touch of a master hand. It is not the color which might dazzle the uninitiated, rather otherwise. It is the color which proves the true effort to art.

The paintings of Mrs. Mathews and Miss Brady are



Moonlight—Monterey.
From a painting by Charles Rollo Peters.



"Before the Gringoes Came."
By Charles Rollo Peters.

in line with those of Mr. McComas. They are marked by a unity of color, design, and an underlying constructiveness as a motive in drawing that give a solidarity to a canvas, almost wholly absent in modern painting as a bulk. In body, or even scattered through an exhibition, pictures of their class carry the stamp that leads the public and others to mouth the word "Whistlerism." Whistlerism or no, it differs little, but one would be nearer the truth, if it were said "this is the art," or at least, the true effort at gaining it.

Color, not colors; construction, not patchwork; drawing, not fumbling, leads to but one goal.

In Mrs. Mathews' studio are some fine things in the way of figure painting—"A Monterey Oak," also, which deserves special notice, but space does not permit it here. There is no straining after effect in it, but the oak tree is there. The summer browns prevail, and the heat-laden atmosphere is present. It is probably one of the finest things to be found in Mrs. Mathews' portfolio.



A Corner of Monterey Bay.
By John Ivey.

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters was found in his cosy home, on the hillside, among the pines. While we sat around the broad hearth fire of his restful reception room, he talked of art and artists, of the present and the past. He spoke of the merits of Velasquez, as compared to Murillo; he talked of Titian, Romney, of Reynolds, of Boulanger, and of Gerome, and while he handled his matter in a scholarly way, the listener's eye became restless to secure the note of unity of purpose and harmony of arrangements, which made up the ensemble of this well appointed room, and the adjoining pretty den. This is of all things the home of an artist.

The art gallery, contiguous to Mr. Peters' home, is shorn of its fine paintings. They are packed to be sent to London, where the artist intends living for the next five years; though at the time of this interview, he was doubtful of the advisability of exposing his young family to the rigors of travel for the winter months. It is more than probable that he will wait for the genial days of spring, before undertaking such a journey with his responsibilities.

Mr. Peters' nocturnes in blue, embracing Monterey scenes and historic land marks, need but little notice from our pen. "Colton Hall" is one of the finest. This building is a relic of the days when a "gringo" alcalde occupied the chair made vacant by the deposed Mexican power. It brings back to us the history of the Picos; of the gallant Sutter; of Fremont and General Kearny, of Gillespie's battalions and Moor's dragoons; of the battles fought between the Aztec Eagle and the Stars and Stripes. It brings

us back to the days when pride-broken senoras hurriedly threw their *rebosas* around their handsome heads to tell the news of the defeat of the "Californians" in the South to the nearest neighbor; when tearful senoras and weeping senoritas watched the hoisting of the American flag over the Custom House, by the order of Commodore Sloat; of the time which, no matter how advantageous to his country, Thomas O. Larkin was made to feel the loss of a Consulship which must of necessity have proved a satisfactory berth to the well bred and intelligent "Bandelero."

"Before the Gringoes Came," another striking painting of Mr. Peters, makes a mute appeal to us from the past, from a civilization almost entirely wiped out—a gallant and generous civilization which was not controlled by grasping, sordid motives of life. This crumbling adobe, with its sunken tiles, is picturesque and pathetic in its decay, and the lone tree leaning in silent converse beside it tells its tale of sympathy.

"Moonlight," given here, is one of the most beautiful things of its kind, for drawing, color and values. Nothing could be finer.

Mr. Peters is a great admirer of the English painters of the present day. He says they are far in advance of the French school, with the exception of Boulanger and Gerome. Other master workmen in his craft voice different sentiments, however.

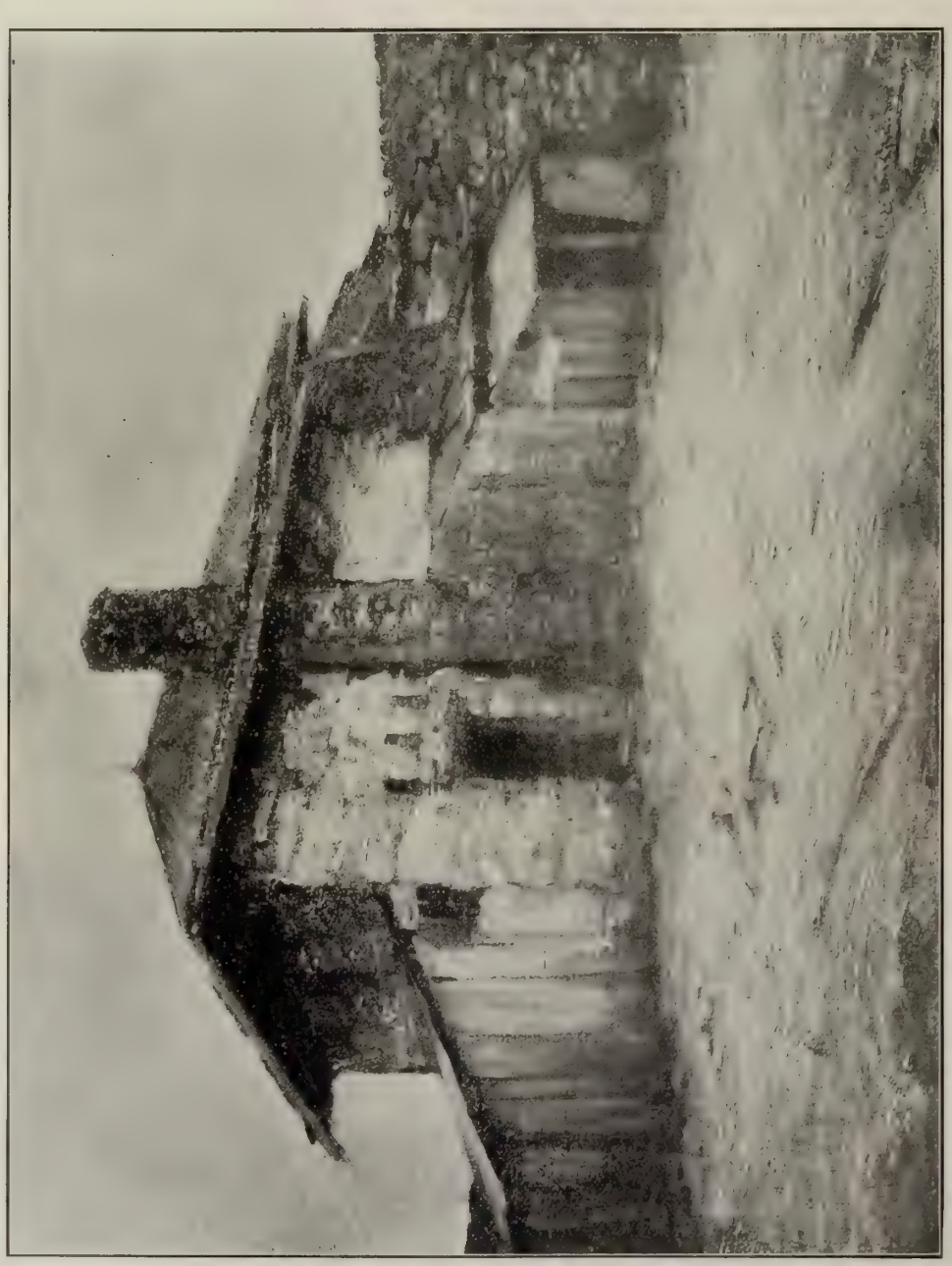
Mr. Mathews says there is no such thing as the French school of painting, a Dutch, or an English school, etc., nor has there ever been any except the Academic school, which began with the renaissance, or about the year 1499, and ended about 1850, when the little colony of painters at Barbazon received recognition from the Academy, after a long-made fight. The "Goths" triumphed in their new and rugged field. Their canvases spoke the life of the "Man with the Hoe," as opposed by the classical pursued by the academy. Millet, Corot, Diez, Rousseau, etc., were of the colony. It was a complete breaking away from the academy, which worked to perpetuate the old Greek school of art, which came down to us from the days of the rule of Pericles, days which produced a Zeuxis, a Parrhasius, an Apelles, an Agatharchas; a time when Phidias wrought his gold and ivory into heroic figures of Zeus; a Minerva, and placed them in the pillared temples of the classic land of Helles.



Sketch of a Chinese.
By Mary Brady.



From a Water Color by Francis McComas.
Owned by Mrs. Will Tevis.



The House of the Four Winds.
From the painting by Charles J. Dickman.

The Black Bracelet

BY HARRY COWELL.

"Who is that man over there with the other-world face?"

Thus an old young woman.

"What man?—Which other world? There are two of them."

Thus a young old one.

"There is but one man in the room, and he has both the other worlds in his face. He is not of this earth—nor for it long, I fear."

"Don't be sentimental, my dear: I'm a woman. Only one man in the room! I do wish all the Muse-loving males present might hear you. Your one man, however, is not a man at all."

"Then he's the 'beyondman' of Nietzsche. Pain has spiritualized his limbs, to borrow of poor Heine. His beauty is unearthly, though. He looks like a god. I am afraid of him. You were right to say he is not a man at all. What made you say that? Why is he not a man?"

"Because he's a lion."

"How can you jest? I feel as I did that day at Oberammergau. I want to stoop down and take the shoes from off my feet."

"So should I, dear, if I wore number two's."

"Don't. We are in the presence of the only sacred thing left to us—a sublime sorrow—or my eyes were not made to see with. Gethsemane is no place for jokes. Who—what—is he?"

"He's a lion, I tell you—a king of beasts, who makes our men folk look like mice and who shuns us women like a girdled friar. See him padding back and forth, back and forth, ignoring the gaping crowd, his burning eyes on the door, ever bent on escape."

"His eyes were on the door—yes. But a door may let a lioness in as well as let a lion out."

"You have it. Your eyes were made to see with. I had always thought they were made to be seen. I've been wondering all the evening how ever in the world our dear hostess managed to get a real live lion in here to be looked at.—he won't be talked at—that's plain to be seen—and you've said it, child. She used the love lure. Your lions will follow it as a kitten follows fish. Ah, ha! Our friar's in a fair way of being unfrocked, it seems. You should have seen her going round, gushing—that was before you came in—'Of course you've met my friend, Mr. Paul Crosby, the poet? No! I'm astonished! Well, I must introduce you, then.' She'd never set eyes on the man herself until this blessed evening. I know that for a fact."

"So God made him a poet, a little higher than the angels—I knew he was an 'overman.' . . . Paul Crosby! I never heard of him, though."

"No wonder. Your 'overman' is as obstinate as a mule. He can write poetry, but he won't. Now the man who can write and won't write ought to be made write; and the woman who can't write and will write ought to be——"

"Why woman?"

"Why, in order to bring in both sexes. I don't believe in making invidious distinctions."

"But if he doesn't write poetry, how can he be a poet?"

"Quite a little philosopher, I see. You're twice too pretty for that. However, he has written a whole volume of it—which was printed privately for half a dozen friends. It is impossible to get a copy. A noted critic says he's the greatest lyric-maker alive—not even excepting Swinburne. Of course, that's nothing; critics don't count. But the magazine editors and the publishers follow him round the world on their knees. That's everything; he's a poet. But he won't publish. No one knows why. Just think of it! And they say his poetry has more love to a line and more sorrow to a stanza than anything ever written."

"Love and sorrow! What would art do without them? But who's getting sentimental now, I'd like to know?"

"Not I. I said, 'they say.' They say, too, that he actually gave a copy of his poems to that little Rosalind Latouche. Of course I don't believe it—that little thing! She's pretty enough—nothing but a nurse, though. You never met her, did you? She doesn't go anywhere."

"A nurse, did you say? N-no, I never met her."

"Oh, she's not quite a professional, though she might just as well be. She does nothing but stick all day—and all night for that matter—with that grumpy, gouty old 'daddy' of hers. It's a wonder they wouldn't hire some one; they must be quite well off: they keep a carriage. And Rosalind dresses like a dairymaid, too. It doesn't much matter, of course, for no one ever sees her. It's a shame, though, for people to be so stingy."

"How ever did you find out so much about them?"

"Why, Rosalind is Miss Manders' niece. She never comes here. Of course, she'd be altogether out of place among artists. Just fancy; Miss Manders told me this evening as a great secret that Rosalind gets lots of things for her father by writing under a *nom de plume* for the magazines! I don't believe a word of it, do you? If she were a writer, she'd come here quick enough, even if it did mean a dress and a nurse for the night. In her mother's time things were different, they say."

Everywhere throughout Miss Manders' dilletant drawing-rooms similar conversations were being carried on. The lion, as a wag remarked, was in everybody's mouth. Men and women crowded around him, with the manners of menagerie-goers. Persons who had once received a single subscription for twenty stanzas, or five dollars for a soap advertisement in verse, hastened to address Paul Crosby as fellow-craftsman, brother artist, kindred soul. Others, hearing that he was a poet, feigned familiarity with his work, though they had never seen a line of it. First-year art students desired to immortalize his face. Gushing young lady reporters saw a "story" in it, a chance to get some good "copy," and were eager to "write him up." It would be a good free "ad." for him, they assured him, and would make him famous. "Artist" photographers found him the best "subject" they had ever seen. Notes were made on cuffs and ivory fans; pencil sketches were drawn. Fifty unconscious caricatures, of twenty-five varieties, were conceived. Dreams of dollars and incidental fame were indulged in.

But over the heads of them all, Paul Crosby, the poet, restlessly crossing and re-crossing the room, kept watching the door.

This continued for over an hour. Then the poet sought out his hostess, bowed low, and without waiting to hear the expostulations addressed to him, made his way through the throng. Before he reached the door, however, it was opened, and the poet and one of the Master's poems met face to face.

"I was going. I despaired of your coming," said the poet.

"Who would have dreamed of meeting you here?" said the poem.

"You invited me."

"Yes, but——"

Miss Manders came forward.

"I'm late, Auntie. Daddy would have me come. He swore he wouldn't miss me one bit, the old dear. A downright lie, they say, means a hundred years in purgatory.——"

"A hundred years less for that one," interposed Paul Crosby.

"Oh, Rosalind, do help me to persuade Mr. Crosby to stay awhile." Thus the hostess.

"Will you?" pleaded the girl.

"I will," acquiesced the man.

Miss Manders retired.

"I am stifling," breathed the poet; "let us take a turn in the garden."

As they passed through the outer door, a gracious moonlight met them with a smile, as though it had been waiting for them. This welcome on the part of their new hostess seemed to put them at once at their ease. They fell into step, walking in silence, with a slow, rhythmic movement as if to soft music: the two bodies seemed to have but one soul. The poet was the first to speak:—

"I was at the last gasp," said he, "when you came in, bringing with you a breath of God's out-of-doors. How altogether out of place you were in that room—like a leaf of Burns bound up by mistake in a volume of Pope. By the way, have you read me?"

"Over and over again."

"And what do you think of—of them?"

"I could not think at all—only feel."

"How did you feel?"

"At home, but sad.

"Why sad?"

"I know not. I am never merry when I read great poetry. The sublime saddens me. Beauty is born of tears and sacred sweat; and is best seen through tears. I wonder if the birth of Venus from the waves was not meant to symbolize that fact."

"A sea of tears and sweat—the sweat of men, the tears of women—that is the Atlantic of hyperbole!"

"And offends you, I fear. Genius alone knows how to be simple."

"And goodness how to be sweet."

At the word genius the man had backed away as from a blow struck at him; but the girl, whose eyes were lowered as she spoke, did not see his action. However, the pain in his voice as he returned her spoken caress caused her to look up.

The heaven had gone out of his face.

"Ah, I know I have offended you. You think me like the others."

"Indeed I do not—like no other. I am not offended. Come, let us sit down here under this willow."

There enshrined, they sat in silence—a silence that was like music in the mind of the composer—and that which cannot be uttered passed between them. From time to time the girl looked at Paul's face and saw in the half-light, with ecstasy but withal a sweet fear, the over-brightness of a poet's brow haloed with happiness. Some white magic—was it that of the moonlight?—had exorcised the evil spirit that for a moment had taken possession of him.

But the poet, lord of words, was speechless.

The girl arose, coy fear compelling her feet.

The man arose, too, facing her, and held out his arms in mute appeal. His silence won her completely. She understood it. And yet, a maidenly reserve, a desire to have the conventions half-satisfied, caused her to wait for a word.

Paul did not speak it. Instead he stretched out his arms a little farther.

Her eyes met his, and the old, old encounter of man and maid was on once more. The heavens seemed interested in the issue: the moon and the stars stood at gaze. Suddenly some arch-traitor in the woman's camp hauled down the colors of coyness and ran up his own in their stead. Now, unless a greater than he intervene, the victory is to the man.

It is not. Fate, whom even Love fears, does intervene.

As the traitor ran up his flag, the woman lowered her eyes. Her glance fell on a black bracelet which the receding of the cuff exposed to view on the man's right forearm.

She recoiled, her gaze still fixed on the thing.

A superstitious terror fastened its fangs in her throat. A shiver such as peasants say is caused by somebody walking over the place where one's grave is to be shook her as the branches of the willow overhead were being shaken by a sudden icy wind.

Paul Crosby's glance had followed hers. His arms fell to his side like lowered semaphores. In his face the fire died away, and for a moment a great darkness overshadowed it. Then where the fire had been—nothing but gray ashes.

"Come," said he, "you are cold; let us go in. We have stayed out too long." And he offered her his arm.

She tried to take it, but could not. That black thing would be just above her hand!

As he parted the willow branches to let her through, a bit of tender green broken off by his hands fell on her head and fastened itself in her hair. She tore it out as though it had been a tarantula and was about to throw it down when she checked herself, saying: "No, I will wear it." And she put it into her bosom.

Then the cruel fingers of jealousy closed over her young heart which fluttered like a wounded dove in the hands of a hunter.

No wonder he had been silent! He was not free to love her. That awful band bound him to another—surely some hideous hag! Who else would bestow so terrible a love token? . . . Still he loved her. She was sure of that—as she had been from the first. . . . But even now, she would fain hear it from his lips. . . . How close she had come to yielding to the entreaty of those outstretched arms!

In silence—spoiled music now—they made their way towards the house. From time to time weird black clouds veiled the face of the moon. A cold wind had sprung up; and dark shadows of shaken branches danced like witches on the lawn. The woman shuddered and instinctively drew near the man. Then she remembered, and recoiled. She fell back a step or two and rejoined him on the other side.

"Mr. Crosby," she said abruptly—both had hitherto unconsciously refrained from using any names in addressing each other—"Mr. Crosby, poets show great delicacy in the use of words—define duty for me."

"Duty," he repeated; "I know how to do it, Miss Latouche; that is the best — the only — definition in my power."

They paused. For a moment the moon shone out again unshaded, transfiguring the face of the woman, which now resembled that of the Mother of Sorrows. With an adorable movement, she took the man's right hand and raised it to her lips. "On the right hand of Duty," she

breathed, "I place my first kiss." And she fled before him into the house.

They entered the garish room together, her hand on his arm. There was a lull in the breezy talk. Then for the second time the poet bowed his adieux. His hostess now made no expostulations.

The breeze freshened again:—

"Well, we're a pretty pair of fools, to be sure; he has merely been doing the polite to his hostess' niece."

"To the end of a cigar."

"Wrong, my dear; look at his face—there is no doubt now to which other world it belongs."

The speakers laughed. The poet had not been presented to the younger. The elder he had ignored.

Then Rosalind remembered her father. For the first time since he had been consigned to her care at the hands of her dying mother had she completely forgotten him. And she hurried out on the heels of the poet under fire of the significant glances of Miss Manders' guests.

The next day Rosalind received the following letter:

"Beloved:

"I will not say to you: Forgive me; forget me; marry another; be happy. You, I know will find nothing to forgive; you will not forget me; you will not marry another; you will not be happy. I love you. You love me. You are the woman for whom I have waited; I the man for whom you have waited. We both knew that at the first glance when what our ignorance calls Chance brought us—two recluses— face to face. We were silent together: the voice of the soul is very low. In that silence all was said. What need of words? But between us stands Fate—Fate in her most frightful aspect. There is for us no joy but that of sharing sorrow. You saw my black bracelet. You felt that I was not free. You were jealous. With reason, and yet without reason. All my life have I loved Love, loved Woman, but never *a* woman except you. But a beautiless dame without mercy has me in thrall. Hear my story:—

"My parents—they were first cousins—died during my childhood. I was brought up with the son of my guardian. We were rivals in the games of boys. He disliked me because I defeated him. Many a time have I wished that he might win, but I held it a lie not to do my best. But he did not hate me until we became (apparently) rivals in love. We were both sixteen, I a few months younger than he, when a sweet girl of twenty came to visit at our home. He loved her. I did not. Still she preferred me. He asked her to marry him. I fancy she must have smiled as she said No. When I met him, he was furious. 'What is the matter?' I asked. 'Matter!' he yelled. 'She has refused me. But *you'll* never marry her —or any one else either—unless you're already too crazy to have the least bit of manhood left in you. Both your father and mother died mad as March hares!'

"Since then I have worn my black bracelet as a perpetual reminder that love—that marriage— is not for me. For his brutal words were only too true. Hereditary insanity was in the family. With me ends the race of Crosby. Yes, the hag, whose badge I wear, who awaits me as my bride, whose husband I must soon become, is—Madness.

"You will now understand my avoidance of women, the passion in my poetry—and why it made you sad. You will no longer wonder why the mention of genius makes me shudder; why fame is to me as sounding brass and as tinkling cymbal. Perhaps because I knew it to be impossible, I have longed for love, lived for love, as never man before. And save for your kiss upon my hand I have never known the least of its sweets—nor ever shall. I have wept to see a peasant pass through his cottage door at evening. But enough. You will understand all.

"Beloved, it is best not to see you again. When near you, a prompting that seems the very voice of God himself, yet cannot be, tempts me to defy the Fate. Heredity; to fling my black bracelet into the fire; to do Love's bidding. Yes, Passion is the prince of sophists. It argues that I, my head barely above water in a sea of sorrows (you mind your hyperbole?), am yet glad that I was born. Then I study my tottering reason. I spell over those four divine letters, D-U-T-Y, and try to forget four others still more divine.

"Enclosed is a letter. It is from my mother to you. My guardian gave it to me the day I came of age. On the outside is the written request not to open it until my twenty-fifth birthday; and not to marry until I shall have read it. I shall never read it. More than once, especially since I met you, I have been strangely tempted to do so. At this moment the temptation is almost irresistible. The significance of this weakening of the will is very obvious to me. However it is still strong enough to guard sacredly a mother's last request. Moreover, do I not already know its contents? I was born just after the stroke of midnight on the morning of the thirteenth of December, 187—. On the thirteenth of next December, will you, my sane self, read it for me. To-morrow I place myself in charge of my friend, Dr. R——, the alienist, whose works on that subject, as well as many others, I know by heart.

"Farewell. If I wake up my right self in another world, I will await you there.

"Paul Crosby."

The voice of Duty calling her down-stairs saved the reason of Rosalind Latouche.

* * * * * * *

It was near midnight of the twelfth of December. "Daddy" Latouche was fast asleep. Rosalind was in her bedroom, watching the clock, a sealed letter clasped in her thin, trembling hands. Paul in his room in Dr. R——'s private asylum, though awake, was unaware of the fact that in a few moments he would be twenty-five years old.

At the first stroke of the clock, Rosalind started and grew paler than the world without, which was in its winding-sheet. At the last she was calm. What more had she to fear from Fate? The hands that broke the twenty-year old seal were strangely steady. She read:—

"My darling Boy Paul:

"You are not my son. I never had a child. Perhaps it is best so—God only knows. You were born of a beautiful wild love which the Church could not bless. The story is not new. Your father was of the people. He had brains and beauty. Your mother had blood and beauty. Both he and she were poor. Your grandmother bribed her maid to filch herself of her own good name and that of your father at the same time. Then she sold your mother to a rich merchant, to save the honor of a *roue* son and to prevent her headstrong daughter from contracting a misalliance. On the evening of the wedding-day, the maid, who loved your father and was jealous of your mother, confessed the perfidy. Your mother divorced herself on the spot. But the law was not of her mind. Then your parents decided to live above the law. But after a lifetime crowded into less than a year, your father died (I will tell you the truth—I alone know it) of—innutrition. Two weeks after, in my barren bed, your mother died of—you. She was my friend. I love you as if you were my very own flesh, as everybody believes you to be. You are already a brave boy. When you read this, you will be yet a braver

man, unafraid to look the world in the face. Your parents' sin (if sin it must be called) has been fully expiated. God will surely not visit it upon you. Into His keeping I commend my darling—my son after the spirit.

"Your loving 'mother,'

"Helen Crosby."

"P. S.—Keep the name of Crosby—for my sake. Your mother did not wish you to know her name or that of your father. I know not why; for to the end she gloried in what the world called her shame. 'When he is old enough to understand, tell him the story of our love; but do not tell him our names.' These were her last words."

In the face of Rosalind Latouche, after she had made an end of reading, the upper and the lower other worlds were alternately reflected—now there was all the ecstasy of the one, and now all the despair of the other—as aforetime in the face of her lover. She sank on her knees beside the bed and prayed:

"O Merciful Father, give—quickly—thy—beloved—sleep."

The Ghost of Felton Lodge

BY THEODORE T. BONNET.

It was a raw and gusty night, and the rain pelted Felton Lodge as though it had a grievance against that frail, frame structure, which creaked in all its joints while the winds of winter on their mournful trumpets blew.

The rest seeker from the metropolis who wanders into the Santa Cruz mountains in the summer season to enjoy the delicious climate and inspiring scenery, and who goes into ecstacies over the charms of nature as there unfolded, would be somewhat skeptical if told of the metamorphosis that is wrought when winter comes on. Storms occur in those redwood forests that are severe and destructive, and on this Christmas eve the guests gathered round the blazing fire-place in Felton Lodge were keenly sensible of the fact that the elements were raging. Tom Stevens, the host of Felton Lodge, was known to be delightfully unencumbered. He was a bachelor of forty and had inherited a large fortune from a thrifty father. He was a member of the Bohemian Club, in which he was extremely popular both on account of his generosity and his talent for projecting and carrying out successful jinks. He bought Felton Lodge some years before the opening of this story for no other purpose than to provide enjoyment for his friends. Though a bachelor, he loved the society of women, and nothing pleased him more than to have beneath his rooftree a select coterie of men and women of congenial temperament. He affected principally the society of the bohemian element, not the devotees of the old-fashioned Bohemia, with its atmosphere of unconventionality and its partiality for pipes, sawdust and beer, but of the refined Bohemia that comprehends a polite dilettanteism, and encourages a penchant for the creature comforts.

Felton Lodge would accommodate some twenty guests, and had done so in former times when its original owner was in possession. But since it was purchased by Tom Stevens its bedrooms had remained unoccupied from year's end to year's end, for Stevens maintained another country place—in Marin county—which was easier of access than his picturesque resort in the heart of the Santa Cruz mountains. It was only during the holiday season that he rounded up his friends for a visit to Felton Lodge, for he preferred the mountains in the depth of winter, when the streams were swollen and the tall redwoods bent to the breezes.

On this occasion there were only six people enjoying his hospitality. They had assembled after dinner in the spacious living room, the most enticing feature of which was the broad fire-place in which the redwood logs crackled and glowed in a way that riveted the gaze of those circled in front of it. In the group were Will Francis, the attorney, his young bride, a literary woman who wrote for the magazines; Miss May Toliffe, a society woman who had made a sensation by going on the stage, but who retired before winning laurels; Mr. Flickman, the artist, who sang comic songs; Miss Della Leroy, a society vocalist, whose friends thought that she would startle the country if she would go on the comic opera stage, and Mrs. Patton, the aunt of Miss Leroy, who was acting as chaperon for her niece.

Della Leroy was a young woman of beauty and culture. She was almost too intense to be comfortable, but she could charm and fascinate on occasions. There was a beauty in the gray iris of her eyes that held the attention of men.

On this occasion she was holding the attention of Flickman, who was feeling very gay. He couldn't tell you whether the entree at dinner was calf's head vinaigrette or vol-au-vent de riz de veau, and he didn't remember whether it was red or white wine he had been drinking, but whatever it was it had reached the right spot, and he was in the humor to admire Miss Leroy, especially after he had heard her sing.

He wanted to hold her hand, but she laughed at him, and Stevens frowned.

Flickman had the reputation of being a very fast young man, and for that reason women liked him. In the presence of her aunt Miss Leroy was discreet.

By way of diverting Flickman's attention from Miss Leroy, Stevens remarked that it was fine weather for the Yuletide season.

"Never talk about the weather," admonished Flickman with mock severity; "it's the refuge of those who are bored. Miss Leroy, if you don't sing another song Stevens will try to rush us off to bed."

"I should rather you'd tell a story," said Della.

"Not for me," exclaimed Stevens. "Flickman's repertoire is for club purposes only."

"Oh, for a ghost story!" exclaimed Mrs. Francis. "This is the night for tales of ghosts and hobgoblins."

"I love ghost stories and I dote on hobgoblins and fairies," said Della. "This weather puts one in the mood for listening to weird tales."

She looked at Stevens inquiringly and pleadingly, as though she felt that as the host it was his duty to supply the wants of his guests. It would be hard for him to resist an appeal from Miss Leroy's melting eyes, and there was a mild suspicion among some of Stevens's intimate friends that she had inspired him with more than a merely friendly regard.

"Well, if you like ghost stories," he said, "I should summon the housekeeper and ask her to tell you about the ghost of Felton Lodge."

"Trot out the ghost," said Flickman.

"Have you a disembodied spirit in your entourage?" asked Francis.

"So I've been told," replied Stevens.

Arising, he stood with his back to the fireplace, assuming the attitude into which men are prone to fall whenever they are near a blazing hearth. Men draw inspiration from a fireplace. With back to it they seem to derive moral support and become emboldened to maintain their opinions or to open up their more private thoughts.

"'Felton Lodge,' as you probably know," began Stevens, "derived its name from Roger Felton, an Englishman who came to these mountains for his health about fifteen year ago. He was accompanied by his wife, a very pretty French woman, whom he had met while studying art in Paris. She was a vivacious little woman with a past, and Felton was her devoted slave. They lived happily here for about two years, when one day the husband returned from a fishing trip to find that the mistress of his home had departed. She left a note explaining that she was tired of her lonely life in the mountains, and had gone away with a man who had won her affections. Felton was broken-hearted. The shock was a severe one, and he could not be comforted or reconciled to his loss. But he confided in a neighbor, expressing the firm belief that his wife would return. He said she knew how he loved her, and that she could not be so cruel as to leave him forever. Every day he went to the railroad station, expecting to see her alight from the train. He would return home disappointed and sad, but ever hopeful. At night he kept a lamp burning in the window of her room to serve as a beacon for her. At the end of a year he was a mental and physical wreck, and one day he was missed by the men at the railroad station. They felt that something had happened. They were right. Felton was found dead in his bedroom with a bullet-hole in his head. He had committed suicide."

Stevens paused in his narrative and Miss Leroy shuddered.

"And now I suppose the Felton ghost haunts Felton Lodge," suggested Flickman, with a cynical air.

"So they say," was the reply, and Stevens smiled. "I have never seen the ghost, but people living near say they have. It is a tradition in this vicinity that the Englishman visits his wife's bedroom every night to greet her on her return."

It was nearly one o'clock Christmas morning when the guests of Felton Lodge dispersed to their rooms. Della Leroy had been deeply affected by the story of the Felton tragedy, and when she found herself alone in her room her spirits were depressed. She reflected on the loyalty of poor Felton and experienced a keen sense of pity. She never gave the ghost a thought until she had extinguished the light and nestled her head in the pillow. The storm had abated somewhat, though it was still blowing, but the moon had come out, and her room was dimly lighted by its pale beams. Presently Miss Leroy found herself speculating as to whether she was occupying the apartment that was formerly the bedroom of the faithless wife. She reflected somewhat stoically that if it was the room it was here that Felton came to await the coming of his wife. She was inclined to be amused at her own musings, but just then the branches of a tree that stood near the window were blown against it, and she was startled. At that moment her nerves became unstrung. Presently the branches again swept the window, and she at once comprehended the cause of her alarm, but she could not quite regain her courage. Weird fancies insisted upon intruding, and she could not repress the shudders that shook her frame.

Fully two hours passed before she attained what approximated normal composure, and then she resolved to close her eyes and sleep. She was completely exhausted, and gentle slumber at length soothed her, but suddenly she was awakened with a shock.

The creaking of a door had aroused her. The moon no longer illuminated the room, but looming before her startled vision in the darkness was a sinuous wavering figure garbed in white. She tried to scream, but uttered not the faintest sound. The figure approached her bed. She put her hands before her eyes, but she could see through her palms, as the awful thing drew near. She knew she was awake and that she beheld a spectre, for it paused at the foot of her bed,, raised its claw-like hands, drew the coverlet off and departed. Her blood was frozen in her veins and the fright caused her to sink into unconsciousness.

It was fully half an hour before she came to her senses, and she had scarcely opened her eyes when she saw the same horrible spectre again approaching her bed. Once more the claw-like hands reached toward her, and she thought she felt them on her throat.

Summoning all her strength, she uttered a piercing scream, and once more became unconscious.

There had been a lull in the storm, and presently a commotion was heard in the hall. The door was opened by the housekeeper, who held a lamp in her hand that threw a flood of light into the room. Behind were Tom Stevens and Mr. Francis.

As they entered the room they beheld a scene such as might occur in a problem play. Standing in his nightrobe near the bed, from which all the covers, with the exception of a sheet, had been drawn, was Tom Flickman.

There was an expression of mingled amazement and dread on his face.

On the bed lay Della Leroy. Her face wore an ashen hue. She looked as though she had fallen into the sleep that knows no awakening.

"What does this mean?" demanded Stevens.

"Looks pretty bad, doesn't it?" was all Flickman could say, and he dropped into a chair.

"Have you no explanation to make?" asked Stevens.

"Not now," was the reply. And then pointing to the bed he exclaimed, "I think she has fainted. For God's sake do something to revive her."

The housekeeper procured a basin of cold water and sprinkled the face of the unconscious woman. When she showed signs of reviving the men withdrew and then Flickman told his story.

He said that during the early morning he became very cold and decided to procure extra bed clothing. Knowing that there were many unoccupied rooms in the house, and not having heard anyone in the apartment adjoining his own, he knocked lightly on the door that separated them. Receiving no response, he opened the door and entered. He groped his way to the bed, pulled off the top cover and returned to his room. Presently he again felt cold and went back for a blanket. This time he was startled by a scream that almost, he confessed, scared him to death.

When Della Leroy appeared at breakfast that morning one lock of her black pompadour was white as snow.



MARIATTA

Reproduced for Town Talk from the only copy in this country of Edelfelt's great painting of the Madonna.

Mariatta the Virgin Mother

A Pagan Pre-Vision. This legend is an adaptation made by Anna Cox Stephens for Town Talk from the national epic poem of Finland, "The Kawala," which Max Muller ranks as the fifth great epic of the world.

Ages and ages ago the Golden Moon and the Silver Sun were stolen from the starred space by the wicked Louhi of Poyola. Cold and dark fell upon the Northland. The mountains, like the wraiths of primal things, and the islands lay bared and bosomed on the silenced waters. The people were stricken by despair until the ancient wisdom-singer and great magician Wainamoinen arose in his olden hero-might and smote the hosts of the Evil One of Poyola and brought back the Golden Moon and the Silver Sun. Thus his sword flashed forth new hope. All things rejoiced, and even the star flowers of snow bloomed violet-hearted in their inner petals, a prescience to the world of a mystery, a sigh of the heavenly Ukko and the symbol to man of peace and good will.

* * * * * * *

In that Northland of Suomi, nigh unto the mountains and closer to the Sara waters, there dwelt the maiden Mariatta in the safety of her father's shelter. She was his child of beauty and the spell of her loveliness was about and around her

"Golden ringlets, silver girdles
Glittering upon her bosom."

Delight of her father, solace of her mother, the maiden knew only simple life since her birth.

* * * * * * *

Lovely was the young Mariatta when awakening to the rose-light of dawn, and as oft she was lured to the groved pine trees of the white-flowered forest. Far, far she wandered, and, wandering, she came to feel within her the stir of something strange and passionate and tremulous, always seeking, seeking. The imminent wonder of life was upon her, and, disturbed by the unrest, she lifted its unconsecrate desire unto mighty Ukko. In the golden luminance of the eve-watching Moon, she knew herself fathered above the bounden ties of things mortal—it was her re-birth into the Supreme.

* * * * * * *

In all the days she sought the flowered forest, and face to face with the young Springtime she gathered bud and blossom to her breast, their fragrance rapturing the pulses of her being, and the blooms were to her soul radiances of sweet secrets; in the unfolding of the crimson leaves she felt the revelation of the unutterable. In all the days the maiden found that the encircling silence of the forest was all in all to her, and her voice broke forth in hymnals that sung themselves in the olden runic way, and the earth grew very fair to the maiden Mariatta.

* * * * * * *

In all the days there was one morn when the white flowers transmuted to gold and the fretted rime of hoar frost was tinseled to beatific tinting. There arose of a sudden before her in the forest path a Mountain Berry aflaunt with the flame colors of the gods, and, flinging himself against her vestal fright flooded her lips with broken scarlet. All unknown to the Virgin, the Mountain Berry was the semblanced form of Love's visitation, love dominant for love's own sacrifice, and the maiden fell immolate of self to the higher self, the super-soul that was claimed by its own.

* * * * * * *

No voice was there in the pine trees. Secret was the white-flowered forest.

* * * * * * *

In all the days Mariatta, the maiden, sang strange strains to herself that gave no meaning, but that meant everything, and in the templed dark something strange trembled her heart strings, and from afar the voice of the lonely Mountain Berry called unto the lonelier maiden, *"Come and take me to thy bosom."*

* * * * * * *

In all the days Mariatta felt that the spirit of visioned love had outshadowed her. Child-joys fled like swift flitting dawn-birds, and a sweet trouble gripped her tender soul. The long hours she brooded under the graying wings of the unknown, and in the narrows of time her heart beat out the crowding moments, until, hard-pressed, she fell pleading at her mother's feet, to find that doubt had stopped the mother-heart. So she carried the bodies of her fears like living things to the arms of her father, and he, grim and stern, bade her from him. And unto him she cried out:

"Oh, my father, full of pity,
Source of all my good and evil,
Build for me a place befitting
Where my troubles may be lessened
And my heavy burdens lightened."

But her father banished her as an evil child of Hisi, and the maiden Mariatta turned from the wronging voice and, with Pitti, her faithful hand-maiden, Mariatta went forth on her troubled way.

* * * * * * *

In all the days she sought refuge over the desolated earth, and the way of rest was banished from the land, and the anguished heart cried out:

"I am not a child of Hisi;
I am not a bride unworthy;
Am not wedded to dishonor.
I shall bear a noble hero.
I shall bear a son immortal,
Who will rule among the mighty."

Seeking succor, and begging the Sara waters to relieve her, she was bidden to seek shelter of Ruotus. At every step the mountains trembled and the hilltops tottered, and the wizard Ruotus bade her farther onward to the stable of the steeds of Hisi, where they neighed unto the mountain-top of Tapio a welcome to the hapless Mariatta, who fell suppliant to mighty Ukko, crying out:

"Come to me and bring protection
To thy child—the Virgin Mother
To the maiden Mariatta—
In this hour of sore affliction
Come to me benignant Ukko.
Come, then, only hope and refuge,
Lest thy guiltless child should perish."

She entered the stable wherein were the steeds of Hisi, and thus she appealed:

"Let this pure and hapless Maiden
Find a refuge in thy manger."

And again the steeds neighed a welcome on the frost air, and their warm breath was pleasant as the vapor of a summer sea, and when Night listened and bird and beast

heard the heavenly Song of Triumph, all things pulsed with a new joy in the stable of the steeds of Hisi:

"There the babe was born and cradled,
Cradled in a woodland manger
Of the Virgin Mariatta.
Pure as pearly dews of morning,
Holy as the stars in heaven.
There the mother rocks her infant
In his swaddling clothes she wraps him,
Lays him in her robes of linen,
Carefully the babe she nurtures, well she
Guards her well-beloved, her golden
Child of beauty."

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In all the days grief was falling heavy on the Virgin Mariatta. The Sun paled away and the Silver Moon faded from the heavens, for the Child had vanished and his loss stilled the hope and joy of her heart.

In all the days wandered the wretched Maiden Mother, searching, searching ever. When, lo! a Star came out of the spaces to meet her. Unto it she cried out:

"Oh, thou guiding star of Northland,
Dost thou know and will'st thou tell me
Where my darling Child has wandered
Where my holy Babe lies hidden?"

But the Star spake thus after the manner of mortals: "It was thy Child set me here to ever watch the even-tide and in the dark I shine eternal."

On and on wandered the Virgin, and the Golden Moon came out to meet her, and the maiden beseeched:

Golden Moon, by Ukko fashioned,
Hope and joy of Kalwala,
Dost thou know and wilt thou tell me
Where my holy Babe lies hidden?"

But the Golden Moon also spake to her after the manner of mortals, saying: "It was thy Child set me in eternal watch."

Then Mariatta spake unto the Silver Sun:

"Silver Sun, by Ukko fashioned,
Source of light and life in Northland,
Dost thou know and will'st thou tell me
Where my darling Child has wandered;
Where my golden Child lies hidden?"

And the Silver Sun spake unto her after the manner of the gods, saying:

"It was thy Child enthroned me King in the limitless heavens, and to me he gave the Golden Moon for wedding, and the stars forever are armied at my bidding, and the Night brings forever my cup of lethe-drink. Afar and yonder amidst kindly reeds and rushes lies thy holy Child asleeping."

And Mariatta, the Maiden Mother, hastens on joy-tipped feet to find her Child, and thenceforth in the land of Kalwala he grew in strength, and beauty and wisdom, and all the peoples wondered and adored, and called him Man of Sorrows.

The Christmas of the Crew

BY PAUL G. CLARK.

The sudden scream of her automobile in Central Park decided Violet on leaving New York. It had been the most frequent of the commonplace phenomena, it was the climax of itself; but it was also piled on the offense of other people's dogs, other people's horses, rigs, paint, powder, dresses, monacles, chiffon, silk-hats, balls, suppers, sermons, scandals, shippings, champagnes, debuts, exits, encores, and not least—the offense of other people themselves. Her nerves were keenly edged with educated niceties. It was the entire complexity of civilization that appalled, the good and bad,—that cosmic whole, a half of excellent evil, a half of high-bred nice. The world was a French clock, and there were too many seconds calling attention to the gilt, too many incidents for each hour. As her brain reviewed the spectacle that she called a day's business, she grew in turn amazed that the human machinery was great enough to accomplish such a range of action and indignant that it was little enough to tolerate it. There were ten men who consumed one hour; there was one man who consumed two hours; there were three women who took thirty minutes; there was a play that took five hours; there was a manager who demanded more, the ascendant necessities, eating, sleeping, parking in an automobile;—she was, in short, an actress.

To live—the problem for the first time puzzled her, she who was more than living and setting the very pace for life, a princess de la mode. To be happy,—that was the question for her whom pleasure had robbed of complaint, for her—towards whom the sphere of happiness was swirling always, a girl whose eyes inspired in the world the perpetual motions of servitude. But there was another side. She was in flame from being looked at, rays of attention pierced through her physique, fevering the physical and psychic system,—she was a model, a milliner of manners, the hack prompter of happiness, the drudge of every one's pleasure. The world was feasting off her vitality,—and that was what she called her day's work. It made three meals a day from her genius,—the genius of art and good looks and good-nature. Honors were the mask of the parasite. She enjoyed, but she was eating the baked viands and sweets of her own funeral feast. Deep horror of the splendid life, of the skeleton in gold chains, of the symphony saddening to a dirge, shocked her in an instant. So in an hour, leaving dogs and men, the man and the stage-manager, the women and the silk hats, powder and suppers, paint and the play, she slipped out of little, old, wonderful New York.

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Where did she go?

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As she went on her way to That Place she said: "I am a monomaniac." But it was contrary to the New Law to reflect.

* * * * * * *

Deacon Sam was the laziest man on the plantations,—by public allegation. He was a deacon of laziness, for he was a devil's disciple as a professor of religion. His name was the neighborhood's satire,—for it was the sort of a neighborhood that needed to personify and petrify its witticisms. It joked seldom, and then made a headstone out of the idiom. The cemetery was the popular show ground. Deacon Sam was among the progeny of that intelligence whose mental joints creaked like a windlass at the haw-haw of its proprietors. He was instituted formally as a curiosity. He was moreover guaranteed. His idiosyncrasies were preserved in the salt brine of popular ap-

proval. Nothing was expected of him,—except not to violate those canons of individuality the community had imparted to him. He must speak only in the tones of his consecrated and jocose character.

Naturally a stranger would be apt to regard such a man with at least a motive of curiosity. It was not compelling, but certainly a force assuring result. It was something to view a man who would insult his fellow-citizens if he went to work, especially in these days when work is made doctrinal.

Violet Montressor was in that languid land of the transplanted Frenchman, the country of the creole, where the little rivers are called bayous; and her particular stream was the Laforge. The picturesque of the country is in her moss, which envelops the tall swamps in a vast pall, cloaks every tree, and forms a frame, both real and figurative, even for the day's work of the inhabitants. Deacon Sam was pointed out to Violet as ingredient of the moss. And she bestowed on him a certain curiosity, because he was not a product of civilization but indigenous to the new landscape.

Deacon Sam now developed a unique function—he interested an attention wearied by New York.

When Violet Montressor first came to the side door, which was wreathed in rose vines, beautifying the plantation house,—a creature in the spring of beauty looking upon a spring-like bloom, she caused a smile of pleasure to pass across the heavy, coarse, benumbed, and sottish face of Deacon Sam. Intelligence gleamed upon the crudity; something fine was suddenly wrought upon the coarse clay. The great spirit that lives in the kingdom of man sought empire on a sodden face. The brute breathed the real breath of life. One could see the sunlight penetrating the swamp and darting upward between the gray veins of moss. Violet knew. As she observed the pink verbenas, so she understood the flowering of Sam.

It might be suggested whether art, of whom Violet was the triumph, was signally illustrating a victory or whether the joke was on art. But in Nature everything is useful. Violet's conquest of Sam is in her annals as important, as epochal, as the impression of Egypt upon Antony. It was a new combination, a new clash of force, a birth of opinion, an event. In the crucible of analysis the world is one.

Another morning Violet was sitting under the mossy oaks. The sun smiled lazily. The flowers were languidly gay. The only action in the landscape was in its smile. The plantation was pleasant but not energetic. Man was the same. The world of the south basked in the enjoyment of existence, but did not appear to accompany it hand in hand as did the hardy north,—it did not feed on life, it imbibed. The sunshine insisted on pouring through its pores, and the south agreeably submitted. Violet of New York and the north, deserter from energy, was sensible of these impressions, and glad of them. She rejoiced, imaginatively, in seeing a Southerner. Laziness was good. In this paradise-park was no snort of gasoline. Her smile approved the languor of the white clouds. Activity itself was distant, she wooed the world in its slumber. She was a slave-holder,—she owned Deacon Sam.

It was truly satirical that her serf was the laziest man in the world,—but she would have dismissed him had he shown a liking for work; she was the laziest woman in the world. Together they were picturesque. She saw everything in one great picture. Beyond that stretch of green, beyond the oaks, beyond the great gates, beyond the highway, on the other side of the lofty levee, the flood of Bayou Laforge whirled angrily. Of the landscape it alone was energetic. Through the swollen veins of the bayous, through the bursting artery of the Mississippi, the melting snows of the north poured in raging flood. It was battling with the pastoral temper of the South. It was swollen with the sap of youth and the strength of quick life. With virgin force it tore repressed between the dogged walls that separated the fertile fields. It was foreign and it was inimical. It growled against the voluptuous country, an invader. And the South, with extended arms, was pressing from her breast the eternal, northern foe. Of the flood, Violet in a hammock sat and dreamed.

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There was good reason for No. 2 to be late. But it was not a company reason, and if reported some men on the Southern Pacific would lose their jobs. They are the engineer, the fireman, and the rest of the crew on No. 2. The reason lay in Christmas time. New Orleans is a better place in which to be on a holiday than Schriever or the Crossing.

So Michael Mann, the engineer, and the train crew, conspired to have a hot box, to waste steam and lose time, because it was Christmas, and they craftily hoped to be ordered into New Orleans. If they ran on time they would be ordered back after reaching the Crossing, and their through coach attached to the through train. But they concluded that it would be a wise plan to miss the Sunset Limited, and on account of their through coach they would be ordered to run special into the city.

It was a well-conceived plan. It would work. And it had result, even if different from expectations. God gained prayers that day because No. 2 was loitering on the way, and broke the rules of the company. It is beneficial, sometimes, not to "honor the king." But God had made Christmas for the crew.

With cripple pace, No. 2 sighted the Crossing. The Sunset Limited had rumbled over the bridge, and the steam of her whistle was curling above the plantations. The through train from the west was living up to her duty, and would land her California passengers in New Orleans on time. No. 2, the train from the valley north, that had been groaning on her route all day, escaped her connections, and the impatient occupants of her through coach could only view the slender steam of the Sunset fading before them. The Deliverer was gone, but Christmas was for the crew.

Grunting lazily, but sluggard in victory, No. 2 touched the bridge, and began to cross. Michael Mann closed down the throttle, and as he leaned from the cab window saw the faces of his young ones reflected in the whirl of the water, children and flood hovering about the image of a tree. He was the master man. He made the impatient locomotive crawl, poised triumphantly above the waves.

All day, under the ground, the levee wall was supporting itself against the tide, insinuating itself into nook and hole, eating into the heart of the dam. The secret, subterranean battle reached its climax. The cold flood lapped greedily down the outside bank. It sprang its slender stream toward the ripe crop of cane. The levee, at the point bulwarking the bridge, yielded, and the yellow flood snarled upon the fields.

Gasping, Michael Mann closed the throttle all the way down in time. The ragged bridge warned him of the plunge. Stretched from his cab window, he looked to the end of the train, and met the brakeman's signal to stand still. He was horror-struck. The train could not be moved. The flood had torn away the other end of the bridge.

The stranded engine snorted above the flood, but its defiance was puny to the roar of the deep. It was like a

wrestler caught up on the back of the victor.

Trembling in death agony, the train stood stationary above the tide, which clamored for its life. The shreds of the bridge shook with every fresh assault below, shrinking from the crunching teeth of the torrent. And No. 2, perfect in part and whole, with steam up, Michael's hand ready for the nervous throttle, snorted with thwarted majesty in mid air. Her passengers, hardly yet grasping the situation, crossed in a pale fashion from the car windows. The tide roared mercilessly upon them. It had counted its victims, surrounded by a watery host, which was supported by the two flanks of the crevasse. Cruelty had never been more cunning. There was perfection in the strategy of the waters.

All hands, master and men, women and children, crowded down the levee to the crevasse, gaping upon the spectacle of the fated train. A timber from the bridge plunged into the water. The crowd cried, some ran wildly, some wept.

In the front rank was Violet, with Deacon Sam. A fatal magnetism attracted her toward the train. She saw a passenger, a speck above the whirlpool, crawl from his coach, and stand solitary upon the top of the car. He was easily recognizable, calm and cool above the ready grave, and he was The Man, who had come down from New York, the man who had consumed two hours every day.

"Save him, Deacon, if you can." Violet's numbed brain urged her slave. The words were like the wind soughing through the gates of death. Deacon Sam, smiling apishly, glanced at Violet, and vacant of the fear of danger, darted to the ragged edge of the levee at the crevasse. He was liable to be consumed instantly by the tide. He climbed over the stone parapets whereon the bridge had stood. Moored uncertainly to them was a heavy tree trunk swept thereupon by the stream. "Help me, some of yo'," Sam appealed for volunteers. None answered. The tragedy of No. 2 seemed sealed. Sam, half-stripped, stood waist deep in the water on the stone, his shining back braced against the levee wall. His heavy groan as he bent to his lone labor shocked the foremost of his audience, which had ventured nearer the crevasse.

The black Hercules, levering the trunk upon his back, lifted it, sizzling with the drip, aloft in air. He staggered, and with true aim, let it fall forward. The trunk struck the bridge heavily; it shook, but it did not fall, and in a moment had been created a perilous causeway between the trainful and the broken levee.

One by one, child, woman, man, the people in peril slid by guide rope down the timber bridge. They were rushed from the verge of the crevasse. The passengers were every one saved. And when they were all in, the train plunged.

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The supper table was spread at Sherry's. Without, the Avenue was merry, in the jingle of Christmas bell and the snap of Christmas cold. It was night, and the world was glad. And in the swift dance was gathered every light and sound, each whirl of car, clatter of hoof, and voice of man.

But at the supper table there was a glad quiet. The company sat down after play.

"I wish to propose a toast," said Ralph Addisonne, rising. "It's a little old, a year old, but mellow, I hope,—the Christmas of the Crevasse." He smiled straight away at his wife.

"I want to supplement it," said Violet. "It is to The Man."

"But first let us religiously perform the ceremony of refilling the glasses," said her husband. "Your service, Deacon Sam."

The black man, clad in white, stepped forward, and slowly poured the champagne.

The Flight of the Countess

BY IRENE CONNELL.

International marriages are so common nowadays that when Violet Osbourne wedded Count Raoul de Guenedec of Brittany the little ripple of excitement created thereby did not spread beyond mere local circles. Penniless Breton counts are not much to boast of.

Mrs. and Miss Osbourne were doing Europe—their first trip—and being rather inexperienced in the matter of titles they snapped up the first one that offered.

The marriage ceremony took place in San Francisco. Violet and her mamma would have preferred it to be solemnized abroad without the presence of Mr. Osbourne, whom, truth to tell, they snubbed in most matters, being not a little ashamed of him. He was, indeed, an awkward contrast to the elegant Count Raoul. But the Count had reasons of his own (chiefly financial) for wishing to be married in America, and the presence of Osbourne pere was indispensable in the matter of settlements. So the ladies came home with their trunks full of finery, dutiable and undutiable, and the Count followed them with his man of affairs.

The wedding ceremony was performed by a high ecclesiastical dignitary, at the Osbourne residence, newly furbished and decorated for the occasion. It is said that the Count nearly withdrew from the alliance at the last moment, the settlements not being to his liking. The final arrangements were, however, satisfactory to the titled son-in-law, less so to old Osbourne, who damned his daughter's choice without stint. The young couple left at once for Europe. Violet expected to live in Paris. For what else did she marry a Frenchman? To her Paris meant France, and France, Paris.

The ancestral home of the De Guenedecs was in Brittany, one of those corners of the world apparently left behind by the march of progress. The chateau is old and ruinous and its interior bare and comfortless to a degree beyond the imagination of an American. Its two extinguisher-capped towers overlook the salt marshes and the sea. The mother and aunt of Raoul presided over the destinies of the chateau, and ruled their few servants with almost feudal authority. Time was when the family owned the lands and the salt marshes, but that is long past. The old women were poor and penurious, and employed their time in knitting and devotion. Raoul was left fatherless at an early age, but as soon as he could free himself from maternal control he escaped to Paris, where he led the life of a man of the world, and accumulated debts which he hoped in time to liquidate by a rich marriage. For Violet he had a certain penchant. She amused him, but not so much as a certain little danseuse who was costing him an extravagant amount of money just then.

As a bride Violet was happy enough. She and her husband lived for a time in Paris, but previous to the birth

of her child the young couple went down to the chateau of the De Guenedecs. The young Countess did not relish provincial life, but was willing to do anything to please her husband. She wished to have a suite of rooms modernized and fitted up for her own use, and was surprised at the opposition she met on the part of the two old ladies. To begin with, Raoul had married without his mother's consent, and besides, the Breton women showed on general principles small respect for "the American." The white boudoir and the bathroom of the young wife scandalized them. "An honest woman does not need a bath every day" was their comment. "She has more dresses at once than I have had in my whole life," complained the old Countess. "She, the American, the paysanne."

Violet was very proud of her baby, a boy. But now her real troubles began, especially as Raoul soon went back to Paris. The doctor would not permit the mother and infant to follow, declaring that the air and milk of Paris would work harm to the child.

The young American mother had her prejudices as to how babies should be brought up, and the two old Breton ladies had theirs. They provided little Raoul with a bonne who could not even speak French, much less English, and between them they ruled over all the details of his daily life. Violet wept bitter tears, but it was of no use.

"I hate those ugly, uncomfortable caps," said she. "American babies are so much prettier with their heads bare."

"It has always been the custom with us," replied the grandmother, "and it is the proper way."

Whenever Violet appealed to her husband in any dispute he would reply:

"You are not an American any more, petite. When you married me you became a Frenchwoman. You must let my mother have her way."

The Count's visits to the chateau became less and less frequent. He had tired of the marshes and the sea, and besides, the little dancer had resumed her sway, the more easily that now he had plenty of American dollars to burn. Violet, on the contrary, found that she had not a sou to call her own. She now began to realize what it meant when all her income was settled on her husband. The old Countess and Aunt Gudule smiled with malice. Her money was very good; for the rest they treated her with contempt. More and more they kept her boy from her. They made her feel that he belonged to the De Guenedecs and not to her. She was an alien, deprived of her child, deserted by her husband, and despised by his kindred. Her own mother died and she now felt with sharp regret how unkindly she had treated her father.

Her one resource was to take long rambles, planning some mode of escape from her surroundings, and watching mechanically the peasant women digging potatoes in their colored sleeves and petticoats, red stockings and strange coiffes, or the white-robed paludiers in their baggy trousers gathering salt from the marshes. She found something congenial in the desolate, sandy coast and the rocky moors, with their scrub oaks and fragrant sea-pinks. She secreted all her money and jewels about her person, feeling a presentiment that she would need them in some sudden emergency. In the nearest village there was an old church dating from the fifteenth century. Occasionally a stray tourist would go out of the beaten way to visit it, attracted by its quaint architecture and by its altar of black granite, where the sailors hung their votive offerings when preserved from shipwreck. Violet haunted alike the old church and the Druid stones, hoping to come across some one whom she had ever known. Needless to say, the ladies of the chateau did not countenance these pilgrimages.

"No lady does these things," they said. As to themselves, they went only to church or on visits of charity, and were invariably accompanied by a servant. Their only visitor was the cure who came to dine and to play a game of cards.

So time wore along until little Raoul had completed his second year. It was now Christmas eve, and the pious Bretons assembled for the midnight mass. From far and wide they came across the snow, the people of the chateau among the others. The bonne did not wish to miss the mass and Violet offered to remain at home with her boy. To this the grandmother at once dissented; all must go, baby should be wrapped up and taken along. He must see the lights and the creche. So they all went on foot, old Pierre carrying the lantern. Baby soon tired of the service, and Violet, seeing that he was becoming fretful, took him from the arms of the bonne and carried him out of the church, regardless of the stern glances of the old Countess, who could not remonstrate verbally in the midst of High Mass. It was a cold, clear night and myriads of stars twinkled in the depths of the sky.

Into the night suddenly came the crunch of wheels and the sound of voices, English—no, American voices.

"Here we are at last, Will, and see, the service is going on."

"Well, of all the notions, Stella——" The rest died away in a good natured growl.

"Oh, I wanted to see this above all things. I just love these quaint people."

Violet's heart stood still. The woman was Stella Main, and the man was Will Tozer, and they were from San Francisco.

"Stella, don't you know me?"

"Violet, in heaven's name! What are you doing here? But surely you know Will. We are on our wedding trip."

"Thank God! Stella, do not ask me a single question, but take us this minute, just as we are, away from here. I suppose you came from Batz?"

"Yes, we are doing this part of the country. But what is the matter? Why——"

"Do not ask me. Do not stop a moment. I will tell you everything."

So Violet and the baby were taken up, and were gone before Mass was over. Tozer knew that a little English vessel left Sainte Marie next morning, and the fugitives were taken on board.

"Stella, get down on your knees every day of your life and thank God that you are married to an American," said Violet at parting.

The De Guenedec divorce suit was sensational. Both sides wanted the child, but it ended in Violet getting her son and the Count keeping her money. Some curious points of law were touched upon—for example, the doubtful legality of the marriage, owing to the formal consent of the Count's mother never having been obtained. I do not believe that little Raoul will ever claim the De Guenedec title and estates.



CHANT OF THE CITY ROYAL

Stay, stay a little! ye who claim—
Kings bred of kings, the boon of birth
Begotten of Franciscan earth,—
Sons of her strength and fame!
Unto my chant your hearts recalling,
Come listen, and about me throng;
I lift our splendid city's song—
Before her feet the years are falling
Where vast the auroral futures glow,
Urging me pay the debt I owe and still must owe.

Hail, City! Mother City, hail!
I greet thee, climbing slow aloft
Thy twin and pointed peaks where oft
I scanned thee, height and vale.
O fair metropolis! O shining!
Whose limbs, whose face, in light or mist,
The sun, the seas, the winds have kissed!
Whence comes this vision, this divining
That marks the towering years dilate
Portentously august and charged with wondrous fate?

So far-come, old Castilians viewed
From carven poops of barks that lay
With kelpy bottoms in thy bay,
Thy virgin beauty nude.
So to their eyes the cloud-domes soaring
Of filmy fabrics laced the air,
Though bare thy golden dunes and bare
Thy beaches where the surf fell roaring.
Those dark and dreaming mariners beheld
Entranced, the crystal fanes aerial magic spelled.

Strong generations' lapsing tides
Gave thee their blood prolific,—O!
Great art thou yet shalt greater grow
As Time with Progress strides.
Thou youngest queen of giantesses!
Dear, dear to me thy goddess growth;
I bask on thy wide bosom loth
To leave the tangle of thy tresses.
Fervor and fancy may outpour
From louder reeds than mine, yet who shall love thee more?

Behold the town, behold her bay!
Green, slumbering isles behold, and o'er
Yon waves the fair and farther shore
And mountains' crowned array.
The white, still, stately ferries gliding,
The ships of sail at anchor-rest,
The black-hulled ships of steam abreast
Their iron battle-brethren riding,
And swift the fishing craft that leap
With dark wine-colored sails to drag the swarming deep.

Roofs like the troubled seas! O spires!
Domes, teeming things that upward lift
Where swamps the sun or purple drift
Of smoke proclaims your fires;
Bright streets the serried hills ascending
Of marshalled mansions gay or dumb,
Traversed by engine-wains that come
And go, their gleaming pathway wending—
O peaks, O gardens, parks and squares,
Wind-wafted odors of the seas and blithe Valkyrie airs!

A distant whir ascends the South
As gulfed within a dream. It thrills
Through tremblings where a myriad mills
Sound music from thy mouth.
The black smoke-genii roll and tumble
From funnels twined with flame and steam,
While shrill at noon and vesper scream
Thy sirens and thy engines rumble
Through furnace-flash and forge's glow—
One heats thee,City,into life, one shapes thee, blow by blow!

Unto thy bosom's magnet vast,
Firm-centred in thy seven hills,
Earth's ultimate quick iron thrills
And seeks thee out at last!
From world-ports all the bland Pacific
Is tracked by rushing prows with foam;
They seek thy harbor and their home;
They seek thee, mother beatific!
A thousand wind-worn masts point high
And silken from their polished spars the flaunting nations fly.

To thee the pregnant vessels run
Low-dipping, then, departing, bear
Hulls freighting spoil of regions rare
Loved by a wilder sun.
Thee raptured steel of rails clear-ringing,
Greets ever with incessant yields
Of twelve-month's tribute from the fields,
The ores, the fruits, the forests bringing
From mountain-mass and valley floor
Who, bursting on thy dais-steps their cornucopias pour.

Sail! peaceful, peaceful keels that sweep
In white armadas from these shores—
Sail! Commerce-crowned with precious stores,
Ye cygnets of the deep!
From burning spice-isles Oriental,
Dim, pearly archipelagoes,
A sparkle-darting star arose
Above these gateways Occidental.
Its fire flared auspicious sign—
Rule o'er far regions of the East, Great City, shall be thine.

Our Hellas of the Western deep
Anoints thee queen nor long shall wait
The huge gestation of the state
That lies in thee asleep.
Yet great in greater realms thy glory—
Here Art shall rear a nobler race
Than any that hath built its place
In nation's stone or nation's story.
Spirits of native light shall draw
Compelling urgings from thy breasts so holy-hedged with awe.

Soon may yon sundered oceans mix
Their isthmian waves nor fend from thee
World-homage thine—o'er subject sea
And land,—Imperatrix!
Tongues of thy truest bards shall praise thee,
Nurse valiant of the master arts,
For thou within their minds and hearts
Hast blown the fire whose light repays thee.
Bow to her, waves! where midst your foam,
Seven-set on circling hills she shines, our new, our nobler Rome!

Herman Scheffauer.



A Christmas Hodge-Podge

BY E. D. PRICE.

It was the night before Christmas. The merry jingle of sleigh bells rang out sharply upon the clear, frosty air and the gentle patter of reindeer hoofs upon the roof heralded the glad approach of the good Santa Claus. All swathed in huge furs, his ruddy face tingling from the biting blast and his whiskers sparkling with hoar frost, the jolly old gift bearer leaped nimbly from his quaintly carved sledge and, peering down the dark chimney, chuckled softly with delight.

At least that is what he would have done in the children's story books, but, of course, it is all very different in these up to date times. Reindeer are practically extinct in our great metropolitan centres and heavy rainfalls ruin the sleighing.

And so the up to date Santa Claus came in an electrical airship that was forever getting out of kilter and letting him down on the wrong roof. And instead of being wrapped in furs he wore a porous plaster and a waterproof and carried a venerable umbrella which leaked down the back of his neck. The rain ran in rivulets down his long white beard and he coughed dismally.

"It is a terrible night," he muttered hoarsely, "and this Christmas business will be the death of me yet. Thank goodness, I've only one more soubrette on my list. Third flat West, Montmorency bell. I'm blamed if I wouldn't give her the go-by, except that she behaves well to her mother."

He paused hastily in the act of descent and withdrew his rheumatic leg, with a little exclamation of pain.

"How stupid of me to try the chimney," he grumbled. "It's another of those steam-heated flats." And then wearily and cautiously he felt his way down the dripping, slippery fire escape.

All was hushed and quiet as the grave in the little soubrette boudoir. It was only three o'clock A. M. and quite too early for its fair occupant to have returned from the all-night lobster emporium. Not even the faintest glimmer of light came through the transom, but the good Santa Claus tiptoed carefully about the snug apartment, endeavoring to track up the carpet as little as possible, until finally his outstretched hand came into contact with the something soft and silken for which he was searching.

"She expected me," he said good humoredly, "and has hung up both her stockings. It shall be a glad homecoming for the little one who is good to her mother."

And then from his capacious rubber sack he withdrew the gift offerings and dropped them, one by one, into the yawning receptacles. There was a sweet little silver toilette set with her monogram, lovely marquise rings of fairest turquoise, superb stars and crescents and brooches of diamonds so brilliant that they glowed in the darkness with phosphorescent glare, and jeweled hatpins, and perfumery and candy and costly violets—everything in rich profusion that could gladden the heart of the blonde young woman of the merry chorus.

"They must be fairly running over," he said delightedly, and then he cautiously inserted his hand, but could feel nothing. Hesitating for an instant, he crowded in the real Alaska sealskin jacket. It was swallowed up as by a quicksand.

Puzzled and disturbed, Santa Claus struck a match and lighted the gas jet; then he started back in amazement.

"These are not stockings," he exclaimed angrily, "she has tried to ring in a whole pair of tights. Now here is what happens when an avaricious young person overplays the limit."

Dumping every precious thing back into the sack, he hurried away in high dudgeon, and the faint whir of his dynamo announced that he had taken flight.

When Mabel Montmorency, her fair young face all aglow with expectation, hastened home half an hour later, the empty tights fluttered idly in the damp breeze and the lace curtains were rain sodden and quite spoiled. Santa Claus had not even bothered to close the window. And he had revengefully cribbed the last bottle of beer in the ice box.

* * * * * * *

When the overtaxed business man's friends came bearing gifts and wishing him a Merry Christmas, and he grinned awkwardly and replied, "The same to you," he could not repress a forlorn hope that somebody would give him something he really wanted. He did not exactly know what he wanted, but he had a firm conviction that he would recognize it if he saw it.

As he began with trembling fingers to undo the first package he experienced a sudden thrill of gratification. At least it wasn't a match box. The year before everybody who remembered him at all gave him match boxes. He had carefully stacked them away upon an attic shelf and had gone on carrying matches loose in his vest pocket, and constantly mistaking them for toothpicks.

This package at least contained something else. It was too large for a match box. Ah, yes, it was a calendar—a very pretty calendar in a leather case. A calendar is always useful. This would be just the thing for his desk. Had the thoughtful donor remained for acknowledgement the recipient would have said from his heart: "You, at least, have good taste and excellent judgment. You could not possibly have pleased me better; a calendar was exactly what I wanted."

It was with some misgivings that the man untied the second package. It felt as if it might contain a calendar. And it did. It represented a brazen undressed coryphee posing in front of a dial. Her left foot was firmly planted at the half-hour point. The other was high above her head. She had evidently been taken at two minutes of six. The man put it by with a stifled sigh. He could not carry it home. It would never do to let the children see it. The youthful mind is susceptible to impressions.

The oblong box felt heavy and looked encouraging. Beneath the cover was a thick layer of excelsior. The man dug into this and then swore softly as he exhumed a gunmetal calendar with brass trimmings. For the first time in his life he bitterly regretted not owning a dog. He would have liked one to throw it at.

One after another the bundles were opened. The man's friends have evidently cornered the calendar market and unloaded upon him. There was the red tissue paper affair with the tiny Chinese lanterns draped along the edge and the wash house hieroglyphics. There was the winter landscape calendar, with blue snowflakes falling gently on the pink cottage and the purple cows in the foreground.

There was the calendar with the birch bark backing,

and raffia straw fringe and the Indian head and tomahawk and tom-tom in blue and yellow beadwork. There was one from the never idle comedienne whom he had taken to supper one evening when there had been words at the house and he had gone down town morose, misanthropic and convinced that his wife had never understood him. It bore the lady's portrait, showing all her teeth and jewelry, and extolled her marvelous success in vaudeville.

And there was the dinky little ivory calendar, with the movable date cards that no one ever remembered to change. Incidentally there was a dozen or so of advertising calendars testifying to the superior merits of various beers, five-cent cigars, health foods, endowment policies and great lines of railway transportation. They were all inscribed "Compliments of the Season."

The man turned wearily to his accumulated stack of letters. Those that did not contain unreceipted bills, enclosed picture cards wishing him a Merry Christmas, and there were tiny calendar pads gummed on them. Then he went out, and on his way home bought himself a fifty-cent necktie and told the clerk to charge it.

As he opened the door of his modest flat the man's wife flew at him with smiling and happy face. She was laboring under suppressed excitement.

"My darling," she cried softly, "I haven't much to give you this year, but I know you will value my little gift, not for its intrinsic value, but because it is my own handiwork. It is something very useful, and every time you look at it you will be reminded of me."

Then she burrowed into her favorite hiding place under the bed and proudly produced the hand-painted calendar, decorated with forget-me-nots and poetic sentiments signifying fond remembrance.

A moment later the door bell rang sharply. It was the Dutch delivery boy from the corner grocery. "I haf prought you von of our soufenir kalendars," he said stolidly. "Der boss he vish you a Merry Christmus, and vould like to know if you could sent him der money allreatty. It is over two veeks now."

* * * * * * *

What an ideal death was that of Remenyi, the grand old violinist—thrilling a vast audience by the sweep of his magic bow and falling lifeless as he fingered the sparkling notes of the Pizzicati.

It is a grand thing, this preservation of one's usefulness to the final moment and the consolation of being able to die in harness.

John McCullough, the stalwart, big-hearted exponent of the robust in tragic art, sat moodily one rainy Christmas night in a Detroit hotel, taking a very gloomy view of life indeed. The golden dream of conquest had been dissipated when his banker, friend and patron, Ralston, plunged to his death in the waters of San Francisco bay.

The tragedian had returned East to begin all over again, but fortune as yet frowned upon him. He had played that holiday night to a handful of people in a theatre which was to be thronged with his clamorous admirers less than two years later.

The three friends who were present sought to rouse him from melancholy reverie and failed most miserably.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door and in strode a merry little man, with a shining bald pate, who cried cheerily:

"I am Remenyi, the fiddler. They told me you were here, and I am come to introduce myself."

There was a firm clasp of the hands, and two strong, magnetic men were friends upon the instant, as if their comradeship had been lifelong.

"Come, cheer up," said the violinist. "You are blue? Well, we shall see about that. It is not good to be sad at Christmas time. Wait for a moment; I shall get my fiddle."

And five minutes later he was hustling back again with his rare old Stradivarius. His ruddy face radiant with good humor, he looked for all the world like one of those jolly old monks the painter's art has depicted, roaring with delight over a piquant tale.

Then he played. His instrument thrilled beneath his touch like a living creature, and great waves of melody rippled and swelled until the dim, gloomy apartment seemed all aglow with the radiance of fairyland.

The soft, dreamy waltz movements of Strauss, the stormy strains of Wagner, the weird, eerie-like airs of his own well beloved Hungary, followed one upon the other and no word was spoken.

It was long after midnight when he ceased, and throwing the bow from him said abruptly, "But I have bored you sufficiently. Good-night, my friend, and good luck journey with you."

"Good-night, grand artist," replied the tragedian. "You have given me new life, new hope. God bless you."

Of the men who sat enthralled beneath the spell of Remenyi's splendid art that rainy Christmas night, but one survives, and it is he who writes these lines. The ways of Providence are indeed mysterious, and passeth all understanding.

* * * * * * *

The roar and rattle of traffic, the harsh, unintelligible cries of street vendors, the brazen clang of cable car gongs and the shrill, strident shouts of children at play were wafted through the half-open windows of the sick chamber upon this clear, crisp, clamorous Christmas morn.

They were all alert with vitality and virility. They proclaimed life and action and were strangely at variance with the indefinable hush and stillness of impending death.

The dying man gave no heed to the disturbing uproar of the busy outside world. His lack-lustre eyes stared steadily at the whitewashed ceiling of the mean apartment as if striving to penetrate the mysteries of the great unknown beyond. An eternity of exploration and expiation lay before him but his dulled and wavering senses were fascinated by the fancies of curious conjecture.

One might have thought him already dead but for the nervous movement of his white, wasted fingers plucking peevishly at the soiled counterpane.

There were no sorrowing friends at his bedside. For him the Christmas chime and carol had no significance. Now that his time had come he was dying as he had lived, alone, shunned, despised and rejected of his fellows.

The charity hospital nurse, not unkindly, but calloused by long years of ill-requited service to the suffering, bent over him perfunctorily, with stereotyped queries. Was he more comfortable now? Was there any message that he desired to leave? Was there anything he wished?

He shook his head silently, still staring at something invisible to mortal eye and picking, picking, peevishly at the soiled counterpane.

Suddenly the expiring flame in the burned-out socket of mortality seemed to flicker for an instant and to blaze up afresh.

His eyes grew brighter, there was a faint flush upon the pallid, unshaven cheek and his voice rang out with something of its old resonance.

"Yes, there is one thing—my epitaph," he said, very clearly and distinctly. "I am only a theatrical press agent

but I suppose I am entitled to an epitaph. It must be crisp, concise and significant of a life created for good and perverted to evil. Place upon my headstone this one brief sentence:

HERE LIES

His head fell back limply. There was a quick, sharp death-rattle in his throat. He lay very quietly, a strange smile upon his lips.

The hard-featured nurse listened attentively, with well trained ear, for an instant, and drew the sheet reverently over the still, ashen face. Then she began to tidy up the room.

Some Christmas Reflections

Christmas comes but once a year. We are thankful for that much. —*The Pessimist.*

If wishes were horses a poor man might afford to keep Christmas. —*The Pauper.*

The giver of Christmas gifts grumbles because he gives; the recipient grumbles for the obligation that the gift entails, so only the shop-keeper is benefited.

But there is a melancholy satisfaction in knowing that the other fellow feels just as badly about it.

If Christ came to earth again on His birthday, He would doubtless be surprised to find so little of that which He wanted most to leave us—"peace on earth, good will to men." —*The Cynic.*

A Transplanted Jenkins

BY SARAH WILLIAMSON.

It all came over Molly with a great rush as she sat in the grand stand watching the horses fly to victory or defeat. It was like a tidal wave of nostalgia.

When she saw Tom Lewis gazing about him with a worried look, she knew at once what she would do. Molly had seen that harassed expression on reporters' faces before. She understood what it portended this time. The detail was not fully covered. Like a flash it came to her—the great "Charity Christmas Meet," and the Society Reporter was not there!

* * * * * * *

At first it had been delightful to Molly. She enjoyed wearing her smart frocks, having salesmen and saleswomen kowtow to her, and driving up to the theatre or concert-hall in her own private equipage. It was so soothing to have the doorkeeper—who often used to turn her down *sans merci* in the old days when she solicited admission on her newspaper credentials—show her the deference only given to the very rich.

She was no longer Molly, but Mary to her husband and Marie to his sister, who had traveled and still affected a Parisian turn to her tongue. Her cards read "Mrs. Gerson," for she was that, the dowager Madame having passed away a few months before her son's marriage.

Mary Gerson found it vastly amusing to be on the inside of things. She had once been permitted peeps behind the curtain, when she started her career. They had put her on society details until she worked up to an inside position. Now she could sneer from her lofty perch at the haughty ladies who had so often patronized her when she had asked the privilege of publishing their daughters' portraits with the announcement of their debut or betrothal.

That was not so long ago, either, but none of these proud dames appeared to recognize in Schuyler Gerson's beautiful young wife "that impertinent reporter from the *Orb.*" How could they? The Gersons' social position was unimpeachable.

Gerson had fallen in love with Molly on her last vacation, which she was spending at a mutual friend's eyrie up in the Sierras. As he was used to having what he wished, and Molly could not resist his pleading, they were married almost immediately after the proposal. She had requested her newspaper friends to suppress any slush they had intended to write about the affair, and that is why no one in Schuyler's set thought of, or dared if they knew, to make any loud comments on Gerson's choice. There was nothing snobbish about Molly. She would have preferred to have everybody connect her with the old Molly, but Schuyler ignored her desire and his sister always swished the subject when Molly introduced anything that savored of shop talk. So in time she laid the shop away in a dark corner of her memory. It was not dead, only sleeping, but it slept soundly.

At first Molly enjoyed it all, the novelty of being IT where she had been a cipher. She did not miss her work, for Society's claims were many. She was invited everywhere, and she went to teas and luncheons, dinners and dances, until they lost their newness and became a bore. They would have been more of a bore had not Molly retained her old habit of observation to help her out. She looked beyond and beneath the surface, and the pretensions of these smart people amused her. She remembered some of them in other aspects in days gone by, their smallness, snobbishness, and their subterfuges when they wanted their daughters' names to go into the papers yet veiled their eagerness for notoriety in a cold scorn of all publicity.

* * * * * * *

Mary Gerson looked down at Tom Lewis's perplexed, scowling brow, and she laughed a little, quiet laugh. How easily she could banish that frown! Dear old Tom! It was he who had christened her "Mollykins," which pet name the office in general had afterwards adopted. To be sure, she mused, they had been familiar sometimes. But it was not the familiarity of discourtesy; rather the rough, kindly attentions of big brothers to a younger sister. One time they had made a wager that the Sporting Editor should steal a kiss from Mollykins. She remembered how it came about. The Police Reporter and the Court Reporter held her hands while the Sporting Editor snatched the kiss. She was very angry and would not speak to any of them for a whole day. But the next morning she found her desk covered with sweet, fresh violets, and forgot her wrath in contemplating the beauty and inhaling the fragrance of the purple blooms.

She had never told her husband, or his sister, of that little episode. Schuyler would not have understood it. He would have considered it an insult and might have suggested thrashing the Sporting Editor—though Molly and Schuyler were strangers at the time the incident occurred.

Until she saw Tom Lewis frowning at the horses Molly did not miss the old life. She forgot her desk and the inkpot while Society and its pleasures were young. It was so delightful to be free from care and financial worry; to live in a grand house with a retinue of servants

instead of in a tiny apartment shared with two other girls, and only the house Jap to help out on state occasions in the work.

* * * * * * *

Tom Lewis was scanning the spectators in the grand stand. His eyes caught those of a smartly gowned young woman with a gold-mounted lorgnette upraised. There was an exchange of nods, a bit of wireless telegraphy that told of aid wanted and help promised.

Schuyler was down among the bookies in the arena. In an instant Mrs. Gerson found herself at the gate by Tom Lewis's side.

"Will you, really?" he said eagerly. "Miss Jones 'phoned just half an hour ago that she was too ill to be out. And Miss Starr is doing a children's ball and three Christmas dinner-parties. The *Day* and the *Hexameter* have the cream of their staffs out, but we're awfully short."

"I'll cover Miss Jones's and Miss Starr's part," said Molly, "I've been here long enough to see all the people, and I'll string you out three columns easily."

* * * * * * *

While Schuyler Gerson was madly searching for a missing wife at the races, the missing wife was scribbling for dear life at her old desk in the *Orb* office. Her hair was touzled, ink-spots adorned her gown, and her sealskin and hat were thrown carelessly across a chair.

Her eyes sparkled and she dashed off page after page of what she assured the City Editor, who stood by gazing admiringly at his old assistant, was "rattling good stuff."

As she tossed her pen on the desk with the last page, Molly heaved a great sigh. She opened her eyes and came back to life with a start.

"What have I done?" she cried, "my husband will be looking everywhere for me. Just ring up my house, will you, and tell Schuyler I'm safe?"

The City Editor helped her on with her coat, and in the absence of a mirror assured her when her hat was at the proper angle.

"We miss you awfully, Mollykins," he said, "you're an immense loss to the force."

Molly sighed again.

"And what do you think of me?" she said, "going back—after this?"

"Why—don't you want to go back?"

"Ask the partially cured dram-drinker, when he's given a taste of his old love."

Then Mrs. Gerson, with a shake-hands all around, and followed by regretful, admiring eyes, swept out of the office.

* * * * * * *

A few hours later she was presiding with charming grace at an elaborate Christmas dinner at which the guests were a picked twenty of the most exclusive Gersons and their connections. She acted her part well, and her husband's approval went side by side with that of his aristocratic relatives. But Molly, with inward recollection of the afternoon's mad freak, experienced again that wave of homesickness.

To herself she felt like an actress playing an unwelcome role—but it had been her own choice.

Hearts

A Christmas Story.

BY LOUIS J. STELLMAN.

It was Mrs. Carol's first Christmas in California. She gazed out of the window, half resenting the sunshine and the odor of flowers that came from the garden below; half expecting to awake from a dream and see the familiar snow-covered landscape, stretching, flat and desolate, to the point where a lead-colored sky cut it sharply and formed the upper half of a curtain upon which black silhouettes of trees and buildings seemed to have been painted with a nervous hand. Mrs. Carol had become so used to this setting for the winter holidays that she missed it, as one does, sometimes, a cherished grief. Mrs. Carol was pale and dreamy—and sadness became her delicate features so well that she cultivated it.

She felt the joyous stimulus of this California Christmas morning in contrast to her mood, with the sharp annoyance that comes to a woman in the consciousness that her gown is not becoming or unsuitable to the occasion. How could one say soft, pathetic things when the sunlight glared—yes, positively glared—in aggressive brightness. And it was, before all, Mrs. Carol's desire to impress her companion with the glamour of delicate grief.

She sighed softly. "Everything is so gay and happy here," she said at length. "Poor Dick! it will be a lonesome Christmas for him."

Bayden looked up quickly. He had been watching the sunshine filter through her hair—Mrs. Carol had wonderful hair—his mind full of half-formed thoughts.

"Who is Dick?" he asked, jealously, "oh—ah—Mr. Carol, I suppose."

"Yes," affirmed Mrs. Carol, without turning. Bayden's tone proved that her pose was effective. "I call him Dick, though that's his middle name. He's working very hard to give me this vacation—and he'll be awfully lonely today. I would have staid, but the doctor insisted—one can never tell what one of these neglected colds will develop into, you know. I'm quite over it now, but he writes me to stay another month and take no chances. He's very unselfish, Dick is. I suppose he'll hunt up some of his bachelor friends at the club—but it won't be the same, of course, and I feel rather guilty and selfish." Her eyes were turned to his appealingly.

Bayden laid a hand timidly on hers. He was a boyish-looking fellow who seemed to peer, darkly, through the glass of untried ideals.

"Oh, I wouldn't look at it in that way," he returned. "I'm sure your health is of paramount importance to your husband. And you give him so *much* of your thought. . . . I wish," he continued, haltingly, —"it's selfish, I know—but I wish, sometimes—you'd give *me* a little more of it." He withdrew his hand quickly, as though realizing that he had committed an indiscretion.

Mrs. Carol groaned inwardly. At first she had been attracted by his seriousness, but later she was forced to realize that a lack of humor has its inevitable concomitant of embarrassing crudity.

If he had only said: "Oh, can't we forget Dick for a little while? I'm growing awfully jealous of that husband of yours," or, again, "What's the use of worrying about Dick? He's a thousand miles away. Be good to me. I'm here—and entirely innocuous."

Thus Mrs. Carol reflected in the momentary silence before she replied. She was used to *that* sort of thing. But then, it was hardly to be expected of Bayden, and she, herself, had set the pace. She had done it because Bayden seemed positively too negative to set one himself—and he was novel enough to be amusing.

So Mrs. Carol turned away, as if confused. "Dear friend," she told him, "I *do*. That's what made me feel guilty. I have enjoyed your companionship so much. I'm afraid I haven't thought of Dick enough. That's why——" she stopped abruptly.

Bayden arose and took a step toward her. The worship in his face was unmistakable. But her eyes stopped him. It was her one cross in this relationship—that she could control him so easily—for she knew that somewhere within him lurked a fire which seemed alluringly dangerous. She arose, also, slowly and languidly.

"Come," she said, "we will go into the garden—this winter paradox of yours—and pick flowers. Afterward you may take me to dine. The idea of a Christmas dinner at the hotel appalls me. Let us go to the quaint little Spanish place, where every dish is a mysterious delight. After all, there's no use in worrying over—Dick."

A change passed over Bayden's features.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that will be great. I'll telephone for a table as we go through the office. It's apt to be crowded tonight"

Snatches of his conversation came to her through the door of the telephone booth, which Bayden had left open.

"Private room . . . table for two . . . Yes, wine. . . Amontillado."

His tone seemed unnecessarily loud. People were standing about and it seemed to her that some of them smiled as Bayden rejoined her.

She turned to him angrily. "Do you want to compromise me?" she asked.

He returned her look, calmly.

"Not for the world," he answered. "Don't be foolish. Come, let's pick the flowers."

Mrs. Carol ceased, suddenly, to be entirely sure of herself—or was it of him? She did not know. However, she made no reply, and they passed, silently, out of the door.

* * * * * * *

At Mrs. Carol's request, they dismissed the cab when the business quarter was reached. It was early and they traversed, slowly, some of the principal thoroughfares of the shopping district. On the way they had passed many residences aglow with light, the windows hung with wreaths or garlanded with holly. Some were open, for the night was fine, and from these came sounds of childish laughter over toys that Santa Claus had brought. Here and there a Christmas tree gleamed and scintillated in tinsel bravery.

On the down-town streets one met another element: shop girls, and clerks, sailors, roisterers, what not—the cosmopolitan, homeless throng found only in a large city—gay of attire and happy of mien, gazing into shop windows, chattering in different tongues, all imbued with holiday effervescence. A blind man, playing a hand-organ; a wooden-legged soldier, operating an uncanny graphophone; a street-fakir, surrounded by the usual throng; a band of Salvationists; a woman singing carols to the accompaniment of an accordion—all of them reaping the harvest of Yuletide generosity and good will.

As they reached the Spanish quarter, the scene changed again. A group of swarthy serenaders ceased their music to scramble wildly for small coins which a drunken opera singer was tossing from a window. Women in bright-hued shawls with children in their arms gossiped on doorsteps. In the windows of stores and fruit-stalls hung colored prints of the Madonna. Somewhere, in the distance, a church bell tolled.

At Larini's they found a gay crowd in the main dining-room, drinking red wine and eating steaming foods. Multi-colored festoons of tissue paper contrasted oddly with the dingy walls and ceiling ornamented with strings of chili-peppers and evergreens.

Larini, himself, resplendent in evening dress, received them with effusive hospitality. The apartment to which he conducted them was a small, box-like affair at the end of a tier of similar ones opening upon a narrow passage. It contained a table covered with a passably clean linen and set with the regulation olla and ancient silver castor. A small bouquet of red roses stood in the centre.

Larini withdrew, bowing, and left them facing each other across the narrow board. Mrs. Carol seemed strangely quiet as she tugged at her gloves. She was forcibly conscious of Bayden's glance. Once, when her eyes met his, she looked down, quickly, and shivered a little.

"Are you cold?" he asked solicitously.

"No," she replied, "I was only thinking."

A waiter entered, shuffling his feet discreetly before opening the door. He brought a bottle of wine, bread, plates and eating utensils, vanishing noiselessly, to reenter, a moment later, with two bowls of soup. Once Larini entered to inquire if the signor was well served and if the wine was not rare. It was good red wine of the Pyrenees such as one did not serve to the rabble; only to the high-born who honored his poor establishment. The Amontillado would come later. This was good wine, but the Amontillado! Ah, that was precious as drops of blood! It was the wine of life. The signor would see.

To Mrs. Carol the dinner at Larini's will always be remembered as a period of the most intense emotional strain that ever come into her life. The forepart of the meal was silent. She drank little of the Chianti. Bayden drank much, and with each glass his eyes grew brighter. Whenever Mrs. Carol met them she shrank. Everything seemed still with the awful calm of an impending storm. Conversational sallies, made by one and then the other, ended in monosyllabic replies.

In due time Larini, himself, served the Amontillado. He uncorked it in silent reverence, as though it were a religious rite, and withdrew, after filling the glasses.

The first glass acted as a tonic to Mrs. Carol's overwrought nerves. She drained the glass quickly and the glow of a new strength and confidence permeated her every vein. She raised her head and looked Bayden straight in the eyes. It was like the meeting of flint and steel.

"What did you bring me here for?" she asked, finally.

Both seemed to have forgotten that it was her own request. Bayden reached out his hand and caught her about the wrist. She remained passive but her eyes still held his.

"Don't—you—know?" said Bayden, slowly. Each word was vibrant with repressed emotion. "Don't—you—know? *I love you.*"

He caught the wrist of her free hand, as she raised it, protestingly, imprisoning both in the clasp of his one. He arose and leaned across the table toward her.

"Don't cry out," he said softly, as he saw the sudden terror of her face. His eyes were close to hers and some hypnotic quality in them held her still. For a moment he gazed at her fixedly. She could feel the warmth of his breath upon her lips.

Suddenly he released her hands. They fell listlessly at her sides. Her whole body relaxed as if from great muscular exhaustion.

"There," he said, "you are free. You can go if you

wish. There is a bell at your elbow—to summon assistance."

He reseated himself. She regarded him half-fearfully, but with yearning.

"You are free," he said again. "Aren't you angry? Don't you want to go?"

"No," said Mrs. Carol, faintly. She stretched her arms across the table and caught the sleeve of his coat. "No," she repeated; "I want to stay—with you—forever."

"Ah," exclaimed Bayden. He was smiling a little. "And—Dick?"

"I love you," was all she said.

This time Bayden laughed.

"You are all alike, you women," he said, "all alike. Why do you play with fire and think you are strong? Don't you know that, in the end, you are bound to get the worst of it? All men are not fools—and some of them can act—as well as you. And always, under the laws of the land, they have the best of the deal."

Mrs. Carol gasped. She tried to utter some reply—some question, perhaps—but her tongue refused to act.

"You thought me a boy, didn't you?" Bayden went on. "You thought I would amuse you for an interval. After that, you had Dick—and you didn't care. You used the same methods that all other women use—the old, obvious methods—and you thought I couldn't see.

"Well, I accepted the challenge. My methods were equally simple. It was hardly worth while to be original—with you. I just played the boy and changed into the man. I first appealed, then perplexed, then mastered you. It was pitiably easy, wasn't it?"

Mrs. Carol's face was absolutely devoid of color. Even her lips went pale as the blood receded after pressure. Only her eyes glowed as they rested upon Bayden's face.

"You—you—" she articulated, shrilly. Her tone indicated a question, but she did not finish. With the wild cry of a beaten child, she bowed her face between her arms upon the tablecloth and sobbed.

Bayden watched her, impassively, for a moment. Then he came to her side and raised her gently by the shoulders.

"It might have been much worse," he said, grimly. "I might not have been quite so—honorable, if you will permit the expression. As it is you have had a lesson and it has cost you nothing but your pride. Come, we will go now."

She followed him submissively. A cab, previously ordered by Bayden, awaited them. Neither spoke until they reached her hotel. As they parted, she stretched out her arms to him, mutely.

"No," he said, sternly, "remember Dick"—with which he re-entered the cab.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Carol ascended, hurriedly, to her room. Arrived there, she threw herself, hat and all, upon the bed. At first she pummeled the pillows with her small gloved fists and bit the sleeve of her dress in convulsive rage. Later she wept.

After a time the storm ceased. She arose, lighted the gas, surveyed herself in the mirror—and shuddered. Then she re-arranged her hair and carefully removed the marks of her recent emotion.

"After all, I have Dick," she said to herself.

And she wrote him an affectionate letter.

In Absence

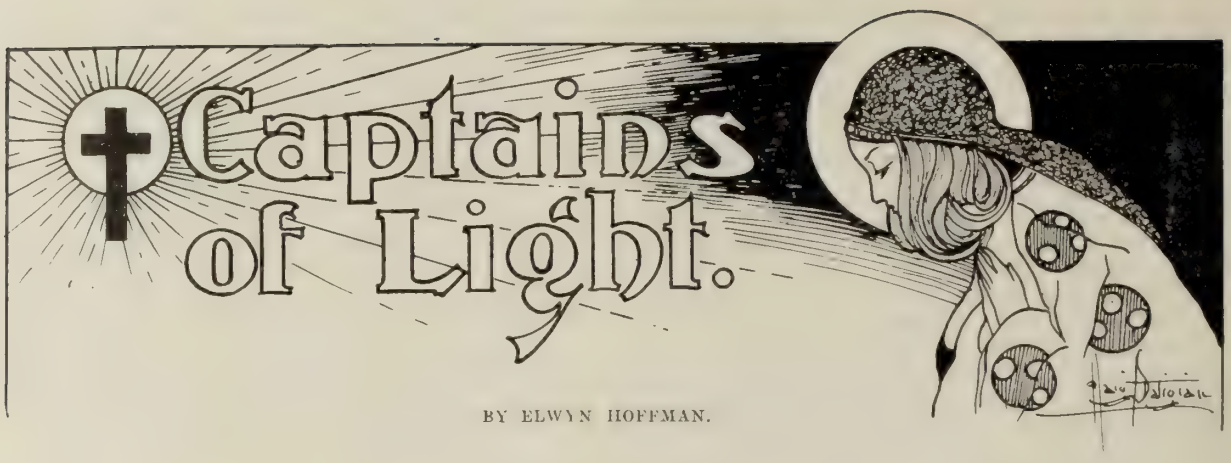
BY LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

These dreary days, how dark they seeem,
  But from their gloom I often stray
To greet thee in a glorious dream.
These dreary days, how dark they seem,
But through the clouds there bursts a beam—
  Prophetic of a brighter day.
These dreary days, how dark they seem,
  But from their gloom I often stray.

When thou wert by my side the hours
  Were lit with Love's enrapturing light.
Though dark are these abandoned bowers,
When thou wert by my side the hours
Crowned me with Love's unfading flowers
  That separation cannot blight.
When thou wert by my side the hours
  Were lit with Love's enrapturing light.

Soon there will dawn a day when we
  Shall meet again, no more to part.
I dream of all the bliss to be.
Soon there will dawn a day when we
In one another's eyes shall see
  The love now hidden in each heart.
Soon there will dawn a day when we
  Shall meet again, no more to part.

Our souls shall then together blend,
  Yea, even now I speed through space;
On Love's swift wings to thee I wend,
Our souls shall then together blend,
And thou unto my heart shall lend
  The rapture of thy blest embrace.
Our souls shall then together blend,
  Yea, even now I speed through space.



BY ELWYN HOFFMAN.

The bells ring in the Christmas day.
And Christ is born. Tomorrow? Lo!
The cross shall show Him crucified
Upon the Calvary of Greed!
How slowly do we learn—how long
It takes to drive the lesson home.
How many Christs must teach and die
Before our selfish hearts give in
Unto Christ-love! How many Romes
Must spread their curses ere we know
The curse of Rome. How many times
Must voice of counsel speak its word
Ere we attend, and shape our ways
With understanding! Pain, and death,
And wreck, and ruin, and despair,
Extortion, slavery and lust—
The dark superlatives of woe—
Must be our portion ere we reach
The minimum of gain. Long years
And longer centuries pass by
Each with its lesson still unlearned,
Engulfing, in the deeps of Time,
Captains of Light who led and lost
Deserted in their hour of need!

O Captains! Yet arise and lead
And bear the banner up the height,
And wave the torch, and speak great words—
Of love and hope to lift the weak
And humble greed, and chasten pride!
Lead on! Lead on! And earth at last
Will ring in truth a chime of joy
For Christ, the Captain, Christ, the King,
And Love, the Master of the World!



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The Joys of Christmas

This is the season of the year when we feel that it behooves us to regard our burdens and cares philosophically, and to cultivate an altruistic attitude toward our fellows. Nobody is quite insensible to the subtle influences of this time of home cheer and universal peace and good will toward man. Those who are too unfortunate to enter into the spirit of the time are bowed down by melancholy, accentuated by contrasting their misery with the happiness of others; the pessimism of the pessimistic is intensified, and the exuberance of the cheerful and contented becomes more pronounced. There is no time in life when joy and despair are on such intimate terms as at this modern Yuletide of ours. Yet by all the precepts we are taught to revere this as the one time of year when they should be divorced. But for many this "Merry Christmas" of a mercenary age is a horrid mockery. The almighty dollar, symbolical of all that was most despised by the Founder of Christianity, exercises a tremendous influence at this time of year. If the dollar is yours, why then you are merry; if you have it not, you are in misery, and your unhappiness is accentuated by the joy around you. But Christmas is the feast of childhood, and poor indeed is the child who is not gladdened by the glorious anniversary. As for the adult, it is difficult for him to shut out the Christmas spirit, for it is infectious. It is a generous spirit that causes us to be animated with a charitable sentiment towards all our fellows. It is the spirit that Christ came on earth to inculcate, and which is the inheritance of man handed down through the ages from father to son. How far more pleasant as a place of residence would this mundane sphere be if a little of that spirit which animated Him who never spoke in scorn of others, and was never wrathful save against those who defiled the temple by their greed of gold, were spread through all our years to chasten us and make us better men and better citizens of our country! Christmas comes to us hallowed because we feel the sacredness of the season set apart to celebrate the birth of the Babe in the Manger, and because it is an anniversary around which cluster the early and sweet recollections of childish joys, and of associations of the blissful days agone. But as the years roll on, our Christmas joy is very apt to proceed from considerations of a material character. If we are content it is because we are prosperous. If we are cheerfully hopeful it is because we expect the propitious fruition of our plans. The world has a vast and legitimate appetite for prosperity. Wealth is a power for good as well as for evil. It promotes general happiness and makes charity possible. At present prosperity is diffused so that its benefits are very widely shared, though many of us feel that a much more equitable distribution could be made. The millennium is as yet remote, and God has not ordained that all his creatures should share and share alike. There must be some stimulus to industry in all the walks of life, and general satisfaction with the distribution of wealth would result disastrously if it could continue long enough. However, there is occasion for general rejoicing over the increase of wealth and the facilities for developing the resources of the earth. It is perhaps unfortunate that all are not content, that the workingmen of the country are inclined to stop the wheels of progress, but they are entitled to felicitation on having secured many concessions during the past year to which they were entitled, and all of us should rejoice in the growing appreciation of the closeness of the bond by which all sorts and conditions of men are held together.

A Courteous Concert Suggested

Since the marriage of Mrs. Kemp and the scandal that attended it, an effort has been made to bring about a "courteous" concert of action by the Protestant churches regarding the religious marriage of people who have been divorced. Archbishop Farley was asked to join in a conference of Protestant ministers to bring about an agreement of courtesy among them to refuse to remarry divorced people after any other minister had declined to perform the ceremony. His refusal was not only justifiable, but obligatory. The Catholic Church is distinguished from all Protestantism in making matrimony a sacrament, dissoluble for no cause whatever. Archbishop Farley could therefore not be expected to approve a policy of expediency regarding it. All the churches of Protestantism reject the sacramental character of matrimony and are therefore indirectly responsible for divorce and its consequences. Something more than a courteous concert of action on the part of the ministry is required to improve the respect of people for the marital relation and to promote intolerance of promiscuous affections. Some of the Catholic women of New York are talking of banding together and visiting the penalty of social ostracism on those of their sex who have been excommunicated for remarrying, but such a movement would not meet with much favor or amount to much practically. While the laws of the State sanction divorce, it will be vain for people to assume the right to proscribe those who exercise the privileges of citizenship. Moreover it would be fatuously presumptuous. In New York society it would be ridiculous, for all of the "best" people have passed through the divorce mill. At the Hunnewell wedding nine out of the twelve people present had been divorced. Not until there is a radical revolution in the religious sentiment of the people will there be any possibility of a change in public sentiment which would lead to a higher regard for the sanctity of marriage and the abolition of divorce.

No Dispensation for Her

The marriage of Mrs. Kemp to Mr. Hollis H. Hunnewell in New York has provoked discussion of the probabil-

ity of the former's obtaining a dispensation from Rome entitling her to the solemnization of the union by a priest of the Church. There is always talk of a dispensation when a prominent Catholic who has been divorced contracts a second marriage, but the inexorable rule of the Catholic Church is to refuse to sanction a second marriage unless it can be shown that the first, by reason of certain impediments expressed by the laws of the Church, should be annulled. The impediments for which a first marriage may be annulled as void, and a second performed in accordance with church ceremony are thus summarized by Father Coppen, the famous Jesuit theologian:

First—The impediment of mistaken identity; when one of the contracting parties is not the person whom the other intended to marry.

Second—The impediment of impotency.

Third—the impediment of blood relationship, or consanguinity, invalidates marriage between parents and their children, ancestors and their descendants; also, collaterally, between descendants from the same stock down to the fourth degree included.

Fourth—The impediment of insufficient age invalidates matrimony when entered into by a boy who has not completed his fourteenth year, or a girl who has not completed her twelfth year.

Fifth—The impediment of disparity of worship exists when a baptized person attempts to marry one not baptized. This impediment annuls the contract.

Sixth—The impediment of spiritual relationship is established by the Church between sponsors and godchild in baptism and confirmation; between the sponsors and the parents of the godchild, as also between the person baptizing and the one baptized and his parents.

Seventh—The impediment of fear or violence arises when strong fear or compulsion is unjustly used to induce a person to contract a certain marriage.

Eighth—The impediment of insanity exists when one of the contracting parties is proved to have been of unsound mind at the time of the contract.

Accused of Heresy

A Methodist Minister connected with the faculty of the Boston University has been summoned to trial for heresy. It is charged that his views concerning the Deity, the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures and the Atonement are contrary to the teachings of the Scriptures and of the established doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A trial for heresy is an unusual proceeding in the dawn of the twentieth century. The "new theology" is so uncertain that it has become a matter of speculation as to what is the orthodoxy of any particular sect. Such rapid changes are the theologians making nowadays, in their views, that it is decidedly difficult to follow them. Various are the interpretations of the dogma of the Atonement, and very few advanced ministers agree about the authority of the Holy Scriptures. The Boston minister is an up-to-date clergyman who has kept pace with the march of progress in religious circles, and he should have no difficulty in disproving the charges of heresy in the light of the new theology.

The Native Taking to the Navy

From the annual report of Secretary Moody it appears that the foreign element in our naval forces is growing less every year. This element formerly constituted a large percentage of the personnel of the navy. There are opportunities for heroic deeds in the navy even in times of peace, and there is some satisfaction in knowing, while enthusing over a performance of the heroic kind, that the performer was a full-blood American. Indeed, it is rather a shock to our patriotism when we learn, after glorifying the hero of a thrilling achievement, that he was born in a foreign land and was not even a naturalized citizen. Boatswain Deery, who was commended by his commander the other day, for bravery, and who will be voted a medal of honor by Congress, is of the stuff out of which heroes are fashioned, and he is native born. He it was who carried a hawser to the torpedo boat *Adder* when she was foundering in a terrific gale and raging sea. He swam one hundred yards, carrying the hawser after him through the icy waters. The latest report of the Secretary of the Navy shows that there are now in the service twenty-seven thousand two hundred and forty-five landsmen and apprentices. Of this number 79.8 per cent are native born, and 10.9 per cent naturalized citizens. Among the landsmen for training the percentage of native born citizens is 93. This showing is better than that of any previous year and compares favorably with that of many European nations.

A National Theatre Projected

The Hon. Robert Walter Miers, Congressman from somewhere in Indiana, has a mission. It is to educate the people, and he thinks the best medium of education is a National Theatre situated not in Indiana, but in Washington, D. C. He has therefore introduced a bill in Congress providing for the appropriation of five hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of a site and the erection of a building. In his perambulatory utterances he sets forth that "all hopes of human happiness" depend upon "the fullest development of knowledge," and he makes it "a conscientious duty" to employ "all means of education," for "the relief and succor of the human race." The expediency of a National Theatre has long been urged by struggling playwrights who find it impossible to persuade a manager to produce the products of their genius. The Hon. Robert Walter Miers of Indiana wishes to achieve fame and insure the perpetuation of his memory by becoming the patron saint of the unappreciated dramatic genius. There is no danger of education slumping in this university-ridden country through the need of a National Theatre, but if the Miers bill goes through, the writers of impossible plays will receive great encouragement, for they will be given a hearing. One of the purposes of the author of the theatre bill is "to exploit contemporaneous questions of vital concern to the day in which they occur." Aren't those questions sufficiently exploited already by the Weberfieldian exponents of the lighter form of drama? And wouldn't Congress object to having itself dramatized in a way calculated to evoke spirited hissing? Most of the contemporaneous questions of vital interest arise in Congress, and if they were to be dramatized the Government censor would no doubt discourage a great deal of genius.

The Latest School Fad

When, as a result of the agitation of the foolish drawing system foisted on the public schools, there was a prom-

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ise of some amelioration of that infliction, teachers began to draw a long breath, but the free respiration turns out to be premature. After all, it is a case of enduring evils they have rather than flying to new ones which they have not sampled. The very latest and newest fad, "compiled and copyrighted by a graduate of the training school for nurses, New York Hospital," is to be taught in every grade, from the highest to the lowest. The babies, who can hardly find their way from their mother's door to the schoolhouse, are to be put through a course of emergency rules embracing the treatment of hemorrhages, lacerated wounds, broken legs and arms, dislocations, sprains, burns and scalds, sunstroke, heat exhaustion, epileptic fits, apoplexy, fainting, stunning or concussion of the brain, infantile convulsions, poisons, poisoning from decayed meat and fish, bites of animals and insects, croup, choking, suffocation, foreign bodies in eyes, nostrils and ears, toothache, faceache, earache, drowning accidents, colds and frost bite. Children who can hardly manage to carry two books half a block without dropping one are to be taught to make stretchers of window shutters. They are to make the acquaintance of iodoform, gauze, compresses, splints and syringes, to distinguish between sprains and dislocations, heat prostration and apoplexy, and to be familiar with the symptoms of poisoning from alcohol, belladonna, digitalis, aconite, opium, arsenic and various acids. Ipecac is to be as familiar as peppermint candy, and styptic cotton and sterilized linen as easy to handle as shoestrings. A large part of the medical practice of today is the outcome of people's attempts to save doctor bills, and such cases will increase a hundred fold when the children are entrusted with the care of the family health. At present this treatise on professional nursing is in the hands of the teachers, and the poor little victims are expected to transcribe their daily lesson in the inevitable blank book, but in the course of a week or two there will be apt to appear an illustrated primary text-book which will be added to the list, and the next step will, of course, be some young doctor with a pull, who will obtain a fat-salaried sinecure for reporting the teachers as incompetent because they are not all graduated and certificated physicians.

An Absurd Suggestion

A few years ago one of the new school of educators put himself on record by calling attention to the advantages of hypnotism in the training of children. He advocated its use in every apparent emergency and urged parents to learn how to influence their children in order to cure thumb-sucking, nail-biting, left-handedness, disobedience, impertinence, and all the real and imaginary vexations which a child might voluntarily or involuntarily cause its guardians. Like all new-school theorists he deprecated the use of the rod and regarded an application of bitter aloes or a woolen mitten as too great an indignity to be imposed upon little fingers that would stray to lips. Now comes another, in a magazine article, in which he urges trained nurses to learn hypnotism and recommends it to cure nightmare, correct defective memory and save children from effort and their elders from the trouble of training them by slow stages. In plain words, it will be easier to gain control over a child's will through hypnotic suggestion, while it is too young to understand and resist, than it will be to train that will and teach the little ones self-control. They are to be turned into automata—machines to do the bidding of others without the capacity of initiative, practically reduced to a state of feeble-mindedness and idiocy, and perhaps eventually to help fill asylums or penitentiaries. It is a deplorable truth that the modern child is untrained, but we do not know that he is intractable. It is not that he will not do what he is told, but that he is not made to do it. He does not obey because he does not have to. Experience has taught him that if he does not give in, his parents will, or if they do not, some busybody neighbor will invoke the offices of "the cruelty man" in his behalf. He does not learn his lessons unless he pleases because he knows that his lack of progress will be counted against his teacher and not against himself. He commands where his father and mother were commanded, not because he is so different from what they were but because they differ from their parents. What were once regarded as juvenile crimes and punished accordingly are now regarded as amusing stunts and laughed at. No doubt corporal punishment was overdone in its day but its abolishment has resulted in more harm than good. We have seen one generation raised without a court of final appeal and we have the results before us. All over the country we find judges who have dealings with juvenile law breakers recommending a return to primitive methods, and only a week or two ago a little girl of nine was sentenced to a good spanking which her father duly administered. Eastern principals are demanding a return to the rod and it is generally conceded that milk and water methods have proved a failure. Children have had too much liberty. They have exercised their own wills to the limit, but of choice between two evils that is a less dangerous condition than depriving them of will power altogether and leaving them open to every evil suggestion. We know too little about hypnotism, what it is and what are its effects, to permit any one and every one to take a hand at it. There is too much of such power exercised now, for whether all who claim to be under its influence really are so or whether they only imagine it, the effect is the same. Hypnotic power when exercised by the wrong agent is as dangerous as dynamite in the hands of an anarchist. Instead of requiring children blindly to surrender their wills, they should be taught to use them. Any one who has ever dealt with children knows that though the ones with independent wills are hard to "manage" they are more to be admired than the little jellyfish who are apt to be so good as to be good for nothing.

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The Inevitable

Christ is born today. Sad heart
Look up, and hope.
Those who kneel and still their cries
Do not know that in His eyes
Shadow of a cross there lies.

Love is born today. My heart
Look up, and hope.
Sweet content is all about;
But the life blood will drip out,
Some day, on a cross of doubt.

Mabel Porter Pitts.

The Saunterer

The Year in Society

The year in society has been a spectacular one on this side of the continent as well as on the Atlantic coast. The country has enjoyed an unprecedented era of prosperity, and as a consequence money has been spent lavishly for social pleasures. There has been the usual number of surprises in engagements and in broken engagements, and there have been some tragedy, a great deal of the dramatic element and no end of frivolity. The climbers have climbed a little higher and a few more representatives of San Francisco's smart set have reached the goal of their ambition by breaking into the Holy of Holies at Newport. By reason of new marital connections we are becoming more intimately related to the 400 of New York every year, and we find ourselves taking as deep an interest in the doings of the aristocrats of the East as though we were of them. Moreover we are adopting their manners and customs in all things, including divorce. If we continue at the rate we have been going it will require an effort of memory, after awhile, to recall who was who's wife or husband last year, for lightning changes are threatening to become fashionable, I hear. To re-marry before the ink signing the decree is dry is now the very acme of smartness, and there have been instances in the East of the enjoyment of funeral baked meats by bridal parties. Indignant protests against the frivolities, the extravagances and the indecencies of society continue to emanate from the pulpit for the ministry is hopelessly old-fashioned in everything except theology. The censorious critics are watching with amazement the building up of colossal fortunes to which even Croesus was a stranger and the concomitant extravagances and frivolities, and they are alarmed. But if they were more ardent students of history they would know that in all periods of great prosperity there has been much expenditure in the pursuit of pleasure. American society is having its fling and its dissipations are spectacular. It is by his dollars that the aristocrat's influence in society is measured, and he is not hiding them. He is the effervescent product of a new world, and he has no traditions to guide or restrain him, but in time he will learn repose.

Gossip of the Cycle

The unexpected did not happen in nineteen hundred and three. Jimmy Phelan and Dr. Harry Tevis are as far from the hymeneal altar as ever. Mr. Phelan has been reported engaged at various times to Mrs. Cook-Martin, Miss McKenna and Zelie de Lussan, and Dr. Tevis has been reported the fiance of Lily Lawlor, but neither gentleman has ever intimated that he contemplated giving a farewell bachelor dinner. The most sensational event of the year was the marriage of William Randolph Hearst, and the most surprising was that of Truxtun Beale and Marie Oge. The elopement of Daisy Parrott and Parker Whitney caused quite a flutter, principally because of the hysterical opposition of the bride's mother. Another marriage of interest was that of Gladys Crocker with Powers Gouraud; the brother of her mother's third husband. The Jarboe divorce supplied gossip for the tabbies, as also did that of the La Montagnes and the subsequent marriage of Mrs. La Montagne with Mr. Maud.

Cupid's Activity

There was quite an epidemic of engagements during the year, and nearly all terminated in marriages during the twelvemonth. It may be of interest to recall that these were the engagements of note during the year: Edith Findley and George Gardener; Ermine Louise Thompson and Samuel Mountford Wilson; Genevieve Carolan and Harry Poett; Viola Piercy and Mr. Burnett; Mabel Hopkins and Charlie Quinn; Georgia Sullivan and Louis Wright of Washington, D. C.; Ethel Tobin and Aloysius Welch; Marian Holden and Charles Pope; Olive Holbrook and Silas Palmer; Kate Gunn and C. M. Woods; Mrs. Minetta Chesson and Henry C. Cutting, the Tonopah magnate; Louise Hoffacker and Charles Page; Miss Dibble and Nat Messer Jr.; Edith McBean and Dr. Kierstedt; Alene Ford and Lewis Pierce; Florence Josselyn and Henry McDonald Spencer; Miss Andrew and Pedar Bruguiere; Edith Newlands and Charles Johnson of Washington, D. C.; Theodosia Cook Martin and Frank Grace; Miss Collier and Reginald Norris; Susanne Hayes and Rev. Burr Weedon; Dorothy Heynemann and Leon Greenbaum; Mrs. Genevieve Green Hamilton and Garret W. McEner-

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ney; Julia de Laveaga and Andrew Welch; Kate Clement and Dixwell Hewitt; Carrie Taylor and George Newhall; Janet Bruce and Rev. Clifford Macon; Bertie Bruce and Mr. Stephenson; Alanna Marmion and Joseph O'Sullivan, in Paris; Therese Morgan and Norris Davis; Gladys Merrill and Harry Bates; Anne Apperson and Dr. Flint; Fanny Loughborough and Allan Wallace; Eloise Davis and Wallace Everett; Mary Nichols and Philip Lansdale; Mary Kip and Dr. Robinson; Bernie Drown and Sam Boardman; Vesta Shortridge and Emile Bruguiere. Of these all but a few have married. There is considerable difference of opinion concerning the last mentioned, as to whether it is off or on. Some people are of the opinion that it is off and that Miss Shortridge will wed Charles Rollo Peters. Another engagement reported but of which no one is quite sure is that of Bessie Ames and "Bobby" Eyre, which has been hanging fire for a year or more. Ernest Wiltsee was several times reported the accepted fiancee of the young widow, Cornelia Baxter Tevis, but the latest report couples her name with a New York bachelor, Mr. Peters. Helen De Young has been betrothed by the bavardes to the youngest Tobin more than once, and Lurline Spreckels was in the same way made the fiance of respectively a French marquis, Mr. Skipwith of the *Marblehead* and George de Long. Helen Wagner has several times had her name coupled with that of young Howard Huntington. When Helen Dean decided to go abroad for an extended stay it was expected she would announce her engagement with either Frank King or Baldwin Wood, but she did not. Nor has Susie Blanding yet said positively that she and Knox Maddox are betrothed. And Katherine Dillon absolutely refuses to say whether the naval officer or Fred Greenwood has won her heart.

Simple Senator Bard

The question that has been puzzling the politicians of late is whether Senator Bard is a man with a very fine quality of conscience or merely a poseur. If not the latter, then he is the most unsophisticated statesman that ever represented this State in Washington. I am inclined to the opinion that he has high ideals, and that his morals are all right, but that he is suffering from an incurable case of myopia. His candidate for Naval Officer, Bill Cutter of Yuba, is not the only politician with a tattooed reputation whose cause he has espoused. He urged the appointment of "sad-eyed" Steve Kelly to the office of Internal Revenue Collector, and they say that if "Chris" Buckley were a Republican, Bard would back him for Superintendent of the Mint. The Senator is a fine illustration of the futility of honesty in office when it is combined with stupendous simplicity. It is a theory of some philosophers that a smart crook in office is far less dangerous than an incorruptible damphool.

He Was Born Lucky

So hopelessly homespun is the simplicity of the junior Senator from California, that he is actually laboring under the delusion at this moment that he was called to the national halls of legislation by the voice of the people. Yet, at the time of his election he wasn't known by reputation to over one thousand people in the State. Even the dogs in the street at Sacramento knew that Bard was put into the fight by the enemies of Dan Burns. They selected Bard to do the trick because, being unknown, he had no enemies to oppose him. He didn't have to pay a cent for his election, but thousands of dollars were spent in his behalf by the anti-Burns men. His election was a freakish whim of Dame Fortune. Some men are born lucky and Bard is one of them. He came to this coast in the late seventies as the representative of Tom Scott, in the role of advance agent for the Texas-Pacific. He bought terminal facilities for the company, and incidentally made some purchases in his own behalf. The surrounding country enjoyed a spurt of prosperity some years later and Bard found himself a rich man.

He's So Conscientious

As a representative of this State in Washington Bard is a dismal failure. He doesn't do much more than draw his salary and look wise. But no Spartan patriot was ever more conscientious. Indeed this trait was responsible for his undoing in the field of statecraft. And thereby hangs a tale. Shortly after the debut of Bard in the Senate he was approached one day by Senator Hanna, who told him that a certain bill was an Administration measure and that he would be expected to vote for it. Now it is customary for the Senators of the party represented by the President to support all bills which the Administration leader designates as Administration measures, and which involve no political issue upon which there is any party division. Hanna explained that the bill which he desired Bard to vote for was of that nature.

"But," said Bard, "I haven't read it."

Hanna briefly told him what the bill was and of the custom of the Senate.

"I don't doubt your word," said Bard, "but I couldn't vote for a bill that I hadn't read."

"Oh, very well," said Hanna, "I'm afraid that if you're going to read the ten or twelve thousand bills of that nature that come up during the session you won't have any time for committee work."

Since then no attempt has been made to trespass on the time Bard desires to put in in the conscientious performance of his duty. And nobody pays any attention to him.

That Bogus Telegram

Now that Montague is no longer postmaster, the politicians are anxious to know how long Assistant Postmaster McKinley will hold his job. President McKinley was a nephew of our Assistant Postmaster, and during the former's life his uncle's pull was quite potent. The story of his appointment is an amusing one. He became an aspirant for the position shortly after Montague's appointment, but the latter was partial to D. S. Richardson, who was one of the aspirants for the job. However Montague was reluctant to turn down the President's uncle and he held the matter in abeyance until one day he received a telegram from Washington containing merely this query:

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"Why has my uncle not been appointed Assistant Postmaster? *Wm. McKinley.*"

Montague sent for Uncle Mac instanter and said, "It gives me great pleasure to inform you that I have appointed you to the position of Assistant Postmaster." Then he wired the President that his wishes had been obeyed; that his uncle had been appointed. Several days later he received a letter from the President saying he was pleased with the appointment, but that he did not recall having expressed any wishes regarding it. It was learned that the telegram was bogus but nobody ever found out who sent it.

Roosevelt Borrowed From Folk

The deadly parallel has been invoked to convict President Roosevelt of plagiarism. There is a preponderance of evidence so overwhelming that there can be no escape. In that part of his Message relating to the necessity for legislation to secure extradition for bribery, he avails himself not only of the thought and the ideas of Circuit-Attorney Folk of St. Louis, who has convicted some fifteen Missourian boodlers and politicians of the offense, but he has also borrowed a great deal of the exact language used by Mr. Folk in his speeches. But the discovery is of no great importance. The President isn't expected to embody none but his own thoughts in his Message, and in borrowing those of others it is natural for him to use a little of the language in which they are clothed, especially if the style is suitable for his purpose. We know that Roosevelt is not only a thinker but also a capable and fluent writer; that he doesn't have to depend on any one to do either his thinking or his writing. But he is a very busy man, and nobody should object to his availing himself of the sound views of a contemporary official to get material for one chapter of a twelve-thousand-word state paper.

"If I don't see you before 1904," said Cynicus to Miss Bachelor Maid, "let me wish for you that you will get what you most desire."

"I don't think I shall get that," returned Miss Bachelor Maid, "it is an impossibility."

"Oh, no, don't be disheartened—isn't 1904 Leap Year?"

Cannon Wouldn't Be Bluffed

Congressman Livernash is unfortunate not only in being temperamentally imprudent, but also in having indiscreet friends. Last week Mr. H. J. Schultheis, the legislative agent of union labor interests in Washington, called on Speaker Cannon and asked that Livernash be appointed chairman of the Committee on Labor. Mr. Cannon explained that as Livernash occupied the seat of a former Republican and as his election was being contested his status was such that he had no claims at all on the considerations of the Speaker for such an important place. Thereupon Mr. Schultheis attempted to bluff Mr. Cannon and he became so insulting that the latter ejected him from the Speaker's room. This sort of tactless conduct is not going to help Livernash in the contest for his seat. However, it appears that the Congressman and his friends imagine that the Republican party will be afraid to unseat a representative of labor on the eve of a presidential election. But I think it all depends on what sort of showing Julius Kahn is able to make. It is evident, at any rate, that the labor representatives cannot browbeat Speaker Cannon.

"Who was the most popular woman at the Christmas Eve ball?"

"My chaperon," answered Baby Bud, "she had all her dances three-deep, and more supper invitations than any girl in the ballroom."

Pictures That Were Not Hung

A most amusing incident occurred at the recent Bohemian Club Art Exhibition. Jack Wilson had given two commissions to different artists—one for for a redwood picture in panels and one for a Yosemite—and when the pictures arrived neither was considered good enough to hang by the hanging committee—not even if they hanged for it. When the pictures were all up Mr. Wilson came down to see them and instantly looked for the two that were his property. They were not there. He flew to the hanging committee and demanded to know where they were, for he had helped to unpack them himself. When the sad truth was borne home to him, he stormed about the jinks room. "Most embarrassing, most embarrassing," he blustered. "Here I've invited some ladies to come down and inspect these pictures. I'll have to make up some fairy tale to tell 'em." The committee remained obdurate and the pictures were not hung. The ladies came and the explanation seemed to be satisfactory, for every one appeared to be having a good time. Comparatively few pictures were sold at the exhibition this year for the reason that the artists valued them too highly. Latimer sold all of his, which he richly deserved to do, for all were good and the prices were within reason. It seems strange that as soon as an artist has a little success he should immediately consider himself a great master and raise his prices so that they are out of reach of all but the very rich.

Lazy Orrin Peck

The most interesting pictures in the Bohemian Club exhibition are the portraits by Orrin Peck, but that lazy genius had not finished a single one of them and in each there remains something essential to do. The portrait of Mrs. Hearst is a small and old one, but it has Mr. Peck's

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trick of catching a marvelous likeness. He is certainly most clever in this regard. The portrait of the lady in white—a Washington woman—is the most striking thing in the room. It teems with life and is excellently posed and painted. The portrait of Charles Wheeler is equally well done. It is Mr. Wheeler to the life, beaming upon you from the canvas, with that all-things-to-all-men manner that distinguishes that gentleman. Mr. Peck leaves for Europe very soon. Away from the attractions of San Francisco, which have proved too much for his industry, and immersed once more in the atmosphere of paint and painters, the talented fellow will probably settle down to work again. It is hard to keep him away from the bon vivants. Peck and Joullin were to have gone together but Amadee became tired of waiting, and so Peck urged him to go on and he would follow and join him in New York. Joullin is still waiting in New York; Mr. Peck has not yet been able to say good-bye to all his favorite restaurants.

A Find in a Saloon

Curator Martin of the Mark Hopkins Art Institute is rejoicing over the find of a rare picture of the Dutch school which has just been cleaned and restored by Arthur Mathews and hung in the little office of the Art Institute. The picture is unsigned but bears internal evidence that it is of the Dutch school in its most palmy period. It is a Susannah at the bath and the model who posed for it is the same woman who posed for Rubens's Susannah. The figure is not posed in the same way but it is painted with all the strength of Rubens and with the same vivid coloring of drapery and flesh. When Mr. Martin first saw the picture it was in a saloon and was so black with dirt and so grimy from ill use that only the Susannah could be seen. Since cleaning, another figure in the background, of equal strength and power, has been revealed. What first attracted Mr. Martin's notice was the beauty of the antique frame, for which he really bought the picture. Since then he has been able to trace the picture in so far that he has discovered that it was brought to this country by a rich French family by way of New Orleans, and that when they became impoverished it found its way to this coast. Experts pronounce it a much better picture than some of those which masquerade as Rubens's in local galleries.

Jones—I'll bet Smith buys his wife something expensive for Christmas.

Brown—Why do you think so?

Jones—She saw him coming out of the elevator of a French restaurant last week.

Where There Is No Vulgar Display

Miss Anna Louise Daniells is back in Alameda after an absence of nineteen months, spent in study with the best vocal teachers in Germany. During her residence abroad her headquarters were at Cassel, the home of Madame Wagner, whose interest in the lovely Californian is one of the pleasantest memories of the foreign tour. When the steamer *Neckar*, on which Miss Daniells was a passenger from Bremer-haven, docked at Hoboken, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Verdenal met her and she was their guest four days, in their handsome home in West Seventy-fifth street, New York. After a brief visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Daniells, the ambitious young woman will return to Germany. She is enraptured with the life abroad, where, she says, "there is no vulgar display, no bustle or haste, but where work is art and art is loved for its own sake. Symphony concerts," she adds, "begin at six and end at ten o'clock at night, and are often given out of doors, a woman going, if she chooses to do so, in her cotton waist. There every one knows good music; every one demands it and therefore it is always of the best. Oh! we are years behind Germany in music and art. Over there, they credit Californians with the best voices. In Germany it is believed that we have a marvelous climate for the voice. They believe climate has to do with the vocal chords."

Miss Isabelle McCurrie, also of Alameda, whose father is a well-known composer of children's songs, and who went to Germany with Miss Daniells to study vocal methods and was with her during the year and a half of foreign study, is at present in Stearns University, Berlin, working like a galley slave at vocal exercises.

Local Musical Culture

In this city society thinks that it is doing a great deal for musical culture through the medium of the Twentieth Century Club. At a recent concert under the auspices of this fashionable club Signor Russo was the star attraction. I have been wondering whether it was thought that he had the ability to supply a few object lessons in the vocal art. Poor Russo had something in the nature of a voice once upon a time, but he was never skilled in the rudiments of the vocal art. But there are many of our musical enthusiasts who affect a superior knowledge of music, who no doubt believe that he is an artist, and evidently some of them are members of the Twentieth Century Club. There are as many quacks among the professional musicians of this city as there are in the medical profession, and they make many people believe in them. A few of them are the pets of society. When we attain a higher degree of musical culture it will probably be understood that there is a vast distinction between a knowledge of music and a knowledge of the vocal art. Some of our most skilled musicians are wofully ignorant of all that pertains to artistic singing, but they manage to convince people that they have attained proficiency in all branches of music.

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The Greenway Favorite

Mr. Ned Greenway has been rushing things since his return from his latest trip. Two dances in two weeks is pretty good "going" as they say on the turf, but Ned was always strenuous in the promotion of gayety. Hereafter, by the way, to avoid confusion, his affairs will be known as the Greenway dances. His last dance proved a most delightful affair. There was a large attendance of the men who are regarded as worth while by the match-making mammas, but Greenway always does round up a goodly number of that class, and for that reason his dances are popular. His favorite debutante this year, I hear, is Gertrude Hyde-Smith. He is reputed to be able to make any girl popular, and surely Miss Hyde-Smith was the most popular debutante at his ball last week. However, this petite bud is able to look after her own interests, and she has as many friends among the women as among the men. Her European tour is her staple topic of conversation.

She Likes the Social Whirl

Elizabeth Livermore, who is one of this season's buds, is a Vassar girl. Her social life so far has been far more spectacular than that of her two elder sisters. The Livermores have never cared much for society and they are among the few San Francisco people who have discouraged the advances of the social press agent. Hence there was much surprise when Miss Elizabeth was brought out with a great blare of trumpets. Unlike her sisters she is not fond of the quiet, simple life, and as she is the adored one of the family, it was decided to give her a full measure of the gayety of a San Francisco social season.

Sidney May Take the Helm

There is some speculation in society as to who will take charge of the next Fortnightly in the event of Mrs. Salisbury's illness continuing until the date of that function. Sidney Salisbury is looked upon as the crown prince of the Salisbury dynasty, and it is said that he would like to prove his mettle at the coming cotillion. He inherits a fondness for social life from his mother as well as her gift of repartee. He is a fine-looking youth of the Robinson rather than of the Salisbury type.

Le Mari de Nordica

The news that Madame Nordica desires a divorce from her husband, which was flashed over the wire the other day, is not surprising to those who met Monsieur Doeme—a "Count," I believe he is—when his wife was singing with the Grau company in this city. Doeme is a handsome fellow, and was seen a good deal about the Palace hotel court, but his active part in the Nordica menage appeared to be merely that of soliciting advances on his wife's salary. He was always getting a hundred or so to spend, and his demands must have been a great drain on the prima donna's check-book. Yet Nordica seemed absurdly fond of him in a motherly way, for Doeme is younger than his wife. Theirs was a love match.

Mrs. J. K. Armsby is at the Hotel Green, Pasadena, for a five months' stay.

A poor speller is handicapped through life. Correct spelling is unconsciously learned by a student of typewriting. The errors show so plainly that they are quickly corrected. Every boy and girl should learn typewriting for this and many other reasons. A $25 "Lambert" Typewriter is a good spelling teacher as well as a sensible Christmas present. Guaranteed to do the work of any $100 typewriter, as well and as rapidly. Baker & Hamilton, Sales Agents.

The Important Star

The champagne atmosphere of Broadway has proved highly intoxicating to some of our most talented mummers. It affects them with a tipsy exaggeration of their own importance which is quite amusing, especially to the critics of the press who are cynical chaps and disinclined to take the petted darlings of the stage at their own valuation. Even the vivacious comic opera soubrette, whose sense of humor seems so keen when she is earning her salary by entering into the spirit of the libretto, cannot forget her stellar importance off the stage if she has ever had the exquisite pleasure of reading her name in electric lights on Broadway. It is too bad, for the serious air sits unbecomingly on them. Even Lulu Glaser, who was so democratic in the chorus a few years ago, has begun to take herself seriously. Last Tuesday Ashton Stevens called on her, intent on giving her an opportunity to exploit herself for a whole page in the Sunday *Examiner*. Now that is a privilege which every visiting mummer covets. Even the austere Mrs. "Pat" Campbell grabbed at the opportunity, and if Henry Irving were here he would be delighted to get a whole page of free advertising. Of course the self-satisfied stage people like to appear condescending even when they are inwardly chuckling, for not only is newspaperiety pleasing to their vanity, but it is also highly advantageous from a business standpoint. However Stevens is willing to indulge their conceit, and he doesn't object to their affected condescension, so long as they are polite, but Miss Glaser wasn't that.

The Interview Was Brief

The interview with Miss Glaser was arranged with her manager and press agent on Tuesday morning. They said she had an engagement in half an hour, and wanted to know if he could get sufficient matter for an interview in that time. "Oh, yes," said Stevens, "that's ample time." They accompanied him to her apartments and after the introduction, the manager and press agent proceeded to withdraw.

"I wish you would stay during the interview," said Miss Glaser, "I'm tired of being misrepresented."

Then turning to Mr. Stevens she said, "I have an engagement with one of your dentists in half an hour."

At this moment the *Examiner's* critic was arising



from a chair. "I assure you," he said, "the dentist does not belong to me; also, that I should be delighted not to interview you." Then he bade her good-bye and the incident was closed.

The *Examiner* will not devote a page to Miss Glaser next Sunday, nor will there be a page reserved for the interview in the Los Angeles *Examiner* of next Sunday, as originally intended. I believe Miss Glaser is to play in Los Angeles before her return to New York. And yet I've heard that in addition to being one of the brightest lights of the comic opera stage, she was also a clever business woman.

"I never knew Anna had socialistic leanings."

"Well, has she?"

"Watch the mistletoe—if there wasn't an Anna-kissed I lose my bet."

Some Breezy Oakland Gossip

On dit, that handsome Jane Crellin has lost her heart to a Mr. Steckle of Los Angeles, and that, although the engagement has not yet been made known to society in general, the marriage will take place some time about Easter. There is sure to be a gorgeous wedding for the Crellins have one of the most elaborately appointed homes in Oakland, and they like to entertain. Then, they have plenty of money, too, and every one knows that the greater the dash one cuts the surer one is to be sought after, even in ultra-aristocratic circles across the bay. After all, there is no very much more delicate operation than placing a houseful of girls on the market—even if they are rich and endowed with more than the average of good looks. There are still three unmarried daughters in the Crellin home.

A Literary Society Girl

The gossips are again whispering of an engagement soon to be announced between Miss Chrissie Taft and one of her brother Maxwell's closest friends. This is not the first nor the second time that this young lady, who is known among her intimate friends as the "Gibson Girl" of Oakland, has been credited with an affair of the heart that, later, she has denied. Shortly after her return from a fashionable finishing school in the East, she acted as bridesmaid at Miss Annie Clay's wedding—or was it when Jean Hush was married? Anyway, when the bride threw her bouquet to the pretty group of girls at the foot of the stairs it was Miss Taft who caught it. As the significance of the augury flashed across the young woman's mother, who, by the way, looks like a girl herself, she grasped her daughter's hand: "Throw it back, Chrissie, dear. Do," she urged. She did not follow the maternal suggestion, and that may be why the charming Chrissie Taft is still the daughter of the house. However, she has no occasion to worry. A publisher whose word can make or mar a work of fiction declares that no more clever stories have come his way than some little tales submitted by this same "Gibson Girl." And he went further and prophesied for her a brilliant future in the world of literature—that is, if society should pall. Now, is that not an encouraging outlook for a young woman who is supposedly addicted to nothing heavier than the lilt of a love song or the joy of leading a cotillion?

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Couldn't Be Suppressed

Mrs. William Keith of Atherton street, Berkeley, wife of the great artist, is one of the most enthusiastic and determined advocates of Equal Suffrage. So full of the subject is she that, no matter what the topic may be, Mrs. Keith finds in it some suggestion of female suffrage. Recently, the artist and his wife were invited to meet a party of eminent New Yorkers, at a dinner given by President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California. It had been planned that each guest should respond to a toast, and, in speaking of it to Mrs. Keith, Mrs. Wheeler said, frankly: "The only one thing that I want to ask of you is that you will not mention the suffrage question; you know, Mr. Wheeler does not like it."

"Give me something, then, that will make it impossible for me to bring in the rights of my sex," suggested Mrs. Keith, with a genial agreement to refrain from forbidden topics.

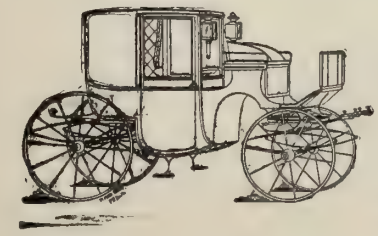
"Let me see——" mused Mrs. Wheeler. "I'll give you 'Music'—there can be nothing in that to provoke a thought of suffrage."

"Quite true," laughed Mrs. Keith.

This is what the advocate of women's rights said, when she arose to respond to "Music":

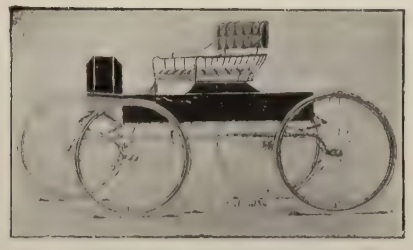
"Music is, I think, the most divine of any of the arts. I have been forbidden, my friends, to say anything about Political Equality; our host does not like it, so I was bound down to 'Music.' Now, a great many things may be said concerning music. True, we can get melody from either a bass or a soprano voice, but, if we want the most perfect harmony we must listen to the blended voices of male and female. And it is this that reminds me of suffrage. Speaking of suffrage," etc., etc.

Mr. Keith, by the way, is a great lover of music, and his piano playing has been a trial to the habitues of the



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Berkeley home, at least to those who had any ear for either harmony or melody, for Mr. Keith does not play as he paints. Not very long ago two or three friends were dining with the artist and his brilliant wife. As the dessert was removed from the table, Mrs. Keith said to her husband: "William, you might go and practice."

"All right," was the ready response, as, with a shake of his shaggy head, he obediently left the room. In a moment the strains of a piano were heard. A silence fell upon the party, then: "That can't be Mr. Keith," cried one of the ladies.

"Why?" queried Mrs. Keith, "don't you like his manner of playing?"

"Yes, it's splendid, but——"

"Mr. Keith is practising faithfully, under my directions and, really, I think he is doing very well," conceded the wife, as the party adjourned to the drawing-room, where, with his back to the door, the big artist sat, intent upon the music he was drawing from a pianola.

Their Pet Charity

If you ever saw charity made the pretext for a society reception it was at the "Fabiola Calendar Tea," which took place at Mrs. Remi Chabot's residence in Oakland on Monday. And now, hearken! Oaklanders are getting a little tired of "Oakland's pet charity," as the society grande dames who are on the hospital board, call it. In speaking of it a prominent grocer remarked the other day, "I was held up for a certain amount of tea and fruit; another merchant was held up for sugar and eggs, and still another for something else. Interest in Fabiola? Good Lord, no. If any of our men or any one belonging to any of us is ill we pay the same as any one else. We simply do not dare refuse the rich women who ask us to turn back to them nearly all the profits of their yearly trade." Well! The tradesman and his donated sugar and tea apart, the affair was a big social success and all the papers said so! Who could expect anything lovelier than the Calendar of quotations edited by society dames? And there was a musical program between three and four o'clock and a dramatic "skit" under the direction of Miss Sevilla Haven. *And* tea was served by society ladies—"Oakland's most exclusive belles"! Really, if you take everything into consideration, it was cheap—the admission, not the entertainment. And it was a "beautiful Christmas sentiment"—I don't know what, but I heard every one saying so—and what every one says, you know—. Among the ladies who were on the receiving party were Mrs. John Yule, Mrs. Remi Chabot, Mrs. George Wheaton, Mrs. Paul Lohse, Mrs. Thomas Crellin, Mrs. Henry Butters, Mrs. W. W. Standeford, Mrs. Wallace Everson, Mrs. George Dornin, Mrs. Charles Cotton, Mrs. William A. Davis, Mrs. I. A. Chase, Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mrs. Allen D. Wilson, Mrs. W. E. Cooke, Mrs. S. T. Alexander, Mrs. William Clift, Mrs. E. T. Henshaw, Mrs. E. A. Hern, Mrs. R. W. Gorrill, Mrs. T. E. Coogan, Mrs. Edward Remillard, Mrs. H. A. Powell, Mrs. T. L. Barker, Mrs. Edward Walsh, Mrs. Edwin Taylor, Mrs. Oscar Luning, Mrs. E. B. Sanborn, Mrs. Isaac Requa, Mrs. Lama Wright, Mrs. Gordon Stolp, Mrs. W. E. Sharon, Mrs. Prentiss Selby, Mrs. John Adams, Mrs. J. M. Merritt and Mrs. W. S. Snook.

The Havemeyers have arrived in Oakland to spend the winter. They have taken a house in Linda Vista, near Mrs. Havemeyer's sister, Mrs. T. C. Tucker and her niece, Mrs. A. L. Stone. Mrs. Tucker will also entertain a sister, Mrs. Haskins of New York and her daughter, Ruth. Miss Ruth has the family gift of beauty and she is a very striking girl. Besides her beauty she will be attractive to Oaklanders from her air—Oakland, you know, is a suburb. She was graduated from the Merrill-Van Laer Finishing School in New York, she has spent years abroad and she is au fait in the ways of society.

The Impending Moore-Valentine Marriage

Popular Jacqueline Moore was won by John Valentine just in the nick of time. Big girls easily become passee, and Jacqueline is certainly no petite maiden. The marriage will be in January, but no day has yet been decided upon. It is to take place in the Church of the Advent, with that fascinating young rector, the Rev. William Carson Shaw, officiating. I wonder why all the rich girls have their weddings at that little church in East Oakland. I have heard that Tom Williams said that he liked Mr. Shaw because he "was not so deucedly religious." Perhaps, though, he never said it—things do get so twisted. Anyway, I hope that pretty little Mrs. Shaw gets the handling of all the fees, marriage and christening, that her handsome lord and master has taken in. To return to our muttons—not that I mean to call any one a sheep—lavender is to be the color scheme, chosen, a wicked one says, because it is so becoming to the bridesmaids and because it makes the tall bride look sallow—dreadful word! But a bride does not need to care; she ought to be unselfish enough to give the other girls a chance. These particular maids who look so well in the color of the shrinking violet are: Miss Ethel Moore, Miss Ethel Valentine, Miss Anita Oliver, Miss Edna Barry, Miss Florence White, Miss Marion Smith, and Miss Isabelle Hooper of Alameda.

She's a Generous Giver

Word has crossed the ocean that Eugenie Hawes is spending her patrimony with the characteristic recklessness that was her inheritance from both parents. As soon as Miss Hawes came into her fortune, she very generously in-



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HELD AD.

vited her mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. "Jack" Schroeder, to accompany her upon a tour of the world. They are now in Florence, where they expect to pass the winter. I hear that Elena Robinson has gone there to join them. In the meantime Lena Maynard is visiting Mrs. Robinson at Santa Barbara.

Bessie's Paris Frocks

Less favored buds turn green with envy every time Bessie Wilson appears with a new frock. As Miss Wilson, like Helen Dean last year, seeks to avoid appearing twice in the same gown, the envious feelings frequently obtrude themselves. This young girl is very pretty, dark-eyed, tall and of an excellent figure. Her mother spent a fortune on her daughter's clothes, all of which came from Paris. Her lace gowns are the despair of would-be imitators.

The Burgess-Irwin Book

One may carp at Gelett Burgess's affectations and silly antics, but when he starts out to write a book he throws off all his absurdities, and only the genuine humor remains. What part of "The Reign of Queen Isyl" is due to Burgess and which portion to Will Irwin I do not know, but the collaboration of these two clever Californians has produced one of the best books of the year. It is a whimsical thing, lovely, lively nonsense like Roche's "Her Majesty the King." The manner of telling is unique, a string of tales with one long thread to bind them together.

His Relatives Are Strictly "Society"

Edward Clarke, who shocked his family by wedding the "sweet-peas girl" of Durrant trial newspaperiety, Mrs. Bowers, is the brother of Mrs. Charles Lyman and Mrs. Leslie Wright. The Clarke estate is worth considerably over a million. Nearly all the family live in Europe. Mrs. Clarke has just returned to Paris, and Mrs. Lyman and Mrs. Wright have been there for two years.

The Scientist's Romance

A pretty romance which had its inception in the Hawaiian Islands, last year, culminated happily last Wednesday, in San Jose, when Miss Claire Grace Barnheisel, the handsome and accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barnheisel, became the wife of Charles Bradford Hudson, the well known scientist and writer. It was while on a trip to the Hawaiian Islands that Miss Barnheisel met Mr. Hudson, who was at that time a member of the United States Fish Commission, and who, in company with Dr. Jordan, was doing scientific work in the Islands. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Arthur Barnheisel of Tacoma, the brother of the bride. Following the ceremony came the wedding breakfast and at the bride's table were seated Mr. and Mrs. Barnheisel, Rev. Arthur Barnheisel and Dr. David Starr Jordan. The happy couple left for a short trip through the South and from there will go to Detroit, where they will remain during the winter. The bride is a graduate of Stanford and attended Bryn Mawr for a year. She is a member of Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority.

Miss Lucy McGeoghegan became the bride of William F. Pickstone last week at San Jose and the couple left immediately for England, where they will remain through the winter. The holidays will be spent with the groom's family at Manchester, England.

The Navy And The Army

There appears in this issue a very entertaining and instructive article on the subject of our navy and the important progress made in that branch of our military service during the year now drawing to a close. It was written for Town Talk by Mr. A. H. Dutton, an Annapolis man, who keeps in touch with the navy, its officers and their achievements. There is no department of the government in whose affairs there is more general interest than that which controls and guides the destinies of the navy. Formerly that branch of the service was subordinate in interest and importance to the army, but since it has become apparent that in the event of a clash with a foreign power our ships of war will have to bear the brunt of whatever blows are struck, and play the leading role in the international drama, we find ourselves watching with especial interest the development of the navy. However, though the army has taken second place in the affections of the people, they are not indifferent to its welfare. They have viewed with alarm the persistency of the President in sticking to his friend Wood, an inexperienced soldier, and seeking to have him elevated to a position in which he will have insurance of early promotion to the commandership of our forces. The attitude of the President toward Wood is remarkable in view of his utterances in his recent Message. He said that the only people content with a system of promotion by mere seniority are those who are contented "with the triumph of mediocrity over excellence." "On the other hand," he adds, "a system which encouraged the exercise of social or political favoritism in promotion would be even worse." Those are sane words but strikingly inconsistent with the action of the President in the Wood case.

Where Credit Belongs

Though our naval service has been greatly improved during the year, the army has not been neglected, and to one man is due the credit for all that has been accomplished. I refer to Elihu Root, who is soon to retire from the Cabinet to devote himself to his law practice. It will not be easy to find a man with the ability to carry on his

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work. Mr. Root has reorganized the War Department and made of it a smoothly running machine. In his last report he is able to say that no important military legislation is now necessary. We now have a General Staff and an Army War College with which to face the future without misgiving. Though we are not yet prepared for war, there is no longer chaos, and we are ready to grasp any emergency. All that is now needed are appropriations for the fortifications of the strategic harbors of our new possessions.

The Exploded Hero

Just as I suggested, three weeks ago, the halo of heroism that for a time surrounded Captain J. J. Pershing, of the Army, is becoming dimmer as the actual facts of the campaign against the Moros leak out. I do not deny that Pershing is an officer of exceptional ability, but that he had a monopoly of the glory in the Minadao expedition is far from true. In fact, as many Army officers who were there do not hesitate to say, the hardest work was done by others, notably by Colonel, now General, Frank D. Baldwin, of the Twenty-seventh Infantry. Now comes a communication, published in a service journal, and signed by "One Who Was There," in which the true history of that campaign is related. The gist of the communication is as follows: "Prior to the arrival of Colonel Baldwin in Mindanao, many depredations had been committed by the unfriendly Moros of the Lake region, and their acts were allowed to go unpunished, until both General Davis and the above practically forced the Government into allowing the troops to punish the assassins of their brother soldiers. This was accomplished; the situation came about, had to be handled, and was successfully met, not only before Captain Pershing took command of the troops in the Lake region, but even before he arrived in that district." It may be added that the expedition which really crushed the Moros, by the successive captures of the strongholds of Paulas, Ganassi, Binadayan, Pandapayan, and Bayan, was that of Baldwin, who demoralized the Moros before Pershing took a hand.

The Gallant Winslow

If President Roosevelt had carefully conned the entire Navy list, it is not likely that he could have found a man better suited to the post of his naval aid than Commander Cameron McRae Winslow, whom he has just selected for that position. "Cam" Winslow is the type of the *beau sabreur*. He is a fine-looking fellow, to begin with, and a thorough man of the world, of excellent family, being a nephew of the famous Captain Winslow, of *Kearsarge-Alabama* fame, and an officer of high ability and cool bravery of the dashing kind. He had charge of the boats in the cable-cutting exploit at Cienfuegos, Cuba, during which he was shot in the hand, but kept on calmly directing his men while he tied a handkerchief around his wound, under a galling fire at short range, men falling about him every moment. He returned to his ship, the *Nashville*, when his boat was recalled, after completing the job, but not before. Winslow has always been one of the fashionable men of the service, and a general favorite with both sexes in society. He remained a bachelor until well along toward middle age, when he married Miss Dora Havemeyer, daughter of the sugar magnate, and sister of Mrs. W. Butler Duncan, of New York. Duncan, too, is a Naval Academy man, who resigned shortly after graduation in the same class with Lewis Nixon.

In an obscure paragraph of a newspaper I read of the ordering of Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Allderdice, of the Navy, to special duty in Shelby, Ohio. Allderdice is the playwright of the Navy, but his fame, owing to his modesty, has not become wide outside of the service. However he has written some very bright comedies and farces which have been presented at naval amateur performances. He has always done his work of this kind for amusement only.

Banished to Florida

Commander Thomas H. Stevens, U. S. N., is the latest officer to incur banishment to one of the Navy Department's places of exile, having been ordered as ordnance officer of the Pensacola, Fla., navy-yard. "Tom" Stevens is well known on the Pacific coast, where he has been on duty long and often. There is no more genial officer in the service, and, like his father, the late Rear-Admiral Thomas H. Stevens, he embodies the characteristics of the old-school naval officer, which, however, have at times got him into disfavor with his seniors. The South Atlantic station, for sea duty, and the Bremerton, Port Royal and Pensacola yards for shore duty, have long been the lots of those officers upon whom the department wished to visit its displeasure. However, no matter where he goes, "Tom" Stevens always wins popularity.

I learned with regret the other day of an accident that befell Mrs. Reginald F. Nicholson, wife of Commander "Reggie" Nicholson, of the new cruiser *Tacoma*. Mrs. Nicholson is an enthusiastic golfer, and while teeing for the fifth hole in an exciting game on the Chevy Chase links, near Washington, D. C., she made a misstep, severely wrenching her knee. She was badly lamed and has had to abandon golfing for the present.

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A Source of Turf Scandal

The latest turf scandal across the bay directed attention to the fact that racing officials are kept busy purging the sport of its harmful influences. I am informed that there is concerted action among the officials throughout the country to minimize the opportunities for foul play, and that they have made much progress in late years. A matter that is now absorbing their attention, though the public has not been taken into their confidence, is that of the "jockey manager" who is said to be a fruitful source of trouble and complaint from horse owners and trainers. The rapacity of individuals whose only claim to consideration was the influence they exercised over the race riders temporarily in fashion, has frequently called for official action, and if the wishes of the majority of turfmen are realized the "jockey manager" will soon find that his vocation is gone. The owners of racing establishments of moderate size, and the professional horsemen who combine the ownership and training of horses as a matter of business, have started a crusade against the parasites of the turf, and turf legislation for their suppression may soon be expected. The big racing establishments escape much of the annoyance because they hire their riders by the year, but it is the lesser fry of the turf that suffers. Sometimes the manager is the father of the boy, and sometimes he is an obscure horse-owner who has what is known as the "first call" on the services of some jockey of repute and skill. The manager is generally a heavy better, and his influence is generally of a most pernicious character. He often requires that a bet be put on for either the rider or himself and if it is not forthcoming the would-be employer is told that the jockey is too ill to ride or that he cannot make the weight. Occasionally the manager dictates as to how the horse should be ridden, even though his directions be contrary to the wishes of the trainer of the animal. The practices of many of these managers will not stand the light, and there has been enough scandal connected with the conduct of some of them to make their suppression imperative.

Not of the Ancient Nobility

Prince Poniatowski has returned to New York after a short visit to the other side. When he left here it was said he was going to shift his residence to Paris where he was going into the banking business with what remained of his wife's fortune, but now I hear that he contemplates returning to this city. Some days ago an Eastern daily published his pedigree to show that he was not a representative of the old Poniatowskis, the last of that family, Prince Adelbert, having died in the first half of the seventeenth century. It appears that the nobility of which our Prince Poniatowski is a representative is almost as new as some of our new-rich. The title was bestowed on his father by the Austrian sovereign in 1850. His mother was the daughter of the Countess of Hon. Poniatowski, by the way, has an elder brother, Charles, who lives with his wife and mother-in-law in Mexico. He is more or less of an invalid, suffering from an affection of the eyes. Prince Andre is suffering from an affection of the wrist and he was in danger, some time ago, of losing a section of his forearm, but a friend who met him recently in New York informs me that he has greatly improved in health.

A Poet's Prophetic Prose

As in ancient times the poets of Carthage, Athens and Rome proclaimed the glories of their native cities, so in this issue of Town Talk, that gifted bard, Herman Scheffauer, proudly exalts the metropolis of the Pacific. Mr. Scheffauer writes forcible prose as well as melodious verse, as witness the following, which gives a hint to the feelings of the poet: "Let him who doubts our future smile at enthusiasm. Neither cities nor aught else can be built of the smiles of doubters, but today as ever before, the stones leap into place when Trust and Faith and Industry lay mightily about them; these are the true hill-moving melodies of Amphion whence spring the lordly palaces from seeds of flowers. Surely our city of St. Francis by the sea must, shall and will grow unto the imperial importance of a mighty metropolis. 'Westward the star,' etc., wrote Bishop Berkeley, but here is that star's true resting place, for all that lies beyond these sands of the Pacific is East again. Here is that star's true resting place; here it will wax and wax in splendor until it flashes one of the brightest in the firmament of this and future centuries. No poetic rapture, no seer's insight need stand for this prophecy—its realization will be brought about through economic, natural and commercial conditions, and through our own powerful endeavoring. Ours must be a nobler, broader pride than that which filled the aristocratic cities of the eighteenth century Germany. Commerce, too (a worthy and legitimate theme, I say, for poets), vast and rich, and wide-spreading have I glorified, for since we front the seas, our commerce must make us strong and prosperous, though be it ever remembered that only our Arts and Letters can make us great and glorious. And that this, too, shall be achieved, who can





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doubt? Who that has eyes to see, sees not the blossoming, the dawning? And as the prophet sang of old Jerusalem, so sing I of new San Francisco, 'May my hand wither and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth when I think of thee no more!'"

Bohemians Will Celebrate

The burlesque on "Ben Hur," which the Bohemian Club will present at its low jinks tonight, has caused a great deal of comment. The knockers say it is sacrilegious, and the optimists say it is no such thing. Will Irwin has burlesqued "Ben Hur" with a neat and clean touch, and those who have read the travesty say that it is as full of genuine humor as the author's "Isyl," which he wrote in collaboration with Gelett Burgess. J. D. Phelan will sire the high jinks, and his call to brother-Bohemians to be present on the occasion is very prettily phrased. The beginning reads:

Bohemians: The wise men of Bohemia have handed down to us the Christmas Jinks—the great Club convocation of the year—to wean us (perhaps only for a night) from the craft and worldliness of the daily grind and to nourish and exhilarate us with spiritual nectar and ambrosia and the mighty mead of Valhalla. Soul-satisfying, indeed, is music, song and speech, color and form; and worthy is the theme when its inspiration is love. Christmas is the season of love and let us, therefore, obedient to immemorial custom, assemble in this temple and here prove our peculiar titles to Bohemian Brotherhood. "Let us be merry and clever," said Goldsmith, and so say we all of us. Let us be thankful for the little given in the name of good cheer and by an appreciation and pleasure make it much and so we may get more and more, as love begets love.

The wind-up is:

So come like Roman legionaries, in force, but cease, for the nonce, your pagan conflicts; submit to the sway of the joyous and gentle sentiments of the season, and "Peace be with thee and thine."

Several neophytes will be initiated into the mysteries of Bohemia, High Priest Bromley officiating. Governor Pardee, Judge Henshaw, Judge Sloss and others will "bestride the jocund goat and climb the Parnassian Hill." Dr. H. J. Stewart will have the music in charge and L. Maynard Dixon will paint the cartoon.

Jack Wilson will give a stag dinner tonight at the Bohemian Club to all the performers in the high and low jinks and it will be one of the jolliest occasions of the kind that the club has known. Jack Wilson is one of the most genial and by far the most generous host in Bohemia. There is no limit to either his generosity or his good-nature.

Gordon Ross is going to retire from newspaper art work and devote himself to designing stained glass windows. It is a field of art work not so crowded as the ordinary, and it should be a good financial move for Mr. Ross.

Informal Hop at Del Monte

One of the first of a series of informal hops was given at Hotel Del Monte last Friday evening. The ballroom of this popular resort was comfortably filled, many of San Francisco's best families as well as a large number of army officers from the new encampment at Monterey being in attendance. The army men present included the following: Captain Brooks, Captain Uline, Captain Bridges, Captain Conrad, Lieutenant Awl, Lieutenant Potter, Lieutenant Knabenshue, Lieutenant Boyce, Lieutenant Upham, Lieutenant Burr, Lieutenant Gilmore, Captain Fowler, Major Bigelow, Lieutenant Bell, Captain H. A. Smith. Colonel Ward and his officers of the Fifteenth Infantry and the Ninth Cavalry are very popular in society. At all Del Monte affairs arranged for the present season, the buds and belles have every assurance of army men for dancing partners. Special rates between San Francisco and Del Monte for the Christmas and New Year holidays are being arranged.

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Louis is a Spender

It is said that one reason why Mrs. Bruguiere intends prolonging her visit with her son Louis at Newport is to control the pursestrings. For sonny has been going a reckless pace entertaining his New York friends. It costs, you know, to keep up the gait at Newport. Louis Bruguiere is very popular for he is a good fellow and he is handsome, too. The mixture of French, Spanish, English and Swedish blood ran to good looks as well as to brains in the Bruguiere family. Emil Bruguiere's opera is now being rehearsed in Chicago, and will be put on the stage by the Bostonians next month.

"I find society people a dreadful bore," sighed Miss Unconventional Bud to her dearest friend.

"Did you ever stop to think, dear," returned the latter, "that they may be entertaining the same sentiments toward yourself?"

The Evasive Mr. Phelan

James D. Phelan, formerly Mayor of San Francisco, and accustomed in general to the deference due his wealth and position in the community, took part last Monday in a public debate with Garret McEnerney, the attorney, and his plumage was ruffled. The subject was the proposed reduction of grade on Golden Gate avenue from Taylor to Hyde streets, and a subject which seems to awaken no end of bitterness and controversy. McEnerney appeared for St. Boniface's church, owned and built by the Franciscan Fathers, and he opened the debate by asking Mr. Phelan how much he thought his property would be increased in value by the change of grade. Mr. Phelan, with his characteristic skill in evasion, side-stepped the query. Thereupon McEnerney referred sarcastically to the distinguished publicist who was advocating the improvement and argued that if he could not tell how much the change would benefit him it was not likely that he was competent to estimate the benefits to be conferred on the public at large. Only the millionaire owners of property on Golden Gate avenue, said McEnerney, want the improvement, and he suggested that the name of the thoroughfare be changed to Millionaires' avenue. The whole secret of the proposition, said the lawyer, was that Mr. Phelan feared that the retail shopping district would not work its way out Golden Gate avenue, but that it would extend out McAllister street. In his reply, Mr. Phelan said that the proposition was so simple that an attorney was not necessary to set it forth, and by inference he gave the impression that he thought he was made a target for sarcasm because he had chosen to appear in person rather than by attorney. The Board of Supervisors decided to seek further information before passing a resolution of intention to change the grade.

He Is Thin Now

George Hall has just returned from a roughing-it trip in Tuolumne county, where he went on mining business. The Turkish Consul is interested in mines these days. By the way, Mr. Hall has lost a great deal of flesh, and is now as thin as he always wished to be. In his recent illness his avoirdupois reduced itself at a rapid rate.

Miss Gossip—I saw Tom Millions kissing you a little while ago.

Miss Debutante—Yes, but it didn't count.

Miss Gossip—Why?

Miss Debutante—It wasn't under the mistletoe.

'Addy's" Birthday Present

Addison Mizner had a birthday the other day. As "Addy's" sense of humor is keen, his friends thought a jest would not be out of place. So they sent him a beautiful copy of his own book.



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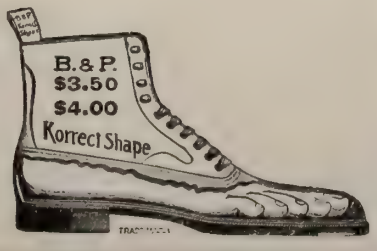
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Conventional But Charitable

Sarah Collier left for an extended tour through the East last week. She is one of the handsomest of our society girls, and I predict that she will flutter the hearts of the impressionable youths of Gotham when she strikes that town. But at the same time, I fear, she will not enter into the social whirl of the East with much enthusiasm, for she is one of the most conventional of girls. She views with disapproval many of the ways of our wild and woolly smart set. Of late she has been deeply interested in charitable projects and she had a class in cooking south of the slot to which she devoted a great deal of attention. The most devoted of her admirers is Lieutenant Winship.

"Miss Shy is dying for a kiss."

"How do you know? Are you a mind-reader?"

"Not exactly—but she has been gazing hungrily at the mistletoe for fifteen minutes."

Mrs. Irwin's Transformation

Mrs. W. H. Irwin attracted a deal of attention at the Twentieth Century Musical Club's musicale last week. She seemed in the best of spirits and smiled and nodded to her friends in the parquet. Her hair has become a golden brown this season, and many of her friends hardly recognized her, so great was the change in her appearance. Mrs. Irwin has long been one of the handsomest of our matrons, and her gray hair made her very distingue. The fashionable shade, in my opinion, is not half so becoming.

She Disappointed Him

Mrs. Blanchard, who sang the part of Orpheus in the scene from the Gluck opera, looked like a Burne-Jones model with her classic features, artistic coiffure and gown. One of our well-known club men was very much disappointed because he had expected to see the scene from Orpheus done in costume. He remarked to a friend that he never would have sat through the long program if he had known that Mrs. Blanchard was not to appear in the attractive garb of the mythological hero.

She Wore a Night Dress

Night-gowns are becoming the mode for evening parties in Stockton, writes a correspondent. On the occasion of a book party recently, a very pretty girl who is popular in the slough city's swim created a sensation by appearing in a *robe de nuit*, and she made such a hit that others are said to favor the vogue of the loose-flowing white garment for evening as well as night wear. It was the purpose of the night-gown girl to symbolize "When Knighthood was in Flower." She wore flowers in her hair. They are refreshingly unconventional in Stockton. The kimona is now worn at formal receptions, or at least it was recently by a hostess, who presented a pretty picture reclining on a divan.

A Lady Journalist

We may be visited soon by Miss Jennie Brooks, who is at present in Chicago, and who was sent across the pond by the London *Telegraph* to "do" Americans from the English lady-journalist's point of view. From a Chicago correspondent I learn that Miss Brooks is everything the American newspaper woman is not. She's exactly like the stage presentations of journalists, and goes about advertising her profession. She is not a pretty woman and is aggressively unfeminine in manner, wears a tweed suit, a bike-cap and shoes with heavy soles.

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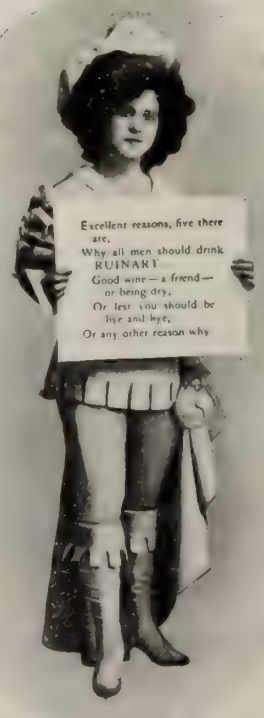
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A Family of Spellbinders

Charley Wheeler, the attorney, thinks that a nimble wit that survives a full stomach is a beatitude devoutly to be coveted. He is therefore intent on rearing a family of post-prandial spellbinders, and to that end he turns his dining-room into a school of instruction in after-dinner speaking. The Wheelers have an interesting group of children—four girls and a boy—and they are bright youngsters. There is no nursery dinner in the Wheeler house, but the whole family constitutes quite a dinner party. At the close of the dinner Mr. Wheeler acts as toastmaster and each of the children is called on to respond to a sentiment. In that way they are learning to think on their feet and are becoming graceful talkers. Mr. Wheeler, himself, is a good after-dinner talker, and he has a talent for spinning yarns and writing doggerel.

The Bridegroom Has Friends Here

When Mrs. Daniel Kane was in New York recently, she attended the marriage of her brother-in-law, Frank Kane, son of Captain Kane of the Navy. Frank Kane has often visited San Francisco. He is one of Mrs. George Gibbs's nephews, and a cousin of Colonel Delancey Kane of New York. He married a New York heiress of good family and they are enjoying a honeymoon trip to the Bermudas.

A Cause Celebre

The paragraphers paid little attention to the passing of the Countess of Euston, a little more than a week ago. Yet the Countess was once the heroine of a cause celebre that disturbed the equanimity of many high and mighties. She was the daughter-in-law of the Duke of Grafton. As he is an octogenarian and in feeble health, there was imminent danger of his demise, in which case of course his son would succeed to the title. The British Peerage therefore had a narrow escape from having admitted to membership a representative of the London half-world. When Lord Euston was a mere boy in the early twenties, he married Kate Cook, or Walsh, a woman of the demi-monde. He speedily came to his senses, however, and having settled ten thousand pounds upon his undesirable wife, he hied himself to the Antipodes, where he remained for a number of years. The ten thousand pounds were soon dissipated. Then Lady Euston brought suit against the Earl for alimony and a restoration of her conjugal rights. The Earl, who had completely cut himself off from his wife after the first disillusionment, promptly brought suit for divorce. During the trial of the case it was shown that at the time of her marriage with Euston Kate Walsh had a husband living—one Smith, of New Zealand. The old Duke was elated at this discovery and promptly took measures to secure Smith's testimony. But the important witness proved too ready with his facts. The fault of his testimony was that there was too much of it. In addition to admitting his marriage he stated that when he wedded Kate Walsh he had another wife living. The Smith marriage therefore was proved invalid, and the way was clear for the union with Grafton's heir. Nothing could be done but to throw the case out of court, and the old Duke's elation was changed to chagrin. The Countess had been regarded as irresponsible, if not demented, for years, and the only hope of ridding the Peerage of her name was to have the marriage declared null and void, since her mental condition protected her from the consequences of her acts. The old Duke of Grafton, by the way, is one of the few peers of England who still run their estates on the feudal plan. He is said to be a veritable tyrant, and makes his tenants attend church whether they like it or not.

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She Continues to Mobe

Ethyl Hager was warned by her physician not long ago that she must quit running her automobile because she would imperil her life. Miss Hager's heart was pronounced weak some years since, and she had to stay in bed for months, taking the rest cure. But Ethyl Hager is self-willed, and she still continues her daring chauffeuse stunts on the boulevards.

"I'd rather die than abandon my mobe," was her reply to the medico.

The next Gaiety Club dance will take place January fourth, not at Mare Island, as the dailies have stated, but in this city. Mrs. McCalla is thinking of having it at Century hall, by way of concession to the men who do not like to go as far as Mare Island for a dance. Besides, cab rates increase rapidly after midnight.

Gone South for Christmas

Mrs. Henry Crocker has gone to Southern California with her children, to pass a week with her mother. She desired to give the children a real Christmas in the country. Mrs. Crocker, by the way, is one of the most generous women in town at this season. She gives very handsome presents to the humblest of her servants. She is, I am told, one of the few women in society who are not always grumbling at having trouble with their domestic help. She manages to run her household on well-oiled wheels, and in spite of her devotion to her children she finds time for society's many claims. Mrs. Crocker is wearing a diamond necklace that is the delight and despair of her friends. She has never dressed so magnificently as she has this winter.

Ray Sherman is due here from Manila within a few days, and will spend Christmas in San Francisco. His wife returned from the Orient in the summer.

Sample Irish Wit

The other day, Tim McGrath, the wag of the tenderloin, went before the Police Commissioners to obtain permission to enlarge the private rooms of his saloon. The commissioners asked him the object of the proposed enlargement and he replied:

"My customers say the rooms are so small that they can't put their hands in their pockets and fish the money out without dislocating their arms. So I have many outstanding debts."

The permit was granted.

The Mark of Informality

Avery McCarthy is paying devoted attention these days to Mrs. Clement, a beautiful and wealthy young widow from South Africa, who is at the California hotel, and who has been entertained recently at the University Club. Mrs. Clement is still in mourning for her late husband who left her a large fortune, it is said, but the University Club functions have been informal affairs. I hear that their informality was marked by the absence of candelabra.

The J. J. Moores are up from Menlo for the winter and are at the Palace.

The De Young Vaudeville

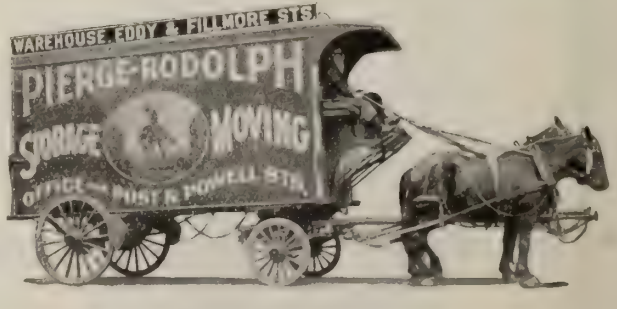
Preparations for the De Young vaudeville are going on merrily. It will be pulled off New Year's night. Wallace Irwin is again the librettist and H. J. Stewart is the composer. The society amateurs are already deep in rehearsals. Among those who are to participate is Mrs. Marcus Gerstle, who had originally intended to do a stunt at the Verein jinks. But when invited to appear in the De Young vaudeville she decided to cut out the Verein, and as a consequence there has been some grumbling.

Nothing Snobbish About Them

The ball given by the Misses Huntington this week had none of the garish splendor that one usually associates with a millionaire's fete. The Huntington residence is very homelike and very well adapted to an informal affair of that sort. Moreover the young ladies of the house of Huntington are simple and unaffected in manner, and they choose their friends without regard for the hallmarks of the elite. They have been criticised by the exclusives for what has been called a lack of discrimination, but when they go in for social gayety they give no thought to wealth or social position. In other words, the Huntington girls are not snobs.

In a recent interview published in a New York paper, Madame Patti, who is now concert-touring her way westward, said: "The American climate is as exhilarating as champagne, and has the same effect on my health and spirits." There is no doubt that the diva referred to one champagne in particular, Ayala, which everybody agrees has a delightfully exhilarating effect. And the best of it is that the exhilaration promoted by the consumption of Ayala has no after effects of an opposite character.





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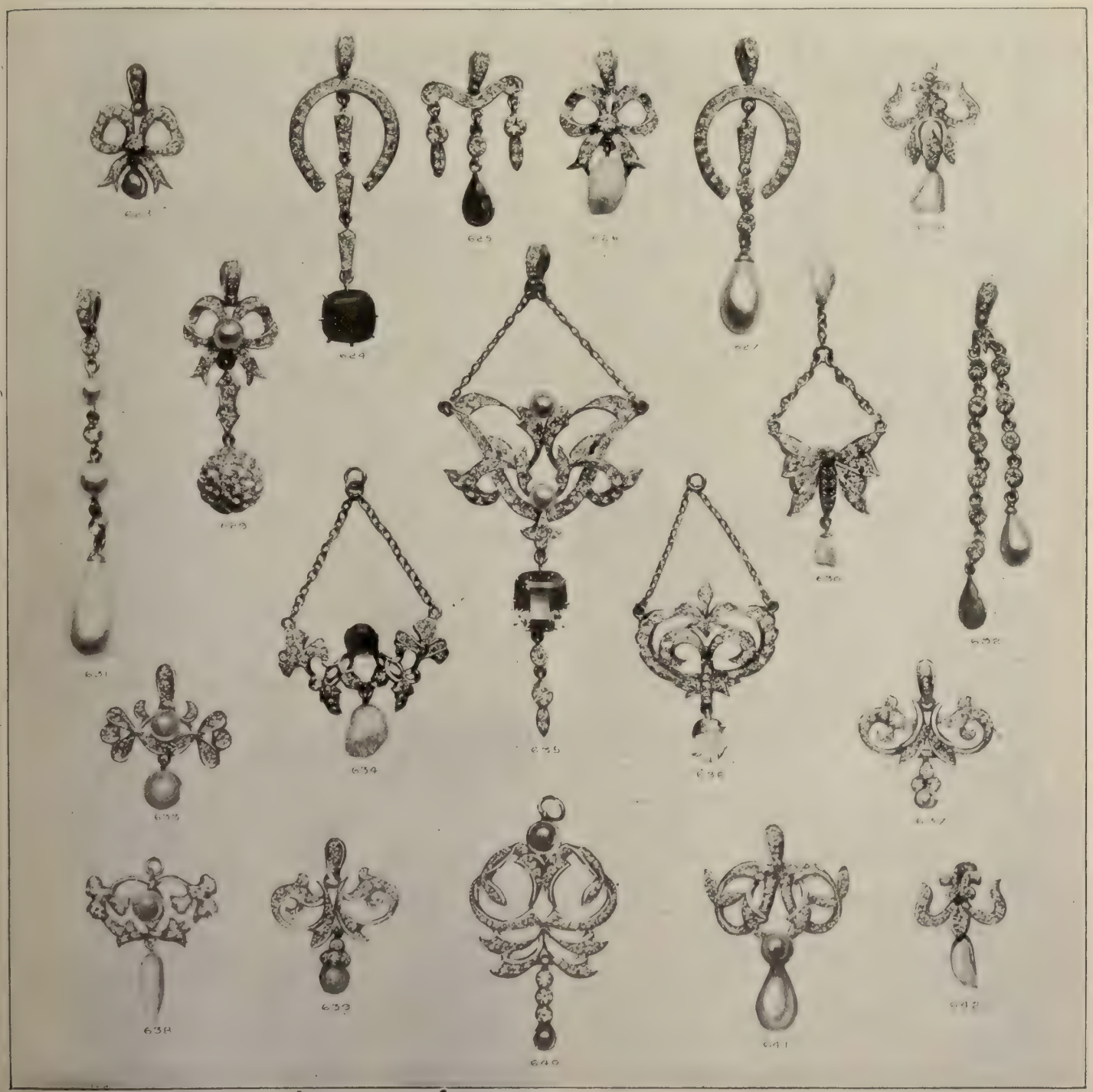
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SAN FRANCISCO

The Stage

The Year in Drama

Nothing especially noteworthy occurred in the dramatic world aside from the first visit of Mrs. "Pat" Campbell to San Francisco. She appeared in her repertory but Sudermann's "The Joy of Living" proved her most successful play. Rose Coghlan had just shown us her version of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and more than one critic, and two-thirds of our theatre-goers, preferred the Coghlan treatment of the Pinero heroine to that of Mrs. Campbell. Another Pinero play which was recently produced gave food for more discussion than anything that has ever been given here. This was "Iris," with Virginia Harned Sothern in the title role. The largest scenic production of the year was "Ben Hur" which played a record-breaking engagement of four weeks at the Grand Opera House. The chief happenings at the Columbia, beside those already named, in 1903 were Warde and James in "The Tempest," Frank Daniels in "Miss Simplicity," Anna Held and her "Sadie" girls, William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes," Effie Ellsler in "When Knighthood was in Flower," Mary Mannering in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine," Nat Goodwin in "On the Altar of Friendship," W. H. Crane in "David Harum," Amelia Bingham in "The Climbers," Robert Edeson in "Soldiers of Fortune," Edward Sothern and Cecilia Loftus in "If I were King." Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin played a joint-star season but none of the new plays presented hit the popular taste. At the Grand starring seasons were played by Charles Erin Verner, Maude Odell, Walter Perkins, Emmett Corrigan, R. D. MacLean and Odette Tyler, and Nance O'Neil. Miss O'Neil produced a new drama, "Judith," beside her repertory. She was to have played a later engagement at the Republic, but the theatre burned down and she appeared instead at the California, producing Sardou's "Fedora" and "La Tosca," and Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." The Grand also had a season of the Rogers Brothers productions. The California had Rose Coghlan, Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans," and a season of burlesque opera by the Augustin Daly Comedy Company, among other things. The Republic opened with a stock company including George de Long and Harrison Reynolds, but it was not financially successful. The management then tried a new venture, in a revival of minstrelsy modeled upon the old Charlie Reed--Billy Emerson minstrels, in connection with an original burlesque written by Wallace Irwin. This was an artistic hit, but not sufficiently so financially to warrant its continuance. The burning of the theatre put a final damper upon its career. At the Alcazar, continued success with an excellent stock company has been the rule. E. D. Price came on from New York to assume the business management of the Belasco-Mayer theatres, and he has proved a splendid acquisition. The theatre has had three new leading ladies in 1903—Alice Treat Hunt, Bertha Creighton and Adele Block, the present incumbent. Ernest Hastings played a short engagement as leading man. There were starring seasons by White Whittlesey and Florence Roberts. The latter produced among other things "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," a new play by Mrs. Burton Harrison. She also gave a matinee performance of "The Ballad of Despair" and produced D'Annunzio's "La Gioconda" for the first time in this city. One of the best of the stock productions of the early season was "The Case of Rebellious Susan" in which Juliet Crosby had the leading role. "Lover's Lane," with Hastings as the hero, was another hit. The Central has sustained its reputation as a family theatre where everything is given on a fine scenic scale. "Resurrection," with Miss Lawton as the heroine, was a strong production. Herschel Mayall succeeded Landers Stevens as leading man, and is one of the most popular leading men in the city at this time. Charles Cook, by reason of ill health, resigned from the Central's management, and was succeeded by George H. Davis, the former treasurer of the theatre. The Tivoli had a Gilbert and Sullivan revival, and a very successful production of "The Highwayman" with Camille d'Arville and Edwin Stevens in the star roles. Arthur Cunningham, a local baritone, made one of the big hits in this opera. Stevens also appeared in others of his successes. "The Toy Maker" had a brief revival, and there was a strong grand opera season to wind up the affairs of the old opera house, which is now no more. The new Tivoli will open with "Ixion." Fischer's had its usual array of successes, the Weber & Fields burlesques being followed by two from Chicago, and by a native production, "I. O. U." To Fischer's belongs the distinction, if such it may be designated, of introducing to local johnnies the metropolitan type of chorus girl. The Orpheum had a brilliant array of vaudeville stars, acrobats, magicians, contortionists, monologuists and musicians. Among them were Richard Jose, our contra tenor par excellence, Mary Hampton, Lillian Burkhart and Lydia Yeamans Titus. The Chutes, too, had its bright array of vaudeville talent, May Lamson with her illustrated songs proving the reigning favorite. Other attractions that appealed to the cultured were "Everyman," the morality play, produced at the Lyric with a London company under Ben Greet's management; the Burton Holmes and Tyndall lectures and those of Sandow.

When Blue Jeans Was Young

The play at the Alcazar next week will be a novelty to the younger generations of holiday playgoers, but there is no American comedy-drama more thickly overrun by luxuriant growths of interesting theatrical association. There was a tremendous ado over it when first produced at the Fourteenth street theatre, New York, some twelve years ago. It was so novel, picturesque and striking that rumor associated with its authorship the late A. C. Wheeler, whose pungent and powerful theatrical reviews in the *World*, over the signature of "Nym Crinkle," were among the most notable products of New York journalism. Wheeler published emphatical denial. "To my personal knowledge," he declared, "Joseph Arthur conceived and constructed 'Blue Jeans without anybody's assistance. In fact, nobody could have written that play who had not been brought up in Indiana. The local color, the personages, the scenes, are directly out of that soil and are reproductions of incidents in his early career." Of the original "Blue Jeans" cast many players have risen to national distinction. Robert Hilliard, who played Perry Bascom, has vibrated between stock-broking and acting and is now a five hundred dollar a week headliner in vaudeville. Jennie Yeamans, the original June, has just achieved a new hit in the Harrigan revivals. Laura Burt, who succeeded her, is now supporting Sir Henry Irving. Jack Wallace, who created the quaint old shoemaker, is now dead; but San Franciscans remember him as one of the famous stock company at the old California in 1885. George Fawcett, the villain who flung the hero in front of the buzz-saw eating its way to his unconscious form, is now the manager of a profitable chain of stock theatres in Baltimore, Washington and other Eastern cities. It is doubtful if "Blue Jeans" ever had a better all-round cast than will be afforded by the Alcazar's clever and versatile players.



THE MELANI TRIO
of Italian Street Singers, one of the features of the Orpheum Road Show.

Christmas Attractions Offered

The theatres have an admirable showing for the holiday season. At the Columbia will be Lulu Glaser in the second week of "Dolly Varden." The Grand will have an attraction in which heart interest predominates, May Stockton in "A Little Outcast." The company in support is a good one, and the scenery will be attractive. The week beginning tomorrow matinee will be devoted to benefits for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund of the San Francisco Fire Department. Nellie B. Waters, a daughter of a battalion Chief of the Fire Department, will perform a selection from "William Tell" on the musical sleighbells. The performance will close with a realistic fire drama in one act and three scenes, illustrating the bravery and heroism of the Fire Department and their methods of working. The firemen and apparatus appear by consent of the Fire Commissioners and Chief T. D. Sullivan. The police officers who handle the crowd have permission to do so from the Board of Police Commissioners and Chief of Police George W. Wittman. At the Alcazar will be "Blue Jeans," the famous buzz-saw drama. A musical extravaganza will delight the Central's clientele—"Alphonse and Gaston," founded on the adventures of the comic-supp. Opper Frenchmen. George T. Smith wrote the book and Emil Bierman the music. It is said to be full of fun for young and old. The cast will introduce a ballet of "birdie" girls, in plumage of radiant beauty; Virginia Ainsworth, from the Metropolitan opera company, New York, who will sing the latest Eastern vocal successes; Tony West, comedian, and Elsie G. Rafael, the "rag time pianiste," who will play selections from Wagner, Beethoven, Liszt and other great composers and then reduce the compositions to popular ragtime. The scenery will be all new. Fischer's will have a continuation of the successful "I. O. U.," new features in song and dance being added to the present list of bonbons. The Tivoli box-office is now open and a sumptuous production of "Ixion" will fittingly christen the new house. The new people in the company are Wallace Brownlow, the English baritone, who is a second Hayden Coffin in voice, and as dashing and magnetic an actor as Eugene Cowles. Bessie Tannehill, a charming character comedienne of experience, will also be an acquisition. Annie Meyers, Anna Lichter, Arthur Cunningham, Ferris Hartman and others of the old favorites will swell the cast. The production will be sumptuously staged and costumed. There will be several gorgeous ballets directed by Bothwell Browne. The delightful ballet movement from Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker Suite" will be one of the incidental numbers played by Director Steindorff and his orchestra. A transformation scene, "Excelsior, the Triumph of Light," will be a feature. The Orpheum Road Show headlines the Orpheum's playbill. Caesar, the mind-reading poodle-star of Merian's pantomimists, will appear with eight other canine actors in "A Faithless Woman, a playlet told in action. Ed. F. Reynard, ventriloquist; Elizabeth Murray, the Irish monologuiste; Ernest Hogan, "the unbleached American," with Mattie Wilkes and two colored companion artists; the Melani trio of Italian street singers; Fred Eckhoff and Anna Gordon in a musical comedy act; Albertus and Miller, comedy club singers and cornetists; the Nightons, herculean athletes, and Henri Humberti, European comedy juggler, will complete the list. At the Chutes will be the Juvenile Vaudevillians from the California School of Ballet, in Amazon marches, vocal solos, duets and trios; Joe and Sadie Britton, colored singers and dancers; Esmeralda, Al. H. Tyrrell, and Vera Chandon, contralto, in the latest illustrated ballads.

A Sangre Azul In Cog

Those society girls who affect to find the men of their set bores, and who are ever looking for new experiences in masculine attention, should turn their eyes on the "Foxy Grandpa" company. There's a member of that organization who also found society a bore, and took to the stage to chase away that blase feeling. Eugene Redding the young man is billed, but that is not his real name. His family is one of the swellest in Montreal, and they boast blood of the bluest French brand. The actor's father is a distinguished jurist. Eugene, who is not more than thirty years of age, studied to be a physician but he found medical studies too dry and decided to go on the stage. His father objected, but as the son promised to bill himself under an assumed name, *pere* finally withdrew his opposition, and also agreed to continue Eugene's allowance.

Caroline Gardiner, of the "Peggy from Paris" company, was a protegee of the late Philip D. Armour, the Chicago pork-packer. Miss Gardiner was sent abroad by her patron, and many thousand dollars were spent upon the cultivation of her voice. If report speaks true, the dollars were not expended unwisely. Miss Gardiner is enjoying her first road season.

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DOROTHY BROWNLOW

This beautiful child is not a candidate for histrionic honors, but she has been adopted as the mascot of the new Tivoli, where her father, Wallace Brownlow, the renowned English baritone, will make his appearance next week. When the above picture was taken she was engaged in making a floral horseshoe, which, when it was completed, she hung, with her own lily-white hands, beneath the stage of the new opera house. Miss Brownlow is the daintiest British lass that ever crossed the water.

Miss Haden's Courage

If Miss Joan Hadenfeldt possessed talent in proportion to the confidence which she has in herself there would be no occasion for her friends to have any misgivings regarding her theatrical career. Some time ago it was reported that she was in the wings of a local theatre all ready to take the footlight plunge, and that her courage failed her just as her cue was given. If Miss Haden—the name by which she is to be known to fame, providing she achieves it—was ever timid, she must have been taking liberal doses of courage capsules for a long time. It requires considerable courage to risk the money that must have been expended in her preparations for her debut, for the success of her somewhat novel stunt is problematical. Not only was the first cost considerable, but to make her venture a paying one she will have to draw a very large salary, and it is doubtful whether vaudeville managers can be induced to go to great expense for a turn which is far from sensational and which is not likely to invoke the highest enthusiasm. The act itself is not an original conception. Song illustrations have almost run their course on the vaudeville stage, and Miss Haden has merely improved on the old, familiar stunt by introducing living pictures instead of the canvas ones. And living pictures are out of date. However she could achieve an artistic triumph were she to take the place of the lady who does the posing and hire some one to do the singing and wear the home-made gowns. Miss Haden looks prettier than she sings. Indeed she is a beautiful woman, and people would go miles to see her illustrating the four seasons of love. I am sure they would stand for a few extra seasons. But unfortunately, Miss Haden cannot sing. She has a voice of pleasing quality that no doubt thrilled many a parlor audience, but in a large theatre its narrow compass becomes painfully apparent. It is a voice, however, susceptible of great improvement, but tone production is something Miss Haden has not learned, and enunciation, which is no unimportant feature of the vocal art and which is of paramount importance for one engaged in seeking to justify a series of pictures, she appears to have neglected. But she gives some evidence of an artistic temperament, and with the right kind of instruction in the vocal art she may fit herself for the career which she has adopted prematurely. Meanwhile it is to be hoped that her exceptionally striking presence and her pretty pictures will carry her through.

Lotta and Belle Tobin have a musical stunt that is artistic and entertaining. The former has been heard at the Orpheum before, with her husband, Fitzroy Tobin, whose successful career was cut short by death. Her sister is a vaudeville debutante. They were known as the Rodgers sisters in the days when they played the banjo and guitar to concert audiences, and they are both very talented. They are gifted with physical charms above the average, too, and that always counts on the stage. They received as warm a welcome on Sunday night from the audience as did Joan Hadenfeldt, and the applause was fully justified by their musical turn.

Tyndall's Phenomenal Success

Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall, the exponent of the marvelous, closed a six months' series of psychic science lectures here last Sunday evening to an audience that taxed the capacity of Steinway hall. Tyndall's subject on that occasion was "Our Common Birthright," and it was a forceful, practical exposition of the inherent right of man to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," together with some practical hints on the art of acquiring the same. There are many who will deeply regret his departure, as the psychic science lectures given by the noted telepathist have appealed to the intelligence of the many seeking light upon these intricate problems. Tomorrow night Tyndall has consented to give a demonstration of the feats of magnetism made famous by "The Georgia Wonder," and will give an explanation of the principle by which the feat may be performed, proving that it is a power that is perfectly natural to all. The evening will be one of psychic entertainment solely, as there will be no lecture other than the exposition of the force which enables the "Magnet" to



DR. ALEXANDER J. McIVOR-TYNDALL

The famous scientist whose interesting, instructive lectures on Psychic Science have created great enthusiasm.

perform her wonderful and puzzling feats. There will undoubtedly be an immense audience, and reserved seats may be secured at Steinway hall box-office today. This will be the last public appearance of the famous psychic scientist here this season, as he leaves for Los Angeles immediately after Christmas.

Arthur Boyce had to substitute for Max Dill at Fischer's this week, the latter being laid low with a severe attack of pneumonia. Boyce used to be a utility tenor at the Tivoli, but he hasn't much of a voice. I have heard that he was a guard at the Folsom penitentiary when somebody discovered he had musical talent which should be cultivated. He came to San Francisco and studied for the stage, in time being given principal roles. He has done some things—notably the tenor role in "The Geisha"—very well. He filled Dill's role at a pinch acceptably. Dill has had substitutes before; once when he broke his leg. The new Hebrew at Fischer's, by the way, is a long way after Barney Bernard.

Manager Cleveland was not the first one to accuse McKee Rankin of having Nance O'Neil under an hypnotic spell. Blanche Bates was the first to make that assertion, years ago, when she was out here with the Frawley company. She and Frawley used to watch Rankin exert his influence on her and they said she was another Trilby. When Nance first went on the stage her mother, Mrs. Lamson, charged Rankin with placing her daughter under a spell.

There's a big dash of Captain Mayne Reid, and a touch of J. Fennimore Cooper, in the Central's bill this week. Herschel Mayall is a combination of the book-heroes boys love, as he struts the stage in the garb of the Government scout. He is a hero to thrill all hearts. There are outlaws and Indians, a stockman and his charming daughter, and many other roles to distract attention from the hero-scout, but he holds his own in spite of them. All the company are in the cast and Myrtle Vane makes a hit all her own as the waif. The scenery fits in well with the situations and characters of "The Scout's Revenge."

It is refreshing to think that even in this day of problem plays and musical comedies there still exists warm appreciation for dramas of the purely poetic and fine flavor. "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," at the Grand, is one of these and a second hearing of the homely dialogue, a second sight of the simple, beautiful setting, only intensifies one's respect for the art of the man who wrote the book and the actor who plays the principal part. Stoddart said once that he would like to end his days playing the part of Lachlan Campbell; that he felt he could never get anything that would fit him better. And he was right. The whole story of the play centres about the old, stern, dogmatical Scotchman. In his lighter moments the audience is moved to like feelings; in the pathetic and tragic scenes, one never loses sympathy with the character. That is art of a kind few of the newer school of actors understand.

Juliet Crosby was given a Patti welcome at the Alcazar this week. There's a large section of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" in which she had a share of the stage centre, and she was made to feel her popularity every time she had a line. When it wasn't applause, it was a big wave of sympathy that reached across the footlights from audience to actress. It's a pity Miss Crosby won't permit herself to appear oftenener than three or four times a year, on the stage of her husband's theatre. She always brightens up a cast. The Belasco-Fyles drama is very well done. Osbourne is the General and Durkins is the hero, while Conness has the role of Parlow. Miss Starr as Wilber's Ann is delightful.

America's Premiere Soubrette

Chic and ginger are deliciously blended in Lulu Glaser. She is the most talented comedienne that has come out of Broadway in many a day. So spontaneous is her humor and so sparkling is her acting, that she doesn't have to confine her talents to comic opera. She could win success in plain, unadorned legitimate comedy, for she is a comedienne with an infectious humor, from her dainty ankles to her finger-tips. As a comic opera soubrette she has no peer on the American stage today. In "Dolly Varden" she has such a congenial role that she can afford to be generous to everybody else in the cast, and the consequence is that all the principals have plenty of opportunity to prove their mettle. However, none of them threatens for a single minute to share the honors with the star, and yet her support is far from weak. It contains several fairly good voices, and all the people in the cast contribute intelligently to the rounding out of a smooth and wholesome performance. "Dolly Varden" approximates comic opera, and it is decidedly welcome after we have been surfeited with the horseplay of a long string of inane musical comedies. The title might suggest that the work has some connection with "Barnaby Rudge," but it hasn't. The libretto is based on Garrick's revised version of Wycherly's comedy, "The Country Girl," but there is little of the Wycherlian in the opera. Indeed the book is a trifle tame, for while the story is interesting and highly amusing, the lines lack sparkle. There is but a single epigram—



HARRY S. HILLIARD

A sensible, manly, unaffected young fellow, singularly unsusceptible to flattery, is Harry S Hilliard, who plays the good looking, well groomed juveniles so admirably at the Alcazar. In this picture Mr. Hilliard is not inditing replies to passionate protestations from callow, caramel consuming matinee girls. He is writing home to his mother.

"The man that marries a woman for her money, earns it." The lyrics are uninspired, but as they are melodious one doesn't mind their being dragged in. The one with which Miss Glaser scores the most is "The Jay Bird." Harold Blake, the tenor of the company, John Dunsmure, the basso, Harry Girard, the baritone, and Lillian Walbridge, the soprano, each contributes pleasing vocal numbers and in voices superior to those we have become accustomed to hearing in recent musical comedy companies. But Miss Glaser is the scintillant success of the show. Her efforts are unflagging and sprightly, and her gurgling, rippling laugh, her sweet voice and vivacious manner are a combination irresistible. No daintier or more entertaining little woman ever trod the Columbia boards.

A musical critic in one of the cities where Patti recently sang has gone deeply into the psychology of song and of the ever-young Adelina's singing. He writes: "Her singing of 'Home, Sweet Home' simply baffles description. It is the reproduction of home to every person who ever had one, and a creation to those so unfortunate as not to know the meaning of the word. Without her own home feeling, even Patti herself could never sing it as well as she does." —*The Playgoer.*

Half Price Holiday Sale

The prices of imported Parisian Novelties astonished one at their lowness at the Vogue Cloak and Fur Co., 217 Grant avenue. Imported Millinery at half prices—Linen, Silk and Flannel Waists at less than Paris cost, likewise Neckwear and Belts—never have genuine articles been sold so low-priced before.

In Financial Circles

Business on the Stock and Bond Exchange remains stagnant. Transactions during the week were few and far between, and prices varied from one to two points on the smallest sales. What is the matter?

Gas and Electric on the financial showing ought to be considered an attractive investment. Miscellaneous stocks, such as California Wine Association and Alaska Packers', yielding a steady and reliable income, should not be neglected.

Sugar stocks are approaching a dividend basis and certainly deserve more attention.

The savings institutions have declared a higher rate of interest to depositors this year. The Eastern financial unpleasantness seems to be overcome, but what is the matter here?

Transactions amounted to $131,000, bonds, and 1,888 shares, divided as follows: 485 G. & El., 585 S. V., 137 Miscellaneous, 111 Bank shares and 570 Sugar.

—*The Financier.*

Mr. O. F. von Rhein of the Von Rhein Real Estate Co. says that almost every week old real estate men will be met by expressions of regret from some of their clients that they, the clients, did not heed years ago the advice of their brokers to make investments which by now have doubled in value, and a few years from now the clients of today will regret that they do not purchase at present values because no investment of stocks, bonds, securities of any kind or nature presents such absolute certainty of security coupled with certain and rapid growth.

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Our grand chorus of fifty beautiful voices. Magnificent costumes and novel stage effects.
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Music

Not for some years have so many fine musical attractions, of a concert nature, been chronicled in the annals of San Francisco as those that came under the head of 1903. We had symphonies given under Scheel, Steindorff, Mascagni and Zech. We had Mascagni directing his own compositions at the Alhambra and at the Tivoli. We had Zelie de Lussan in song recital and opera. Kocian, Gabrilowitch, Hambourg, Olive Mead the violinist, Dolores-Trebelli, Mantelli, Nordica, Katherine Fisk and the Duss orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Denis O'Sullivan and Andrew Bogart, our gifted native sons, in recital, Rose Relda, Eugene Cowles, the Coronation Choir, the Kilties from Canada, Edward MacDowell, our American composer-pianist, a production of "The Messiah" at Trinity, the Italian Band under Rivela and Chiaffarelli, Wenzel Kopta, Waldemar Lind and other good things. Manager Will Greenbaum added to the Alhambra the new Lyric hall, where many admirable musical attractions were given. The Tivoli had a revival of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and a very artistic grand opera season in which "Zaza" and "La Tosca," both new operas to us, were given. The new year will bring us Patti.

One of the events that caused comment all over the world was the retirement of Grau from the grand operatic field, to be succeeded by Conreid in the management of the Metropolitan Opera House. The death of Sybil Sanderson caused sorrow on two continents.

The Minetti Orchestra gave its first concert of this season on Monday evening at the Alhambra. The audience was large and was evidently deeply interested in the program. The Minetti orchestra is an aggregation of amateurs, many of whom are very young. Taken as a whole, the performance was surprisingly good, and showed a degree of smoothness only to be attained by hard study and faithful practice. In the "Saul" overture of Bazzini which opened the program, Mr. Minetti showed that he had his players well in hand, and the military climax of the selection was well worked up, the violins coming in for some warm work in the finale. The first two movements of the Beethoven Symphony No. 1 went very smoothly, a little ground being lost in the *allegro*. The Godard suite for twelve violins and two harps was a pleasing feature of the program, and the "Tannhauser March," given in good style, formed an admirable close for a well selected musical menu. The soloist was Albert Elkus, the young pianist, who offered two of his own compositions and a Liszt number, "Saint Francis walking on the waters." Young Mr. Elkus is a player of power and intelligence, and his performance received an enthusiastic reception. Taken as a whole, the concert was a decided success, and both the director, Mr. Minetti and the orchestra should feel encouraged in their efforts. Such organizations as this do much to further the cause of good music, and to furnish ozone for that musical atmosphere which is so much talked about. Giulio Minetti acted as director; Rocco Laraja was concert-master; harpists, Miss Paula Wolff and Madame Alexandra Marquardt.

Mrs. L. Snider-Johnson's song recital was one of the interesting events of last week. Mrs. Johnson is a beautiful woman with an effective stage presence and an agreeable natural voice. Her most successful numbers were the two song-groups by Old English and modern composers. In these she was well within her vocal capabilities, and she showed charming taste and expression in her renditions. She also came out well in the Freischutz aria. She was hardly equal to the heavy dramatic work required in the Tschaikowsky selection, nor was she quite herself in the Von Fielitz song cycle which opened her program. Mrs. Johnson's voice is one which owes more to nature than to method. It shows some thickness in the lower notes and a little forcing on the upper. Her natural taste and intelligence, however, enable her to produce a generally agreeable effect, and she has none of those mannerisms and facial distortions which often mar a singer's performance. She was assisted by Dr. Stewart, who accompanied, and by the wonderful Kathleen Parlow, who drew forth some of her most witching tones in Max Bruch's "Swedish Dance" and Wienjawski's "Souvenir de Moscow," in which appears a haunting strain of the old air, "The Red Sarafan."

A special musical service will be held at St. Dominic's church tomorrow evening, when Saint-Saens' Christmas oratorio, "Noel," will be rendered by the choir. This remarkable work is one of the most beautiful compositions by the great French musician, and represents the highest type of modern church music.

The first concert of the Brodea Quartet, an organization consisting of Ingeborg Larsen, first soprano, Anne Crusoe, second soprano, Aldanita Wolfskill, first alto, and Edith Scott Basford, second alto, with Genevieve Farnsworth Wright, director and manager, was fairly well attended by a representative musical audience. The generous applause was justly bestowed, for the voices are all of fine quality, well-trained individually. The concerted numbers went surprisingly well. Dorothy Pasmore, who assisted in the program, played Popper's difficult Spanish dance, "Vito," with surprising tone and technic, and in the "Berceuse" by the same composer her 'cello sang most tenderly. Later her sisters, Mary and Suzanne, played with her the celebrated "Hungarian" trio by Haydn, and as an encore the Hungarian Dance in G minor, arranged by H. B. Pasmore. The little artists were very heartily applauded. The Brodea Quartet, by the way, will be heard at a larger affair to be given next month.

The honors of last week's concert of the California Conservatory recital belong to Miss Lydia Reinstein. This young lady is a brilliant and forceful player with a dash and vivacity all her own. Her numbers were a Glinka aria, a Rubinstein Staccato Etude, and later in the evening the Liszt arrangement of some of Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music, including the well-known Wedding March. Miss Reinstein's beautiful, clear runs and trills were a delight to hear, as pellucid as water-drops. Miss Amy Peterson ran her a close second in point of excellence, her renditions being thoughtful and scholarly, and her performance marked by care and finish. She opened the program with a Bach-Liszt organ fugue in A minor, and closed it with the Liszt Campanella and a Rubinstein Valse Caprice. Miss Ruth Austin had the first movement of a Scarlatti Sonata and the Third Ballade of Chopin. She gave a very pretty interpretation of the latter work, with no hint however of the lurking devil which somebody—is it Huneker?—says it contains. Miss Bessie Griggs is a very little miss, whose careful rendering of a Bach Prelude and Raff's Spinning Song gave promise of still better work in the future.

To the Paper Consumer and General Trade

You have no doubt admired the elegance of this publication and the clearness in which the illustrations and type matter have appeared. This is due in a great measure to the paper on which it is printed. It was furnished by

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THE TECHAU TAVERN.

A Few Facts Concerning Our Model and Popular After-theatre Cafe.

San Francisco is famous the world over for her after-theatre cafes, where people of wealth and leisure, the lover of music as well as the bon vivant, the connoisseur in all that contributes to the pleasures of life, the women of fashion and the men of the clubs love to congregate. Foremost among the cafes for which this city is famous is the Techau Tavern, that sumptuously appointed resort with the picturesque interior, in Mason street, to which all roads appear to lead when the theatres disgorge their throngs. Every night in the year there is to be witnessed in the Techau Tavern a scene of gayety, a glad commingling of the light-hearted elements of the community, a picture radiant with the joys of living. It is there that the *Comedie Humaine* is to be studied in all its phases. But the Techau Tavern is no place in which to ruminate or to philosophize. It is there that people go to discuss the choicest viands as well as the latest topic of interest, to the accompaniment of the lively and inspiriting strains of an orchestra, whose leader, in addition to being a skilled musician, is also up-to-date, and ever ready to invoke sweet strains from the latest musical comedy success, or to respond to the tastes of the patrons of the house.

The Tavern is the most completely appointed establishment of its kind in the city. It is not merely an after-theatre cafe. It is a restaurant whose management prides itself on the skill of its chef and on the quality of the contents of its larder, as well as on the excellence of the service. It is the resort of the epicure, for the fame of its cuisine is widespread. It is the aim of the management to cater to all appetites and the success that has been attained is evidenced by the popularity of the house. It is now easily the leading restaurant and family resort in this city, and so greatly has its business increased of late that it has been found necessary to increase the capacity of the main dining-room, which, by the way, is the most artistically decorated, best lighted and most perfectly ventilated in San Francisco. There is no other restaurant in the city whose main dining-room is so well adapted for the accommodation, on short notice, of a large party. The Techau Tavern has a private banquet hall, too, but theatre-parties prefer the main dining-room with its scene of gayety and splendor, and its surpassing service.

On the whole, the Techau Tavern is complete in all the details essential to the comfort and pleasure of its patrons. It is the cafe *par excellence* of San Francisco. It is a triumph of enterprise and sound business judgment

Review of the Realty Market

BY D. M. FRASER.

When I reviewed the condition of the real estate market for the year 1902 I said, in part, that the outlook for a steady market for the present year was never better. There was little or no speculation indulged in during 1902. On growing business streets, where suitable improvements had been erected, good tenants were secured at fair rents long before the completion of the buildings. The year 1902 was the banner year in real estate sales since 1867, the aggregate figures reaching a little over $47,000,000. The present year promises to be a close second.

Following are the figures, in round numbers, in millions, for each year since 1866: 1867, 17; 1868, 27; 1869, 29; 1870, 15; 1871, 12; 1872, 13; 1873, 12; 1874, 23; 1875, 35; 1876, 24; 1877, 18; 1878, 15; 1879, 10; 1880, 14; 1881, 12; 1882, 15; 1883, 16; 1884, 13; 1885, 14; 1886, 15; 1887, 20; 1888, 25; 1889, 34; 1890, 37; 1891, 27; 1892, 20; 1893, 13; 1894, 14; 1895, 17; 1896, 12; 1897, 12; 1898, 10; 1899, 15; 1900, 19; 1901, 29; 1902, 47.

As the settled business portion of the city becomes covered with modern buildings and prices reach a comparative maximum there will be a natural inclination on the part of buyers to purchase on prospective business streets as near the business centres as possible. Our wholesale, retail and banking districts will extend.

There is nothing to indicate a boom in real estate. On the contrary a healthy condition prevails and the advance in values is on a solid basis, backed by an advance in rents in all business sections. Our population is increasing rapidly and the city is advancing commercially and not on speculation. Real estate brokers are sanguine that the coming year will be an active one and in support of that view they have expressed themselves as follows:

Baldwin & Howell: "In addition to several large transactions closed during the year by this firm, the subdivision of several blocks of land south of Golden Gate Park, known as Parnassus Heights, was a notable achievement. The sale of a large portion of the land in lots under the hammer was very successful. In San Mateo, also, many sales of villa lots were effected by the firm."

Thomas Magee & Sons: "On the whole the tone of the market is good. A comparison with the stock and bond market either here or in the East and the outlook here is all in favor of investments in real estate. Many large holders of stocks and bonds are now turning from these securities to real estate for investment. The real estate market for 1903 has been a good one in spite of the uncertainty attending the erection of buildings, and the outlook for the coming year is very promising."

Madison & Burke: "It is not necessary for San Francisco to become greater than New York or London to cause an active real estate market here. If we only double our population in the next decade real estate values will be vastly increased in most parts of the city. The possibilities of San Francisco can be judged by what has occurred in other great cities of the Union."

Lyon & Hoag: "It would not be very surprising to find the local real estate market advancing very sharply after the holidays. As a rule the market during the latter part of this month has been quiet but this year is an exception and it has maintained that buoyancy which characterized it throughout the year. We have had a very successful year, principally in the subdivision of large blocks."

O. D. Baldwin & Son: "It would not be surprising to find the local real estate market very active in 1904, if the present excellent market is any indication. The year now drawing to a close has been wonderfully active considering that prices advanced sharply from time to time. The volume of business transacted by the firm this year has been the largest in its history—some of the deals reaching into the hundreds of thousands."

Nelson, Johnson & Co.: "Our trading in real estate for the past year has been very satisfactory and we look forward to a large increase in 1904. The effect of the building of the Panama Canal on San Francisco real estate will be stimulating, and we believe that prices for all classes of real estate will be maintained. The holiday season is usually dull in realty circles but this year is an exception and business has been good."

Ganco, Gunz & Co.: "We have just started in the business of trading in real estate, rentals, insurance and investments, and so far our business has reached a stage much in advance of what we anticipated. The splendid outlook for an active market in 1904 convinced us that now is the proper time to enter into the real estate business and secure one of the best locations in San Francisco to carry it on."

P. Rothermel of the Company bearing his name said: "The year just closing has been a prosperous one in the real estate

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$6,000—SNAP—Beautiful Pacific Heights flats at a sacrifice; well built; modern, handsome and attractive in appearance; these 2 flats of 5 and 6 rooms and bath and basement; perfect condition inside and out; are cheap at $8,000; try and find anything else in this district for within $2,000 of the price.

$8,500—Rents $996; new up-to-date Post-st. flats; always rented; interior beautifully decorated; beamed ceilings; combination gas and electricity, etc. Are there any 3 flats advertised paying the above income that can be bought for $8,500.

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business in this city and in the counties. In the face of a healthy demand investors used excellent judgment and the bulk of trading was confined to the wholesale district, south of Market and east of Second, and to other favored portions of the city, notably the neighborhood of Union Square. Country lands are in excellent demand and the outlook for 1904 augurs well for a brisk market."

R. D. Cranston & Sons: "In spite of the holiday season, which usually causes a lull in the realty market, the demand for both business and residence property, well located, continues without interruption. The tone of the market seems exceptionally healthy and the prospects for continued prosperity in the new year are indeed bright. In the vicinity of Golden Gate Park, hundreds of beautiful homes and pretty flats are being erected and this section is fast becoming the garden spot of our city."

Thomas James Stanton & Co.: "There has been an excellent demand for all classes of property during 1903, and we predict a continuance of that activity during the coming year. The rain has come in copious quantities and the prospects for a good year for the farmers are bright. This, taken in connection with the enthusiasm which the Panama Canal will undoubtedly cause, cannot fail to usher in 1904 a banner year in the history of the San Francisco real estate market."

"Why didn't you bring your wife with you, Mr. Gay?" asked Miss Flirty, at the Shekels's Christmas *bal masque.*

"Oh, you know when I married her I promised never to do anything that would make her unhappy."

And then he hied himself to the conservatory with his fair companion.

A Remarkable Growth

Such is our purpose of introducing to those of our readers who do not yet know of it personally the story of one of the swiftest successes which it has ever been the lot of a young merchant to achieve. It reads almost like a story of a creative cyclone, if such a thing could be, instead of the narrative of a peaceful business career. Founded in one store four years ago; today occupying five; four neighboring stores absorbed in four years, one in each year of the existence of the house! Four years ago, 10 assistants, now a staff of over 150; 4 years ago a beginning, today a regular clientele of over 5,000 customers. Such is the San Francisco record of R. D. Davis, head and sole proprietor of the well-known dry goods house of R. D. Davis & Co., of Grant avenue and Geary street, San Francisco.

Mr. Davis was born in Guelph, Canada, in the year 1867, but he came to this country and State when yet a lad, in 1884, and thus, although we can not quite claim him as a native son, we can very nearly do so, for at least all his business training and experience have been gained within our borders, and the pride of his success is ours as well as his. As with all geniuses, whether literary, artistic, or commercial, it is impossible to describe in detail just the qualities which, in their aggregate, have wrought the things which have been achieved; but that a very exceptional combination existed in the subject of our sketch is patent in the fact that, when still only just freshly into manhood, and scarcely, it might be said, more than out of his teens, he was invited into and made the active manager of the Sacramento house which became the firm of Wasserman, Davis & Co. And the judgment of Mr. Wasserman in securing the association of Mr. Davis in his business was abundantly proved by the result. Left in absolut and sole control, in very few years Mr. Davis built up one of the best and most successful businesses in California. But with the nervous energy which is so characteristic of him, he soon found the limits of the field he stood in, and realized that there was something ahead of him which was beyond the bounds of Sacramento. Like all conquerors, he began to yearn for fresh fields of victory, and so, in 1899, he came to San Francisco. And the result, up to date, has been indicated above.

The occasion of this notice is the opening of the latest addition to the store on Grant avenue, immediately north of the old frontage, and Mr. Davis is to be heartily congratulated upon the very pleasing effects which have been attained. Inside and outside alike, the new store is certainly one of the handsomest in the West. The windows and the interior fittings are all of solid mahogany, and are of very richly effective design, giving a feeling of comfort and roominess which is unfortunately very seldom found in modern stores, where everything seems to be sacrificed to the display of goods. Thousands will see and admire the new windows, and the admiration excited by the artistic view will only be increased by a visit to the interior.

To insure the success of the Christmas punch make it of Chapin & Gore's whisky.

Removal Announcement

California Business College takes great pleasure in announcing to the public that on the first of the year it will move to its new home, the fourth floor of the elegant building of the Pioneer Automobile Co. at the corner of Golden Gate avenue and Octavia street, just opposite beautiful Jefferson Square.

We will occupy the entire top floor, extending 145 feet on Golden Gate avenue and 125 feet on Octavia, covering 18,000 square feet. This will give us a larger floor surface than that of any other two business colleges in San Francisco, and larger than any other college west of Chicago.

Our location is an ideal one for business college work; removed from the noise and strife of business centres into a quiet, refined, aristocratic residence section, within three blocks of the centre of population of the city, and readily accessible to all parts of the city by direct connection and transfers.

Our large space is to be fitted up with glass partitions dividing halls and rooms. In fact, in the skylights, windows and partitions there will be over 10,000 square feet of glass, which will make our college literally a palace of light.

The health, convenience and comfort of our students have been considered paramount in everything, and we congratulate ourselves that we have the most delightful and inspiring place for business study that exists on the coast.

Every modern convenience to facilitate our work will be introduced, and all departments reorganized and refurnished, to the end that we may give our students the very best possible instruction in every branch of a business education.

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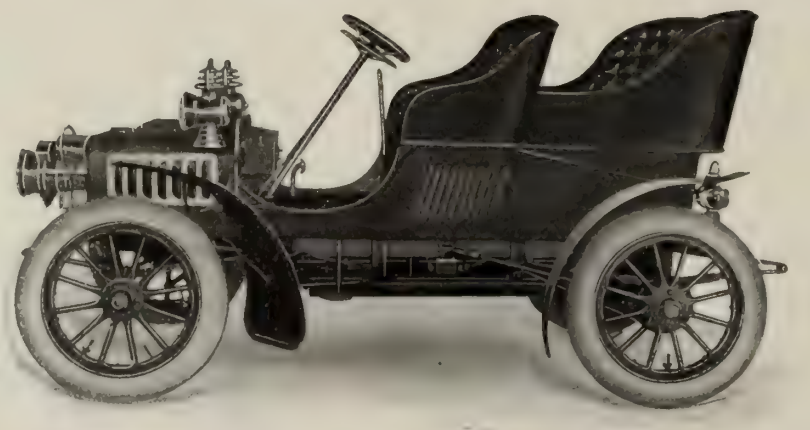
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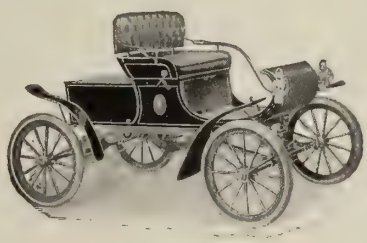
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The Stevens-Duryea
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Locomobile 4-Cylinder Touring Car

Automobile Topics

BY THE CHAUFFEUR.

William K. Vanderbilt declares that his ambition is to make a new world's record at one mile. The record is 46 seconds, made in France. The American record is 51 4-5, made by Henri Fournier, over the Coney Island boulevard course.

It is said that the day of the motorphobe is passing. Popular prejudice has ever been aroused against inventions that revolutionized conditions, and the protests against the motor were no more emphatic than were those against the locomotive engine in the days of its infancy. But the law of the survival of the fittest applies to human inventions as well as to the animal species. An era of toleration and fairmindedness toward the automobile has set in. The motor is no longer regarded as an engine of Satan.

The Brownlow Bill for National Aid in Road Building which has been introduced in the House has special claims not only on the support of motorists but on all others who are anxious that this country should have as many good roads as are consistent with its wealth, area and population. The bill provides for an appropriation of twenty-four million dollars to be used as a fund for national aid in the improvement of highways. No State can secure any part of this fund without raising an amount equal to the share demanded. Brownlow expects to have the bill passed by this Congress.

The Mobile Carriage Company's salesroom has been the centre of interest of enthusiastic automobilists during the past week. The Pierce Arrow touring car has arrived and it is considered the most stylish car yet seen on the coast. The tonneau and general outline of the car is "Frenchy" in every detail. While it has seating capacity for five people and an engine of 25 horsepower American standard (16 h. p. French) and a speed of 60 miles, the car weighs only 1,650 pounds.

Mr. James Waters, a banker of Watsonville, has purchased a Northern runabout, which he ran from San Francisco to his home, a distance of one hundred and thirty-two miles. The run from Oakland to San Jose, 54 miles, was made in one hour and fifty-five minutes; from San Jose to Gilroy, 32 miles, in fifty-six minutes. The trip was made over the San Juan grade and the whole distance was covered in a little over five hours.

Frank E. Hartigan, manager for the Mobile Carriage Company, has gone to Los Angeles to open a branch house at that point, where the same line of cars will be handled as in San Francisco.

Charlie Graham, Barney Oldfield's companion who rides the Bullet No. 3, is in San Francisco for a few days. He says he liked the Western metropolis so well that he returned here to take a little rest. He is very enthusiastic over the treatment received by Barney and himself while in California and says that the records made by the Winton racing cars will be held on this coast for many years to come. Mr. Graham thinks that the climate of California is especially adapted for fast driving with automobiles and says that the track in Los Angeles, were it fifteen feet wider, would unquestionably be the fastest track in the world. He said that the Empire City track in New York, on which Oldfield made his previous records, would not compare in any way with the Los Angeles track. He hopes to return here next year with Oldfield.

As for Oldfield's records, 55 flat is what his record for a mile will probably be. The records established on the third day of racing in Los Angeles will probably not be accepted by the American Automobile Association, which has undertaken the control and regulation of the sport in this country. Sanction was given the Automobile Club of Southern California to run practically an unlimited meeting, because it had no dealers in it, but a leading officer of that organization states that the meeting on Sunday was not under its sanction. Of course, to those who saw Oldfield's splendid performance in breaking three records in one day, the necessity for the recognition of a self-constituted authority does not seem apparent.

The horse as a first aid to the injured in the medical profession is rapidly going out of fashion. The automobile is being substituted by all up-to-date medical men, and it is predicted that after awhile, when you see a doctor riding behind a horse to the homes of his patients, you will be justified in concluding that he does not keep up to the times in his profession. There is a medical man in Oakland—Dr. N. H. Chamberlain—who has a stable of machines. He has had two automobiles for quite awhile and he lately bought a White Stanhope.

Mr. J. J. Spieker, who resides at 2100 Devisadero street, this city, recently returned from a trip around the world and this week purchased a handsome big Winton touring car. Mr. Spieker while in England and France devoted some attention to a study of the rivalry between American and French builders of the large touring cars. He states that much to his surprise he found a great many Winton touring cars in Paris. This certainly speaks well for American built cars. France, the home of the automobile, is fast losing its hold.

The autoists of Alameda county are still having trouble with the automobile ordinance. It is now proposed to allow the machine to run at twenty miles per hour, just double the present limit, and permit the chauffeur to pass a frightened team at the rate of six miles if the driver holds up his hand but once. If he holds it up twice the machine must come to a full stop. The auto, it is said, will also be required to take the outside on all mountain roads when passing a team.

A franchise for an automobile line from Wasco, on the Santa Fe railroad, to Paso Robles, in San Luis Obispo county, on the Southern Pacific Coast Line, has been granted to the Overland and Traction Company, a corporation of Bakersfield. It is the intention to carry freight as well as passengers daily between Bakersfield and the coast, making close connections with the Santa Fe at Wasco.

Mrs. Victor M. Clement, who is spending the winter at the Palace hotel, has purchased one of the latest style Winton touring cars from the Pioneer Automobile Company. This vehicle, with its special trimming, is one of the handsomest modern chariots on the Pacific coast. While the visitor has been in possession of her car only a few days, she has already become a very enthusiastic automobilist and uses her machine daily.

When in the East a few weeks ago, Mr. Larzalere of the Pacific Motor Car Company secured the services of Mr. F. R. Dorman, who has for several years been in charge of the offices and garage of the American company of New York and Cleveland. This company has also contracted with Mr. Geo. Sohner, of Cleveland, to take charge of its machine shops. Mr. Sohner for three years has been the Packard Motor Car Company's expert repair man, traveling to the various Eastern cities to repair and generally overhaul the old machines owned by this company's patrons. The Pacific Motor Car Company has installed considerable new machinery, and has just made many improvements in its garage and shops at 49 to 53 City Hall avenue. Specifications and photographs of the new Model L four-cylinder Packard have been received by the company. This is a very high-powered car, weighing 1,900 pounds; on the strength of the invention of many new and superior features embodied in this car, the Packard company has built and completed the largest auto factory in America at a cost of $1,100,000. Orders have been booked for the first carload, which will arrive about January fifteenth, and the sample car will arrive by express about January first.

Now that all the returns from the New York-Pittsburg endurance contest have been received, attention has been directed to



WE MANUFACTURE TRICYCLES, Tricycle Chairs, Invalids' Rolling Chairs, etc. Send for catalogue

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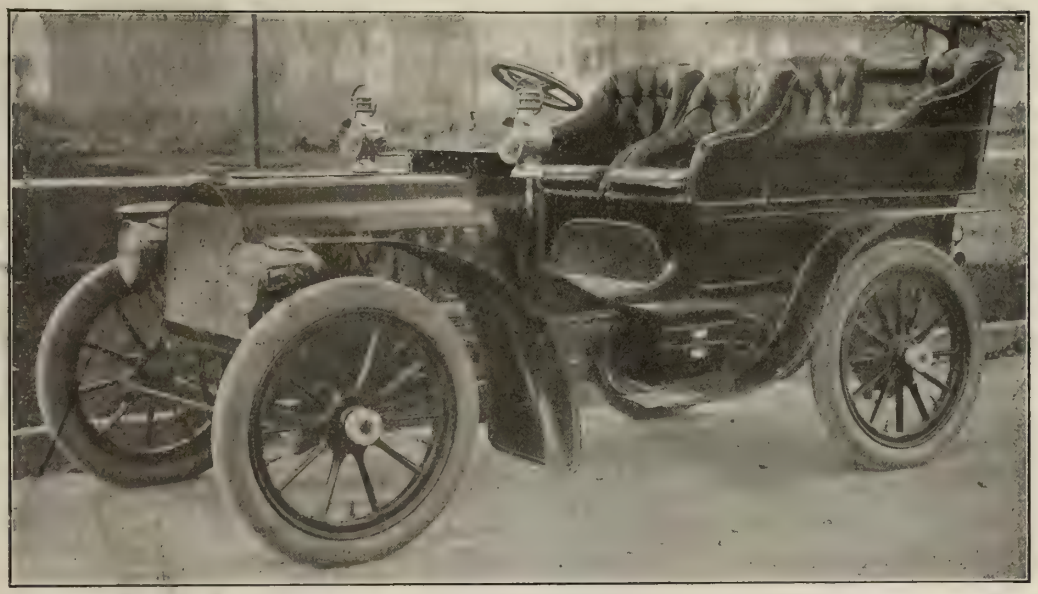
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REPAIRS MADE AND SUPPLIES FURNISHED AT THE

HOTEL VENDOME AUTOMOBILE STABLES SAN JOSE

Stable accommodations free. Record time on road from San Francisco to San Jose, two hours



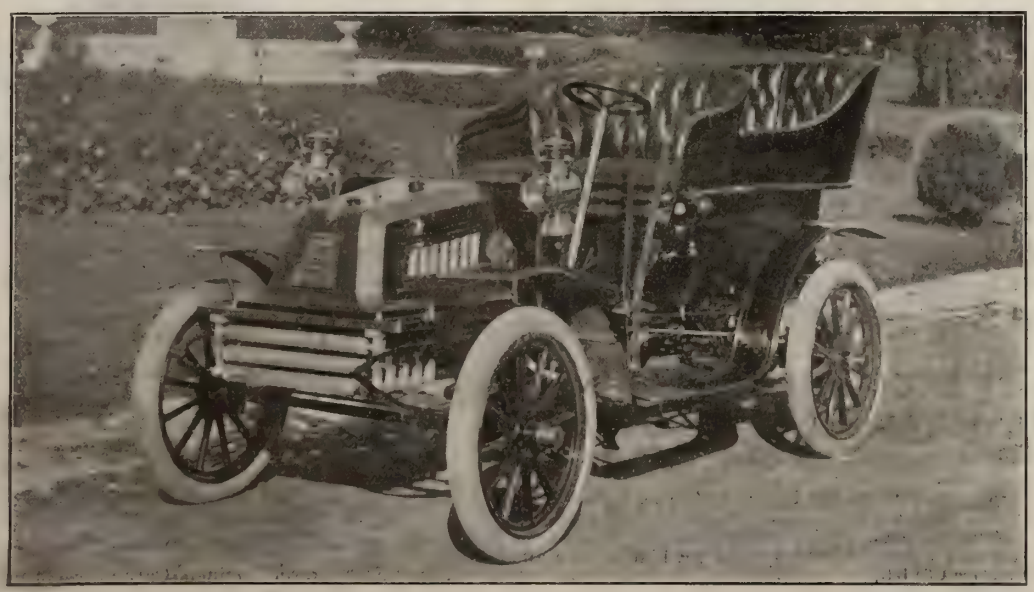
The Packard Voiture Legere Four Cylinder Model "L"

An inspection of Model L will instantly draw attention to its simplicity. There is no four-cylinder car made which approaches it in motor simplicity—in transmission simplicity—in the advoidance by skillful design of so many parts heretofore considered necessary, but which the process of elimination and concentration have dispensed with in this new model.

The ability of the new Packard to ascend all ordinary hills at a greater speed than you would usually descend them is a new sensation that must be experienced to be appreciated.

It Is Equipped with 22 Actual Horse Power, and Weighs when Loaded, Less than 1,900 Pounds

To the veteran in automobiling, this will instantly suggest such life and action as has never before been presented in an American automobile. The Packard Company's engineer recently returned from a European trip, and states that of the fifteen thousand motor cars in Paris, over 70 per cent are of the type of voiture legere, averaging one horse power for every 100 lbs. of loaded weight, and that the heavy touring car is being rapidly superseded by its lighter and more nimble brother. **Our Model L has one horse power for every 85 pounds of loaded weight, and is ahead of the most advanced European practice.** The price of this car with standard equipment, is $3,000. Send for printed matter.



The New 1904 St. Louis Tonneau

Seats five. Loaded weight 1,450 pounds. 12 H. P. forward motor. Price, $1,500. It will climb the hills at greater speed than any other car of same weight, and we will demonstrate this fact to all who are interested.

PACIFIC MOTOR CAR CO.

49-51-53 City Hall Avenue **San Francisco, Cal.**

DIRECTORS - J. Alfred Marsh, Pres.; Livingston Jenks, Heber C. Tilden, Chas. K. Harley, Chas. L. Tilden

Mobile Carriage Company of San Francisco



Pierce Arrow Touring Car

Price, $2,650.00, San Francisco

POINTS OF EXCELLENCE—

1. **It has a French Engine** and is essentially a French Car.
2. **The Engine is the genuine** De Dion, made in France. Double Cylinder, 16 H. P., French standard, placed in front.
3. **The manufacturer in France** pays a revenue on each horse power of engine, consequently all French engines are under rated. The Arrow Touring Car, 15 H. P., will develop as much power as the average 25 H. P. American car.
4. **The Endurance Run.** Two Arrow Touring Cars run from New York to Pittsburg, via Cleveland, 800 miles; one as pilot and another contesting. Both won high honors.
5. **A horse power** for each one hundred pounds weight, giving lightness and strength. Easy on tires.
6. **The Body is roomy,** seating five persons. It is hung with a perceptible "rake," which gives it a stylish appearance. The Arrow is "Frenchy" along all its lines.

The Four Cylinder, thirty horse power Pierce Arrow Touring Car will soon be ready for delivery. Price about $4,200 San Francisco.



Pierce Stanhope

Price, $1,350 without Top; $1,450 with Top

1. A beautiful Stanhope, with Victoria Top and accommodating four persons.
2. It has an eight horse power Engine of the De Dion French type.
3. It is especially designed for physicians' use.
4. It is compact in construction, symmetrical in outline and beautiful in general finish.
5. It was in the Endurance Run, New York to Pittsburg, 800 miles, and won second place.



Northern Runabout

Price, $800, San Francisco

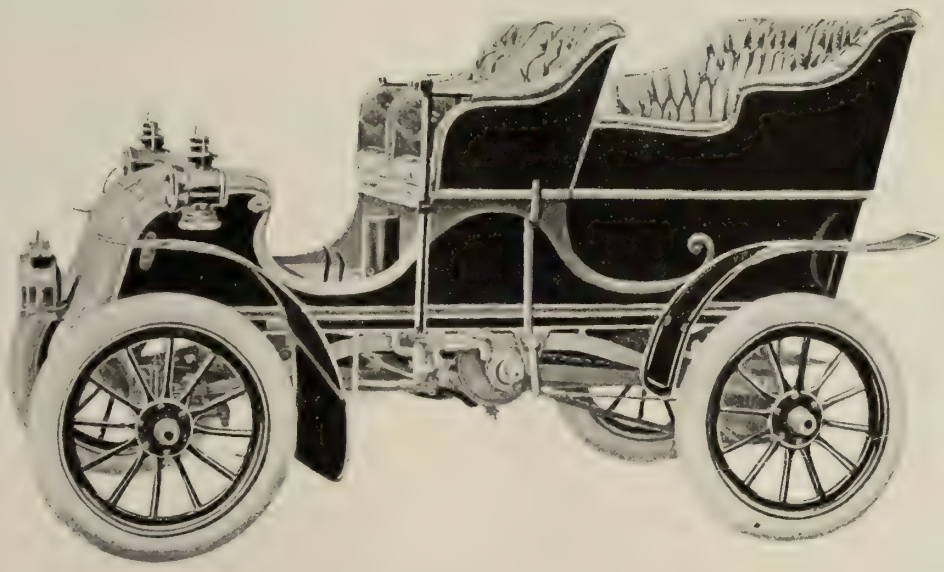
1. The result of five years of experimenting.
2. The Runabout of New York and the East.
3. Given the highest endorsement by all owners.
4. Has the weight to withstand and power to propel.
5. Six horse power Engine. Carries eight gallons gasoline, 4 gallons water.

THE MOBILE CARRIAGE COMPANY desires to advise owners of automobiles of the following: 1. It's excellent garage and storage facilities. 2. It's large stock of high grade gasoline and steam machines. 3. It's automobile passenger service, the largest in the world. 4. It's repair departments supervised by experts of national reputation; branch house, Los Angeles. We will remove to our new garage, January 15th, covering a space on Golden Gate Ave., 137½ ft., Gough St. and Jefferson Square, 120 ft., Elm Ave., 137½ ft.

MOBILE CARRIAGE COMPANY, San Francisco

KNOX WATERLESS GASOLINE CARS

Are Reliable Cars



TWO CYLINDER KNOX TOURING CAR

They are full of original common sense features and conveniences, which "have been proved a success by years of test."

Engine is Effectually Cooled by Air. No water used to boil, freeze, leak, corrode, clog, or make trouble in any way.

Unequaled Ease of Riding is afforded by the long side springs, with swiveled ends, increasing life of the springs and relieving the mechanism from strains.

Vibrationless, Irreversible Lever Steer. Has all the advantages of the wheel steer, and many more, without its disadvantages. The greatest improvement applied to automobiles in years.

The Knox Line for 1904, Now Ready, Comprises

TONNEAUS, SURREYS, RUNABOUTS, AND DELIVERY CARS

Most Desirable Line Ever Offered **Place Orders Now to Secure Desirable Delivery Date**

NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE CO.

134-148 GOLDEN GATE AVE.

the wonderful progress made in the development of the automobile industry, and also to the practicability of the machine. Hardly eight years have passed since the first automobiles were made in this country, and from machines with a speed of ten or fifteen miles an hour we have developed machines with a speed of sixty or more miles an hour, and we are promised a still higher speed in the coming year. The steam engine running on steel rails took about forty years to reach the speed and comfort that the automobile attained almost in a jump. In the New York-Pittsburg run there were thirty-four entries and of these twenty-three finished. This is a most wonderful performance in face of the fact that the roads were, in a great many cases, worse than no roads at all. In some instances the bridges were washed away, in others the roads were covered with water and turned into miniature streams. In several cases the contestants were forced to take to the railroad embankments to get along at all, and some drove over the ties, yet twenty-three machines finished in good shape. Among the cars best known on the Pacific coast which finished within the required time and received notices of merit and the number of points that each lost out of the possible three thousand were the following: Toledo, 10; Pierce, 15; White, 6; Packard, 16; Rambler, 18. Among the other wonderful performances of the year was that of the Columbia, which covered one thousand one hundred and seventy-seven miles in seventy-six hours from Chicago to New York.

Recent purchasers of the White cars are Ralph Moore of the Spreckels Sugar Company, Dr. N. H. Chamberlain of Oakland, W. B. Glidden of Fruitvale and John H. Spring of Berkeley.

The practicability of the motor for all purposes, and especially in business, is becoming more and more apparent. The auto-delivery wagon is now in general use in the East. All the big houses have done away with their horses and their attendant hostlers and stablemen. The verdict is that the auto is cheaper, cleaner and faster. And for private use it involves less labor. When your trip is over, so is your work.

E. E. Peabody, formerly with the Pioneer Automobile Company, has become associated with the National Company.

The National Company has two carloads of Knox's en route from the factory. This company, by the way, has given its Southern California agency to Norman W. Church, one of the largest dealers in Los Angeles.

Stockton, Cal., Dec. 5th, 1903.

White Sewing Machine Co.,
300 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen,

I have been hoping to see some one from your office for some time, to exchange experience with on operating a steam carriage; but by reason of my being too busy to write you for pointers, my son, Paul (a High School student), has in the meantime blossomed out to a full-blown expert, and when you are in need of pointers he can supply them.

We have had your touring car three months, and after the first week have had no one to consult about the many little surprises beginners are apt to "run up against," as your agent here, Mr. Salbach, by reason of illness has not been accessible. But we kept the machine running from one-half to one hour nearly every day and on Saturday my son kept it busy about all day, and my wife and daughter have become fair amateurs in running it.

We have made several country runs of from twenty to eighty miles, punctured a tire once, broke the oil pump belt and had to hand-pump oil to the cylinders on one home run; ran through two and three miles of "sand blow" at a stretch, where every gasoline machine that tried it became stalled. We especially enjoyed one "sand blow" of about two miles "duration," as we were expected by several who dislike the auto, and they tried to dust us and then haul us out; but when the joke really dawned on our unsuspecting "denseness," we crossed in their front and to the wind which was setting a lively pace, and we gave them sand to take home as a reminder that no "sand blow" in the San Joaquin valley is of any importance to the White steam carriage.

My son and I started, November twenty-third, for a five days' quail shoot, taking our tent, and camping two nights. If you will look up records, you will note that we started on the heels of the big storm; all streams were comfortably filled. We went to the head of Hospital Canon in the mountains, forty miles distant from here. The last fifteen miles of the road had never seen an auto, and some of it showed no signs of having seen a wagon, and, in fact, discouragement for any vehicle was spread all over the boulders, driftwood, and several miles of creek bottom, where shifting sand, cobbles and drift were our only places for traction, as all other places were occupied, but we took possession with no one to dispute, molest or make us afraid, arriving at 7:10 p. m. What do you think of that? At the last house we left at the mouth of the canon at dusk we were told (had never been there before) that it was over ten or twelve miles to the Narrows (where we camped) and we could go no farther that night.

A man on horseback could not find it on a moonless night, but we were bound to be at the grounds for the morning shoot, and concluded, as we had two side lamps, when necessary one of us could take one lamp and go ahead and "spy out the land." We found the land scarce when we did the "spy act," but rocks, cobbles, sand and drift in magnificent liberality; but only two or three times did we dismount or retrace. At one point, we found our only retreat from a "jumping off place" was to back up a twenty-five per cent grade about sixty feet.

About half the run from home had been over the worst roads I have ever had the misfortune to travel. We had several miles of black adobe soil and had to rope the rear wheels to get traction, and with the rope wrapped around the wheels, in many places the wheels would spin around, skidding squarely across the road until a firm traction was reached, when we would recover our course.

The French Camp turnpike was also in bad condition. There had been heavy teaming over it coming from adobe roads on to the turnpike with wheels loaded with mud, which had picked up the gravel, entirely excavating through to the mud underneath large squares, in many places five to forty feet across the entire width of the roadway, and the mud therein would be hub deep, with a rise to the solid ground of a ninety per cent grade.

It was amusing to watch the surprise of the dozens of teamsters we passed (some of them apparently stalled), as they ignored our right to any of the road. My son has a snap-shot of a Stevens-Duryea being hauled out of a bog we laughed at, and by no means within fifty per cent as bad as some we almost swam through. My family all join me in thanking you for encouraging us in selecting a steam machine.

Very truly, (Signed) *H. E. Williamson.*

A Surprise

Beneath the mistletoe she stood,
A beauteous vision fair.
He sized the situation up,
And stole behind her there.
And as he pressed her ruby lips,
She screamed as though afraid,
And he was much surprised to find
He'd kissed his fair one's maid. —*The Butler.*

Green Trading Stamps Are Popular

If you are not already a collector of Green Trading Stamps begin saving them at once. At our stores you may exchange them for your choice from thousands of premiums, consisting of furniture, silverware, china, and cut-glass, rugs, blankets, portieres, lamps, etc. The Green Trading Stamp Company has a $50,000 stock, the largest small-furnishing stock on the Pacific coast. The name "Sperry & Hutchinson" on a trading stamp is as good as the United States Treasurer's signature on a government bond. The leading merchants give Green Trading Stamps free when asked for them, one for each ten cents in the amount of purchase. The company has been established here for seven years and is backed by the Sperry & Hutchinson Company, Inc., whose capital is $1,000,000, surplus $100,000. More than $2,000,000 worth of goods were dispensed last year in premiums, and the volume of business increases day by day.

Our Connoisseurs Complimented

A French authority lately complimented Californians on their discrimination in the matter of wines, and spoke of the large importations of G. H. Mumm & Co.'s champagne into our State. "Mumm" has its widest vogue among the refined classes abroad, and it is an evidence of admirable taste on the part of Californians when they call for so much of it. The aim of Mumm's manufacturers was to produce a high grade champagne of pure properties, and their success has been demonstrated by the position Mumm holds among connoisseurs.

MAISON TORTONI

111 O'Farrell St. **French Rotisserie**

Private Dining Rooms. Banquet Hall. S. Constantini, Prop.

Fads and Fancies

Dearest Belle, *New York*, Dec. 12, 1903.

Holiday shopping is now in full swing in this great, big bustling and over-crowded metropolis, and it's a hard day's work to squeeze your way for an hour through some of the stores in the retail district. The crash in Wall street, whatever that means, is said to have sent an economical chill through the town, but it's all bosh. You wouldn't think so if you went into Tiffany's or any of the fashionable dry goods stores. You hear a lot about approaching hard times, but money seems as plentiful as ever. The theatrical managers have been complaining about not doing any business, and they blame the shortage in the box-office on Wall street, but the fact is the shows are bad. Some of them are the worst you ever saw. I have noticed that the good ones are playing to packed houses. Maude Adams, for instance, is turning people away.

I suppose you've heard about "Babe" Kemp's marriage with Hollis Hunnewell. It was a bold thing for "Babe" to do. You know Hunnewell is the worst roue that ever played havoc with the hearts and reputations of susceptible women. The ministers are all talking about the divorce evil again. By the way, I wonder what constitutes average married happiness. It seems to me that Elysium to one nature would be Purgatory to another, if not a veritable Inferno, and the point of view alters with each individual. Euphemistically speaking it is the polite thing to look at matrimony through rose-colored glasses, to prate about wedded bliss, the joys of home and all the rest of it—mere cant. For my part I don't blame Mrs. Hunnewell. Her first husband didn't treat her right. But I forgot—you don't want to hear a sermon—something about fashions, eh? Well, I can tell you about the very latest in bridal gowns, for I attended the marriage of Lillian Stokes Holmes with John D. Crimmins. Her gown was of white satin, chiffon and lace. The trained skirt was trimmed with two wide and one narrow fold of the satin, forming a deep border. The girdle, made of folds of satin, was extremely wide and over it drooped a fall of fluffy chiffon, above which was the point lace yoke and stock. The upper sleeves were also of point lace, with a fall of lace and chiffon at the elbows, and the point lace gauntlet lower sleeves ended in tabs over the back of the hands, no gloves being worn. A point lace veil, that had been worn by her mother at her wedding, was arranged so as to show her soft, low pompadour, and was caught with orange blossoms at the front and a diamond star at the back.

It may interest you to know that the new fashion, borrowed from the French, of dispensing with rugs in drawing rooms, or having only a very few, with highly polished floors and skins of animals spread about, is greatly in vogue. Stairways are now highly waxed and polished and many of them are without stair carpets. The result is that they are most dangerous to ascend or descend.

I was at the opera the other night, and I came to the conclusion that the tiara was going out of fashion. There were only three of those ornaments worn in the parterre boxes. I also noticed that pompons, and in a few cases natural flowers, were worn in the hair. The gowns were almost all white with here and there a rose or cerise shade, or some dark purple or claret-colored velvet.

I picked up some interesting information in the shopping district this morning. I learned that new materials for separate blouses include some very fine and sheer woolens in all-over embroideries in eylet-hole designs. These are simply made, and have silk slips of the same, or a contrasting color worn underneath them. Jeweled buttons matching the color of either the silk slip or the blouse are used on them. The new tailor-made gowns show the long-time favorite Eton jacket in all its numerous variations. Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., has one in a deep claret-colored cloth with a hint of heliotrope in its sheen. This is made with a clinging skirt that just clears the pavement and a close-fitting Eton coat that comes to the bottom of the waist, closed in front, and has a military collar. The costume is simply braided in black silk braid, perhaps three-fourths of an inch wide, that forms deep loops of graduated lengths running from the belt toward the hem.

I presume you haven't heard that one of the new customs is for the women to remain at table for the coffee. No longer do we have to go to the drawing-room while the men drink their coffee and cordials and smoke cigarettes. It is now our proud privilege to sit with them. This innovation, I suppose, comes from the fact that nearly every fashionable woman in New York smokes cigarettes.

Knowing that you have some coral heirlooms, I haven't any doubt that you will rejoice to learn that coral is again coming into fashion. Mrs. Orme Wilson introduced a great deal of it in her toilet at the opera on the opening night, and now everybody with old-fashioned coral ornaments is having them polished. So, be grateful. Sincerely, *Francesca.*



Court of the Palace Hotel as it Appears Today

Built though it was a quarter of a century ago the Palace Hotel is still the hotel *par excellence* of America. Its fame spread over the world long before people had an adequate idea of the resources of California, and it was pointed to as something unique by tourists who marveled that such a comparatively small city should have such a mammoth caravansary. The fact is that when the Palace Hotel was erected it was far ahead of its time, and today it stands as a monument of the enterprise and civic pride of its founders. But the march of progress has caught up to the Palace, not however that the management has been at a standstill. The fact is that it has kept pace with the most progressive developments in hotel accommodations in the largest centres of population, and today it is unsurpassed in its facilities for the comfort and entertainment of guests. In the last ten years over one million and a half dollars have been expended in improvements, and in the luxuriousness of its appointments it is without a peer in America. The most notable of the improvements that have been made was the metamorphosis of the big, famous court, which now includes a sumptuously furnished lounging room and a picturesque grill. This feature of the hotel is the source of wonder and admiration to people who have visited every large city on the globe.



Court Cafe, Palace Hotel

A Studio Idyl

BY JOHN ROBERTS.

Tippon looked over at me, and behind the smile I fancied I saw a mist rising. She turned her head away quickly, and I politely returned to the exigencies of my maul stick.

"Tippon," I said at last, intently regarding my thumb through its opening in the variegated palette,—

"Tippon, do you know what day this is?"

The question was an absurdity, and we both knew it, but by tacit consent we waved the irony, and she canceled the question by an answer.

"Why, I believe it's Christmas," she returned indifferently,—just as though the three hundred and sixty-five days were of equal importance in the calendar. Then involuntarily she gave a little sigh, belying the calm of her demeanor, and hinting at an inner tumult of suppressed emotion.

There was a long silence,—and I had a suspicion that the brown-haired artist was furnishing brine for an innocent pastoral of Fontainebleau.

An exquisite sense of delicacy kept me from acknowledging the occupation of my colleague: the dual pastime of removing stray crumbs from an indignantly threadbare jacket, and the visual feat of taking observation from the corner of an inverted eye, fell to my lot. Finally there was a collapse at her end of the apartment, and a shower of brushes, large and small.

"Tippon," I cried in alarm,—"why, Tippon, what's the matter?"

She slid in a little heap to the floor, and, with face buried in her arms, was sobbing wildly; all effort at control vanquished by some inner picture of terrestial desolation.

I knelt down and firmly removed one hand, thereby disclosing a tear-stained face, highly ornamented by an unconscious daub of cobault on one cheek, and a mole of vivid green on the tip of the nose. Notwithstanding this unintentional tattooing, Tippon's eyes had never seemed so deep, so brown, so mysteriously sweet before.

She pushed me away shyly, and rose to her feet, putting the tumbled waves of her hair back with the feminine instinct which no grief can master.

"It was very silly of me," she said severely, "to give way like that, but no one seems to think of Christmas here, and somehow, my mind went back to home—and—well, I just couldn't help it," she added by way of apology.

The sun streamed in through the western window of the atelier, and slanted across the rows of empty easels, vacant, not because of the day's sacredness, but because Marcon had gone away at twelve, and without Marcon, the attendance was always slim.

I returned to my seat and sat down. Tippon began putting away her things hastily, and then reached up for her hat.

For the third time, I painted out the arm of a lusty peasant girl, my mind intent upon graver matters than fidelity to anatomical proportions. When Tippon was halfway to the door, I coughed in an insinuating manner, suggestive of delayed confidence.

She turned and hesitated, her eyes still soft with tears, her cheeks still flushed delicately.

"By the way," I said lightly, "will you dine with me tonight?"

I did not look up, but regarded my robust model critically. I knew by some subtle process of perception that she fluttered, looked startled and then smiled tremulously.

"Because you know," I resumed, relieved by the premonition that silence gives consent, "we might as well join forces and spend the evening together; no one knows us in this big, dreary Paris, and, suppose we have a little Christmas in our own way."

She came over and laid her hand gently on my arm.

"You are very good to think of me," she choked—and the mist threatened a downpour, which deluge I tactfully averted by rising to the occasion, and, flinging off my working coat, caught up my hat.

"Come,"—I cried authoritatively, "we will compose the menu at once."

Now Tippon and I had never broken bread together before, and, although I had the temerity to call her Tippon, as was the atelier habit of confreres in art, I had no idea of her abiding place.

The afternoon was mild with a warmth more akin to May than December, so we walked slowly in the direction of the grim barrack where I had my quarters.

Tippon never asked a question as we turned down a triangle of dirty rues, but with demure mien followed me silently.

I loathed the Latin Quarter with a fierce hatred, and bewailed the necessity which forced me to take this sweet little southern flower from the space and sunlight of the broad boulevards.

When I paused, she paused, and together we mounted the steep stairway that led upward to heaven—and my studio.

On the fourth landing she halted, and slipped a key to a door on the left.

"Won't you come in and rest a moment?" she ventured in a pretty embarrassment.

"What!" I exclaimed, "do you live here?"

"Didn't you know?" she said shyly.

I stammered out something in confusion, and meekly followed her into a wide, sunny interior, half studio, half living-room, and yet so dainty and sweet and clean that I blushed to think of my masculine, careless, pipe-strewn chamber above.

Some pigeons fluttered away from the window ledge, and a slender gold-rimmed goblet held some roses, while a half-drawn sketch leaned sociably against an inverted chair which did duty for an easel.

There was such a peaceful chasteness about the place that I gave a sigh of content, and sank down on the chintzy covered trunk in the corner.

"Tippon," I said gravely, "why did I never suspect this before?"

"Why, I thought you knew," she said innocently. "when you played Home-Sweet-Home last night, I cried myself to sleep."

"So my old violin made you homesick, too, child—and I never knew,—to think there was just a floor between two lonely beings," I meditated.

"But there'll be only a table between us tonight," she cried gayly.

The mellow twilight brought me to the sense of responsibility as a host, and springing up, I darted away to my own menage. I shook out my best coat, and a franc rattled to the floor. With a deep shame I realized my glaring poverty, and rushing to the cupboard, I saw with horror the remains of last night's supper.

I sat down stupefied.

Below I could hear Tippon's clear voice, running from a coon melody to a Christmas carol, her small feet pattering around in hasty preparation.

My bare studio grew dusky, and the pipes on the tray near by resembled little spades stuck in a clod of darkness.



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"Oh, Jock!" Tippon called timidly.

How did she know my name, I wondered.

"Tippon," I said, manfully rising to my full height, "I cannot ask you to dine with me tonight, because—well—because one franc will only buy a bottle of wine,—and——"

Cutting my explanation short, she slipped a small hand into mine. "You are to dine with me, sir.—I think I refused your invitation."

"Why, Tippon—" I expostulated.

"Come," she commanded, dragging me after her.

Laughing, we stumbled down the narrow, gloomy stairs, and pushing me into her apartment, my hostess closed the door.

"Now," she said, with a dangerous light in her eyes, "you are my prisoner."

I stood fettered by my own surprise.

A table covered by a snowy napkin gleamed cheerfully under the weight of a clustered candlestick, a dish of goodly esculents, which proved to be a tempting array of lettuce leaves; a long beam of French bread, cheese, and a bottle of vintage, completed the magically ordered feast.

"Tippon," I murmured, shamefacedly.

"Jock," she whispered demurely.

"It was to have been my treat."

"Man proposes—" she sang airily.

"And woman accepts—sometimes," I retorted reflectively, whereupon she blushed and looked down.

"My franc must be expended somehow," I remarked.

"For the garcon," she said quickly, "we will give it to the concierge."

"Tippon, there is only one essential lacking,—and I think it is the mistletoe."

"And the turkey, and the pudding, and the mince pie," she laughed.

"Those are details, not essentials," I corrected, "details which entail a contented somnolence of the digestion, all admit, but they do not satisfy the heart, the soul."

She leaned back and looked over her glass in wicked satisfaction.

"But mistletoe has penalties all its own," said she.

"And a satisfaction which wipes out all debt. Now, Tippon, if I get my picture in the salon——"

"I am trying, too,——"

"Are you, Tippon? And if you do, child, what then?"

She smiled, and her lashes hid the sweetest brown eyes in the world.

"What then, Jock?" she echoed quizzically.

"What would you do then, Tippon?" I repeated, crumbling a piece of cheese in wasteful extravagance.

"I think I will go home,"—and her voice sank plaintively.

"Home, Tippon!" I cried blankly.

"Jock, Marcon told me Thursday that my picture was entered." She said it quietly, knowing intuitively the blow it would be to me.

I sank my head in my hands, and outside Paris—gay, relentless Paris, hummed busily.

"Please play me something," said she, penitently, after a long interval of silence.

I got my violin and ran over the strings mercilessly. She never flinched, but sat in the shadow, her hands folded, her glistening eyes on my face.

I rushed into Chopin, and then changed the movement with inartistic rapidity; finally pausing, I drifted into a low-toned melody, and then whispered off into the exile's sigh of "Home-Sweet-Home."

I forgot my one franc—Marcon's injustice—everything except Tippon and my own loneliness.

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There was a cessation of sound below, and then a light footstep fell across my threshold.

"Don't, Jock," she pleaded with a sob, and then I knew that Tippon was crying.

I threw the violin down, and stood close to her in the shadow.

"Tippon," I said softly, "Tippon,——"

"Yes, Jock," she answered.

"I'll write the governor, and we'll both go home together, child."

She laid her brown head against my arm.

"Home, Jock,—home!——"

Then Tippon looked up and I gazed down, and then—there were some details which we could not see, for the candles sputtered and went out, leaving the studio in darkness.

A Plot for a Novelette

He kissed her beneath the mistletoe.

He loved her, but she did not know, for his kiss was tender, but not passionate.

He knew better than to show the quality of his love beneath the mistletoe.

She blushed. But when she thought it over, later, she concluded he meant nothing, that he did it to everybody.

He, in thinking it over, remembered the blush, but said: "It was an episode. She has forgotten it by now."

He did not know, but she treasured the memory of that kiss long after he had passed beyond her ken.

For he was a navy officer, and had a girl in every port. He loved them all alike.

Her deductions were right about the mistletoe kiss, but the result might have been otherwise had he followed up the act with one of deeper import.

This is but one of the many freaks Fate plays.

—*The Outliner.*

A Typical Grill

A Bohemian Club man, just returned from a visit abroad, was discussing the relative merits of European and American hostelries, much to the disadvantage of the former.

"Don't you think our cuisines are inferior to theirs?" was asked.

"Not at all," answered the traveled gourmet, "and our service is infinitely better. Why, the only two warm things I could absolutely rely upon getting in Europe were the ice water and the butter."

Improvements in San Francisco hotels are now the rule. The Lick House lately opened a grill room which added the crowning touch to the popularity of that always popular hostelry. Mr. George W. Kingsbury, proprietor of the Lick, has perfected every detail of service and appointment, in the manner of the up-to-date manager who personally supervises his establishment. The new grill is the acme of artistry in furnishing. It is the Old Dutch style, the seven-foot wainscotings of dark Flemish oak, the furniture and high-back cane chairs also dark-tinted in artistic contrast with the walls and ceilings of rich red. The grill holds one hundred diners comfortably. Its central location is an advantage. It has three entrances, one for ladies through the reading-room, for men through the office and a third from Lick Place.

In Its Proper Place

"Christmas parties are awfully jolly,"
She said, flashing at him her eyes of blue,
"Don't you love the red berries with holly?"
He said: "What *I* love's mistletoe over *yew*."

—*The Eavesdropper.*

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Margot and the Poet

[*Adapted from the French by Beatrice Hastings.*]

Ah, what a dismal, disagreeable November evening it was! Through the mist the electric globes shed fitful gleams over the oily mud of the streets and boulevards.

Staggering along the sidewalk, knocking his shoulder, at times, against the shop windows, already closed, came a young man—scarcely twenty years of age. Those who passed him turned to look back at the slender, emaciated figure; others smiled contemptuously and passed on, taking him for a drunkard. The truth was that the youth had succumbed to hunger and fatigue.

Leo Bernis was born a poet. In early childhood he had given proofs of poetical genius. At the little seminary in his native village, where he had received gratuitous instruction in a smattering of Latin and Greek, he had figured as the indolent scholar who at times, through mere caprice, had surprised his masters, by rising above the leaders of his class. However, at seventeen he was refused his baccalaureate, because, forsooth, he could not give the exact dates of the Peloponnesian war, which revealed, of course, a lamentable lack of the indispensable knowledge required for the affairs of everyday life; nevertheless the old priest, an excellent humanist and as simple as a child, under whom Leo had studied rhetoric, predicted for his pupil, on bidding him adieu, a brilliant future in the literary world—for the boy had confided to the good Abbe his little book of April Poems, charmingly delicate verses, as fresh as almond blossoms.

An orphan, and free from the scholastic yoke, Bernis rushed to Paris, where he lived, as so many others live, on ideals, hope and bad charcuterie. Perhaps, some of these days, science will discover the peculiar properties of stale sausage and head-cheese, and disclose to the world the cause of its seeming tendency to promote elegaic inspiration and the production of sonnets—as most of our young poets have no other alimentation.

Once in Paris, Leo lost no time in presenting his manuscript to a famous publisher. Two months later he received a brief note from the literary critic of the house, praising his work and agreeing to publish his poems if Leo himself would bear the expense of publication.

The encomiums bestowed, though gratifying, did not in the least help him; for his daily maintenance still depended on a few ill-paid lessons and occasional mechanical work for publishers. Hence, he concluded to solve first the problem of his daily bread, before permitting himself to indulge in the luxury of a volume in Elzevirian characters, with ornaments and tail pieces. In other words, Leo Bernis found it hard enough to make sure of fragments of blood-pudding, or galantine, without elevating his thoughts to the height of breaded cutlets.

Extremely destitute, he led a pure and noble life. Ah! my dear and eminent confreres—writers, who, in the language of the day, have "arrived"—which one of us, sincerely, with his hand upon his conscience, does not regret the early days of his life, when, although he felt the pinch of poverty, he remained true to his dream of Art—Art that was pure and disinterested?

Meanwhile, the young poet's troubles increased. Publishers withdrew their work, pupils stopped their lessons, and the boarding school, where he had accepted the position of a dog, for food and lodging, closed its doors for lack of funds.

For three days Bernis walked the streets; at night he sheltered himself in partially demolished buildings, and on this cold and foggy November evening, when he staggered along the sidewalks, he had not eaten for fourteen hours—that is to say, since his first breakfast, which consisted of a roll and the inevitable sausage; and though he had not a sou in his pocket, he could still count on lodgings for that night, as a friend, almost as destitute as himself, and who had gone in search of work since early morning—the companion from whom he had borrowed the three sous for the roll and the inevitable sausage—had invited him to share his garret-lodging. But the lodgings were so far away! To reach them, he would be obliged to mount the steep hill of Montmartre. He had just come out of the Sainte Genevieve library, where he had spent the evening in order to keep warm. He had one hour and a half of walking before him. Think of it—one hour and a half of walking before he could enjoy the luxury of stretching himself out, with an empty stomach, in a miserable garret, on a pallet in a cheap lodging-house!

Hardly had he taken a few steps when he began to stagger. His legs trembled under him; his empty stomach growled; his temples throbbed; he felt incapable of proceeding farther; he was in despair.

Suddenly, from around the corner of the street, he heard a woman's voice, calling to him. Her voice was somewhat hoarse, but she addressed him, without undue rudeness, as she approached and whispered into his ear: "My handsome young blond, are you

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not coming to see me?"

Mechanically Leo turned and looked at the woman. She was a heavy, coarse brunette, no longer young, and considerably over thirty, for her hair was tinged with gray. She wore a dark stuff dress and a black cape, and might easily have passed for a workingwoman had not the touched-up eyes and rouged cheeks revealed the professional.

Bernis was an extremely moral young man, his life was pure and chaste; hitherto his loves had been confined to the golden-haired fairies of childhood and the princesses of his poetic dreams. The woman horrified him. He turned away from her and made a vain effort to hurry on. His strength failed him, however, and he was obliged to stop and lean against a wall for support. The woman clung to her victim. It was not easy to baffle her. She followed on, and when he stopped she said, half aloud to herself: "Well, I wonder what is the matter with him? Perhaps he has taken a drop too much."

As she joined Bernis she confronted him with the bold, brazen smile of a wanton. He was almost fainting. The cold perspiration moistened his forehead. "Leave me," he stammered. Instantly the expression in the woman's face changed; her brazen smile gave way to a look of sympathy and pity, as she anxiously asked: "Are you really sick, young man?"

Overcome with hunger, Leo actually lost courage and began to complain. Closing his eyes he said, wearily, "I have not eaten anything since eight o'clock this morning! . . .I am starving!"

He was not left to starve long, for this brazen woman of the street had a golden heart. With a grip of iron she seized him by the arm and pushed him into an adjacent alley, opened the door of a dilapidated house and dragged him into her own room, which was on the ground floor—a poverty-stricken room, with straw-stuffed chairs, a huge bed covered with a bright red eiderdown coverlet of cheap quality, and a round table on which burned a candle in a tin candlestick.

Completely unnerved from want and shame, Leo fell into a chair, and covering his face with his hands wept bitterly. The woman was touched with compassion; great tears streamed down her face, diluting the rouge on her painted cheeks, as she opened her cupboard, laid the cloth, and placed before her guest a long loaf of bread, a bottle of wine and a generous slice of cold veal, cooked in its own jelly.

Bernis tearfully stammered his thanks. "Do not fatigue yourself in talking; eat first," said she, in tones of deep respect, inspired by the young man's misfortunes.

The poet ate ravenously, while the woman, through delicacy and fear of embarrassing him, knelt before the hearth, stirring the embers under pretense of reviving the fire. Thinking that he might possibly hesitate to help himself a second time, she left the fire and once more served him plentifully with meat and wine, just as a mother would have waited upon her son. "Ah!" she exclaimed suddenly, "what a fool I am! For proper digestion one should have something hot. I'll make you a cup of coffee; it will do you good." Returning to the fire, she placed the coffee-grinder between her knees and began to turn the crank.

Leo now had an opportunity to observe more closely his charitable hostess. He noted that she was a woman of the lowest class—faded, worn-out, with a heavy, ungraceful figure, and the hands of a dish-washer. Had she ever possessed the wholesome charms of a tall, robust figure that comes from vigorous health, or the witchery and beauty of a Carmen? Hardly. Today she was sallow-skinned, bloated, with triple chin, and quite gray on the temples. Young Bernis, however, was a true poet, and destined later on to become a very celebrated one; so he looked at her tenderly, with brimming eyes, full of gratitude and thankfulness. And when she had poured the coffee, taking for herself a few sips, "just to keep you company," as she expressed it, he asked her name.

She did not respond immediately but stood, half embarrassed, on the opposite side of the table, with folded arms, evidently reflecting. At last she said:

"There is no particular reason why I should tell you my name. There never can be anything in common between a woman of my class and a refined, elegant little gentleman like yourself. Under the circumstances, what I have done for you is only natural—and there is nothing more that I would wish to offer you. Neither would you desire it. Today you are in adverse circumstances, but take courage! . . . You have youth, and that is a famous treasure. . . . What is your occupation, sir?"

Leo smiled rather bitterly. "I write verses," he answered.

"Ah, yes," she replied, without betraying the slightest surprise, "I understand, you compose songs. Have patience, and success will come. And if you really want to know my name—well, they all call me Margot. But if, by chance, you should ever think of me again, let it be as Marguerite—the name is so much prettier."

The woman stopped short and dropped her eyes. He felt that it was time for him to leave. But on the threshold of the door, as he was about to say good-night, profoundly touched at having discovered such gentleness and pity in the heart of this miserable creature, he conceived a golden idea—the inspiration of a poet. He took the hand of this woman—a hard hand and wrinkled, with dirty nails, the hand of servitude and shame—and stooping, he respectfully kissed it as though it were the hand of a royal queen.

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A Similar Case

BY BESSIE L. RUSSELL.

Grayson stretched himself full length upon the white sand and smiled at the ocean. He had long ago concluded that it was better to smile than to sneer, and so it was that the smile came to the front on this as on other occasions.

But then, why should he not smile on Christmas morning? Christmas, too, amid such naturally beautiful environment—Christmas beneath a California sky?

So far as nature was concerned, there was indeed every reason for joy, yet Allen Grayson was in no exactly Christmas mood. His mental state, in fact, was close bordering on melancholia. Of that temperament variously characterized as choleric, moody, capricious, he reminded those who knew him of a fitful April day. His smiles could change instantly to frowns. It was this unfortunate temper that had been the cause of his recklessly putting two thousand miles between himself and a charming young wife. Without taking time to think what such a rash step would mean to her, he had boarded a Chicago fast limited for the distant West. So it was that, naturally enough, the mood having spent itself, Allen Grayson was sorry enough. He regretted his haste. Leaving his position of lounging content (?) he paced restlessly the length of the beach that formed the frontage of one of California's most magnificent hostelries. He was about to retire within its inviting walls when another mood struck him. If he did that, he said, he would have to meet people, and people were so exasperating when one preferred solitude. People would pass the compliments of the day and drag him into conversation, when he (Grayson) was in no talking mood. So Grayson strolled on.

The coast at this point was monotonous enough, but farther on he knew it became cliff-like and the scenery, he had heard, was not to be despised. An oft repeated quotation ran through Grayson's head: "I like nature because she is a retreat from man," and Grayson reflected that his feelings were perfectly in accord with that sentiment. He found himself, before an hour had passed, on the edge of a precipice. What a risky thing it was, that rocky shore path. Why, the path was so narrow and steep, it required all his nerve to keep from falling. A child playing along this part of the coast would with no effort at all fall down into the hungry waves beneath him. A man,—great heavens, a man might walk—out of—all—his—troubles! But Grayson's soliloquy was interrupted by a brisk slap on his shoulder and a welcome voice shouting in his ear: "Grayson! I'll be bound if it isn't! Been here long?"

"Not very," said Grayson with an alacrity he did not feel.

"Like it here?"

"Fairly well," mumbled Grayson.

"Oh, but you will like it," said his companion cheerfully. "California is like olives, cigarettes and sauterne, you know. A first taste doesn't give you any idea of the

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—Harper's Magazine.

article or what it's going to mean to you. It takes several indulgences to make you realize the hold it gets on you. Why, I wouldn't go East again for a fortune. Last Christmas, now—singular thing—I was here just as you are for the first time. I was trying to enjoy things, too, and would have succeeded but for that neuralgia of mine. It would keep me from sleeping. Now if there is one thing more than another to make a man utterly wretched, it is the knowledge that he is alone in his misery. That's the way I felt, when I awoke one morning at five instead of nine, and came out here to look at the dawn.

"I soon discovered that I was not alone. A woman emerged from the shrubbery—yonder—a woman, too, beautiful as an houri; clad all in black, she walked as one who has a sorrow to bear and who has decided not to bear it much longer. Fearing to intrude upon her grief, I kept concealed at a safe distance, yet near enough to hear her and see her distinctly. Plainly Creole, I marveled at her presence on this coast.

"'Oh, God!' she moaned piteously, 'it's hard when I love him so—so much and he so blind. How can it be that he doubts me, yet he does—he does! *He believes it of me.* Merciful heavens, that it should come to this—that it should——'

"I refused to listen more. I refused for a moment or two, but curiosity getting the better of me, I emerged from my hiding place and followed her along this shore path. The woman wore a gold cross about her neck and it was with this she fingered nervously as she continued her unhappy pace. Suddenly, with an alertness seen often in animals, but hardly ever in human kind, she rushed to this very point where we now stand, and with one mad impulse, dashed herself over to the waves beneath.

"I gave notice to the hotel people of my gruesome experience, but all search proved useless. The relentless sea had done to the limit.

"No one knew much of the beautiful Creole, save that she had registered the day before without luggage from New Orleans, and had left a roll of bills with the proprietor. By a strange freak of the waters, though, the gold cross was washed ashore. I found it next day on the beach. I have it now. *'Francine'* is the only inscription."

What a thrill ran through Grayson as he listened.

"Excuse me, Jack," he said curtly, "I believe I'll beg off for a smoke."

But he didn't smoke. All the way back to the hotel, he worked it over in his own mind, the truth that had been brought so vividly home to him.

How similar the stories, he reflected. Francine—Frances! Creole beauty—Puritan belle,—and both sensitively wounded to the heart by one man's gross accusations.

How ruthlessly he had left her, his charming wife, left her stinging with the taunt of a jealous husband's unwarranted suspicions—she so innocent, he so blundering. "But I will not have it so," he cried desperately, "I will make amends. She may not go wild over my words as that poor other soul did; she may not jump into the sea to drown her troubles, but if I don't do something at once, her misery will be every whit as bad.

"I'll write her," said Grayson, which he did on the hotel's finest Marcus Ward paper.

"Darling Frances," he scrawled nervously, "forgive me, for I've been a fool. Your loving *Allen.*"

"No, that won't do," he said with the next breath, "It's too vague and not at all explanatory." He wrote another then, beginning the epistle, "My Most Trusted Wife."

"Pshaw, that won't do, either," cried Grayson. "Why, I left her because I didn't trust her."

Then it was he quit running his hand through his yellow hair; quit chewing the end of his fifteen-cent-straight-Havana, and wrote rapidly, fearlessly, madly:—

"Once doubted but now forever trusted wife,

"I am crazy to see you! You bet I am! I don't know why I left you. I mean, I don't know why I didn't bring you with me. It's lovely out here, too, that is, it would be if I had you, Fan. The climate is so fine and exhilarating, that is, it ought to be and would be, other things being equal. And California is the only state to live in—provided, of course, you've got your family with you.——" That is as far as Grayson got. He thought of the distance that epistle would have to travel before it reached her, the precious darling. He remembered the time it took him to get to the coast and he shuddered at the thought. Four days of suffering for her, four days of suspense for him. No, Grayson could never stand that.

Then it was that the lightning-like business method of the man reared in Chicago asserted itself. He would wire her, he said. And amid floods of California sunshine this is what Grayson wired:

"Awfully sorry. Can't stay away. Leave for home by the Santa Fe tonight."

A Great Pleasure Resort

If not absolutely the best appointed place of amusement of its class in this country, The Chutes ranks with the finest, and to thousands of tourists who have seen similar places in the East, the San Francisco institution easily stands at the head. Great natural advantages in point of location, spacious accommodation and accessibility, a fine collection of rare and expensive animals for the menagerie and an immense theatre for the superior presentation of high-class specialty and variety attractions, combine to draw the patronage of all classes of sightseers or searchers for entertainment. The value of such a comprehensive place of amusement in a city where it may be kept open all the year round, must assert itself to all pleasure-seekers. The Chutes is a perfect paradise for children, and youngsters of a larger growth are not slow to take advantage of the opportunities for pure, healthy amusement offered at the popular resort.

Among the many interesting concessions on the grounds may be mentioned the wonderful sensational mile scenic railway, the bewildering and beautiful ride "Down the Flume," the humorously solemn "Cabaret de la Mort," the mysterious and puzzling mirror maze, the ever popular water chutes, the healthy, happy babies in the infant incubators, the galloping horses, Ferris Wheel, Little Lake Shore Railroad, limited, and "trip around the world." The cafe is a feature in which the management takes a justifiable pride, the best of luncheons and dinners being served at all hours at city prices. The chef in charge is thoroughly experienced and the best to be obtained in the market is served in delightfully appetizing style.

The fame of the Chutes "Amateur Nights" has spread all over the United States and on Thursday evenings the commodious, well-heated and comfortable theatre is always packed with a gleeful, happy crowd. Many young people who faced the footlights for the first time on these occasions have graduated into the professional ranks, and have achieved fame and fortune in their chosen life work.

The orchestra at the Chutes is one of the best in the city and the open-air concerts given every afternoon and evening by Casassa's Military Band are always thoroughly enjoyed.

Hunter Takes the Trick

When in doubt, play trumps. And when in doubt as to what whisky to drink, when many brands are offered for your choice, you will not make any mistake if you call for Hunter Baltimore Rye. The whisky *par excellence*, that warms the heart, cheers the soul and enlivens the mind, without leaving any ill effects afterward, is Hunter Rye, which is well termed "the American gentleman's drink."

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The Year in the Navy

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON.

By far the most important event of the year 1903 in the United States Navy was the plan adopted by Congress for remedying the dearth of commissioned officers in the service. The expansion of the fleet, which has been going on steadily since the close of the Spanish war, created a demand for officers beyond that which the existing resources could supply. Unlike the Army, the Navy has always been reluctant to increase its commissioned personnel by resorting to volunteers. "Mustangs" are looked upon askance, if not worse, by the conservative Navy.

The only logical recourse was to increase the number of graduates from Annapolis, and to this end the last Congress passed a law, which was approved March third, more than doubling the number of midshipmen at the Naval Academy. Under the new law, which is to remain in operation for the next six years, each Senator, Representative and Delegate in Congress is to have two midshipmen at the Academy, in addition to which there are to be two from the District of Columbia and five per annum appointed at large by the President. Also, the infant territory of Porto Rico is to have one of its native sons appointed as a midshipman.

As a result of this great increase in the number of midshipmen, the Naval Academy now has within its walls a greater number of the embryo officers than ever before in its history. The fourth class alone has over 300 members, the first class has 65, the second class 122 and the third class 155. In addition to these, there are 106 midshipmen who have completed their four years' academic course, and are now performing the two years' service at sea on cruising ships, as required by law.

This method of supplying the wants of the service seems both simple and satisfactory, but it has its drawback. The particular thorn to the rose is the fact that it threatens the service in the near future with a "hump" more hurtful than that of thirty years ago, which brought baneful stagnation to the service, from which the latter was many years in recovering, if indeed it has recovered. This kind of sudden injection of young men, of approximately the same age, is going to disturb the flow of promotions for many years, and then, as the officers thus created wholesale grow old, there will be a tremendous scurrying through the higher grades at lightning speed, as whole blocks of them are retired at very nearly the same time. The service knows well the meaning of a "hump." What may be termed the "hump of 1903" promises to be worse than that of 1870.

For the two-fold purpose of adding to the commissioned officers, and at the same time furnishing an answer to the complaint that the Navy, unlike the Army, gives no opportunity to its enlisted men to obtain commissions, the latest order on the subject authorizes the commissioning as ensigns of twelve warrant officers per annum, to be selected from the boatswains, gunners and machinists, under the age of thirty-five, who may qualify by satisfactorily passing examinations prepared for them. This pretty little scheme looks well. As matters of fact, however, the twelve additional officers, if indeed, twelve are secured, that it will provide, will be but a drop in the bucket in the way of increase. On the other hand, say what one will, the fact remains that conditions in the Navy are such that the wardroom cannot be entered through the hawsepipes. The conditions within the confined quarters of a ship, with its human and social complexities, are very different from those in the Army. Even granting that a

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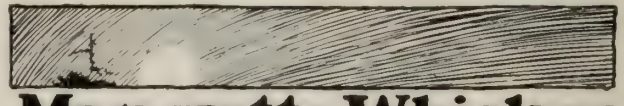
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man may qualify morally, socially and professionally, as far as examinations go, there are still other acquirements which the layman does not appreciate, which the candidate from the enlisted officers, except in extremely rare cases, has no means of attaining. Chief among these is the "air of command." Though he may be of gentlemanly presence, of good technical education (which is doubtful), there will yet be that atmosphere of the forecastle about him, which sticks to the sailor with far greater tenacity than does the air of the private soldier to him of the Army. A striking illustration of the impracticability of promotion from the ranks in the Navy was furnished last year by the American manned Colombian cruiser *Boyaca*, most of whose officers were lifted from the ranks of the American Navy to lieutenancies in the Colombian, and placed as commissioned officers over the men with whom they had formerly associated on terms of equality. The experiment was an ignominious failure. However excellent they were as gunners, they had not the "habit of command," nor the control of the men that are beaten into the Annapolis man from the start, and only acquired by him after long years of arduous training.

Along with the increase of midshipmen at Annapolis, the recent law increased the numbers in various grades of the service. Lieutenant-Commanders were increased from 170 to 200, Lieutenants from 300 to 350. In the Staff Corps, there were increases of 5 Medical Inspectors, 25 Surgeons, 120 junior Surgeons, 2 Pay Inspectors, 36 Paymasters, 26 junior Paymasters, and minor increases in the Construction and Civil Engineering Corps.

The fleet manœuvres of the Navy will doubtless be carried on along more elaborate lines each year, as more vessels are added to the fleet. Those of last August, off the New England coast, were widely exploited by the uninformed representatives of the daily press, whose despatches might have lead nearly the whole country into the belief that we were defended by a powerful Armada, capable of coping with the most ponderous fleets of a foreign foe. As a matter of fact, the contending squadrons of the August manœuvres, although they were all that we could muster at that time in the Atlantic, were pitifully weak. There were only seven battleships, only four of which were up-to-date. One of them, the ancient *Texas*, was on her last legs, while the *Massachusetts* and the *Indiana* are obsolescent. Of all the rest of the fleet, the cruisers *Olympia* and *Baltimore* and the gunboat *Newport* were the only real vessels of war, and they were not of formidable type. The balance were merchant steamers, yachts, old wooden training ships, and the like, improvised into men-of-war, or, rather, considered men-of-war for the occasion. It is safe to say that a fragmentary flying squadron of the British or French navies could have whipped that entire outfit off the seas in one engagement. In commenting upon this aggregation, Admiral Dewey very truly said, for the benefit of the Navy League: "To the layman this would seem to make a formidable fleet, all large as [illegible] appears on paper. A list of non-homogeneous battleships and converted merchant-ship cruisers will deceive neither the naval expert nor the writer who makes a specialty of naval matters. It will be heralded to the world by ignorant journalists as a force able to cope with any fleet afloat, and a few of these irresponsible writers will think of comparing it with the evolutionary squadrons of Great Britain, France and Germany." The fleet mobilized for the December manœuvres in the West Indies is, happily, a better one.

It must be said that the present year has been marked by the introduction of a policy as new to our Navy of the last half-century as it will surely prove to be beneficial. This consists of placing the torpedo boat destroyers and torpedo boats under the command of young, energetic and daring officers, who are not only encouraged but directed to handle their boats boldly, and with as many nautical pyrotechnics as the exigencies of war might require. It is true that there were some mishaps during the year, but they were not serious. The Navy Department adheres to the belief that it is much better to suffer occasional damage to the comparatively inexpensive torpedo boats, than to damage permanently the self-confidence and enterprise of the officers who would be called upon to handle them in time of war. Beyond all, the dexterity acquired by these young officers in handling the torpedo craft cannot fail to be of immense value to them, later when, upon reaching the higher grades, they are placed in command of the larger vessels.

Speaking of mishaps, it is regrettable to note the fact that those of the past year have not been restricted solely to the torpedo flotilla. The battleship *Massachusetts* holds the record for accidents. On January sixteenth she had a fatal gun explosion, resulting in the loss of nine lives; on August twelfth she managed to strike a pinnacle rock off Bar Harbor, sustaining serious injury. The *Olympia*, also, came to grief from grounding. The new monitor *Arkansas* had her turret loosened by the recoil from firing her two 12-inch guns simultaneously—a mishap which the San Francisco-built monitor *Wyoming* did not suffer under the same conditions, but one of the guns of her sister ship *Nevada* exploded during the latter part of May in practice off the Delaware Capes, and did considerable damage. The converted gunboat *Scorpion* was slightly injured by collision with the steamer *H. M. Whitney*, in the East River, but it was shown that her commander was not to blame for it. Only one naval vessel has been lost during the year, that being the old tug-boat *Leydon*, which ran on the rocks at Block Island last January, but in August the tug *Pontiac* had a narrow escape, fire breaking out upon her as she was carrying one thousand tons of saluting powder to the *Chicago*, in New York bay.

The squadrons in foreign waters are to be congratulated upon being singularly free from accidents, and it is universally agreed, in and out of the navy, by all well-informed persons, that the service has done excellent work in the ordinary police duties of a navy at home and abroad.

The only new vessels of importance placed in command during the year, were the monitors *Nevada* and *Florida*, sister ships of the *Wyoming*, which were commissioned respectively on March 5th and June 18th, and the cruisers *Tacoma*, *Cleveland* and *Denver* which were put into active service this autumn. The submarine torpedo boats *Adder*, *Moccasin*, *Grampus*, *Pike*, *Plunger*, *Porpoise* and *Shark*, were all delivered during the year, as were the torpedo-boat destroyers *Hull*, *Lawrence* and *Hopkins*. There will be no more large vessels placed in commission, in all likelihood, before the spring. On the whole, the United States Navy is certainly increasing satisfactorily as far as numbers are concerned. Homogeneity of types is something to which more attention should be paid than in the past, particularly as regards speed. In order that we may obtain the naval establishment that the country's needs demand, it is only necessary that the present rate of construction should be maintained for some years to come. In other words, the country's welfare calls for a settled, well-defined naval programme covering a number of years.

The close of the year finds the position of the United States Navy, as far as ships go, to be as follows:



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BUILT.

First Class Battleships	10
Second Class Battleships	1
Armored Cruisers	2
Coast Defence Vessels	10
Protected Cruisers	18
Gunboats	42
Torpedo-boat Destroyers	15
Torpedo-boats	30
Submarine boats	8
Training Ships	8
Converted cruisers and gunboats	30
Colliers, transports, etc.	32
Total available	206

BUILDING.

First Class battleships	14
Armored cruisers	8
Protected cruisers	9
Gunboats	3
Torpedo boat Destroyers	1
Torpedo-boats	6
Training ships	3
Miscellaneous	2
Total building	46
Grand total, built and building	252

Of these it must be remembered that, however necessary the training ships, colliers and other miscellaneous vessels may be, the only strictly fighting ships are the battleships, cruisers, gunboats and torpedo craft. The others are merely auxiliaries to the ones that deliver the blows. Remembering, always, that the battleships and the armored cruisers are the backbone of the fleet, it may be seen that the United States Navy today, including vessels built and building, is no mean one. Indeed, it is the third in power among the navies of the world, but further additions are needed, to keep pace with the great construction programs of Germany and Russia.

John A. Benson

John A. Benson, the civil engineer and land agent, at 507 Montgomery street, is at the head of his profession on this coast. He is familiar with all the land surveys made by the government on this coast. For years he surveyed for the government and his lines are guides to go by when perfect titles are desired. It may appear strange at the first glance that the land office was not named in preference to John A. Benson. The land office people are so tied up with "red-tape," which is bound so tightly around them that they are too encumbered by its importance to be more than barely civil to the seeker for knowledge as to government lands, etc. One clerk refers you to another, and you come out of the place no wiser, though perhaps a trifle madder, than when you went in. Now, on the other hand, the inquirer at the offices of Mr. Benson will find that gentleman and his clerks uniformly polite and obliging. They know at once how to put their hands upon any plat of land desired, and will give you the benefit of their knowledge as to its fitness or unfitness for the purpose needed, and have in fact the whole state land business at their fingers' ends. The offices are equipped with the most reliable maps, surveys, etc., and a library of books relating to such matters can be referred to at will. It has taken Mr. Benson years of careful work to attain such perfection, but he has made it the object of his life. Mr. Benson can obtain title to any vacant, unappropriated lands of the United States, surveyed or unsurveyed, by means of Forest Reserve Rights, and other scrip. John A. Benson was born in Jefferson county, N. Y., and received his earlier education at the public schools. Here he was looked upon as a wonderfully apt scholar, especially in mathematics. He next attended the Warren Collegiate Institute of Illinois, from which he graduated with high honors, and at once adopted civil engineering as his profession. He was cut out for the work, and his friends, teachers and fellow-students watched his after career with interest, for they all agreed that John had the stuff in him to make a name for himself, and they were right. John A. Benson had no sooner attained his majority than he was elected surveyor of Keokuk county, Iowa, and held the position five years, till he arrived many years ago in this state—to meet with success from the start.



Commander Geo. W. Bauer

Naval Militia of California, commanding U. S. S. "Marion," elected Captain Commanding the Naval Militia of California on Saturday, October 17, 1903

Most men who win many honors and titles do so at the risk of injuring their popularity, and losing their friends. Jealousy and envy generally follow the career of a successful man. But in the case of George William Bauer, this axiom does not hold good. Though Colonel Bauer has attained more honors than usually fall to a man of his years, he is as popular as he ever was, and this is because he has retained his cordial, genial manner, and simplicity of demeanor, through it all. The latest honor falling to George William Bauer was that of Captain Commanding the Naval Militia of California and the U. S. S. *Marion*. Add to this his other title, Commander Alumni Commissioned Officers' Association of the University of California. Colonel, or Commander Bauer, has a military record of which any man may be proud. Six years ago he was Colonel of the regiment of University Cadets and when he graduated from the university in May, 1897, Governor Budd commissioned him and placed him on the retired list with the rank of Colonel. The officers of the University Cadets, be it known, rank with retired officers of the National Guard of California of the same relative rank. The rank of Commander of the Naval Militia of California, which Colonel Bauer now holds, is the same relative rank as a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Army. Divisions of the Naval Militia are stationed in this city, Santa Barbara, San Diego, Los Angeles, Eureka and Santa Cruz. Colonel Bauer is one of those generous men that win friends by thousands. He is a member of Excelsior Lodge, No. 166, F. & A. M., California Chapter No. 5, R. A. M., California Council No. 2, R. & S. M., Golden Gate Commandery No. 16, K. T., Yerba Buena Lodge of Perfection No. 1, Scottish Rite of Free Masonry, Yerba Buena Chapter No. 1, Knights Rose Croix Scottish Rite of F. M., Godfrey de St. Omar Council No. 1, Knights Kadosh, Scottish Rite of F. M., San Francisco Consistory No. 1, Scottish Rite of F. M., Islam Temple, Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, Ivy Chapter No. 27, O. E. S., Stanford Parlor No. 76, N. S. G. W., San Francisco Lodge No. 3, B. P. O. E., Olympic Club, San Francisco Club, Deutscher Club, University of California Club, American Chemical Society, American Electro-Chemical Society, Society of Chemical Industry, M. K. M. Chemistry Society of the U. C., Dolphin Rowing and Swimming Club, Corinthian Yacht Club, U. C. Rowing Club, Merchants' Association and Brew Masters' Society of California.

The Making of Cement

It is only lately that California, which consumes cement so largely, has been able to obtain supplies of that necessary article nearer home than from Europe and the East at great cost. When the article can be made in the East at a cost of about $1.90 per 400-pound barrel and is sold on our market at a figure somewhere near $3, and as extensive lime and clay deposits are lying idle within easy reach of San Francisco, the fact that we now have cement plants of our own is therefore of decided interest to capitalists. For several years ventures have been made, in the northern and central part of the State, but cement has not been successfully produced until within the last year. Two plants were lately erected near the bay of San Francisco and are now producing. The latest of these is the plant owned by the Standard Portland Cement Co., situated about a quarter of a mile south of the station of Napa Junction. Material is being taken from the old Badgley limestone quarry. The stone is composed of fragments of fossil shells, which give it an appearance slightly like that of a granite. The calcium carbonate contents is about 86 per cent and but little clay is needed to mix with the lime; the small amount necessary is obtained from above the limestone and in the same quarry. The surface croppings are of limited extent, covering only a part of the seventy acres of land owned by the company. However, the depth has been proven by bored wells to be considerable. One well is 173 feet deep and ends in the lime formation. Water is needed to a considerable extent for transformers and jackets, but the supply is not excessive, and the water is condensed and used several times. The power used is electricity. Only two motors are used, each having a capacity of 800 horse-power. An eight-inch shaft is connected with each motor. Air compressors are located in the first motor room. In addition the plant can be run by steam-generated electrical power. The fuel used is crude petroleum, which is brought by tank cars and transferred by gravity to the storage system of the plant. The quarry or pit is about a hundred feet from the building and is being worked in twenty-foot steps. Transportation of the raw material is accomplished by means of two six-ton cars drawn by cable from the pit up to the top of the mill bin, a raise of about forty feet. Separate cables and drums control the cars, which are automatically detached upon reaching the level track at the top. One track carries the lime rock and the other the clayey material. The bin feeds down to two Gates crushers. A chain elevator and belt conveyor deliver the crushed rock to either the drier or storage room. Storage is made in a large room which is practically a bin, emptying below by a belt conveyor. The object of storage at any stage of the process is to allow for stoppages at any preceding stage. Drying takes place in two continuous rotary kilns fifty feet long and five feet in diameter, and burning in eight rotary kilns sixty feet long and six feet inside diameter. An eight-inch lining of specially prepared brick, consisting largely of magnesite, protects the inner surface. A temperature of about 3,400 degrees is maintained, which almost fuses the mixture and forms a glassy compound resembling coke, but composed of calcium and aluminum silicates. The material passes through other processes and before the final grinding, gypsum is added, which tends to retard the setting to a convenient time and also makes a harder cement. The amount required is about 2 per cent of the weight of cement and is all shipped by rail from Nevada. Continued production of cement will increase a demand for gypsum and selenite. The principal obstacle to be overcome is cost of transportation. The capacity of this works is about 1,600 barrels per twenty-four hours. Over one hundred workmen are employed in the quarry and mill. The company is independent, having its own cooperage and machine shop, and everything has been constructed in the most substantial manner. California cement can easily displace the other makes now on the market and the industry may become one of importance to the State. In locating a site limestone and clay must be found in close proximity and cheap power and transportation must be available. A mill located at a distance from railroads, or if on a road at a very great distance from market, could not compete. In choosing materials considerable care is necessary and a final decision must be based on chemical analysis. The most harmful impurities in lime are magnesium, iron or silica. Clay must be very fine and of course free from the impurities mentioned. Sand or silica fine enough to not be noticeable as grit can be endured.

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Christmas in Old England

"The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall table's oaken face
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord,
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving man;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-barbed ranger tell
How, when and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the bating of the boar.
The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked; hard by
Plum porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce
At such high tide her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

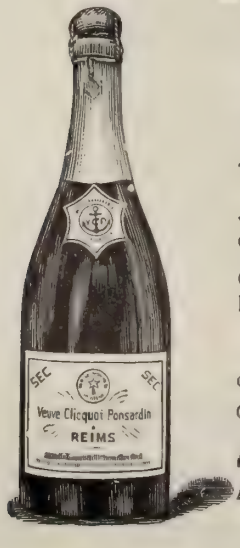
.. —*Walter Scott.*

The harbor of Navidad, Cuba, was discovered by Columbus on Christmas day, from which it takes its name.

It was at the Christmas Parliament of 1553 that the Church of England was established.

Queen Elizabeth's coronation and the preparations for the event were the absorbing occurrences of the Christmas period, 1557-58.

It was at a Christmas festival, 1214, that the barons demanded Magna Charta from King John, and at Christmas, 1265, the same barons, headed by Simon de Montford, succeeded in compelling his successor, Henry III, to summon the first national Parliament.



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Californians in Literature

BY THE BOOKWORM.

The year 1903 has been one of steady work rather than of sensational happenings in the California literary world. We have had fewer preliminary announcements of great things about to happen, and therefore fewer disappointments over unrealized expectations, though perhaps this has been as much the result of a decay of the fad of sensational exploitation in bookland as of modesty on the part of writers.

Scarcely had we entered upon the new year, however, before a select coterie of Oakland club women embroiled themselves with Rudyard Kipling. The ladies conceived the idea of a Kipling calendar as a charity scheme, and immediately proceeded to compile one. Having completed their labors they thought it would be a polite attention on their part to signify to Mr. Kipling the honor they had conferred upon him, and when notified that they could not be permitted to carry out their intention, for the good and very sufficient business reason that a calendar had already been authorized and protected by agreement and copyright, there were daily indignation meetings held and fathers, husbands and university professors called to the rescue. It seemed to be impossible for the ladies to comprehend that Mr. Kipling could not in honor and honesty permit them to make use of quotations from his works and that it was not a question of graciousness or generosity on his part, but law and justice. They declared their intention of proceeding and trusting to the chivalry of American courts and the leagues of land and sea between Oakland, California, and Mr. Kipling's home in England. Whatever happened, it was not the publication of the calendar, and from the sudden dropping of the matter in the newspapers it is probable that a little ordinary business sense and obligation penetrated into the secret chambers of clubdom.

Californian authors have come to the fore in the larger world of letters during the year, and a number of the books which have attained the doubtful honors of being listed as best-sellers have been the work of writers from our State. First among these ranks "The Pit," the last completed work of Frank Norris, which was issued in book form early in the year, having appeared as a serial during the previous autumn. Mr. Norris's publishers have also collected some of his short stories and his literary essays. The short story was not Frank Norris's best medium of expression, and while his admirers are glad to have even the fragments of his work, they will add nothing to his reputation as a writer. The essays, "The Responsibilities of the Novelist," are strong, virile work, as tonic as a sea breeze.

Jack London has come into his own with the publication of "The Call of the Wild." In it he is on his favorite heath, the Klondike trail, and though it is just possible that the fad for nature books may have helped to call attention to a story in which a dog is made the hero, there is no question whatever about the book deserving all the attention it has had. Mr. London made his appearance in an entirely different field in another volume, "The Kempton-Wace Letters," which is rather a scientific analysis of sex-attraction than a work of fiction. His collaborator in this was Miss Anna Strunsky, also a Californian, at least by adoption. "The Kempton-Wace Letters" did not make a bid for popularity, for it was outside the category of epistolary love-stories. It is a book for the discriminating few. Still again Mr. London is heard from in a study of the conditions of life amongst the east-side poor of London, where the author took up his residence for the purpose of making observations. In addition, the name of Jack London appears with frequent recurrence in the tables on contents of the literary monthlies, always with something worth saying and well said.

Gwendolen Overton has also added three to her list of published books, "Anne Carmel," a study of life in the parsonage of a Canadian village, "The Golden Chain," a longish short story of the Southwest, reprinted in the Macmillan series of Little Novels, and "The Captain's Daughter," a juvenile published serially in *St. Nicholas*, and a welcome addition to the neglected field of books for girls.

Frances Charles, who attracted attention last year by her first novel, "In the Country God Forgot," followed up her success by "The Siege of Youth," in which she depicted a believeable and possible Bohemia where people work more than they play and rent and food bills are paid. She has also written a juvenile, "The Awakening of the Duchess," issued just in time to attract the attention of Santa Claus or his agents.

Geraldine Bonner's second novel, "Tomorrow's Tangle," depicts another phase of bonanza days in San Francisco. It is just as probable as her first book, "Hard Pan," but a less pleasant story, and less normal. "Hard Pan" might almost be called an

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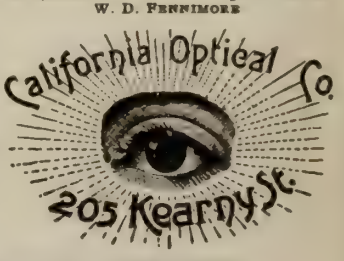
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average California experience, while "Tomorrow's Tangle" is an exceptional case.

Edward W. Townsend, whom we still claim in spite of his Eastern residence, also gave us three new books, "Lees and Leaven," in which he took up the threads of some of his characters in "Days Like These," "A Summer in New York," and "Fort Birkett," all of which were well received. "Chimmie Fadden" and "de Duchess" have not fallen out of sight during the year.

Will Irwin and Gelett Burgess collaborated on an amusing tale, the plot of which is woven about those characteristic celebrations, the carnivals held in every village large enough to have a paved street for a procession to pass and girls or women enough to furnish contestants for coronation honors.

In "The Socialist and the Prince" Mrs. Fremont Older produced a society melodrama which attracted much attention, since it was the first time that Dennis Kearney and his sand lot agitation have been exploited in fiction.

An exceptionally good book for a first volume was Alice Prescott Smith's "The Legatee," the scene of which was laid in the Wisconsin lumber region. It contained some graphic pictures of the great fire which devastated that section as well as studies of the labor question.

Charles Warren Stoddard's contributions consisted of a volume of fugitive essays, bits of description, reminiscences and recollections under the title "Exits and Entrances," and a novel, "For the Pleasure of His Company," which is believed to be more or less autobiographical, and is decidedly interesting.

Pauline Bradford Mackay, in private life Mrs. Herbert M. Hopkins, gave us "The Voice of the Desert," and Professor Hopkins himself, formerly of the University of California, has recently torn up academic circles, or perhaps one had better say, set them on fire by "The Torch," in which he has used as literary material some of the happenings at both Berkeley and Stanford.

Alfred Sonnichsen, whose "Ten Months Captive among the Filipinos" was one of the notable books growing out of the late war, produced an interesting and instructive volume entitled "Deep Sea Vagabonds." Mr. Sonnichsen inherits a restless foot and an observant eye, and the result of his observations and experiences makes good reading.

Hermann Whittaker produced a volume of Hudson Bay tales, and Mr. Bell collected some interesting war stories and reminiscences, both of which were brought out by local publishers.

Gertrude Atherton has been content with a compilation of "A Few Hamilton Letters," as a sort of supplement to her historical novel, or novelistic history of Alexander Hamilton.

Kate Douglas Wiggin has given us the best girls' book since Louise Alcott, in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and no better time for a republication of her old *St. Nicholas* serial, "Half a Dozen Housekeepers,' could be found than now, when the new book has recalled the two old sisters, Mirandy and Jane Sawyer, who figured in the early story.

Chester Bailey Fernald has done a good turn to his friends in bringing together between covers his anecdotes of Clarence O'Shay and Sudden Lannigan.

Charles Josselyn's "Favorite Book Shelf" has been laid under contribution and the contents offered to the public in the shape of choice extracts.

Mrs. Mary Austin's book, "The Land of Little Rain," was most favorably received, and has been added by the Bureau of Equipment to the library for seamen, especially those of the Pacific coast.

Of poets, new and old, we have had no lack. Joaquin Miller made haste to seize the occasion to launch his volume while the topic of race-suicide was before the public, but the public was in less haste to seize the volume. Of the others, Hermann Scheffauer's "Of Both Worlds," and Ambrose Bierce's volume are best worthy of mention. Frederick Milton Willis published a small collection also. Though there was early announcement of a forthcoming book by Agnes Tobin, the volume itself has not materialized.

The Paul Elder Company, which makes a specialty of minor publications of a certain kind, has brought out this year not only a second edition of the Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom, but also a calendar and memorandum made up of hints and hits at matrimony—"Bachelor Bigotries," one concerning widows, a "Limerick Book," and "Johnny Jones's Nature Studies." Two other productions of this house especially worthy of mention are "Antigone," which followed the college production of the play, and "On Seeing an Elizabethan Play," called forth by the Stanford presentation of the "Knight of the Burning Pestle." The Paul Elder Company is also the publisher of the *Impressionist Quarterly*.

Pacific coast writers were deemed of sufficient importance for the *Atlantic Monthly* to make its July number over mainly to

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California, and the number of Californians who contribute to the Eastern magazines increases constantly. In September there were fifteen well known local names indexed in the principal periodicals, largely recruited from amongst those whose literary career began in the Sunday supplements.

Sunset, which was at first scarcely more than a railroad gazetteer, has now attained its full growth as a magazine, and an excellent one at that, while *Out West*, formerly *The Land of Sunshine*, more than justifies its existence. Either of these publications more nearly represents California than does the familiar *Overland Monthly*. We may claim a special interest in *Everybody's* also, since the editorial management is in the hands of ex-Californians, J. O'Hara Cosgrave, and Juliet Tompkins, now Mrs. Pottle. The *Book-Lover*, originally a San Francisco enterprise, but now issued in New York, still keeps in the front rank of literary publications, and has recently added book publishing to its other industry.

No series of articles contributed to a magazine attracted more earnest and widespread attention than those which Lincoln Steffens has written for *McClure's*, on the subject of municipal corruption, and if the author carries out his present intention of writing up state politics on the same lines there will be no question of his standing.

We have had comparatively few visitors of importance during the past twelve months. Bertha Runkle, whose name is now all but forgotten, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, were exploited by the women's clubs, but neither was of sufficient importance to ruffle the waters of the literary pool. Elinor Gates, whose "Biography of a Prairie Girl" was such an instantaneous success last year, and her husband, James W. Tully, spent the summer in Oakland, while Elbert Hubbard, Laurence Hutton, and Kirk Monroe either paid short visits or passed through San Francisco on their way to other ports.

Among those who have passed to another world were Jessie Benton Fremont, widow of the Pathfinder, whose death occurred during the last week of the old year. Her literary work consisted entirely of reminiscences and autobiographical sketches.

Virna Woods, a promising playwright, was a victim to her over-solicitude concerning the production of one of her dramas.

Anton Roman, the pioneer book seller, one of the projectors of the original *Overland Monthly*, and more or less intimately connected with all the literary movements of early days, lost his life in a railroad disaster.

Dr. Charles W. Doyle of Santa Cruz died suddenly. He was a poet of more than ordinary ability as well as a prose writer of merit. Had he devoted his life to literature, instead of making it secondary to his other profession, his name would have been written high on the scroll of fame.

Noah Brooks, another of the pioneer contingent, also left us during the last twelvemonth. Though for many years a resident of the East he never lost touch with the Pacific Coast. He also, like Anton Roman, was associated with the early literary life of the State.

Professor L. DuPont Syle, formerly of the California University, died under peculiarly distressing circumstances. It is generally believed that he was the victim of a juggernaut system, and that his failing mental and physical health were directly attributable to a lack of human consideration on the part of his superiors. Professor Syle's literary work was not a popular success and there is no room in the educational world of these days for those whose names are not blared forth through the trumpet of notoriety.

On the whole, the year just past is a satisfactory one to review. Most of the work put forth by Californians has been good, some excellent, and very little of positive mediocrity. The majority of the new writers give promise of doing at least as well in the future, and there is good ground for expecting most to do still better. The infant prodigy appears to have been suppressed betimes, and that in itself is a cheerful sign. Californians are not unappreciative of home talent, and books by local writers never fail to reach a place among the best-sellers in San Francisco at least during the month of publication. If they do not hold their standing it is because they do not deserve it.

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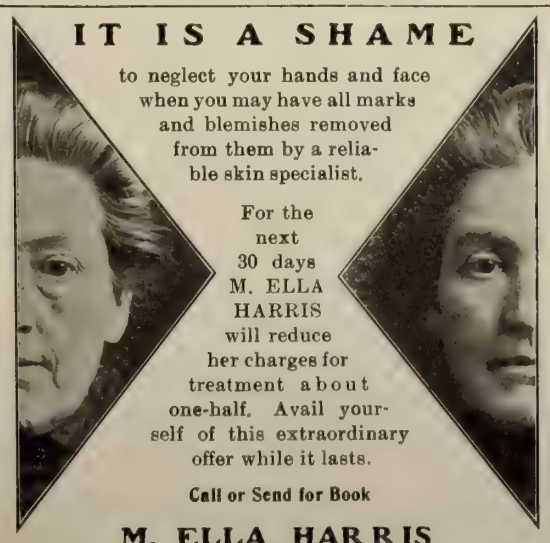
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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 88054.

CLIFF R. CURTISS, Plaintiff vs. JENNIE M. CURTISS Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

JENNIE M. CURTISS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's deserting plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By FRANK J. BURKE, Deputy Clerk.

E. M. RITTER, Plaintiff's Attorney

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87,758

LILLIAN B SMITH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES E. SMITH, Defendant. } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of the said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

CHARLES E. SMITH Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bond of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful desertion of the plaintiff and willful neglect to provide the plaintiff with the common necessities of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 17th day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,
By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

WEST & DE JOURNEL, Attorneys for Plaintiff
54-55-56 Crocker Building, San Francisco

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

In the matter of the Estate of PATRICK F. LYNCH, also known as P. F Lynch, also known as Patrick Lynch, also known as P. Lynch, deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the Petition this day presented by John Farnham, as Administrator of the Estate of Patrick F. Lynch, also known as P. F. Lynch, also known as Patrick Lynch, also known as P. Lynch, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the Real Estate of said deceased, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and now said petition having been filed,

It is therefore ORDERED by this Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before said Superior Court on Thursday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1903, at the hour of 10 A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 9 of said Court, in the New City Hall in the said City and County of San Francisco, to then and there show cause why an order should not be granted to said Administrator for the sale of all of said real estate, or so much thereof as shall be necessary

It is therefore ORDERED that a copy of this order be published four successive weeks in TOWN TALK a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County.

Done in open Court, this 20th day of November, 1903.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge of said Superior Court

CARLTON W. GREENE, Attorney for Administrator
Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of George Symon, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Jemima Harling, Administratrix of the estate of George Symon, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Jemima Harling, Administratrix as aforesaid, at the office of Edward B. Young, Attorney-at-Law, No. 14 Sansome street, Rooms, 35 and 36, San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Jemima Harling
Administratrix of the Estate of
Dated at San Francisco. Nov. 21, 1903 George Symon, Deceased
Edward B Young, Attorney for Administratrix

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87599.

MARY M. WALSH Plaintiff vs. D. J. WALSH Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting, to:

D. J. WALSH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's neglect and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk
By R. A. MARTIN, Deputy Clerk

GEORGE M. HURLBUT, Plaintiff's Attorney
449 Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN J. O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Mary G. O'Brien, administratrix of the Estate of John J. O'Brien, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Mary G O'Brien, at the offices of J. J. Lermen, Attorney-at-Law, Rooms 908-911 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY G. O'BRIEN,
Administratrix of the Estate of
John J. O'Brien, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, November 21, 1903.
J. J. Lermen, Attorney for Administratrix.

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Where the Christmas Tree Came From

The Christmas tree does not belong, by right, to any other European families than those of Germanic and Scandinavian origin. Kelts and Slavs and Latins knew nothing of it and if it has found its way into France and Italy, even into England, it is an importation. The Christmas tree was certainly unknown to our forefathers. The relic of the Christmas tree with us is the ash fagot. The Germans when they accepted Christianity brought the yule tree into their new religion, and gave it a new signification. The missionaries to the Anglo-Saxons denounced it, and made every good Catholic hack the idolatrous symbol in pieces, and burn it at Christmas, in token that the Holy Child had destroyed heathenism. Among the Scandinavians, and probably among the Anglo-Saxons, the ash was the sacred tree. Yggdrasill, the world-tree, was, according to the Edda, an ash with three roots, one in heaven, one in hell, and one on earth. On the tree branches sat an eagle, along them ran a squirrel, and about its roots, gnawing into them, was coiled a great serpent. The serpent and the eagle are ever in strife, says the younger Edda, and the squirrel runs between them trying to make peace. But probably the sacred tree among the Germans was a pine. Tacitus speaks in his annals of a temple that the Marsii, a mid-German race, called Tafana, *i. e., fanum tanae,* made to resemble the earth. Tanne is pine tree, and the words of Tacitus have been supposed to refer to a sacred inclosure about a monstrous pine dedicated to the earth goddess. In one of the Wartburg Minnesinger's lays we have lines about the world-tree long after its real meaning was lost:

"A gallant tree is growing high
A garden gay adorning.
Its roots run down to hell below,
Its crown to heaven above doth throw
Where God doth sit in golden glow;
Its branches take the morning;
Distilling manna, dropping dew,
Its branches spread the whole world through,
And birds thereon are singing."

Otfried, in the Ninth century, sings of the cross in similar strains, deriving his ideas from Yggdrasill, which he translates into the tree of life in the garden of the church—the cross. So also Alcuin, writing among the Franks, says of the cross, "Its position is such that the lower portion touches the earth, the root reaches to hell. Its branches extend to all parts of the earth." —*The Historian.*

Christmas Events

William the Conqueror was crowned King of England on Christmas Day, 1066.

It was at Christmastide, 1085, that he proposed to his councilors the compilation of the records known as the Domesday Book.

The Order of the Garter was instituted at a Christmas festival by Edward IV.

Edward III was deposed by the Christmas Parliament of 1326-27.

Sir Isaac Newton was born on Christmas day, 1642. —*The Chronicler.*

Club Cocktails



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TOWN TALK

VOL. XII. No. 591. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 26, 1903. PRICE 10 CENTS.



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TOWN TALK

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 26, 1903.

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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THEODORE F. BONNET - - - Editor
CHARLES S. SMITH - - - Manager
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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded. We cannot undertake to preserve or return manuscripts.

The Virtuous Hoar

The position that we have assumed with reference to the Republic of Panama has aroused the virtuous indignation of that eminent and venerable statesman, Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. He has taken the President to task for having encouraged the people of Panama to secede from Colombia, and also for declaring his intention to preserve the peace of the Isthmus after having officially recognized the new Government. In the opinion of Senator Hoar we should not have meddled in the politics of a sister State, and the Administration was guilty of a highly immoral act in protecting the people of Panama from aggression while they were engaged in securing their independence. Senator Hoar's objection to our friendly attitude toward Panama is, of course, based upon the supposition that the Administration was prompted by selfishness; that if the question of expediency were not involved we would have kept our hands off. Senator Hoar may be right, but if the canal were not at stake the gentleman from Massachusetts would in all probability applaud the interposition of our Government. There is no doubt that the people of Panama were aggrieved; that they had suffered great injustice at the hands of the corrupt authorities of Bogota, and that they were justified in seeking their independence. They were entitled to the sympathy of all civilized and humane nations. Under the circumstances, if we had no selfish interests to subserve we would have felt it our duty to espouse the cause of the seceders, and if we asserted our intention to preserve the peace of the Isthmus, as we had bound ourselves to do, no intelligent person would have questioned the justice of our course. Why should the canal question alter the case? Is it not an additional reason for espousing the cause of the Panamans? It is the duty of the authorities at Washington to take every precaution to safeguard the interests of this country, and it is now conceded that the building of the Panama canal is of paramount importance to us. Moreover the building of that canal is to the interest of the people of Colombia, for anything that will augment the military power of this country is of benefit to all countries on this continent which we have undertaken to guard from foreign aggression. No European nation situated as we are would have hesitated to take possession of the canal, but through a high regard for the maxims of international morality, which are more highly honored in the breach than in the observance, we offered to purchase it for a good round sum. The Colombians, knowing our reluctance to do aught which might be construed as an imposition on a feeble and inferior State, resolved to extort an exorbitant sum, and now that they find that their greed has brought disaster upon their country they cry out for justice. But they are appealing with unclean hands. Senator Hoar might be engaged in better business than that of casting odium on his country for the part that it played in the drama which had the independence of Panama for its *motif*.

His Loss of Popularity

At this great distance from the centre of political activity in this country it is decidedly difficult to "size up the situation." Some months ago it was a foregone conclusion that Roosevelt would be the nominee of the Republican party, but those who conceded at that time that he would be the choice of the convention are now expressing doubt, and hinting that perhaps some other man may become the standard bearer. It has been known all along that those powerful bosses, Hanna, Platt, Quay and Cullom, who can always swing a Republican convention when they combine to do so, were not anxious for his nomination, and that they were for him in a half-hearted way because they believed his popularity was so great it would be suicidal to defeat him. Gradually the situation has been changing; the President's popularity is on the wane, and by the time the convention meets it may be found that none but the "pie-counter brigade" wishes to see him nominated. Various causes have combined to weaken him before the people. In the first place, when he was swinging round the circle some months ago, he impressed many old-fashioned people with the notion that he lacked the repose that harmonizes with the dignity of his high office. Then, his attitude toward the labor unions is responsible for the alienation of capital throughout the country without strengthening him with those whom he sought to placate. His enemies have been saying that he is responsible for much of the arrogance of organized labor, and they call attention to the fact that though he has lectured capital, no excesses of the unions, though carried to the extreme of riot and murder, have ever called out a word of rebuke from him. But perhaps nothing that the President has done during the whole course of his political career awakened such widespread distrust and disapproval as his promotion of the erstwhile Captain-Doctor Wood to the Major-Generalcy. While there is general admiration for the public official who sticks to his friends, quite a different sentiment is awakened when the manifestation of loyalty is accompanied by gross unfairness and injustice to men who have earned the gratitude of their country in the public service. The press of the country is almost unanimous in its disapproval of the promotion of Wood, the army and the friends of the army are indignant at the favoritism that has been shown him, and even men who are disposed to stand by the President in all his acts unite in condemnation of a step which will place great responsibility in the hands of a man who has not given satisfactory evidence of ability to sustain it.

Evidence of Disaffection

It is most significant of the great change that has taken place in the political situation, that the Republicans who

are most friendly to Roosevelt are now discussing the probability of his election without the vote of New York. That there is danger of New York's going Democratic in the event of Roosevelt's nomination is a fact that is now engrossing the attention of wise politicians, and the President's friends have been put to the necessity of trying to prove that it is possible for him to win without the Empire State. This is a matter that Republican organs in this part of the country do not care to discuss. They desire to be in a position to make the usual hurrah campaign if Roosevelt be nominated. But that there is grave alarm in the East is evident when such a man as General Grosvenor finds it expedient to remark, "Roosevelt would be much stronger in some parts of the country if certain elements in New York were opposed to us." Perhaps he would, but he would much rather have the support of those certain elements in New York. The situation is becoming critical so far as Roosevelt is concerned, and the Democratic leaders of New York are more hopeful than ever. In all probability they will send a delegation instructed for Chief Judge Parker to their convention.

The Reaction Against Labor Unions

The Citizens' Industrial Association urges all those who are opposed to trades union tyranny to refuse to allow the goods they make and sell to bear the union label. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. For a long time organized labor has sought to force its label upon manufacturers, dealers and consumers, and it has been very successful in the exercise of coercion. There was a time when the label was regarded merely as a means of advertising union labor. It was tolerated by the public because public sympathy was with the unions, and it had not become an agency of oppression. Of late, however, organized labor has provoked prejudice against the label. They have made it apparent that the label and the boycott are closely related. When the label is missing the boycott is declared. The label indicates those with whom organized labor should deal, and when a consumer insists on a label he is boycotting every article which does not bear the stamp of union endorsement. Now the Citizens' Industrial Association thinks that the label should indicate the goods which should be discriminated against in defense of the principle of the open shop and the freedom of individual contract. This stand taken by the Industrial Association is a forerunner of the more widespread movement that is developing in the East against trades union excesses and abuses. And such appears to be the condition of public feeling, that it is more than likely that a combination of consumers to destroy the agency by which the boycott is made effective will prove successful. No observing person has the slightest doubt as to the state of public feeling today toward trades unions. Not long ago the trade union movement was regarded as a beneficent social revolution for the welfare of mankind, but this view of its function is no longer general. Crimes and conspiracies which menace the fundamental institutions of the commonwealth, and the defense of practices which tend toward anarchy, have destroyed public faith in the sincerity of the men by whom organized labor is led. The expediency of organized labor is still recognized, but that its excesses should be curbed, and its sophistries overwhelmed, all patriotic and intelligent Americans believe. Organized labor has made the mistake of assuming that there is only one phase of public opinion in this country concerning the matters in which it is chiefly interested.

When you order your whiskey with soda on the side be sure the former is Chapin and Gore's—that's good.

About Appendicitis

Appendicitis has done more to bring the surgeon's knife into play in the last ten years than all the other afflictions to which flesh is heir. Numerous operations for appendicitis are performed in this city every day, and yet the medical profession has done nothing toward educating the public with a view of rendering the disease less common. There is probably no other disease concerning which there is such dense ignorance among laymen. Some years ago it was thought that it was always caused by some seed or other substance lodging in the troublesome vermiform appendix, and stories were told about surgeons making an incorrect diagnosis and having a grape seed on hand by way of corroborative evidence to deceive the patient. Statistics, however, are leading to the conviction that the best way to avoid appendicitis is to diet principally on fruit and vegetables, and that the disease is caused in most cases by eating meat. It has been noticed that vegetarians never suffer from appendicitis, and that the disease seldom occurs among the peasants of Europe, who eat very little meat. The abuse of meat appears to be the true cause of the evil, and it is most frequent among Anglo-Saxons who are the great eaters of beefsteaks and bleeding roasts. That the use of the knife is essential to the cure of the disease is an exploded idea in Europe, and considerable interest has lately been taken in the report from Paris that in 1902 the military hospitals received six hundred and sixty-six patients afflicted with appendicitis, only one hundred and sixty-eight of whom were operated upon. Of that number twenty-three died, while the four hundred and eighty not treated with the knife furnished but five deaths. According to the rule in this country the operations would have numbered four hundred and eighty and the proportion of deaths would have been at the same ratio as in the surgical cases in Paris. But in this country doctors have great faith in the knife. People yield larger fees when cut than when merely dosed with nostrums.

Didn't See the Joke

New York is losing its sense of humor. The cause is worthy of serious speculation. Perhaps it is due to the fact that the overgrown metropolis has been taking itself seriously for so many years. There is nothing so fatal to a sense of humor in an individual as incessant self-congratulation in serious mood for a protracted period. It promotes a feeling of superiority and a disposition to pose, both of which are characteristic of serious-minded people. The character of a metropolis is that of its people. It is possible that New York's sense of humor has suffered from the influence of the musical comedies which have supplied the people with entertainment during the last few years.

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It is acknowledged that the stage influences the morals of the people. Isn't it reasonable to assume that it also affects their sense of humor? When people are forced to reduce their intelligence to the level of a Clyde Fitch comedy or a Harry B. Smith libretto, in order to render their risibles susceptible of agitation, it is natural that in time they should find themselves incapable of appreciating genuine humor. Evidence of the sobermindedness of the metropolis was supplied on the recent occasion of the seventh annual dinner of young Mr. Rockefeller's Bible class, when Senator Depew spoke of the "supreme folly" of attempting to "rival and reach great fortunes" at the sacrifice of "all the pleasures of life and all its opportunities in many directions open for enjoyment, culture and progress." Senator Depew is looked upon as one of New York's foremost wits. Yet on this occasion he was not jocose. He was as serious as when he led his young bride to the altar some months ago. But here was Croesus himself, addressing a Bible class of a young millionaire on the supreme folly of competing for riches. It was the funniest spectacle that has been presented in New York for many a year, but nobody saw the joke. It didn't raise a laugh. The newspapers treated Senator Depew's remarks with the utmost gravity. The Senator argued that it was absurd to try to become a millionaire because, if you get in the millionaire class, you may be far from the top; relatively to others in it your means may be only modest. "The million-dollar man has no rank or place or consideration in the ten million class, and the ten-million chap is a little fellow in the fifty million or one hundred million circle." The Senator was seeking to make poverty content with its condition, but with young Rockefeller as a conspicuous example of distinction in material wealth, and the speaker himself as an instance of what is to be accomplished by the ardent pursuit of the dollar, it must have been hard for the young men in the Bible class to divert their minds from thoughts of wealth and the ambition to get it. Senator Depew is not the man to inculcate a love of ideals, and young Mr. Rockefeller is not a personality to inspire people with an indifference to the advantages of great wealth. That such a lecture given by a Depew under such auspices was not accepted as a contribution to the gayety of the metropolis is certainly convincing that the New York temperament has become soggy.

The Overworked Female

In looking over the Sunday supplements, illustrated papers, and a large portion of the magazine output, the thought strikes one that it would not be a bad idea if women were given a rest for awhile. We see and hear entirely too much about them both as individuals and as a sex, and we cannot help but feel that it would indicate a more wholesome condition of affairs if they were relegated to the background. Just as soon as a woman attains a little prominence, whether it be as a light of stageland, the victim of an accident, the perpetrator of a crime, or the dispenser of her husband's income, she is pushed forward and her opinion on every possible subject is given publicity. Possibly, like the royal duchess who exhibited herself for "charity" at so much per peek, in her coronation robes, some of the women really believe the world is hanging on their utterances, but usually it is only morbid and unhealthy vanity. It is not the women of brains who are consulted, but the garrulous contingent whose stream of talk goes on forever and whose views are of no more interest than the babbling of the brook. But the sayings and doings of women in general and of women as individuals are of no special importance, anyway. The sensations of a millionairess in a ferryboat accident are precisely the same as those of a factory hand and neither one nor the other is able to set a fashion in nerves. That women play golf or ride bicycles, or wear short skirts and thick shoes, and discard gloves, has no effect on the national policy. Their amusements and recreations, their fads and their foibles, and even their attempts at serious occupations, are of no special consequence. Women are not particularly new. Eve was created shortly after Adam and there has never been a time since then when there have not been women in the world. The amount of attention lavished on them has made them, as a sex, very much like spoiled children. They have gained a false impression of their own importance and are badly in need of wholesome and judicious letting alone, if not actual suppression.

Hot Lunches for School Children

In the East there is a fad for providing school children with free hot lunches at noon, and of course San Francisco is not to be outdone—not if she knows herself—so the free hot lunch is under discussion and consideration. The faddist never takes the trouble to investigate conditions. That is not necessary at all. Now, the fact is that nine-tenths of the children of San Francisco, whether they attend public or private schools, go home at noon, and of the other tenth, the greater number take their lunches because they are seeking special advantages and their parents, being able to supply them with carfare to carry them to schools at a distance from their homes, are under no necessity for demanding public aid in providing them with luncheons. School children, as a rule, have their breakfasts at eight o'clock or thereabouts, and they are a long way from starvation by twelve. There is no more reason why the municipality should be taxed to feed them at noon than there is for providing breakfasts, or "snacks" at the afternoon dismissal hour. In these indulgent days they are not roused before daylight and turned out to do a half-day's work in barn chores, milking and the like before the first meal, nor do they tramp miles through frost and snow to reach a cold barn of a schoolhouse. On the contrary, few of them stir from their blankets till after repeated calling, and it is an exceptional child who has any task to perform beyond eating breakfast and making ready for school, where they arrive with the taste of their food still fresh on their tongues. If there are to be any warm meals provided it is the teachers who should be made the beneficiaries. They are the ones who perform the arduous tasks in the modern school rooms, and who carry their cold luncheons. They may not leave the school premises during the day without special permission which is not granted for the mere asking, and having spent the day about their allotted tasks they are still under orders to attend school themselves or special meetings, or one thing or another which adds an hour or two to the length of their day. More than once we have seen school directors protesting against the wicked indulgence of teachers, who actually had a cup of hot tea at noontime, and there are some principals who will not permit

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the boiling of a kettle. The children of this day are over-pampered. The school department has other duties besides that of superseding the parents. The more that is done for people the more they demand and the less they exert themselves. If lunches are to be provided there is no reason why dinners and breakfasts should be cut off. If football outfits are paid for from the public treasury, still more should shoes and stockings, aprons, skirts, jackets and trousers be requisitioned. If baths are provided, why not beds? There is only one good thing to be said for all this overloading of non-essentials; eventually there must come a last straw under which the camel will lie down.

The Nagger

The nagging woman is once more a topic of discussion, and we are having all the old nonsense about delicate nervous organisms, over-work, ill-health and a multiplicity of duties brought out to air in their usual connection. Nothing so pleases a nagging woman, and nothing could be devised more certain to provide encouragement, than this pampering with high-flown excuses. The nagging woman, in plain English, is a bad tempered woman. She has a very much exaggerated idea of her own importance in the scheme of things, and she is provided with victims, in the shape of husbands, children or employes who cannot escape from the lashings of her tongue. One would imagine, from the manner in which the contributors to the discussions write, that nagging is to be found only amongst poor housewives obliged to give their personal care to all the details of the menage, besides caring for large families of small children on inadequate incomes. As a matter of fact, the nagger is to be found in all ranks and conditions, and some of the most inveterate are women who have not a care or a duty on earth beyond their own pleasures. The nagging woman is the logical development of the teasing child, who succeeds in getting all it wants by dint of making life a burden until its demands are complied with, be they reasonable or otherwise. Men who find the poutings and sulkings and exactions of their adored ones most bewitching during courtship are very apt to waken, when it is too late, to the knowledge that pretty pussy has claws and is not averse to using them. Naturally, the inclination of a young husband is to try gentle means and give in when the matter is one of no particular moment, but the nagger is never generous. She never admits that she was wrong, or makes a return in kind by abating her own position. On the contrary, each concession is seized as a right and used as a precedent when the next time comes. Children born of nagging mothers come under the rod from the beginning. They accept it as a matter of course, though a disagreeable one, and all too often they adopt the same methods, profiting by the example. What the nagger needs is not gentleness and submission but firm and rigid discipline. Ill-health has nothing to do it with, for there are naggers who have never known a sick day; over-work is not the cause, for really busy people have no time to imagine slights and grievances and hardships. Reasoning will do no good, for a nagger has no reason. Men cannot desert their wives, or children leave home because they are cursed with ugly-tempered mothers, but it is a great pity that the ducking stool cannot be revived. Wherever there is a woman to oversee employes, be it a housekeeper with a retinue of servants, or a forewoman in a shop, there is this same display of cantankerous fault-finding and "jawing"; there is less work accomplished and more friction engendered. The nagger will never be brought to time by gentleness, for that is foreign to her understanding. To all intents and purposes she is a setting hen, and the most effective treatment for the persistent gallinacian is to duck her in the cold water trough.

The Great American Novel

Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald says that to write *the* American novel the ambitious literary person should travel and contemplate the United States from the other side of the Atlantic. "To write *the* great American novel," says Mr. Fernald, "one must be, among other things, a great critic, and a great critic will survey America from the broadest base line the world affords—which is European civilization of the twentieth century." The conceit of the average novel writer of the day is appalling. Having written a novel, Mr. Fernald is laboring under the delusion that he is an authority of some importance in the literary world. The probability is that he wouldn't recognize *the* great American novel if it were dedicated to him. What has criticism to do with the writing of a novel? Why should a writer of vivid imagination, keen perceptive faculty and highly developed powers of observation, such as are essential to the writing of a great novel, find it necessary to travel abroad in order to write something characteristic of this land and of the people and their manners and customs? It is well for a writer to travel. It improves his mind and broadens his viewpoint, but a man may be mentally equipped for the writing of a great novel distinctly national in flavor without becoming a spectator in a foreign land. The real object of the novel is the delineation of human character, and the great American novel should portray a state of society distinctly American, and mirror the most salient features of our civilization. Why should it be necessary to cross the ocean to accomplish the task? If we had a Hugo or a Dumas amongst us he wouldn't find it necessary to travel before perpetuating his views between book-covers. Information and experience are essential to the writing of great fiction, but not for the purpose of strengthening the imagination, which is never so strong as in people incapable of reasoning—savages and dreamers—but for the purpose of enabling the writer to communicate his conceptions to others. However, it is wasting time to give serious consideration to *the* great American novel. Who knows but that it has already been written and sidetracked! Some of the greatest works of literature were not discovered until the authors had passed away.

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Mrs. Knocker: Yes, you know fans are indispensable to those who have forgotten how to blush.

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Ideal Debts

BY HARRY COWELL.

About Christmas time it is ever seasonable to call to mind and emphasize certain facts, the contemplation of which may, haply, greaten the good-will of man towards man, may soften and cause to glow with gratitude the heart of man, which, in a machine age, tends to become hard and cold as steel. Among the most effective of such facts are what may be termed ideal debts, in contradistinction to those practical debts which may be settled with so much gold. Ideal debts, nothing less than ideal love can liquidate. Assuming that we are, most of us, glad to be alive, then if Creative Beneficence caused the universe in which we find ourselves to come into being, to Creative Beneficence are we indeed primarily indebted.

How immense the debt man owes to matter no man fully realizes; not the scientist, not the philosopher—to matter which fools and ingrates affect to despise. Man, though his feet seem free of the earth, has roots, attachments to the soil, no less real than those of the tree. The contemner of matter cannot lift his sneering lip nor exhale through haughty nostrils his disdainful breath without illustrating his dependence on matter. Read Darwin on the action of earth-worms, consider in all humility the extent of your ideal debt to them, and tread no more with indifference on those little squirming objects of contempt.

To scorn the senses is no less folly and ingratitude. The soul's indebtedness to the senses is incalculable. Few things are more spiritual than music; but if the material ear be defective or the material violin out of tune, what then? Though lovers "walk upon the winds with lightness," yet not even their feet are wholly free of the earth.

With eyes that at best are but beautiful dust, miracles of matter, we behold the dream face of a flower, dust also; and though the will-o'-the-wisp, *we,* survive the day when dust of flower and dust of eyes shall have become indistinguishable the one from the other, none the less are we indebted to the dust. Ignorant indeed is the soul that does not know that Matter is the name of a benefactor; and base indeed the soul that, knowing, forgets to be thankful.

What the present owes to the past is easily overlooked. But when we remember that, because this and that scientist or inventor went sleepless years ago, we may now sleep more comfortably and securely o'nights, we wake up of mornings with a desire to pay to the living and to those yet to be born the debt we owe to the dead. Part payment is all that the richest and most generous may hope for. No man dies solvent. Leave no matter how royal a legacy to the world, and it is still doubtful whether time itself should see wiped out the last of your ideal debts. Today's human product, far from perfect though it be, is the work of ages. Man is cumulative. The unfittest among us had parents who, in some way, by hook or by crook, survived to maturity, and they in their turn parents who had passed at least the age of puberty, and so on *ad infinitum* to the little beginnings of life. We are all the chosen of the chosen of the chosen. Each generation does not have to begin life *de novo,* but may take up where its predecessor left them. Today ten thousand conveniences are ready to hand which were unheard of yesterday. The civilized babe levies contributions from the uttermost ends of the earth. For years before we are able to turn over a hand for the world, the world works for us. "Indirectly," you interpose, "by way of father and mother." Well, what of it? True, to our parents we who find life desirable are deeply indebted—and that notwithstanding the fact that, though ends to nature, to them we were but incidents, incidents of their love;—but apart from society what could the best of fathers and mothers do for us?

Outside of society man is an impossibility. Those who look down on the "working masses" forget that their superior selves live only by means of the "working masses." The duke, proud of his inability to do for himself, depends on his "dependents." These winter morns we nibble our rolls and read our newspapers and warm our toes over the coals, forgetful of the baker's flour-wan face, the life-consuming linotype, and the dangers that beset the miner in the darkness underground. We have parted with our dollars; we have paid our shot; we owe no man anything, least of all to love him!

The ideal debts of savage nations are much fewer than those of civilized. If a German doctor makes a discovery in medicine, sick folk the civilized world over—French, English, American—are in a fair way to benefited thereby. The more one country takes advantage of all forms of progress that obtain elsewhere the better off it is, but also the more ideally indebted. How ungrateful it is for a Frenchman who loves music to hate the land that produced Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Mozart. How absurd for the modern German student to shake his fist at the England of Darwin, Huxley and Herbert Spencer.

The extent of a man's ideal debt is proportionate to the largeness of his life. To owe but little to men in general and to poets, painters, sculptors, philosophers, scientists, inventors, and the like, in particular, is to be poor indeed; for, note this beautiful paradox: In the ideal world the richest man is he who is most in debt.

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The Saunterer

The Other Viewpoint

Many people are very uncharitable in their view of the case of Secretary McKowen of the Berkeley Board of Regents. They regard only the criminal aspect of the case, and completely overlook the public's indebtedness to him for having exposed the official negligence of his superiors in a manner so dramatic as to insure earnest attention. It has been demonstrated on more than one occasion that the highly respectable and apathetic regents were in need of an awakening. It would be difficult to estimate the cost to the State of their profound stupidity as exemplified during the course of their administration. They lost the Sutro library, and it was not long ago that they lost an important suit on a mortgage through gross negligence. But those were matters that were given comparatively little publicity. It remained for Secretary McKowen to make a sensational expose of the kindergarten methods by which our State University is governed. Though he had to turn criminal in order to render this great public service, the indebtedness of the commonwealth should not be repudiated. When the time comes to consider extenuating circumstances it should be remembered that he not only gave the university a lesson in bookkeeping and aroused the regents to a sense of their responsibility, but that incidentally he impressed President Wheeler with the importance of safeguarding trust funds with the same degree of caution that he would give to his own. No doubt the legislature will be importuned to pass a bill reimbursing President Wheeler for the amount of trust funds stolen from him, but obviously such legislation would be a fraud on the public. It's too bad that Mrs. Hearst isn't here to straighten out the tangle.

"Freely ye have received, freely give!" is the Scriptural motto for this season of the year, which comes to remind us that the best use of money is the spending of it.

Greenway's Triumph

There was much disappointment at the Greenway dance last week over the indifference of Herman Oelrichs to the delights of Terpsichore. Several girls saved dances in expectation of being asked to trip the light fantastic with the transplanted New Yorker who was, not many years ago, a popular Newport beau. But the distinguished club man has long since foresworn the strenuous life on the waxed floor. Mrs. Oelrichs danced a great many times, and seemed to enjoy herself very much. She is very light on her feet, but is not a particularly graceful dancer. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs at the dance was a great triumph for Czar Ned. It gave the belles and buds something to talk about, and incidentally it silenced unkind rumor which has been somewhat active ever since the revocation of the power-of-attorney under which Mr. Oelrichs formerly attended to his wife's interests.

Good-Natured Jimmy

It has been frequently said of James D. Phelan that if he had a sense of humor he would be more successful in politics. Yet that Mr. Phelan possesses a keen sense of humor has been proved at numerous jinks of the Bohemian Club. It is customary to satirize the young millionaire at the jinks of the club over which he presides, and he always appears to enjoy the fun. At least he gives visible manifestation of his appreciation of the humor of the satire. A few years ago when Dick Hotaling bestrode an ass labeled James D. Phelan, at the Midsummer Jinks, the exquisite delicacy of the satire caused the millionaire to explode with laughter. Last Saturday night, during the "Abe Hur" jinks, Phelan was represented as an irrepressible "Buttinsky" who was incessantly happening on the scene without apparent purpose, and exclaiming, "When I was in politics. He typified the common nuisance whom everybody was kept busy suppressing. Of course the character was intended as a breezy satire, and Mr. Phelan, the dignified millionaire and president of the club, good-naturedly took it as such. His smile was a study. He was accompanied, by the way, by his cronies, Franklin K. Lane and Gavin McNab, who were his guests for the occasion, and who greatly honored the club by their presence. Mr. Lane has ceased repudiating McNab, both have ceased repudiating Phelan, and all three have temporarily called off the repudiation of Hearst. In all of which there is suggestion of a theme for the next jinks.

The Burlesque

There were some fine papers read at the jinks Saturday night. John McNaught's graceful and poetic paper on the Mistletoe won great applause, and Justice Henshaw scored a hit in a humorous vein. Governor Pardee read a paper that might have been written by a country curate. The Low Jinks was a medley of absurdities. It was a burlesque entitled "Abe Hur, or a Triumph of Pure Politics, the most expensive production ever given on any stage, as dramatized by Will Irwin from Charles Josselyn's thrilling religious novel, 'My Favorite Bookshelf,' and presented by J. C. Wilson's All-Star Company of three hundred and fifty people, of whom thirty-six will positively appear on the stage." In the cast of characters were Abe Hur, proprietor of the Kearny street Palace of Diamonds, played by Dick Hotaling; Morris, his clerk, J. B. Leighton; Visalia, walking delegate of the Chicken Pickers' Union, Jack Wilson; The Three Wise Guys, Blocker, Spitz and Lean, impersonated by A. R. Hardin, Newton Tharp and Frank P. Deering; Irish, a siren, Harry Melvin; politicians, boycotters, and the Roman army, represented by Gordon Ross in Scotch plaids; Phelanides the Has-Been.

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Action of the Play

The synopsis of scenes was very funny. A note by the management explained that in consideration of "the feelings of the family men and of Oaklanders anxious about the last boat it has been decided at enormous expense to combine the prologue and the epilogue." This combination resulted in the Meeting of the Three Wise Guys, each one making a characteristic speech. The scenery of the burlesque was Night on Upper Kearny Street by Cadenasso, with Moonlight Effects by Peters. Act one showed the front of Abe Hur's Palace of Diamonds, scenery by Dickman, diamond effects from the proceeds of the late exhibition. This showed the brick thrown as in Ben Hur, the grand entrance of the Roman army (Gordon Ross) and the triumph of Visalia. Act II, scene one, showed the galleys. which was really a street with the chain gang at work upon it. An automobile parade came along; there was the cry, "Save yourselves who can," and Abe Hur saved the life of the Police Commissioner, the circumstance that gave him his political start in life. Act third showed the union fusion political headquarters (the scenery from paintings in the Phelan collection). It was followed by The Conflagration, with light effects by McComas. A program note called attention to the three balls of real gold. The second scene of this act showed Upper Kearny street, designed from life by Orrin Peck. Between the two scenes of Act fifth, the program announced that gentlemanly ushers would pass through the audience and collect the eggs. The last scene was The Chariot Race, one of the funniest things in this funny production. The three candidates were driven by the three bosses. Each candidate bestrode a hobby horse upon which he jumped up and down. Meanwhile, the most striking buildings in San Francisco, the Call building, the City Hall, and the Ferry building, were rushed past, carried by various supers. There was a collision which resulted in the death of Lean and Phelanides, and the grand climax showed the triumph of Schmitz and Abe Hur.

"It's evident that Mrs. Snobber is no spendthrift."

"What is the evidence?"

"Those ribbons on her holly wreaths. She had them on her lawn dress last summer."

The Active Anvil Chorus

When Mrs. Mark Gerstle decided to appear at the De Young vaudeville instead of at the Verein jinks, she had not the faintest conception of the sensation that her decision was destined to create. The anvil chorus has been working overtime ever since. But Mrs. Gerstle is a woman of considerable independence and she isn't worrying herself about what the knockers are saying. She belongs to the ultra-fashionable set of Jewish society, and it was quite a shock to the members thereof to learn that they were to be deserted by one of the most talented of their number. They are wondering now whether she considers them too slow. Mrs. Gerstle is of a lively disposition and quite versatile. Besides being a clever actress, she sings well, plays brilliantly on the piano, has a talent for drawing, and is an interesting raconteuse.

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Burgess's Great Find

Gelett Burgess is telling a story about an estate which he has purchased in Provence, and it is almost as improbable as his Purple Cow, but he swears that it is a sober fact. The property is in Baux, that picturesque old hill town which is one of the sights of the Midi, and it comprises a promontory of pine covered ground, hemmed in by orchards of olive and fir. It is the site of a ruined chateau which was destroyed by Richelieu, and on the land are dozens of second century Roman sarcophagi which he is to have excavated. Adjacent are prehistoric caves and near by is the Valley d'Enfer which inspired Dante with the stage setting for his Purgatory. The site commands a fine view of the Mediterranean, and the whole thing, says Burgess, cost him the princely sum of forty dollars. Chester Bailey Fernald is another Californian writer who has been looking for an estate on which to pitch his tent, and he says that though he traveled the wide world over, he could not refrain from dreaming of the Golden State. So he is coming back to locate a home on a hill-slope which affords a view of San Francisco bay.

Querulousness at the Trough

Before Auditor Baehr and School Director Woodward became tax-eaters they were very warm friends, but when they began feeding at the same trough they drifted apart. They clashed about a year ago when the Board of Education laid off its repair force on the plea that it was short of funds. It was a ruse to force the Supervisors to appropriate more money for educational purposes. As the watchdog of the treasury Baehr exposed the deception, and Woodward rushed the mechanics back to work in a hurry for, the trick having been exposed, he was afraid to incur the ill-will of the working men. He has been sore on the Auditor ever since, and at one time he talked in a way that impelled Baehr to threaten to institute proceedings for criminal libel. First, however, he called on the Mayor who persuaded him to drop the matter after promising to warn Woodward to be more polite in his utterances. Recently Woodward broke out again and accused Baehr of holding up demands on the treasury as a "grand-stand play," and then signing them after getting a little newspaperiety. Now I am told that there are two demands Baehr will not sign—one of them for printing a campaign document in the guise of a committee report, and charging the cost against the school fund, and one for the cost of paraphernalia for the football team of the Lowell High School.

Let There Be Light

However, Woodward is responsible, I believe, for only one of them—the printing job. For that, I believe, he was haled before the Grand Jury of which he is a member. The champion of the other bill was School Director Roncovieri, the old orchestra chum of Mayor Schmitz. He has a boy attending the Lowell High School. These little matters are faint side-lights on the manner in which public funds

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are handled in the City Hall. The illumination is so faint that one sees the methods of our tax-eaters as through a glass darkly, but oh, what wouldn't a flood of light reveal if we only had a foot-loose Grand Jury to throw the calcium on unsparingly!

Mrs. Prag's Pull

The rumor that Mark intends to resign from the Board of Education to take the principalship of the Girls' High School is discredited by many who know the thrifty school director. They say that he won't give up his present job unless he has an absolute cinch on something better. Principal Brooks denies that he has any intention of resigning, but it is said that he will be persuaded to do so. Meanwhile it is thought that Mrs. Prag will succeed him. She is a sister of Mrs. Julius Kahn, and Julius, it is said, secured the appointment of School Director Woodward's son to West Point. So Mrs. Prag has a pull not to be lightly considered. As she bosses the school and the principal now, it would be easy for her to assume the salary as well as the duties of the position. Indeed she is better qualified for the principalship than she is to teach, because as principal, were she to follow in the footsteps of Brooks, she would enjoy uninterrupted repose. Now she takes a nap every day during school hours, and that occasions comment among her pupils, who are thus afforded an insight into the easy ways of our public servants. As principal she could be just as effective as Brooks if she had a folding bed in her office and occupied it all day. By the way, there are soporific germs in the atmosphere of the Girls' High School, and they affect the entire faculty of venerable ladies.

"You're a lobster," said the Best-selling, Popular Novel.
"Wish I were," sighed the Scientific Work, "then I'd be *red*."

She Really Went and Married

When Sarah Whitney announced her engagement a few years ago with a Mr. Robinson she had met in Paris her bachelor friends cried "Fie fie! And you with such a career before you!" They couldn't imagine how a girl with Miss Whitney's talent in sculpture could tie herself down to any other master but Art with the biggest of capitals. But Sarah did not marry right away and her friends' fears began to calm, as they thought perhaps the engagement was only the result of a flitting fancy. The young artist returned to California and set up a studio in this city, where she sculped a few busts of clubmen and others, and kept up her practice. Then she deserted the Latin Quarter of our city and fled Eastward again, thence to Europe. And now word comes that she has married her faithful fiance. Mr. B. M. Robinson is an artist, too, and the honeymoon will be such as one reads about in French art annals.

A Trifle Reticent

Miss Alice Coleman, a niece of Mose Gunst, has returned from abroad where she has been having her voice cultivated. Her friends have all understood that she was studying with the intention of going on the operatic stage, and it was said that at the proper time Mr. Gunst would see that she made her debut under fine auspices. Since her return there has been great curiosity in Jewish circles as to her plans, but she has shown no inclination to take anybody into her confidence. But there is some talk of her going into comic opera.

"Brown has a very expensive wife."
"Is that so?"
"Yes; last year she had appendicitis and now I hear that she has twins."

Strenuous William Greer

Some of the women of the California Club are slowly recovering from the shock they received some days ago when that strenuous exponent of physical culture, William Greer Harrison, bounded into their midst, and delivered himself of a jeremiad against the accumulation of fat. Mr. Harrison doesn't mince words any more than he does his gait. He talks straight from the shoulder as becomes the true athlete, and when he locates the solar plexus he hits it without regard to its gender. He appeared before the California Club on the ocasion of the review of the year's work, for he is the leader of the physical culture section. He began by complimenting the ladies on being present. He said he was glad to see them but would be more pleased if they were in proper gymnasium costume and in his physical culture class. However he presumed they were too lazy to exert themselves. Moreover they were too stupid and were threfore unable to know what was good for them. "The fact is," said he, "nearly all the women in this club are too fat. If they only knew what a spectacle they presented they would do anything to reduce their corpulency. Ladies," said he, becoming more and more personal, and looking right at the fat ladies in the front row, "if you only knew how abhorrent you are to every man of good taste, you'd take a little exercise. Perhaps you think you win admiration, but let me tell you that, with the exception of one aboriginal and savage tribe who adore women with gross hips, a fat woman is repulsive to all other men. You have lost your lines and you are inartistic and unnatural." There was no equivocation in that speech. It fairly staggered some of the fat women and the way some of them frowned and wrinkled their brows would have gladdened the heart of a beauty doctor out of a job.

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Their Christmas Stunt

Mr. Harrison , by the way, is always worrying over his friends' health, and for the benefit of some of them has a swimming class at the Olympic Club. On Christmas morning he gave his class a most heroic stunt to accomplish. First they all walked to the Cliff, and there went into the surf. This is no unusual thing for Greer Harrison, however. On his sixtieth birthday, five or six years ago, he walked to San Jose. Though these long sprints agree with the veteran Olympian, not many of the youth of San Francisco care to keep up to his strenuous gait.

To Reduce Her Weight

Talking of reducing flesh, what do you think Kathryn Dillon has gone into for that purpose? Miss Dillon's superabundance of adipose tissue has been gradually becoming a burden to her, but she rejected with disdain all suggestions of a banting nature to keep down her avoirdupois. She is too fond of the good things of the table for that. Her method is ingenious and also pleasing. She is taking lessons in fancy dancing.

Her Repartee Is Parisian

Genevieve King is expected to make a big social inning in Pasadena, where she is visiting the Armsbys. Miss King is a very witty girl, and as much in demand at dinners and luncheons as Kate Clement and Laura McKinstry used to be. The French officers say she is witty even in French, which certainly shows the quality of her wit, as well as her French.

Lost to the World

That Jean Mackenzie is going into the missionary field must be rather a disappointment to her mother, who is very ambitious for her socially and financially. Although a clergyman's wife, Mrs. Mackenzie's ambitions tend toward acquiring laurels in the world rather than in heaven. She worked hard that her daughters might have Riverside orange groves for their *dots,* and the result is that each of the girls is worth about fifty thousand dollars. But Jean is going to be a missionary!

News From Abroad

Word comes to me from Paris that Florence Breckenridge is much better and that the famous brain specialists who have been consulted declare that, if she leads a very quiet life, she may recover. She is quite content to remain in the Vienna sanitarium for she knows it is for her own good. In her rational moments she discusses her madness with perfect intelligence. She receives her friends and goes to the theatre and opera. But occasionally she lapses into distressing melancholia. I hear that her mother, Mrs. Fred Sharon, hates Europe with a deadly hatred and would be glad to see the last of it. It was there she lost her only Sharon child, it was there Florence became insane, and there where she had all the worry with the young Jack Breckenridges, a trouble not yet ended.

Just a Year Ago It Was

Kathryn Du Val, who announced her engagement with Oliver Dibble last week, was once engaged to Lieutenant C. B. Stone. They were affianced in August and the affair was all off by the following October. At that time it was said that Miss Du Val had an affection for somebody else—but it wasn't Mr. Dibble, if I recollect aright. However, everything turns out for the best, and it is always well to be sure of one's own mind before tying the fatal knot. Miss Du Val is a sensible girl, and must be persuaded of a man's worthiness before marrying him.

Modest Stark

They are always telling good stories on the popular Zinkand orchestra leader but the latest one illustrates his modesty, of which nobody ever suspected him. It seems that while Stark was on his recent trip to New York he received an offer from a famous beer hall with which went a salary much larger than the one he is at present receiving. Stark thought with favor of the offer at first but when he visited the place, and found that he would be obliged to play behind a screen where his gyrations and pulchritude would not show, he declined the offer. He says that it lowers music "as an art" to hide it behind a screen or its plump interpreter behind a bushel.

The Busy Stork

The stork is still busy. He alighted on the roof tree of the Charles Barton Hills this week and left a baby boy. The Hills have only one other child, a daughter of fourteen, so the son and heir will have matters all his own way for awhile. I hear that the stork is winging his way toward the home of the "Gus" Taylors. This will be his first visit in that direction. The home of the Charles Pages has been brightened by the advent of a son. Mrs. Page was Louise Hoffacker. The long-legged bird is hovering over the Hawkes home on Russian Hill, and is again threatening to visit the Sam Shortridges.

The big polo match to be played in January will draw many Blingumites to Southern California. The Walter Martins are among those who will go down for it.

Mrs. Lawrence Poole gave a tea last week at which she entertained forty or fifty friends.

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Not Her Line of Activity

A certain high-toned lawyer who prides himself upon professional honor and etiquette, received a sudden shock and deserved rebuke, the other day. This particular ornament to the "learned profession" lives at a certain club in town. He is contesting the will of a lady who died recentlly at a hospital in Sutter street. Among his club friends is a business man who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. The business man discovered a pleasant acquaintance in his dignified nurse, and, in a modest and gentlemanly bachelor way, sought to keep up the pleasant companionship he had found in the refined lady. While telling his legal club friend of his experience at the hospital, he spoke of the interesting nurse. The lawyer became deeply interested, for he wanted to have some detective work done at the hospital. He thought that it would be a brilliant stroke to engage the nurse as a spy, and he made a suggestion to that effect to the man of commerce. The latter thought it a good idea and 'phoned her to call on the attorney, thinking he wanted to see her on some professional business. When he told her that he wanted her to spy around among the nurses and pick up testimony bearing on his will contest, she indignantly told him that she did not care to engage in that sort of business. "But perhaps you can recommend some nurse who will accept employment," he said. "I know of no professional nurse who would accept that sort of employment," was the reply. Now the business man is sending flowers and apologetic notes in vain.

They Wanted Him Blackballed

Some of the members of the Pacific-Union Club complain that the institution has lost its exclusiveness; that men of doubtful standing in the community are no longer barred from membership. They are especially aggrieved over the election of a gentleman interested in promoting various enterprises. Strenuous objections were made to his election by members who had had business dealings with him, but the objections were overruled. The affected exclusiveness of San Francisco clubs is one of the amusing features of life in this gay metropolis. There is not a club in San Francisco that does not number among its members individuals who are far from being models of propriety and integrity. Some of our most conspicuous club men are boors, quite a few are bounders, and even an occasional blackguard is to be met with in clubdom. But if there weren't a few sinners among the saints, what a dreadfully wearisome place the club would be.

A Rule that Restrains Cads

It is customary just before the holidays to put up the Christmas lists for the employes and servants at the various clubs. It is against the first principle of club etiquette to fee a servant. This is an axiom, though it is ignored by many of our clubmen of the snobbish variety. It is through the Christmas list that the employes of the clubs receive their extra compensation, and it is then that some of the bounders draw to themselves for a time the admiration of the servants, and perhaps, as a consequence, win a little extra attention. But in doing so they sacrifice their self-respect, if they have any. Vulgar ostentation of this sort is the hallmark of the cad. The Union Club of New York, which is the leading social organization of the country, and one to which very few San Francisco clubmen have the entree, has a rule that no member shall put himself down on the list for more than five dollars, and it is generally understood that this sum is the limit which each member donates. It is thus that invidious comparisons are avoided. It is a rule based upon the principle that a club should be a democracy and that within its portals all men should be equal.

A Pampered Spaniel

Mrs. Willis Norris, who recently left for her home in New York after spending a month in this city, is the proud owner of a pet spaniel which travels on a special Pullman car pass. Other dogs ride in the baggage car but Mrs. Norris's spaniel sleeps in a Pullman berth. Mr. Norris is a railroad man. Mrs. Norris was formerly Mary Banning of Los Angeles, sister of Mrs. Lucy Banning Bradbury.

Her Fortune Gone

By the death in Boston of Edward C. Hodges I was reminded of the beautiful Ethel Davis, his wife, who was the sister of Willis Davis. Her first husband was Hans Kohler. When she became Mrs. Hodges she was possessed of a fortune of a quarter of a million which was dissipated by unfortunate speculation. She separated from her second husband a year ago and now she is a fashionable milliner in New York.

The Clarke Family

"Ed" Clarke, who returned from a two years' trip abroad to fall into the clutches of the "sweet pea girl," is destined to find his latest escapade the most expensive of all his previous primrose path adventures. Nearly all the members of the Clarke family have had a checkered career since the death of their father, which occurred about ten years ago in a private sanitarium. Lottie Clarke married the man of her choice, "Gus" Moulder, and after a few



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years of alternating bliss and discord was divorced in order to take unto herself a second husband in the person of Leslie Wright, brother of ex-Speaker Wright of the Assembly. Mrs. Wright is now traveling in Europe and the ocean separates her from her husband. The other daughter, Edith, married a retired army officer, and the ocean is usually kept between them.

Will Have a Model Boarding House

Rose Hooper always showed business acumen above the average for a woman. She inherited her financial head from her father, the late Major W. B. Hooper, who managed the Occidental for so many years. His daughter Rose, after studying miniature painting in Paris, perfected her art to such an extent that when she returned here she commanded high prices for her little portraits. She accumulated a bank account of her own, independent of the allowance her father gave her. Now, since her marriage with Mr. Platner, this clever young woman has found another field of activity. I hear that the Platners are to open a model boarding-house, on the most up-to-date plan. One of its features will be a padded room. Don't start, now! the room's object is most humane. It will be for small children and babies, where their nurses can watch over them while their parents are otherwise engaged. The plan may not materialize, but it is being talked up, and will doubtless be one of the realities of the New Year.

Would Be a Leader

Mrs. Breedon's small tea last Friday for her friend, Mrs. Jules Brett, was a very cheerful affair. Mrs. Breedon, by the way, is one of the most active hostesses in society this winter. Not a week passes that she does not give some sort of an entertainment, either at her home, the University Club or the Palace. She is extremely fond of society and is not one of those who dub formal dinners and dances a bore. It is hinted that she would like to be a leader, and there is no reason why she should not aspire to that dignity, for she has all the essentials.

Enter—A Baroness

The arrival of the Baroness Nugent in town gives her sister, Mrs. Burns Macdonald, another motif for entertaining, in which she so delights. The Baroness, who is one of the Younger girls, has not been in San Francisco in years. She was married abroad and her home is, I believe, in Austria. A younger sister also married a foreign nobleman. I have heard that Baron Nugent is not wholly Austrian, but part English, being a relative of Lord Southampton. The Younger girls all had comfortable *dots*, inherited from their own mother, who died when they were quite young. Fifty or sixty thousand dollars each was their inheritance. The only one of the girls still unmarried is Maud, who was at last accounts engaged in Social Settlement work in New York. During the Spanish war she became engaged to a New York physician, one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, but it was broken off. Dr. and Mrs. Younger have lived in Paris ever since he gave up his practice in Chicago. He is now the leading dentist in the gay French capital.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels has been entertaining quite a bit this winter, but she usually has about the same set at her affairs. She gave a luncheon last Thursday to Mrs. Chauncey Winslow, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Gus Taylor and a few others of that clique.

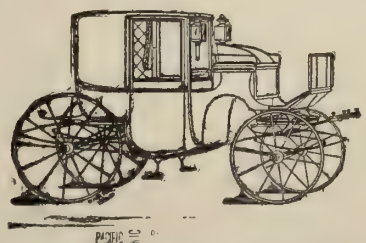
She—That waiter is a good guesser, isn't he?
He—I don't know. Why do you think so?
She—He was so quick in guessing what you meant when you tried to tell him in French what you wanted.

Williams in Command

Some time ago "whispering" Gavin McNab and Jimmy Phelan were in great glee over the report that Tom Williams, business manager of the *Examiner*, had been divested of his peacock feather by William R. Hearst, and that he was in danger of losing his job. They intimated that Hearst had assured them that Williams was to be shelved, and that he had sent Carvalho out from the East to clip Williams's wings. Since then the *Examiner's* business manager has been enjoying a vacation in Europe with his family at the expense of Mr. Hearst, and now the report comes to me from New York that he is exercising supreme authority over all the Hearst papers. I am told that even Carvalho, who was supposed to control the financial policy of the Hearst papers, is subordinate to Williams. There is no man in the employ of William R. Hearst so devoted to his interests as Tom Williams, and there is none more capable of guiding the destinies of the string of yellow journals, and therefore the story of his elevation is quite plausible. But he will seriously object to being held in the East. The probability is that he will stay there long enough to complete arrangements for the launching of the new papers, one in Boston and one in Washington.

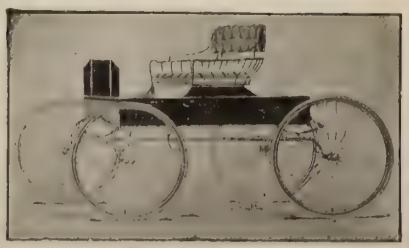
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MARKET AND TENTH STS.

When Francis L. H.—otherwise "Cosy"—Noble left his job of Sunday editor of the New York *World,* Bob Davis also departed. The latter now has the snug berth of Sunday editor-in-chief of the *News,* the new Munsey paper. Bob also, I hear, delivers political speeches—several in a night—at ten dollars each, so he should be coining money.

The Joke Journalistic

The *Bulletin* is setting a fast pace for its contemporaries in the newspaper field these days. Not satisfied with compelling attention by publishing all the news worth reading, this enterprising evening journal has resorted to the catch-penny prize-contest scheme which has ever proved alluring bait in the newspaper world. That sort of thing usually savors of the hand-me-down type of commercialism, but reputable journalists the world over have found it profitable, and as a first aid to stagnant circulation it is now regarded as a highly proper expedient. The *Bulletin's* prize contests are exceptionally interesting because they involve an element of humor. The proprietor of the *Bulletin* dearly loves a joke, and he recently put all his acquaintances on a broad grin by advertising that a certain serial story which he was publishing furnished a clue to seven bags of gold with which he expected to stimulate interest. A great many unsophisticated people became absorbed in the story without seeing the joke which was really on them. Now the *Bulletin* readers are in the throes of another contest which involves a literary effort. Among the judges selected to pass on the merits of the compositions to be submitted is Frank Dunne of the Superior Court. According to the *Bulletin,* he "is a recognized authority on belles lettres"—a capital joke. The judge doesn't know any more about literature than a pug dog does about Euclid. He isn't even familiar with the literature of his profession. An architect named Tharp is also one of the *Bulletin's* "lit'ry" judges—the same Tharp, I am told, who desecrated the Dewey monument with vile orthography. The third is Judge Max Sloss, a man of culture, who will probably be put to the necessity of filing a dissenting opinion. The selection of Judge Sloss was a joke on the other two.

Sidney to Wear the Mantle

Mrs. Salisbury may be unable to appear at her next dance, which is to take place at the Palace December thirtieth. Her son Sidney will do the honors for the occasion in her absence. He will receive the guests and do all that mamma Salisbury did when on deck. This social distinction will fall gracefully on the shoulders of young Salisbury whose ambition is to follow in the footsteps of his mother. His friends proudly declare that he can make a girl's position in society by dancing with her or mar it by refusing. How worthy of the ambition of the young American is such power! But after all, social leadership is a trade that may be quite lucrative. For instance, I am told that one thousand dollars was paid in behalf of one of this winter's debutantes, to a woman skilled in the art of boosting the climber. This debutante is receiving more fulsome newspaper flattery than all the others combined.

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The Question Settled

The decision of the Supreme Court affirming the power of the Mayor to remove in all cases in which he has power to appoint, sustains my view of the charter which I expressed in these columns some months ago, when I discussed the paradoxical decision of Judge Sloss in the Board of Health case. I pointed out at that time the absurdity of the Sloss decision, and declared that Eugene Schmitz did not dare seek judicial determination of the question in the Supreme Court, because his power would be defined in a way that would render it impossible for him to escape responsibility for the shortcomings of the municipal government. The recent decision proved that there was a way of having the question settled, but it was not shifty Eugene who found it, nor thrifty Abe who pointed it. It now remains to be seen how that brace of spectacular charlatans will continue to hoodwink the public.

Eugene's End In Sight

Though the decision appears to be highly advantageous to the Mayor, it is a blessing to the public. It means that when Eugene reaches the end of his term his power will be gone. According to the interpretation of the law before the rendering of that decision, the appointees of Schmitz would hold office until their terms expired, and he would therefore continue to be a factor in politics for several years, just as Phelan has been a factor because of the presence of his appointees on the various commissions. But according to the Supreme Court's decision Mayor Schmitz's successor will have the power to sweep the entire Schmitz-Ruef gang out of office. The decision does not give Schmitz any more power than he was to be clothed with after the first of the year, because the several commissions were to have come under his control. He will now have more jobs to distribute but no greater control of the situation.

Santa Clauses in Petticoats

Miss Jennie Flood played Santa Claus in her usual lavish way this year, and many homes were gladdened by her bounty. She always gives presents to her employes that amount to thousands of dollars, and her wedding presents to friends easily run into a fortune every year. Mrs. Blanding is also a Santa Claus whose servants and poor relations think cannot be duplicated this side of fairyland.



The George Newhalls were frequently seen last week rushing about among the shops buying pretty and expensive things. They are a most devoted couple and did their shopping in unison. Mrs. Newhall is wearing a stunning velvet street suit of blue, her favorite color, trimmed with brown fur in bands. The frock is made with that loose bloused Paris effect which is so popular. A hat of the old Colonial shape goes with the suit. That style went out some time since but is evidently to be revived.

One sees many pretty, modish frocks worn on the holiday shopping tours. Mrs. George Pope was out the other day in a fur-trimmed black velvet which was very becoming. Mrs. Latham McMullin's Gibsonesque style is intensified by her walking suit, a blue invisible plaid, worn with a toque *en suite,* and an unusually large collarette of mink, with muff trimmed with tails. Miss Alice Hager is looking well in a dark blue cloth tailor suit, with mink stole and muff. Muffs seem absurd to Eastern visitors and tourists from the cold sections. They wonder why anybody wears furs when there is no snow on the ground. One rarely sees muffs covering New York women's hands, unless on very frigid days.

They've Not Set a Date

No date has yet been set for the marriage of Miss Edith Findley and George Gardiner, but it has been said it will take place some time in the spring. Some of their friends appear to be in doubt as to whether a date will ever be set. Mr. Gardiner's fiancee is the handsomest of the four Findley sisters, one of whom is a Mrs. Lusk of St. Louis. Another sister, Alice, recently became the bride of Captain Cloke, U. S. A. Miss Findley lately returned from Europe where she had spent some time with Mrs. Schmiedell, and her engagement was announced on her arrival here. Mr. Gardiner has been her devoted swain for years, but she has had a great many admirers. The announcement of her engagement was a surprise.

A Californian Dinner in Gotham

My New York correspondent writes me of quite a notable gathering of Californians that assembled in John F. Harrold's Elizabethan studio on Thursday of last week. The occasion was a dinner and musicale in honor of Mrs. Emery Pottle, Juliet Wilbor Tompkins that was. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Pottle, Gelett Burgess, Lloyd Osbourne, Miss Geraldine Bonner, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, J. O'Hara Cosgrave, Mrs. Trask, Mrs. Warde, Mrs. Bellville, Edgar Leventritt, Robert G. Mackay, Count Luigi Corti of Milan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stoppani, Mrs. Frank Norris and Lesley Martin. Nearly all of these, including the host, formerly lived in San Francisco.

Another Trust Breaks In

The Smelting Trust, I am told, has at length entered the Californian field. The entrance has been made by way of Tonopah. The railroad now being built into that mining district is controlled by the Guggenheims of New York and they dominate the Smelting Trust. They will therefore handle all the ore, and as a consequence the Selby Smelting Company will lose a great deal of business which would naturally have come to that corporation.

There were the usual number of Christmas dinners, most of them being family affairs as is the usual thing at this season. Others, however, were of a formal nature, with invited guests. Of course the turkey was the *piece de resistance,* for the roast beef of Old England is not the American's choice for his Christmas feast. It was noted that while formerly different wines were served with the various courses, in the English style, this year champagne was the rule. The sparkling wine always promotes good fellowship, especially when Ayala is the brand served.

Not a Rough House Function

Mrs. Bowie-Dietrick having announced that she was going to give a novel entertainment next week, to be known as a "winter picnic," somebody started the report that it was to be a rough-house affair. It is to be merely a dance with amusing picnic features, and was probably suggested by the recent jinks of the Concordia Club. Those invited to the affair have been asked to appear in duck costumes. The drawing-room furniture will be replaced by rustic seats and moss-covered logs, but there will be no sign pointing to Lover's Lane.

The Gay Practical Joker

The little story related in last Sunday's *Call* about Dr. Clarence Tillman and the Chinese cooks would be a very good one if it did not lack some elements of veracity. The practical joke therein described was not an occurrence of last week but took place over a decade of years ago, and the sufferer was not Dr. Tillman, but his father, Walter F. Tillman. The perpetrators were Thomas Connell, now the *Call* representative in Oakland, and John Morrison. The pair were known as the most inveterate practical jokers in the Mission. Connell and Morrison spent an entire Saturday afternoon going the rounds of the Chinese employment offices and hiring cooks who were to report at the Tillman residence on Sunday. All day long the Mongolian invasion kept up. About every fifteen minutes the door bell would ring, and a new cook would report for business, until at last, in desperation, the Tillmans locked up the house and escaped. On another occasion when a small-pox epidemic was raging, Morrison disguised himself one frosty Christmas Eve, wrapped up in a blanket, and then broke in upon a group of late Yuletide revelers. He inquired the way to the small-pox hospital, and explained that he thought he felt symptoms of the disease. Needless to say that some jolly good fellows made for home sooner that night than they might otherwise have done.

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after a

heavy duck dinner—

Jackson's Napa Soda

Gossip from Stockton

The Stockton Daughters of the American Revolution did a graceful thing in presenting their retiring Regent, Mrs. J. J. Tully, a handsome silver loving cup. Mrs. Tully has been the most wide-awake and up-to-date Regent the Stockton Chapter has had and it was a matter for regret when she declined a renomination. There were some few whispers of envy following the success of last winter's Bal Poudre, which Mrs. Tully mothered to a brilliant finish. Mrs. John E. Budd succeeds Mrs. Tully and will be a capable, pleasing officer. She has an even temperament and a great deal of tact, all of which make her personally popular. She is the wife of University Regent John E. Budd.

The Reward of Courtesy

C. J. Jones, who was recently called from Sacramento by the Southern Pacific Company to act as Freight Agent in this city, writes my Stockton correspondent, is one of those rare individuals who can please the patrons of the railroad and yet remain loyal to the best interests of the corporation. This is his second promotion in two years. He served the company as Freight and Passenger Agent at Stockton for about ten years, and when he was called to Sacramento to fill a position created for him—that of Division Freight and Passenger Agent—the merchants, shippers of various kinds and all patrons of the road at Stockton felt the deepest regret. They did an unusual thing when they presented him with a testimonial of their regard, a magnificent chest of solid silver. Such cordial relations do not often exist between the people and a representative of the "Octopus."

Miss Peters's Christmas Party

A Christmas party out of the ordinary was given by Genevieve Peters in Stockton this week. Miss Peters's guests were not from Stockton's exclusives, but they enjoyed themselves far more than that blase product of civilization could have done. They had a Christmas tree and a delightful feast was spread for them. Besides this they had a free ride to the house, by courtesy of the street railway company. There's no secret about the generous-hearted hostess's guests—they were the little tots from the Children's Home. Miss Peters dispensed the hospitalities of the family residence to the children in the bountiful and generous manner which is her characteristic.

Her Correspondence to be Exposed

Word comes from New York that Mrs. Peter T. Dickinson (Hester E. Benedict, of Oakland), who is spending the winter with her son, Harry Dickinson, is about to have published a collection in book form of the letters of her niece, the late Mrs. Nellie Gore, whose alleged murder in Paris, by the Russian opera singer and favorite of the Czar and Czarina, Serge de Redenzski, nearly brought about complications between this country and France. Redenzski certainly had great influence with the Russian Government, but whether it came from his voice, which is described as one of the best in Europe, or whether it was from the love that the royal couple bore his brother, who is the favorite attendant of the Czar, no one seemed to know. Certain it is, though, that only the interposition of the American Minister, backed by powerful influence from Mexico and New York, prevented the Russians from consigning the beautiful American woman to quick-lime. In these letters, written in the delicately familiar tone of a refined gentlewoman to one who stood in the place of a mother to her, Redenzski is described fairly and at length. There are, in the book, piano exercises written by one of the best teachers of Vienna for the daily use of the writer; and there are exquisitely humorous accounts of various interviews with masters of piano craft, while seeking for instruction with them. Mrs. Gore declared that in order to get a hearing from one of these famous and clever men one must have credentials that would admit one to any foreign court; and that after gaining a hearing a student must be as proficient as any concert player of America. Then, if the maestro is satisfied with the applicant's work, and character and earnestness of purpose, he will hand her over to a preparatory teacher—who must be an artist—for two or three years of hard study. In addition to all this, Mrs. Gore's letters are full of delightful interviews with great people in the world of art, and descriptions of places that are interesting from many standpoints. The critics who have seen the manuscript predict for the book an unprecedented sale.

Detectives After Him

The Federal officials who were hot on the trail of Walter Dimmick, the ex-Mint employe, are now trying to locate the loot which he is supposed to have taken. Not long ago detectives appeared in Santa Barbara and insisted upon digging up the garden of Judge Wright, who is the father-in-law of Walter Dimmick. As Dimmick has not been in Santa Barbara since the thefts, the supposition was that Mrs. Dimmick or the Wrights had concealed the money. The Wrights are people of the very highest standing in the community and the entire town was ablaze with

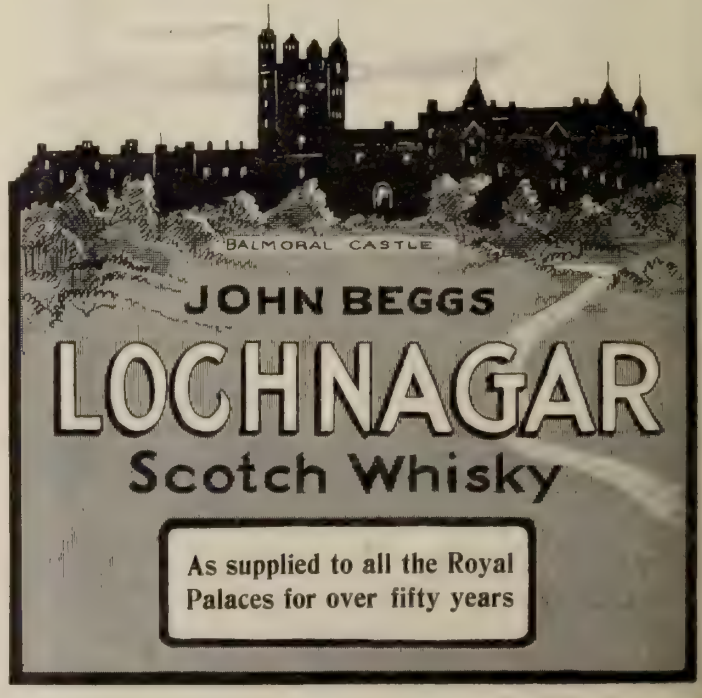


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wrath at the insult cast upon them. The search resulted as search for buried treasure generally does. The Wrights have contributed to the extent of their means to the defense of Dimmick, and like most of Santa Barbara they thoroughly believe in their son-in-law's innocence and that time will vindicate him.

Clever Oaklanders

Elizabeth Gray, the talented sister of Mabel Thayer Gray of Ebell, the youngest club president in America, objects, it is said, to being referred to as "Mabel Gray's sister." Elizabeth Gray has talent of her own, and she does not care to flicker fitfully in reflected glory. She is becoming well known to readers of all the standard magazines as a clever short story writer. Speaking of literary women I am reminded that Margaret Cameron has a book of "Comedies and Short Plays" out this month. This brilliant and versatile writer is spending her latest honeymoon in Rome. It is amusing when you think of it—isn't it?—how many honeymoons come to one person.

The Impulsive Boycotter

We imagine that the autocrat of the labor union is more rampantly aggressive in San Francisco than elsewhere in this favored and prosperous country. But that is a delusion due to the meagreness of the press despatches from that other great centre of labor unionism on the shores of Lake Michigan. Last week some passengers on a Chicago street car refused to pay their fares to the conductor, because he didn't wear a button. They beat him into unconsciousness, and were inclined to take the same interest in the motorman, but not being a controversialist and having great confidence in his sprinting ability, he exhibited a fleet pair of heels to the strenuous exponents of a great principle. The police of Chicago were finally constrained to take a hand in the proceedings, and they participated in time to save the life of the buttonless wage-earner. Meanwhile, however, the car was badly smashed, probably because it did not wear the union label. The wearers of the button are not more impulsive in Chicago than they are in this city, but at present the local enthusiasts have little occasion to become aggressive. However they are doing their best to incite store-keepers along Market street to deeds of violence, and incidentally to intimidate prospective patrons of boycotted establishments. But ostensibly they are conducting a peaceful boycott, and the police, having great respect for the sympathies of Mayor Schmitz, make little effort to disperse the mobs that assemble on the streets to encourage the representatives of organized labor.



The Exclusion of Spencer

The *Evening Post* of this city, edited as it is by a learned son of Oxford, is presumed to be an authority in all matters pertaining to the rules and customs of British institutions. It is therefore with considerable reluctance that I beg leave to amend the explanation of my esteemed contemporary regarding the reason of the exclusion of the body of Herbert Spencer from Westminster Abbey. "It was not," says the *Post*, "due to any disposition on the part of those who control the Abbey to discriminate against him. It was as a matter of fact based entirely upon religious grounds. The bodies of unbelievers cannot be stowed away in Westminster Abbey, and Spencer was an unbeliever." Spencer was an unbeliever in the sense in which Charles Darwin was an unbeliever, and yet the great doors of the Abbey were thrown open to the coffin of that distinguished scientist. Spencer never aroused the antagonism of churchmen so bitterly as did Darwin. The Dean of Westminster has supreme power in the matter, and the functionary now occupying that position was bound neither by tradition nor precedent to forbid the admission of Herbert Spencer's remains to the English Pantheon. The fact is that the British public is no respecter of mere thinkers. To title only, whether it is worn by a soldier, a statesman or a mere accident of nobility, does the British public make obeisance. Spencer cared nothing for officialdom during his lifetime, and therefore the Dean of Westminster was not awed by his dust.

Jangled Bells in Tune Again

Miss Vesta Shortridge did not stay long in New York. She is looking much improved in health since her Eastern trip. When in Gotham she and Emil Bruguiere patched up their misunderstanding, and wedding bells will soon ring for them, as Mr. Bruguiere has also returned home. He made lots of money this year, and has spent the greater part of it for bric-a-brac and furniture for his new home, which will probably be located in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, with Marguerite Doe, have gone to Mexico. The change, it is hoped, will be of benefit to Mrs. Stetson's health, which has not been robust for a month. Little Marguerite speaks Spanish well and will act as interpreter during the trip.



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Oakland's Latest Freak Society

Oakland, aided and abetted by the sages of the college town of Berkeley, is urging the enactment of an anti-osculation ordinance. Really, it would make a mummy laugh to hear the learned dissertations on the iniquity of the practice. And meanwhile, in the dim corners of palm-lined stairways, under the becoming dimness of rose-shaded candles in my lady's boudoir, and—oh, in a hundred other places, kisses are being pressed upon pouting lips and upon dimpled white shoulders, just as they have been since the days in Eden when Adam folded Eve to his heart and told her, between kisses manifold, that she was the sweetest of all God's numerous gifts to him. It is characteristic of Oakland to start the "National Anti-Osculation Society of America." Oakland is a hot-bed of reformers and cranks. The "National Anti-Osculation Society of America" is not satisfied to take from a man's life the ecstasy of a sweetheart's kiss; it also condemns, as baneful, the sacred kiss of the mother. "Anti-Osculation"—forbidding sound! It bears a chill in its very breath. It would be a good idea to have it framed and placed above the portals of boarding-schools where no treatment is considered too rigorous for youth.

Spooning is Tabu

A. S. Rutherford is the local secretary of the society. He assails the practice of kissing with facts and theories from medical authorities, with unromantic statements, and with cold and prosy logic. Mr. Rutherford has a certain method in his crusade. He believes that it is more important to corral the "kisser" than the "kissee" and therefore he avows, openly and shamelessly, that he would rather bring under his influence the men than the women. As kissing is preluded by sighs, tender phrases and clasping of hands, with other demonstrations of affection, which are indulged in alike by the wise and foolish when under the subtle influence of the infatuation, Mr. Rutherford would do away with all tender demonstrations. For this reason he has attached to his anti-kissing pledge certain minor or secondary pledges which are set forth with due solemnity on the engrossed membership card. Thus the preface to initiation as a member of the National Anti-Osculation Society of America includes a promise "to abstain from the use for purposes of attraction, allurement or fascination, of all such facial expressions and contortions as are known and designated by the names of 'cat's eyes; sheep's eyes; goo-goo eyes,' winks, blushes or other designing alterations of countenance." The member also binds himself "not to make use of any term of endearment, such as 'lovey, sweetness, onliest, littlest, birdie, tootsey-wootsey, dovey,' etc., to any one whether a member of the organization or not."

The Solemn Pledge

The main part of the pledge is portentously set forth in large type, which proclaims incidentally the sanity of the pledge and declares that: "This is to certify that John Smith, being of sound mind and sense and in full possession of personal liberty, does with the unfaltering courage of conviction, and a heroic desire to promote and preserve the happiness and freedom of the human race generally, hereby solemnly swear to forego, renounce and abjure forever all pleasures, gratification or enjoyment to be derived from the use and practice of the art of osculation, commonly known as kissing." Mr. Rutherford, who lives at 1224 Adelina street, Oakland, says that he has issued about five hundred certificates in Alameda county, already. He admits that he has indulged in the practice of kissing, which practice he now desires to have placed among the lost arts. Although he will not say that his aversion to the sweet practice is due to an affair of the heart, or confess that some fair one's kisses have turned as waters of Marah on his lips, he affirms, with all solemnity, that he has foresworn the pleasant paths of amorous dalliance and that, hereafter, he will tread only the stony highway of perfect and uncompromising common sense. Poor man! After all, he is really to be pitied! To be condemned to do without the caress of lips of mother, maiden, wife or child! Again, poor Mr. Rutherford! It occurs to me that he must have associated with hard-hearted maidens or with those totally devoid of the poesy of existence. After all, Mr. Secretary of the Anti-Osculation Society, I'll wager that you are either too old or too awfully, awfully homely, or else that you are a crank. That's it! You are a crank of cranks and can find no girl amiable enough to permit your kisses. Well, you deserve to be consigned to the solitary membership of your own pernicious society.

Some of the Converts

Those whom Mr. Rutherford has entangled in the meshes of the "National Anti-Osculation Society of America" are: Miss Pauline Warfield, North Berkeley; Miss Hattie Dobbins, Elmhurst; Miss Winnie Loedbetter, Fruitvale; Miss Ellen Brooks, 1728 Fifteenth street, Oakland; A. A. Forster, Haywards; Miss Bertha Ellerly, Berkeley; Miss Jessie Wright, Oakland; Miss T. B. Smith, Fruitvale; Miss R. C. Harris, Berkeley; Miss Georgiana Briggs, 919 Center street, Oakland; Miss L. A. Briggs, San Lean-



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dro; Harry Condon, 918 Allston Way, Berkeley; Miss Mildred Heath, Oakland; Miss Theresa Blair, Twelfth and Magnolia streets, Oakland; Miss Alice Wheeler, Oakland; Miss Florence Tish, Oakland; J. M. Jacks, 4212 Burk avenue, Seattle, Washington; G. E. Delpanza, San Diego; E. W. Melvin, San Jose; Arthur McLaughlin, Santa Maria. And in San Francisco, Miss Grace Reed, John Armstrong, 432 Laurel street; William Dingle, 407 Sutter street, and J. E. Granger, 3316 Twenty-sixth street.

Ladies, Beware!

Smartly dressed women are fighting shy of Mrs. Robert Watt of Madison street, Oakland, and it is not because she is not "too sweet for anything." They say she is all that—and more. She is credited with having the faculty of "talking the birds off the trees." Mrs. Watt is widely known for her charities, and as president of the West Oakland Club, she has done a great deal of good work. But she is so sweet about it! One of the most exclusive and wealthiest of the society girls declares that it is due to her particular set that the mechanics' wives in West Oakland are enabled to wear gowns that are of richer material and better made than most women in the ordinary walks of life would think of owning. Said she, in speaking of the philanthropist: "It is dangerous to let that dear old Mrs. Watt get her eye on a new gown or on even a particularly chic chiffon waist. And if you are fortunate enough to own a particularly frivolous negilege, take my advice and don't let her white bejeweled fingers close over it, for whisk! it will be off your back and in a West End Settlement 'Rubbish' Sale before you have recovered your breath. She is a dear old thing, but take the advice of one who has fallen a victim to her wiles and keep a clutch on your own clothes."

The Touch Artistic

F. M. Smith, of borax reputation, has a kindly spot in his big heart for the honest and ambitious young man, and it is told of him that, several years ago, he assisted a struggling young miner in a venture which subsequently turned out a failure. A month ago the man, who in the meantime had located a good prospect but needed money for its development, again approached the "Borax King" for funds with which to carry on the enterprise. Mr. Smith listened patiently to his tale, half inclined to again risk his money. "The burnt child dreads the fire," said he, slowly, in explanation of his hesitancy.

"But he need not freeze to death," retorted the miner, who, it is said, is in the North at present, using Smith's money to put machinery into the mine.

Adelphian Club Affairs

And now comes the Adelphian Club of Alameda with a scheme for a new club house. It needs one badly enough, for the ramshackle old entrance of the hall where it has its rooms at present would humble the pride of anything less superbly sure of and contented with itself than is this organization. And I have heard it whispered that there is likely to be as a big a row over this building site as the one that agitates the Ebell Society of Oakland. And the half has not been told regarding that row. The women on the inside are as close as political conspirators. But as to the Adelphians, they are harmonious enough at their monthly teas, but, of course, when the pocket-book is affected it is a very different story. It is proposed that the different sections shall have fairs and musicals, etc., to start the ball rolling toward a grand new club house. The Music Section is planning a concert by the ensemble class of August Hinrichs, to take place early in January. The funds raised by this concert are, I believe, to form the nucleus of a building fund. It is hinted that a number of these concerts may be given, but the trouble lies with the people. At first they fairly bubble with enthusiasm and make all kinds of promises—and that ends it. That was how the "Chamber Concerts," which started so grandly last year, were so dismal a failure toward the end.

The Latest Lion From Abroad

The Crocker clan in New York is entertaining a social lion in the person of Lord Brooke. He is the guest of Mrs. Charles B. Alexander. Lord Brooke expects to come to this city later on. He is a very young man and the son and heir of the Earl of Warwick. His mother is the beautiful and accomplished Countess of Warwick, one of the most notable of English hostesses. Unlike most foreign noblemen who visit this country, Lord Brooke is not in quest of an American heiress. He is very wealthy and has no old castles to mend or family jewelry to take out of pawn. He is only twenty-one years of age and is a lieutenant of the First Life Guards. He is coming to this side of the Rockies in search of big game.

Though She Refused Him

Miss Eleanor Warner went to Los Angeles with Mrs. Frederick Horne, formerly Alma McClung, and will remain there for the wedding of Miss Lena Sefton of San Diego and Franklin Webster Wakefield. An unusual feature of the coming wedding will be Miss Warner's role of bridesmaid at the wedding of a man whom she formerly refused to marry. She promised to be a sister to him and they decided to be friends. She has since promised to be a bridesmaid for the one of his later choice and will be a beautiful addition to the bridal party. Miss Warner is a cousin of Miss Helen Davis and a noted beauty.

Miss Marie Wells has just returned from a visit with Mrs. Truxtun Beale at Bakersfield.

The Family Club will have its Christmas jinks tonight.

Announcement

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Learning the Naval Trade

At last the California Naval Militia appears to have awakened to the need of making itself something more than a means of personal exploitation. It has taken a step toward becoming a source from which the Navy may draw reinforcement in time of war. There has been formed a class of officers which is to receive lessons in navigation from a Naval Academy graduate, Mr. John T. McMillan, formerly a lieutenant in the United States Navy. I believe that ten members of the organization are now in the class, which is instructed by Mr. McMillan three evenings in the week. No better selection could have been made for an instructor, for McMillan combines the practical with the theoretical to an extent only found in men drilled in the national naval school, and I understand that his pupils are already showing considerable progress. In this connection I may mention the fact that an effort is being made by the Navy Department to have the present Congress legislate with a view of having the Naval Militia brought under some sort of national control requiring of its members some test of proficiency, some dividend upon the material of war furnished them gratis in the shape of costly arms, ammunition and ships. Let the good work go on. The example set by the handful of ambitious men in McMillan's class should be followed by others, until the California Naval Militia becomes something that may be a credit to the State.

The Impotency of Colombia

Senator Morgan's obstructive resolution in the Panama matter has several fallacies expressed in it, not the least of which is a clause asserting that Colombia, "if not prevented by some powerful nation, is manifestly able to maintain her present effort to repress the secession." Rubbish! She is "manifestly" unable to do anything of the kind. She was unable to repress the last rebellion, which ended a year ago, until she purchased a ship in the United States, armed it with foreign weapons and manned it with Americans, which she could not have done had the revolting Liberals, most of whom were from Panama, been recognized as belligerents. Recognition precludes the enlisting of outside aid. Now Panama has been recognized by nearly all the nations, and Colombia would be unable to buy a single musket or enlist a single man outside her own borders. She is more heavily handicapped now than ever before, and a prolonged guerrilla war is all that she is capable of.

What Does It Mean?

Intense curiosity, not unmingled with foreboding, has been aroused by a remarkable circular recently issued by the War Department to the Army officers on duty in Washington. It reads:

"You are requested to send to this office, as soon as practicable, the names of your children between the ages of six and seventeen years.

"W. P. Hall, Acting Adjutant-General."

What on earth it means is a mystery that deepened when it was learned that the Navy had been similarly notified. Whether the President was collecting race-suicide statistics, or evolving some theory of a co-relation between conjugal and military activity, or probing into some other hitherto unexplored realm of economics, the flustered officers are unable to determine. Latest advices inform me that the census is still in progress, the enumerators busy, and the problem unsolved.

A Highball is tasteless unless the whisky is of the best brand. Try a Chapin & Gore highball if you want something delightful.

Where the Line Is Drawn

While several colored cadets have graduated from West Point, such a thing has never happened at Annapolis. Years ago, two or three colored midshipmen were appointed to that school, but they did not remain long, and the Navy has therefore never had a colored officer. Not only did the colored men appointed not take naturally to the seafaring life, but the sentiment of their white associates was so violently opposed to them that the experiment has not been repeated during the last thirty-odd years. I believe the last one was a man who indirectly caused the dismissal of a popular white midshipman, one of the Maryland Claudes, as a result of the latter's positive refusal to fence with him. The color line is still rigidly drawn at Annapolis. A short time ago Midshipman Hugh C. Fry, of North Carolina, rebuked a negro servant by throwing a glass at him. Fry was dismissed, but his conduct was condoned by the people of his State and he was promptly re-appointed by Congressman H. W. Hitchings.

Hates to Tear Himself Away

It is said that Colonel J. J. O'Connell of the Thirtieth Infantry has been using all the influence he possesses to keep his regiment in San Francisco instead of going to the station named for it, Fort Reno, Oklahoma. Colonel O'Connell was stationed in San Francisco with the First Infantry for so many years it is but natural that he has come to look upon California as his home. But the Twenty-eighth Infantry which is assigned to the Presidio is not anxious to go farther on, so no doubt Colonel O'Connell will have to move. Among the officers of the Twenty-eighth Infantry is Captain Thomas A. Pierce whose mar-

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riage with Miss Minnie Burton, daughter of Inspector General George H. Burton, U. S. A., was one of the events of the season several years ago. Captain Charles Lyman Bent, who married Miss Ethel Cohen, another well known member of local society, is also an officer of the Thirtieth Infantry.

Her Psychic Power

Apropos of the debut of Miss Cornelia Kempff, the charming daughter of Admiral Kempff, I am told that she is possessed of psychic power. It is related that a day or two before the Wakefields were to arrive home from Honolulu, on the ill-fated steamer *Rio de Janeiro,* a party of young people sat in the parlor of the Metropole hotel in Oakland discussing the expected return of the family. The only silent member of the group was Miss Cornelia Kempff, then a little girl. Knowing of her great affection for Miss Wakefield, one of the girls said:

"Are you not glad that your playmate, Naomi, is so soon to be with us, Cornelia?"

With a look of sadness, the young girl replied: "She will never be with us again."

When urged, after the tragedy, to give a reason for her remark she would not make reply, but since then it has been said that she had a presentiment of the ship's doom.

General C. A. Woodruff and Mrs. Woodruff, whose absence from the Army colony in San Francisco for some time past has been felt, have returned to the city, and have taken apartments at the Hotel Cecil for the winter.

To Revive Vice-Admiralty

From my Washington correspondent I learn that the Navy Department contemplates recommending to Congress a reorganization scheme for the Navy containing several radical features. While it is not expected that the present session of Congress will create a General Staff for the Navy, analogous to that of the Army, it is believed that some of the Navy Department's new ideas will be put into practice. One of the most interesting of the proposed steps is the revival of the grade of Vice-Admiral, it being understood that the Department wishes three Vice-Admirals created. It is said to be the President's intention, should Congress acquiesce, to nominate Rear-Admirals Robley D. Evans, H. C. Taylor and Bowman H. McCalla for the three vacancies. At any rate, there is an undercurrent of opinion that these are the officers slated for the billets. All three are high in Administration esteem, although every one knows that there is no love lost between "Harry" Taylor and the other two. "Bob" Evans's selection for a vice-admiralty would certainly meet with popular approval, and the powerful "pull" that Evans, Taylor and McCalla all control would appear to be sufficient to overcome any opposition, should such appear.

Grief in Naval Families

One of the most striking instances of the uncertainty of the naval officer's life, which is more marked nowadays than it has been for many years, is furnished by the case of the monitor *Wyoming.* It was supposed by everyone that this vessel would be kept for all of her days in American sea ports, and when Commander V. L. Cottman was assigned to her, he and his officers naturally looked forward to a long term of sea duty spent comfortably and conveniently in San Francisco harbor, where the *Wyoming* was virtually billed as the local station ship. Her unlooked for dispatch to Panama came as a shock to all on board of her, as well as to the families of the officers, who had become cozily ensconced on shore. It appears that the *Wyoming* is now scheduled to be the station ship at distant, disagreeable Panama, to the sorrow of all her people and the grief of their relatives and friends. Six months ago all looked lovely, but it is now quite the reverse. Such is life in the navy.

Young Whitwell Found

Young Whitwell, the Harvard student, whose parents live in San Mateo and who disappeared so mysteriously from the university after drawing out all the money he had on deposit in a local bank, has been found. For many months his parents mourned him as dead, but he has been discovered living the life of a hermit in the mountains. It is not known as yet whether he is violently insane or not, but of course he must have something serious the matter with his headpiece.

A Pair for Every Day

The crack Beau Brummel of society should, by all accounts, be Gordon Blanding. He has three hundred and sixty-five pairs of trousers, one for every day in the year. Other Berry Walls of the local *ton* have to buy their tickets for the last row in the dress circle when Mr. Blanding is in the audience. And just fancy—there are really men in San Francisco who have to seclude themselves within their rooms while they send their lonely pair of trousers to be cleaned and pressed! Here's a chance for Mr. Blanding's philanthropy to assert itself.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie gave a large dinner recently in Washington, D. C., to the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute. Among the guests were Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow.



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Burton Holmes Coming

Few travelers can boast of the mileage which now stands to the credit of Mr. Burton Holmes, traveler, author and lecturer, for with the completion of his last summer's journey of seventeen thousand miles he can boast of having traveled in search of material for his illustrated lectures more than two hundred and sixty-seven thousand miles in his eleven years before the public. To those who are denied the pleasures of travel no more adequate substitute could be found than the travel talks of Mr. Holmes, for his trained brain and eye never failed to bring back from far-away lands the most vivid and valuable impressions of hat he has seen, for the benefit of the "stay-at-homes." His unusual ability as a photographer of keen artistic perceptions enables him to present to the eye, through the medium of his finely colored still pictures, and his realistic motion pictures, a valuable corroboration of his word pictures. At the Lyric hall, during the two weeks beginning January eleventh, Mr. Holmes will deliver two courses of five lectures each, the first giving his experiences last summer in the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and through the Fjords of Alaska to Sitka and the White Pass, and from the White Horse Rapids down the entire length of the Yukon to the Klondike and Cape Nome. His second course, in marked contrast, will describe his journeyings by a new way around the world, the individual subjects being "St. Petersburg," "Moscow," "Siberia," "Peking," "Seoul, the Capital of Korea," All of the lectures of both courses will be magnificently illustrated with colored views and motion pictures from negatives by Mr. Holmes and his assistant and fellow traveler, Mr. Oscar Bennett Depue. Sale of course tickets opens Monday, January fourth, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Prices for either course of five are $4,00, $3.00 and $2.00. Single lectures, $1.00, 75 cents and 50 cents. These will be on sale Thursday, January seventh.

Autocratic Songbirds

Manager Conreid of the Metropolitan Opera House does not believe in nursing the whims of the great operatic stars as did his predecessor, Mr. Grau. He has not only cut down expenses but he has accomplished a great deal for the future of opera in this country. Jean de Reszke refused as usual to sign a contract unless his brother Edouard was also engaged. Now Edouard has no voice and he is a very commonplace artist, and Conreid would have none of him. Therefore Jean is out of a job and Conreid has a better tenor in the person of Caruso. Mmes. Eames and Nordica held out for higher salaries and they were not engaged. As a consequence none of them is making any money. After awhile the singers will begin to realize that the Metropolitan Opera House is of some importance to them. Meanwhile Conreid's singers are standing by him bravely. Sembrich has sung six times in eleven days, and Gadski has appeared in big parts twice in two days.

She Will Return to London Soon

Madame Livorno, the palmist, has established a great reputation for herself in San Francisco, and is daily adding to it through the thorough knowledge of the art which she professes. There is nothing mysterious about this lady; and, apart from its instructive side, it is indeed a pleasure to have one's hand read by her. One can readily understand why she enjoys the friendship and esteem of her clients and why they do not fail—from the highest to the lowest—to acknowledge their appreciation of her talent. Madame Livorno will return to London in the spring.

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The Day After Christmas

I

Much delight,
More glee,
All in sight
Happy, see?

Each one got
"Just the thing."
None forgot
Ours to bring.

Baby's smile
(Hugging cart)
Cares beguile,
Bless its heart!

Jewels rare,
Autos new
Everywhere
Dazzle you.

Berries red,
Mistletoe
Overhead
Lovers know.

"Life's worth while"
We declare;
Fortune's smile
In the air.

Christmas o'er;
Here's to you
Many—more
Happy, too!

II

House upset,
Mothers fret
Broken toys,
Noisy boys.

Whistles, drums
Near and far;
Molly strums
New guitar.

Headaches—O,
Such a din!
Other pains—so
Ginger, gin.

Tommy's wheel
Suits Jack best;
Discord, squeal—
Guess the rest.

Mabel sighs,
Ethel's ring
(Envious eyes)
"Just the thing."

Watches new
Will not go;
Games, too,
Voted slow.

Night at last
(Hours creep).
Glad it's past,
Welcome, Sleep!

Ella M. Sexton.

Indulgent and Brave

"There goes the most indulgent of husbands, and at the same time one of the bravest," he said, as Tom Ralston started out of the club.

"Never heard of his being eulogized in that way before," said the good listener, "how indulgent is he?"

"Well, I've seen him smoke a cigar out of the box his wife gave him for Christmas." —*The Josher.*

In Financial Circles

Transactions in the Stock & Bond Exchange during the past week amounted to $119,000 bonds and 1,261 shares stock, divided into 380 Gas & Electric, 396 S. V. Water, 365 Miscellaneous, 15 Bank and 105 Sugar.

This is indeed a poor showing, even for a holiday week. Fluctuations were nominal, small selling orders having the effect of depressing the market, while on the other hand small buying orders raised prices.

Bank of California stock on a sale of five shares reached the lowest figure ($446 1-2) since the issue of the new stock. A sale of ten shares of Safe Deposit Company's stock scored the highest figure reached so far ($150). The supply of Alaska Packers seems to be more than ample, in fact it does not seem to require much of an exertion to fill buying orders.

Sugar stocks, while anything but active, show a good deal of strength.

Money is in good demand and rates show a hardening tendency. *The Financier.*

LYRIC HALL
Direction Will Greenbaum

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COURSE A

YOSEMITE, Tuesday, Jan. 12; YELLOWSTONE, Thursday, Jan. 14; GRAND CANYON, Saturday, Jan. 16; ALASKA I, The Fjords, Tuesday, Jan. 19; ALASKA II, The Klondike, Thursday, Jan. 21.

COURSE B

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday, Jan. 13; MOSCOW, Friday, Jan 15; SIBERIA, Monday, Jan. 18; PEKING, Wednesday, Jan. 20; SEOUL, Capital of Corea, Friday, Jan. 22.

Sale of course tickets begins Monday, Jan. 4th, at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

"Conduit par Minerve"

"The new year has brought you bonbons, I suppose."

Calypso, otherwise Edith Dacre, her black eyes half veiled by dark lashes, lazily watched the man as he examined the mail just deposited at his side by his house-boy.

"Depends on what you call bonbons," returned Ulysses, commonly called Jack Harris by those unfamiliar with the reincarnation theory. "I've got my walking papers."

He stood up, stretched the muscles of his back and expanded his chest.

"I don't know but what I'm glad of it," he said, "this life is enervating, Edith, say what you will of its tropical delights."

The woman also rose, and laid a slim hand on his coat-sleeve, with a caressing gesture.

"You don't mean it, Jack," she said, "you can't go back to that—" a sweeping gesture eastward over the expanse of blue water finished the sentence.

He did not answer, but appeared to be musing.

"Oh," she exclaimed, drawing her long, lithe figure to its full, imposing height, "it's a good resolution, I see."

There was a ghost of a sneer in her next words:

"One makes good resolutions on New Year's day."

He was still chewing the cud of some thought she failed to fathom, and did not appear to be listening.

"Well, then," she said, moving down the garden path a few steps, "it's a *go*, then. Good-bye, Mr. Harris. I thought you were going to the club to play tennis with me."

He roused himself from his reverie in time to catch the meaning of her last sentence.

"Oh, yes, I'm coming. But don't go yet, Edith. I—I want to talk to you about it." There was a boyish ring to his voice, a new tang from the old, tired, blase tone. "I'm *glad*, Edith, that somebody else has my berth. Why, just fancy, it's four years—four whole years—since I saw them all."

"'Them all'?" she repeated, "I suppose you mean your club friends—those jolly chaps you occasionally tell me about when you get the *heimweh* feeling."

"No, no," he answered impatiently, "I wasn't thinking of them just then. It was my wife, you know, and the boy. See here."

He seated himself beside her and poked about among the mass of letters he had just cast aside.

"This is from her, Edith. You don't care to read it? Well, perhaps it wouldn't be just the right thing for me to show it to you, anyhow. But see—she says the boy—he was eleven when I left home—is half way through the high school. He'll be in the university next. Fancy the little chap going into the university." He eagerly scanned other items in the long letter.

"This is my son, mine own Telemachus!"

The man looked up with a start. There was a reproachful look in the blue eyes bent upon Edith Dacre's black ones. But she neither blushed nor blenched.

"It amuses me, Jack," she smiled, "to think that in the four years I've known you I've never heard you give way to such transports before. We all knew you had a wife—yes, and a son—somewhere, but you never seemed greatly concerned about being absent from them, so we didn't take it to heart, either. How could you expect it?"

"You don't understand, Edith," he replied, impetuously, "I *had* to come here, you know. I just had to and I came."

"Other American consuls have been here, and brought their wives and families along. You didn't."

"I know, Edith. But you see I was tired of it all—I hated that flat, dull round of domestic life, and when this post was offered I jumped at it. I wanted to cut loose from everything—to breathe free air and meet people who had no connection with the old existence. Ella didn't care. She said it would do me good, and she wouldn't have wished to come, anyway, on account of the boy's education."

"Is she pretty?"

The question was irrelevant but Harris caught its import.

"No, not very. She's small and her figure is rather meagre, perhaps, and she isn't in robust health."

"Not a bit my style, eh?"

"Oh, no, not at all. She's just a nice little home body, the kind of woman that makes a man feel sorry enough when he doesn't always vote the straight domestic ticket, you know."

Mrs. Dacre rose and shook out her filmy muslin skirt.

"There's no room for tennis today, Mr. Harris," she said, "if you feel like that."

"Don't go, Edith—why, of course I'm going to play tennis, or any old game you say."

He called the boy to take his letters in, and prepared to accompany his fair visitor.

"I'm half sorry," he said, as they strolled down the path, "that I'm going, after all. Why, Edith, I'll have to leave you—God knows what this beastly little island would have been without your presence. You've been a good friend to me, Edith."

Friend! That was what he called it, then. Her mind ran back over four years of what *he* called friendship, in which were episodes which, though they counted as bagatelles in this non-censorious oriental section, would have led to the divorce court in civilized countries, had her husband been anything else than what he was. Captain Dacre never looked up from his poker games except at meal times.

At the thought of his departure, her nerve and her pride failed her at the same time.

"You mustn't go, Jack," she said—and burst into wild, bitter tears.

She sank down upon the seat by the garden-gate. It was in full sight of possible passers-by, but she did not care.

He knelt down and put his arms around her.

"Why, Edith," he said, "you don't really care, do you?"

Just for a moment he forgot the home yearnings. He remembered only his life on the island, the indolent existence punctuated by passionate episodes in which this woman always figured. How prosaic seemed life at the side of Ella, who knew nothing of the arts that had made the past four years to him a love poem in many and varied stanzas. His thought communicated itself to the woman at whose feet he knelt.

"She can't love you as *I* do," she murmured. "Are her kisses as sweet, as warm, as dear as mine?"

She pressed his hands in hers, and laid her cheek against his. There was nothing to break the silence but the waving of the trees in the light wind, and the lapping of the waves on the low beach.

A spell was over Ulysses. For an instant Calypso was in the ascendancy.

Then he saw an intent look pierce the languor of her glance. He followed her gaze.

Out on the horizon appeared the image of a ship, a huge transport slowly moving westward.

The spell was snapped. He rose from his knees, unclasped her clinging hands, and bade her rise.

"That means home," he said, "'twas well I made my resolution early."

"Bad resolutions are better broken than kept," she deprecated, putting out a detaining hand as he opened the gate.

"Good resolutions are sometimes looked after by Fate," he replied.

He looked again at the incoming transport. To him it meant home, country, fireside, family, friends, the club, the multitudinous objects that make the life of a man, not a puppet. The small world he had been living in for four years was already fading from memory. In that world was Edith Dacre.

* * * * * * * *

She waited and watched, thinking he would tire of the old life as he had wearied of the new. She said to herself that he would come back to her.

But he never did.

Lawrence Martin.

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The Stage

A Chapter of Autobiography

It would be terribly conventional, wouldn't it, to say coming back to San Francisco is like coming home? But you can accuse me of tactfully saying the right thing, if you like, and I can't prove it to be sincere. You see, I appeared here very early in my career, and made my first success here, and that, I suppose, is why I always feel at home acting here. I look back at that little success in "The Dancing Girl" more as San Francisco's fault than my own. It was about ten years ago, and I had been on the stage only a little time. But I had crowded heaps of work and study into that time, although for a season I understudied all the female roles in three New York theatres at the same time. Nowadays when I play only one role, or possibly two, I don't get nearly as much experience. But when I came out here to the Baldwin theatre it was really my start. People called my performance of the lame girl in "The Dancing Girl" a hit, and to make a success in that splendid company that Mr. Palmer brought to the Baldwin meant something. My! just think,—there was Julia Arthur as the Dancing Girl and J. H. Stoddart as her father, and how excellent they both were! And then, Wilton Lackaye played the Duke. Mrs. D. P. Bowers was in the company, too, and May Brookyn, E. M. Holland, Edward Bell and Jennie Eustace. Think of it! Among actors like that San Francisco welcomed me, a beginner and a stranger, as a success. I tell you, that just fixed San Francisco for me. I suppose when an actor is asked to tell something about her stage career she should begin with her reason for going on the stage, unless she is able to go a little farther back and tell how she went "from a convent to the stage"; that beginning for an actor's autobiography is as conventional as the "Once upon a time" start of fairy tales, but it's the only true way of telling my beginning. And the second question is, "Why did you go on the stage?" I think to that my answer is, "Because I loved it." I do love it when I can play serious parts—I mean in their fidelity to nature and in their purpose, not necessarily lugubrious. For instance, "Jinny" Austin, in "The Girl with the Green Eyes," in which I appear next Monday at the Columbia, is superficially light and laughable, but what could be more serious, more tragic in theme, than her curse of jealousy which makes her hurt the man she loves better than any one in the world? I'm glad I am going to have an opportunity to play this part here, because some of the roles I have had to play in San Francisco haven't given me much chance to justify the predictions people were nice enough to make when I started in those "Dancing Girl" days. Musette in "Bohemia" I played here, not of course in Puccini's "Boheme," though we did do our singing in our own little way. No, it was Clyde Fitch's version; "The Girl with the Green Eyes" is Clyde Fitch's, too, you know. It was in Chas. Frohman's Empire stock company I played Musette, and an excellent company it was, with William Faversham, Henry Miller, Viola Allen, May Robson, and—oh, lots of other good artists. Ethel Barrymore was to have had the next part I came here in. That was as the stenographer in "The Tyranny of Tears," with John Drew. Mr. Frohman had cabled for Miss Barrymore to come to New York from London to play the role and while she was on the high seas he changed his mind and gave it to me. Why? Oh, we never ask why with Mr. Frohman. We simply do as he dictates, and somehow in the long run it turns out to have been just the right thing, even though we didn't quite see it in that way at the time. I don't mean that I could see getting the role of Miss Woodward as anything but just right. I loved it. Indeed, until this part in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" I haven't had so good a chance as that in San Francisco. When I came the second time with Mr. Drew I didn't have to share "female honors," as they say, with Isabel Irving, but the characters in "The Second in Command" weren't nearly so sympathetic, that is, sympathetic to me; I imagine the goody-goody heroine of that play was regarded as much more sympathetic by the average auditor than the self-opinionated, rather cynical stenographer. But perhaps that comes from my streak of Ibsen-ism. You know, I admire the old Norwegian tremendously, and you may be sure I shan't miss seeing Miss Gallatin in "Ghosts," which I see is to be done at the Columbia on a Sunday night. It was the last time I was here, when I was being nightly rescued from the numerous perils of underground vaults and things by William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes," that some one asked my true ambition, which was to play in Shakespeare. Well, I've satisfied that ambition since—oh, no, not satisfied it, but at least fed it a bit. Mr. Frohman postponed sending me out, you know, to "lend" me to Klaw & Erlanger for their beautiful production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" which opened at the New Amsterdam theatre a few months ago. Nat Goodwin was the Nick Bottom. But despite the beauty of the production and the excellence of the cast, the public didn't seem to want it and—well, here I am to play the green-eyed girl in Mr. Fitch's very modern drama.

Ida Conquest.



W. B. PATTON

The Peculiar Comedian, as Simon Ray, in the pastoral play, "The Minister's Son," which opens at the Grand Opera House tomorrow (Sunday) matinee.

Realism in Stage Mechanism

The electrician, stage carpenter, scene painter and assistants must have worked hard to bring "Blue Jeans" to the point of perfection in which it appears at the Alcazar. Nothing could be more realistic than the saw-mill scene, with the big saw making the sawdust fly like spray as it eats its way toward the hero bound to the moving carriage. Then there are pigeons that flutter about, a pet bull calf is introduced, shoes are cobbled, a barn is decorated, lamps filled, potatoes pared and other details brought in that are features of ordinary life, but became parts of a most artistic picture when in a play. "Blue Jeans" is full of these things, quaint country scenes with a village brass band, a barbecue, kazoo players, singing mill hands, agile dancers and a realistic Christmas eve celebration. The super-cultured hold up their hands in affected horror at those who confess to enjoy this sort of a melodrama, but there is really nothing that gives a more satisfactory evening's enjoyment. There's no problem to work out in "Blue Jeans." You see the villain working his sweet will until kind fate intervenes to stop him; the hero triumphing over difficulties, and the heroine doing her sweet, tender part. When the final curtain falls everything has been peacefully adjusted, and your queries are all answered. Many star casts have pro-

duced the Arthur drama, but none better than the present one. Mr. Durkin is quietly effective in the role of Perry. Mr. Hilliard does something quite out of the line of roles in which he has heretofore appeared as Ike. The others fill the characters allotted to them with the skill and intelligence only to be found in a well-



IDA CONQUEST
At the Columbia.

conducted stock company. It is Miss Starr, however, who wins the audience's heart. As Perry's wife, June, she is the bright particular star of the play.

The firemen's melodrama is the most thrilling that has been seen at the Grand for many a day. It is instructive, too, and a splendid object lesson of what our brave fire laddies accomplish in the way of saving lives and property. A strong cast interprets the play, and many clever specialties are introduced. The theatre has been packed every night.

"Alphonse and Gaston" is the Opper pictures brought to life. The Central's audiences appreciate the fun of the dialogue and situations and they are treated also to a fine lot of specialties, by Miss Ainsworth, who is a charming singer, Myrtle Vane, Lillian Levy and others. Millar Bacon as Alphonse is one of the big hits of the production.

The New Tivoli

The opening of the new Tivoli took place too late for discussion in this week's issue. From all that I have been able to learn concerning the plans of the management, the new temple of music is destined to have even a more brilliant career than the old one. It is unquestionably the most superbly equipped theatre in the West, and is especially adapted for the production of operas and musical extravaganzas. At this writing I am confident that the verdict of the first night's audience will be one of enthusiastic approval. However, the opening attraction, a spectacular musical extravaganza, will convey but a vague hint of what the management has in store for its patrons. It is to be followed by musical comedies and comic operas never before produced in this city, and I hear that Ferris Hartman is to spring some surprises in stage pictures and stage business, of which he made a special study while abroad. During his trip he picked up many new wrinkles which will prove of great advantage to the new Tivoli.

The Overworked Librettist

I have been protesting against Harry B. Smith, the librettist, for a long time. I have been advising him to lay off for awhile, and permit other people to do the libretto hack work for the musical comedy theatres of New York and the rest of the country, until a few new ideas filtered into his brain. But he is so far away that he probably never heard either my protests or appeals. Now, however, the critic of the New York *Sun* is after him, and he will probably hearken. The latest specimen of his clumsiwork, "The Girl from Dixie," was presented on Broadway the other night, and the *Sun* critic said that "in his efforts to write all the plays for all the actors Mr. Smith has overreached himself"; that he should "call a halt in his Libretto factory and put both his hands on half pay." He pronounced the piece the worst ever. And yet in doing his worst Mr. Smith must have been trying to do his best, for the piece was written for the girl of his heart, Miss Irene Bentley. She is Mr. Smith's protege, as everybody on Broadway knows, and he has undertaken to make a star out of her. We in the far West wonder where all the stars come from, and why many of them were ever elevated above the dead level of the horizon. Most of them are children of love, and they demonstrate that talent is unnecessary when money is available to boom mediocrity and secure for it a glittering setting. The *Sun* man does not give the secret away; there is a strong bond of sympathy between the theatres and the newspapers of New York. However he does say that Miss Bentley "used to be a very charming little actress with a sweet but tiny voice and a limited amount of grace"; that she is now "out of focus and that she needs severe stage management to bring her back into the picture." This same clever critic said of Miss Nesbitt in the same piece, "Her eyes were fixed so incessantly on an old gentleman in a right hand stage box that she hadn't even time to follow the leader. The last time we heard her she was about to take the veil. She must have changed her mind since, for last night she acted as if she would very much rather take a tiara."

Triumphant Californians

Our old friend, Edwin Stevens, who flits periodically across the Tivoli stage just to keep his bank account from sagging in off seasons, is back on Broadway, where he has scored the hit of his life in Dave Belasco's new success, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Henrietta Crosman is the star of the play, but Stevens runs her a close second. He is playing the part of an autocratic inebriate, and in discussing his performance Acton Davies of the *Sun* said: "His scene of intoxication was so admirably executed that we tremble to think how much Scotch whisky he must have consumed in arriving at such a state of alcoholic perfection, and yet his drunkenness was so dignified and stately that it would not have shocked even a member of the W. C. T. U.." California, by the way, has reason to be proud of Dave Belasco, for he is today the greatest playwright and manager in the United States, if not in the world. I know of no other playbuilder who has sustained a record for unbroken success equal to that of Belasco. The critics agree that Sweet Kitty Bellairs will take her place in the great gallery of feminine stage pictures, which already includes Maryland, Zaza, Du Barry and Yo San. It is interesting to note that Belasco has shown good judgment in exploiting California talent. Blanche Bates is his star in "The Darling of the Gods," which



THE ORIGINAL "BLUE JEANS" PLAYERS.

This is a reproduction of a very old and valuable photograph—the only one in existence—loaned to the Alcazar by Joseph Arthur, the author of "Blue Jeans," and shows a group of well known players in the original cast. It was taken by Sarony, in New York, thirteen years ago. From right to left the people are Geo. D. Chaplin, Robert Hilliard, George Fawcett, the late John J. Wallace—of the old California stock in 1885—and Judith Berolde, while seated in front is Jennie Yeamans.

play is under the stage management of George L\sk. Dave Warfield is his star in "The Auctioneer," and now Edwin Stevens comes out strong in the latest Broadway success. All of Belasco's theatrical enterprises are making money, but all the other managers are complaining of poor business.

Tyndall Departs for Los Angeles

Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall interested a large audience at Steinway hall last Sunday night, with a demonstration of the marvels of thought force and what may be called "The Dynamics of Will." He explained the principle by which the feats of strength exhibited by "The Georgia Magnet" may be accomplished on a purely scientific basis, without any element of either confederacy or supernaturalism. He reproduced the phenomena under the supervision of a committee, and explained the feats of what seem to be abnormal strength and will, on the hypothesis of the law of the parallelogram of forces. He stated that the manifestations are none the less marvelous for the fact of their being a manifestation of a perfectly natural law. His lectures and experiments have demonstrated that psychic phenomena and psychic powers are normal and governed by natural laws; that these powers he possesses are capable of practical use, and that all mystery is capable of solution on a logical basis. By the way, Tyndall has accepted the presidency of an Institute in Los Angeles teaching and practising the practical use of psychology, and will leave for the South shortly.

A correspondent writes me from New York that, far from being a frost on Broadway, "Babette" is nightly crowding the theatre where it is the attraction. It is soon going on the road, so the fascinating Fritzi Scheff may come again to San Francisco some time next year. This is a city where she is a sure-enough favorite.

Features of Next Week's Bills

The Orpheum Road Show, which has taken the town by storm, will be augmented for the farewell performances by Victor Moore and Emma Littlefield who will present their amusing skit "Change Your Act," or "Back to the Woods." The two performers impersonate Western variety-show people who have just arrived in New York with the intention of "breaking into" high-class vaudeville. The stage in a vaudeville theatre as it appears during a morning rehearsal is shown. Several stage hands pass back and forth arranging and rearranging the various pieces of scenery and in the midst of all the confusion the two new aspirants for histrionic honors perform their "stunts" for the manager of the house. Elizabeth Murray, "Caesar," the mind reading poodle, Ed. F. Reynard, the Melani Trio, Eckhoff and Gordon, Albertus and Millar, and the Nightons will complete the program.

The beautiful Christmas spectacle which is pleasing thousands of visitors every afternoon and evening at the Chutes will be continued for another week and every child in attendance in the afternoons, up to and including Friday, New Year's Day, will be given a present from the electrically illuminated Christmas tree at the conclusion of the act. Others on the program will be Charles Gardner and Marie Stoddard, novelty musical sketch artists, Joe and Sadie Britton, colored singing and dancing couple, Esmeralda, xylophone and bell soloist, and Mabel Lamson, the popular contralto.

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MR. W. B. PATTON
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A Page Torn from the Book of Life.
Beginning Sunday Matinee, January 3rd, JO KELLY in the Musical Cut-up, "THE HEAD WAITERS"
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Commencing Monday, December 28th, Last Week of the Enormously Successful and Wonderfully Realistic Production
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Monday, January 4—A LADY OF QUALITY

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Matinees New Year's, Saturday and Sunday
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A Romance of Sleepy Hollow
Prices: Evenings 10c to 50c. Matinees 10c, 15c, 25c.
New Year's Week, Jan. 4th . . . . . MONTE CRISTO

We are not to have Clara Bloodgood in the Columbia production of "The Girl With the Green Eyes," but the cast will be a notable one even without the New York ex-society woman. Ida Conquest, who is a great favorite here and whom we last saw in "Sherlock Holmes," will play the title role. Robert Drouet, who has been here with Effie Ellsler and with Mary Mannering, will be the leading man, and others in the company will be Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Grace Henderson, William Tooker and Edith Talliaferro. It is a Fitch play and a Frohman production. Mrs. Langtry in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce" comes next and then Alberta Gallatin in Ibsen's "Ghosts."

The attraction beginning tomorrow matinee at the Grand will be "the peculiar comedian," W. B. Patton, and a strong supporting company in "The Minister's Son," a sweet, wholesome story of life in a Down East village. Mr. Patton is today considered one of the most promising young stars on the American stage. In style, method, mannerism and speech, he is a strong reminder of the late Sol Smith Russell. The play will be most elaborately mounted and no effort will be spared to make it in every way worthy of popular approval. January third, Jo Kelly and company will appear in the musical cut-up, "The Head Waitress."

"Blue Jeans" will easily crowd the Alcazar another week and then will come "A Lady of Quality."

"I. O. U." will enter upon its fifth week at Fischer's. Helen Russell, a statuesque beauty, and John Peachy, an Eastern baritone, will join the Fischer forces in the musical comedy composed by one of San Francisco's newspaper men, that is to succeed "I. O. U." Charles Candee, the new musical director who comes next week, was with Klaw and Erlanger's big New York productions in a similar capacity for several years.

The Central's special week's engagement of the famous rural comedy, "The Dairy Farm," begins next Monday evening. This play is a household word in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities, where it rolled up a record of over twelve hundred performances, including all summer runs in Chicago and Atlantic City. It is of the wholesome, human-nature type that appeals to all sorts of theatre-goers and offends no one. In the cast will be several character players who appeared in all the Eastern city runs: Theo. T. Rook, as Simon Krum, the seventy year old miser and slave trader; Tony West, as Joel Whitbeck, the lanky, loquacious country peddler; Helen Hartley, as the rich village girl, Eunice Jane Perkins; and Sarah Ward as Miss Newkirk, the kind-hearted housekeeper. The young lovers will be impersonated by Herschel Mayall and Eugenia Thais Lawton, while the favorite comedienne, Myrtle Vane, will be "Minty" the village tom-boy.

There will be New Year's matinees at all the theatres.

—The Playgoer.

Revery of a Bachelor

(*His Answer to Her Letters—in soliloquy.*)

Lord—here's another. I wonder why that silly goose keeps on writing to me?

Silence means consent or contempt. In this case: Which? I haven't read the last half-dozen yet. There they lie, stacked up on the dresser, covered with dust. I haven't time to open them, much less read them. Women are all kinds of fools, if they only knew. She appears to be in the bunch with the rest. Wonder if she's crying her eyes out because I don't write? I can't be bothered—and if I write that means more replies from her, to swell the pack of missives on the dresser. Broken heart? More likely, hurt vanity. Who would have thought a little flirtation, so unconventionally begun, would have such epistolary consequence?

I can't help it if women will fall in love with me. If I happen to have that masterful manner that takes with them, it's not my fault. Of course, I'm not saying that I did not help it along a little. It is so natural when with the weaker sex to assume a tenderness if you have it not—and a mixture of brute seems to make even worse havoc with their—well, call it emotions.

After all, what can she expect? I can't be wasting my time—yes, and money, though that is only a minor consideration—on a girl who won't go the whole gamut. Does she think men are made of stone? She's cold as Greenland—well, perhaps she isn't all ice, but those blooming principles of hers are just as bad. Now, there's Rosie, and Gertie, and Birdie—they aren't hampered by any such nonsense. And when a man is tied down to work for so many days of the year as I am, when he does quit the grind for a few days he must have FUN to the limit.

I wonder what she'd say if she knew about those six missives piled up there, and this one in my hand—all unread? She hasn't much to remember me by, not even a tintype. That reminds me—what the deuce did I do with her picture? I left it somewhere—why, it must have been that the dog was worrying last night. I took the fragments to light my pipe with. Hard to catch the flame, too—reckon the picture's temperament matched its subject's.

Guess I'd better burn the letters, too. Supposing I died—a violent death—and the reporters got hold of those things. Mighty brave reading it would be for her friends, and my family. The papers might say that my death had the usual woman at the bottom of it.

She'd be flattered, of course. Women always are. Lord!—why the devil do they always take things *au serieux?*

No, I'll burn them now. Here they go! And to think that out of the whole seven *I hadn't read one!*

—The Mind-Reader.

Judge Colt of the Circuit Court of the United States District of Massachusetts deserves the congratulations and thanks of the American people for the broad and sweeping decision rendered Nov. 9, 1903, restraining Adams, Taylor Co. of Boston, Mass, from using the word "Club" in connection with bottled Cocktails. The complainants, G. F. Heublein & Bro., have spent much time and money in introducing the celebrated Club Cocktails, which like all well known and staple articles have been more or less imitated. This decision means not only protection to the maker of of the goods, but affords equal protection to the purchaser, and simplifies the matter of getting what you want and pay for. We trust the Courts will continue in this good work and protect known and established brands from the piracy to which they have so long been subject.

The tenth anniversary and souvenir ball of Professor George R. Puckett's Academy of Dancing will take place next Wednesday evening, December thirtieth, in Mission Opera Hall, Mission street between Seventeenth and Eighteenth. On this occasion handsome souvenirs will be given and Professor Puckett hopes to greet many of his former pupils and their friends, as well as those attending his present classes, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, in Mission Opera Hall. The Puckett Academy is so popular that it was found necessary to add one night a week to the classes, with a social on Wednesday for graduated pupils and their friends.

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MUSIC

The Adelstein Pupil Musicale

The usual immense audience that attends invitational affairs packed the hall and overflowed into the aisles last Thursday evening, when Samuel Adelstein's pupils gave their musicale. The program presented was especially interesting as showing what can be done on the mandolin and lute, many new things for the plectrum instruments being rendered. Some of them had never been given before in this country. The average auditor, accustomed to hearing only ragtime and popular tunes on the mandolin, was surprised to note the fine renditions of classic selections on this occasion. The Mandolin Orchestra, under Mr. Adelstein's direction, opened the program with Mezzacapo's "Ideal" waltz and the same composer's arrangement of Schubert's "Serenade," later giving a "Rigoletto" fantasie by Pietrapertosa, Almagro-Balsimelli's "Canto d'Amor," Mazzacapo's "Napoli" tarantella, and Pietrapertosa's arrangement of "William Tell." The orchestra consists of: Mandolins, Anita Ferguson, Florence Kentfield, Florence Magnin, Emma Noonan, Florence Marvin, Alice Swanson and Glen Cowgill; Italian lutes, Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Elvira W. Hobbs; with Mollie Pratt at the piano. They rendered all their selections with admirable tempo and nicety of expression. The Adelstein Plectrum Quartet—Florence Magnin and Mr. Adelstein, mandolins, Mrs. Sherwood and Miss Hobbs, lutes—gave Calace's "Quartetto a Penno," three movements (first time in America), the berceuse from Godard's "Jocelyn" and Durand's ""Pomponette" (arranged for the quartet by Signor Munier of Florence, Italy), their rendition being intelligent and harmonious. Another interesting number was the trio for three Italian lutes, by Bellenghi, a serenade, "Sul Lido," by Mrs. Sherwood, Miss Hobbs and Mr. Adelstein. The Adelstein pupils were assisted by Miss Elena Roeckel, contralto, Edward M. Thornton, tenor, and H. Warner Sherwood, the boy soprano. Miss Roeckel's numbers were Massenet's long and difficult "Pensee d' Automne," which she sang with full regard for its many fine points of expression; Hahn's "Si Mes Vers Avaient, des Ailes" and Allitsen's charming "Love is a Bubble." Mr. Thornton, who is a scholarly and pleasing tenor, gave songs by De Koven, Bartlett, Rogers and Meyer-Helmund. Master Sherwood's numbers were D'Hardelot's "Dance of the Dragon Flies" and Woodman's "An Open Secret." His voice has been splendidly cultivated and he takes his high notes, so like those of a prima donna, with rare ease.

The little pupils of Mrs. Leila France McDermott gave a musicale last Saturday, when scenes from some of the grand operas were given. The program was: Duet, Don Giovanni, Louise Crim, Mrs. McDermott; Il Trovatore, Lettie Belt; Mermaid's song (Oberon), Marian, Mosebach; march, Lucia di Lammermoor, Ada Belton; Daughter of the Regiment, Hazel King; Bohemian Girl, Gladyce Hartley; Dear Little Buttercup (Pinafore), Louis McDermott; waltz from La Traviata, Frank Belt; William Tell, Lillie Mosebach; Martha, Irene McDermott; Lucrezia Borgia, Louise Crim; waltz song from Faust, Elizabeth McDermott; march from Norma, Mary P. Belt; "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls" (Bohemian Girl), Hennig Berg; march from Der Freischutz, Harry Boshardt; air from Magic Flute, Mozart, Blanche Brooks, Mrs. McDermott. The selections were all rendered with spirit and considerable understanding.

One of the musical events of the dying season was the closing program of 1903 given by the San Francisco Musical Club in Lyric hall, last week. The program was in charge of Miss Ella V. McCloskey, and Mozart's "Requiem Mass" was presented under the direction of Dr. H. J. Stewart.

The Christmas musical program at the First Congregational church, Oakland, was given last Sunday evening by the chorus choir of sixty voices, under the direction of Alexander Stewart, with the following soloists: Mrs. Grace Northrup Davis, soprano, Mrs. Carroll-Nicholson, contralto, Arthur A. Macurda, tenor, Willard T. Young, baritone; William E. King, organist. A notable feature of the program was that four of the anthems sung were by leading American composers, Arthur Foote, Geo. W. Chadwick, Homer H. Bartlett and Dr. H. J. Stewart. Those by the three first named composers are but recently published.

Mrs. Alvina Heuer Willson, the soprano, who has been for some time at Boise, Idaho, will spend the winter in San Francisco with her mother, Mrs. Philip Heuer, at 2117 Taylor street.

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The Loring Club Concert

The second of this season's Loring Club concerts hardly achieved the brilliant success of the first. The entire first part of the program was occupied by "Roland's Horn," a setting of the old legend by Markull, a modern German composer. The greater part of the work is for male chorus with a few short tenor and baritone solos interspersed, and an occasional horn interlude where the text demands it. The work is long, the words taking up nearly five pages of the printed program, and vocally it taxed the club to the utmost. The singers deserve credit for coming through the many changing rhythms and modulations without a break, though one had an uneasy feeling all the time that such a catastrophe was likely to happen. That it did not, argues faithful and steady work on the part of the chorus. The solo parts were entrusted to Mr. Macurda and Dr. Schalkhammer, two singers who can be always depended upon. The most really beautiful part of the "Roland's Horn" music was the piano accompaniment, performed by Miss Ruth Loring in her usual masterly manner. The horn soloist was too timid to make his part effective. Mrs. Grace Northrup Davis made her entrance in the second part of the program in the Joan d' Arc aria, "Adieu Forets" in which she made a very effective use of her clear though somewhat cold soprano. She did not come out so well in Adam's "Cantique de Noel." Last year the club made a brilliant success of this number, the soprano solo soaring out over the chorus and orchestra. This time, Mrs. Davis seemed to be a little off the key and kept her voice down so that at times it could hardly be heard. However the audience demanded an encore and the second strophe was repeated with much better effect, so far as the soloist was concerned. Later in the evening Mrs. Davis was wholly charming in "The Bell-Ringer's Daughter," a new composition by Rheinthaler for soprano solo and men's chorus. Two other new additions to the repertoire of the club were an excerpt from Max Bruch's opera "Die Loreley" and "The Sailor's Dream" by Franz Abt. The libretto of the first named work is one which Mendelssohn had accepted, but the musical part of the work was left uncompleted at his death. Max Bruch afterwards used the same libretto for his opera. The "Chorus of Vintagers and Boatmen" is spirited and swinging, and was well treated by the club. Mr. Brenner, the soloist, had a very grateful part of which he did not fail to make the most. I hope we shall hear this selection again. The Abt song was not so well done, and Mr. Medley was quite throaty in his solo. The concert ended with two movements from Mendelssohn's "Festgesang" with organ accompaniment. The club was at its best in this smooth and gracious music, which has all the solemn and healing effect of a benediction. Mr. David Loring conducted.

In an interview with Adelina Patti in New York, the charming diva said that she ascribed the reason that her voice has survived the ravages of time to the fact that she never worried. People who have followed Madame Patti's long and prosperous career do not remember that she was ever oppressed with any need of worrying. She began life with a voice which surpassed that of any other singer and she is still in possession of that voice. Her farewell tour has been marked by triumphant ovations in several of the large Eastern cities and her two appearances in this city next month are anxiously looked forward to.

To-morrow evening at the First Methodist Church Dudley Buck's Christmas cantata, "The Coming of the King," will be rendered by a chorus of fifty voices, directed by Percy A. R. Dow. The regular choir will be augmented by the First Baptist choir of Oakland, and will have the assistance of Miss Gertrude Hibberd (violin). The soloists will be: Mrs. W. L. Turney, Mrs. Margaret Best, Miss Corinne Gyle, Miss Grace Hipkins, Mrs. O. Mendenhall, Messrs. Kent, Burckhalter and J. W. Garthwaite; Miss Harriet Fish at the organ.

A concert will be given on January sixth at the Alhambra by pupils of Prof. E. S. Bonelli. A varied program, which will display the improvement made since the last recital, has been arranged for the occasion.

A very interesting "Evening" was given by the pupils of Miss Charlotte Pau, last Tuesday, in Century hall. It was an invitational affair and largely attended.

Miss Belle Claire Chamberlain, the pianist, left last week for Chicago, where she intends to reside permanently.

—*The Music Critic.*

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Automobile Topics

The past year has been a profitable one for San Francisco's automobile dealers, and nearly all the automobiles sold in central and northern California have been distributed from this city. All through California has the automobile become popular. The Easterners are about right when they say that automobiling is still in its infancy, for greater things may yet be expected of the modern chariot not only here, but in Los Angeles and every other city of any importance on the coast. Clubs are being formed in many cities and this is another proof of the growing popularity of the automobile. In San Francisco there are now double the number of machines owned at this time last year. This, with the erection of numerous large automobile houses, among which are some of the largest garages in the world, who can doubt but that the automobile interest has taken a great jump since 1892. Wonderful as is the machine of today, however, its possibilities are by no means exhausted.

A firm in the East is engaged in a work in the automobile line the outcome of which will be of importance to the far-off Death Valley of the borax region. The work being done is the building of an automobile train, engine and seven cars, designed to take the place and do the work of twelve hundred mules and two hundred and forty drivers, saving one hundred thousand dollars annually. For its use a macadam road one hundred miles long is now being built over the shifting sands through Rocky Pass and along the mountain sides in the borax valley. The engine will run at the head of the train or cars and by means of a coupling tongue the current generated will be transmitted to the cars, each of which will be driven by two motors of its own.

Owing to the success attending the automobile races at Denver, San Francisco and Los Angeles, a movement has been started for an automobile racing circuit next year. Big meetings are to be held in many of the large cities in the West at which all the racing champions will compete. The sport has passed the experimental stage this year and the local club is so well pleased with the recent meeting that it may give another one next spring. The Southern California Automobile Club has decided to have a race meet next spring. The date has not been set owing to the press of other business connected with the Plaza del Rey Road but the meeting will be a two day affair as was the last, and will be held about Decoration Day or perhaps a week or two earlier.

James Waters, the wealthy nursery man, has bought a "Northern" automobile, the type manufactured in Detroit. It is a single-seat runabout, a compact and neat little roadster of six-horse power, which can clip off miles at the rate of thirty per hour.

H. D. Morton, a director of the Pioneer Automobile Company, has just returned from a trip throughout the East, which included the inspection of the different factories represented by the Pioneer Company. He states that interest in the automobile throughout the East is greater than ever before. All factories manufacturing standard machines have been taxed to their limit and their entire output has been sold. Mr. Morton particularly investigated the automobile as applied to trucking and has decided that it is the future vehicle for freight transportation. He states further that the automobile show to be given in Madison Square, New York, in January, will probably surpass the annual show held in Paris. He says there is absolutely no garage in the East that will in any way compare with the Pioneer Company's new building, 901-925 Golden Gate avenue. Jesse E. Poundstone of Colusa county last week wired his order into the Pioneer Company for a Stevens-Duryea machine.

J. Parker Whitney has just returned from the East and has placed his order for a 1904 Winton touring car to be sent to his ranch at Rockland. Mr. Garland of Los Angeles has an order for a 1904 Winton. Mr. Garland had a 1903 machine which he bought about a month ago, and he was so well satisfied with it that he placed his order for a 1904 model without even seeing it. This makes the fourteenth order received by the Pioneer Automobile Company for 1904 Winton touring cars. As predicted by some of the automobile dealers in San Francisco, the standard touring cars are going to be very hard to get this season. Several sales of Winton touring cars have been made in Boston at premiums of from two hundred to three hundred dollars for early delivery on 1904 machines.

C. A. Hawkins, General Manager of the White Automobile Company, has returned from a trip over the southern part of California. He believes that the automobile business in that section is at present better than in any other part of the State. "The Automobile Club of California," said Mr. Hawkins, "is exceedingly active in behalf of good roads and there is a scheme on foot now to build a straightaway speedway ten miles in length on which all records may be broken."

F. Sabit of Paris, France, was a recent visitor in San Francisco and one day he happened to drop in at the White and chanced to see the new touring car painted in cream white. He ordered one just like it to be shipped to his home in Paris, asserting that he never saw a handsomer modern chariot.

E. C. Stone of Riverside, an ardent devotee of the motor car, will take his White touring car with him on his purposed Eastern trip.



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Dr. Sill, an Oakland physician, has bought an Oldsmobile in which to pay his professional visits. Dennis Diamond of Alameda last week purchased an Oldsmobile. This is the second one he has purchased from the Pioneer Automobile Company.

Mr. M. L. Goss, General Sales Manager of the Baker Motor Vehicle Company of Cleveland, Ohio, is spending a few days in the city and making his headquarters at the Pioneer Automobile Company, agents for the Baker machine on this coast. Mr. Goss says that his company has done a very satisfactory business during the past year and that the use of electric vehicles is on the increase.

A sample of the new Jones-Corbin car has been shipped by express to the Pacific Motor Car Company, they having been awarded the agency of the Jones-Corbin Automobile Company's products. This machine weighs twelve hundred pounds, has twelve-horse power and standard gearing which enables it to attain a speed of forty miles an hour. A carload of these machines is following the sample by fast freight and the sample is probably now on exhibition at the Pacific Motor Car Company's office, 49 City Hall avenue. This company has also added to its line of cars the Crest Manufacturing Company's runabout. The engine is under the front hood and it is a high-powered little car, selling at six hundred and fifty dollars; also the Crest tonneau car of the same make, with forward motors, at eight hundred and fifty dollars. These will be on exhibition at the company's garage shortly. The new 1904 St. Louis tonneau cars are expected daily and the new four-cylinder model "L" Packard will arrive by express early in January.

J. R. Dalton of Winters purchased a Cadillac a few days ago. Another purchaser of a Cadillac recently is Mr. Bangs of the firm of Berry & Bangs of this city. —*The Chauffeur.*

A Souvenir Worth While

It is a fine collection of reproductions of works by representative Californian artists that is gathered within the portfolio published by the United Crafts and Arts of California (Incorporated). This is the first of what will be a very comprehensive series of such collections. There are ten half-tones of large size in the portfolio, and each is a gem. They are all good examples of the style of the artist, and the collection is of rare value. It seems almost incredible that it could have been gotten up in this admirable way and sold for one dollar, but that is its price. The subjects of the pictures, and their artists, are: Crow Indian Cowboy, H. W. Hansen; Old Mission Interior—San Juan, C. P. Neilson; California Redwoods, L. P. Latimer; From a Drawing, L. Maynard Dixon; Firelight Study, Maurice Del Mue; Indian Madonna, Xavier Martinez; Digger Indians, Henry Raschen; Chinatown Sketch, A. Methfessel; A Drawing, Gordon Ross; Sketch in Holland, C. Chapel Judson.

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Manhattan, blue points, and salmon roe;
Sweetbread croquettes, canape Lorenzo:
Squab en crapaudine, frogs' legs poulette;
Chiffonnade salade, supreme chicken Jeannette;
Turkey a l'Americaine, with sauce,
And chestnut dressing, and onions of course;
Plum pudding with cognac, the British way;
Mince and pumpkin pies, cafe hors de lait;
A bit of biscuit, and Roquefort strong,
An ice and some fruit brings us well along—
"Now what," asked Maude, "is the cream of this?"
"To me," I said, "'tis your New Year's kiss."

—*The Epicure.*

"My wife has no secrets from me."

"How nice! Then you'll know just how much your birthday gift from her will cost."

Her New Year's Wish

Some want this
  Some want that;
One wants a gown,
  One wants a hat;
She wants a house,
  He wants money;
But all *I* want,
  Is just you, honey!

—*The Nonsense Rhymer.*

"I never," observed the Widow, "carry my flirtations to the extent of losing my self-respect."

"Ah, but," returned her bosom friend, "everybody has her own scale to measure that quality by."

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PERCY W. TREAT Secretary

LETTERS

"The Edge of Things"

No one who has lived on a sheep ranch long enough for the first novelty to have worn off can fail to appreciate the truth of "The Edge of Things." Two of the chapters incorporated in the book were published independently a few years ago in one of the magazines and attracted universal attention. We have all read newspaper accounts of herders being attacked by melancholia or mania, but no half-dozen lines, or even half-column account, can give any idea of the dreary monotony of life where there is "nothing but time and sheep," and where there are no books or papers or human companionship except that of other herders, for the sheepman who is not a capitalist must work with his men and as hard as any of them, and often owes it to that blessed necessity that he maintains his faculties. To the city dweller a sheep is a beautiful, soft, white, gentle creature living on a green lawn and coming up to be petted and fed tid-bits by hand. There is a white-painted farm house with green blinds and porches, and numerous outbuildings, and a garden, to say nothing of a family of women and children, all within a few minutes of a town. In reality there is a surging mass of the woolly idiots, dirty and dusty, and perhaps more or less afflicted with disease, who eat the ground bare and trample it into dust a foot thick, all the time keeping up a monotonous bawling which is utterly meaningless. The ranch house is often an adobe hut, often a mere brush shed, and often not even that, but the herder wraps himself in his blanket and lies down under the stars, with his dog beside him and the sheep about. The postoffice and the telegraph station are a day's journey away, if not more, and the mail service, not oftener than once a week, is supplemented by the efforts of others in like circumstances, who undertake to forward what letters and papers there are as soon as convenient. It was into such a pastoral life that Dilling Brown entered immediately after his graduation from an eastern college. He invested his patrimony in Cotswolds and then started with his flocks for the region of "free grass" across the Sierras, full of enthusiasm and pluck which would have insured his success if enthusiasm, pluck and hard work were not offset by conditions which neither he nor any one else could control. To a man fresh from the centre of education and accustomed to communication with his kind the new life could not fail to bring disenchantment, and it is only through force of will that he succeeds in escaping the fate of his predecessor. In the adobe, evidently hastily abandoned, he finds a girl's work basket and a few other insignificant trifles, and he makes their owner his confidant though he never expects to see her, and it is only by accident that he discovers her name. That is one man's story, but the manager of the next ranch, Louis Papin of the Esmeralda, in spite of his fifty assistants, is hardly less lonely. Large as his force of herders is, they are on the verge of collapse from sheer monotony of existence, and might have fallen upon each other with homicidal intent or deserted bodily, or done anything desperate when a timely raid of Mexican thieves brought action and variety. As I said before, those who have lived on a sheep ranch may fancy themselves there again. Those who have no such experience to guide them may at least learn to regard with charity the conduct of the herders who, after months of the range, find themselves once more amongst fellow-men instead of bawling quadrupeds. "The Edge of Things" is by Elia W. Peattie, and published by the Fleming Revell Co.

A Deal in Wheat

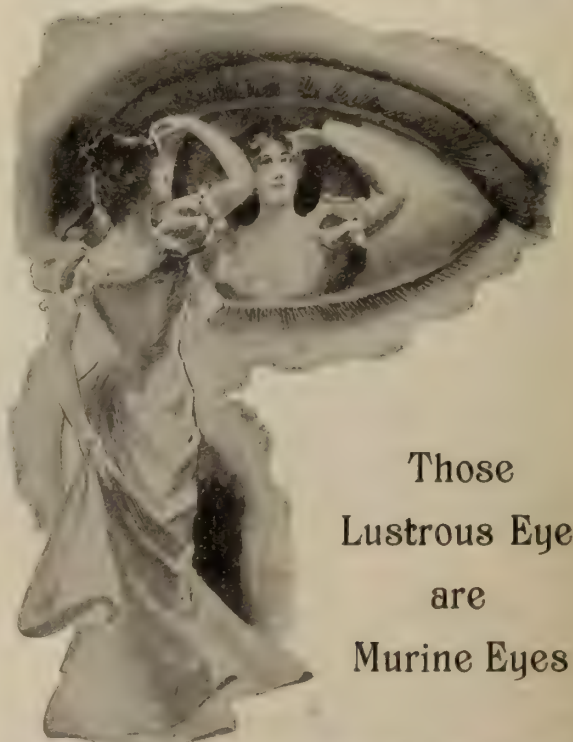
The short stories collected under the title of "A Deal in Wheat" will not add anything to the reputation of Frank Norris as a writer, for he was not at his best in the short story, and it is not unlikely that, had he lived, he would have been content to let these lie buried in the pages of the periodicals in which they appeared. As compared with his novels, they give the impression of marginal notes, trials of his pen, but so far from blaming his literary executors for having gathered up these fragments, as one so often has occasion to do when an author has passed from the control of his work, we would gladly welcome a collection of those earlier stories which appeared in *The Wave*. "A Deal in Wheat," the story which gives name to this volume, contains the germ which was afterward expanded into "The Pit." "The Passing of Cockeye Blacklock" is noticeable as having been suggested by a newspaper paragraph which furnished plots for three writers, and, by a curious coincidence, all three stories appeared almost simultaneously. "The Ghost in the Crosstrees" is considered by some to be the best short story Norris wrote; "The Ship That Saw a Ghost" tells of a treasure-seeking expedition and the obstacles the seekers encountered. Perhaps the strongest of the ten tales is "A Memorandum of Sudden Death." Granted that a diary

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could be written under such conditions, the rest is real and convincing enough. Three troopers, under guidance of a scout, are surrounded by Indians on the plain, and Karslake, one of the men, and the last survivor of the four, jots down the incidents of their journey while unmolested and describes their last stand. Admirers of this lamented author will be glad to place "A Deal in Wheat" on their library shelves. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Golden Chain

I believe it was Dr. Johnson who said that the most useful books are those small enough to be held in the hand by the fireside. Judged by this definition, the Macmillan "Little Novels" assuredly have won their place. The latest addition to this series is "The Golden Chain," by Gwendolen Overton, and it is a little gem. There are just one hundred of the small pages, but there is not a word that one would care to see added or subtracted. The scene is laid in the southwest, the region which the author knows so intimately, and the characters are few and the action swift. It is a love story, but not of the stereotyped pattern, and some of the characters are new to the environment. Dudley Keble, son of an ex-New England school teacher and a woman of the West, just twenty-two, unsophisticated in the ways of the larger world and unspoiled by the frontier dissipations, which do not appeal to him in spite of his cowboy experiences, is scarcely less innocent than Felicia Evans, the seventeen-year-old child, who travels from place to place with her aunt and uncle, strolling actors who essay Shakespeare and border melodrama at the army outposts, the cow camps or the straggling Mexican villages, wherever a few dollars can be picked up. Felicia is a lily growing in the mud and slime. It is Dudley's first meeting with the actor genus and his first awakening to the charms of the other sex. In one of the little towns, less than a day's journey from the Keble ranch, is a statue of the Virgin round whose neck is hung a votive offering of a heavy golden chain. While the traveling thespians are in the town this chain is stolen, and suspicion points to Felicia as the thief. The mob spirit is aroused in the townspeople, who resent the sacrilege, and young Keble shows himself to be a man of both thought and action. Miss Overton has shown a deep insight into human motives in her treatment of Josefita Acros, the Mexican girl, whose townsmen look upon her as one of the sanctified. Just what she has to do with Keble or the actors or the missing treasure the author has told in her own way. There are some wonderfully effective bits of description in this little book, the truth of which must be apparent to any one who has ever passed a brief time in one of these Mexican villages where the native customs are scarcely touched, much less modified by those of the Gringoes. One almost feels the heat of the Death Valley, and the long, dry ride across it. As a bit of book-making this little volume deserves a word by itself. There are two finely executed illustrations, besides initials and ornamental chapter headings and decorative end papers. The cover design shows the golden chain which gives the story its title, wound about the characteristic cactus of the southwest.

Clever Playlets

Amateur actors who are on the lookout for "something to play" and at the same time do not wish to tackle the difficulties of scene changing and stage management will find the long desired in Grace Luce Irwin's little book, "Drawing Room Plays." For the most part, these little farces are practical and humorous without being too ambitious, and they ought easily to be within the capacity of the average drawing room actor. Anybody who has ever played with amateurs will remember that they all want to be stars, and also that while female stars are numerous enough, those of the male persuasion, with time and talent to master their parts, are apt to be somewhat rarer. Mrs. Irwin has been clever enough to make the various parts in her little dramas of nearly equal importance; also, to lay them out for a predominating number of women players. The book contains seven plays, adapted to casts of from two to six, each preceded by a brief note giving instructions for acting, costumes and staging. While for the most part light and humorous in conception, two of the number, "An Innocent Villain" and "The Wedding of Mah Foy," offer good opportunities for character acting. The book is attractive in its handsome red binding, with poster label and red edges. The rubricated designs of the play headings are by A. F. Willmarth. Published by Paul Elder and Company. These publishers have a knack of harmonizing the binding with the contents of a book, and the present work is one of their cleverest effects in this line.

The Bookworm.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 88054.

CLIFF R. CURTISS, Plaintiff vs. JENNIE M. CURTISS Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

JENNIE M. CURTISS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's deserting plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk

By FRANK J. BURKE, Deputy Clerk.

E. M. RITTER, Plaintiff's Attorney

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87,758

LILLIAN B. SMITH, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES E. SMITH, Defendant. } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of the said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

CHARLES E. SMITH Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bond of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful desertion of the plaintiff and willful neglect to provide the plaintiff with the common necessities of life for more than one year last past; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and seal of the said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 17th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk,

By JOSEPH RIORDAN, Deputy Clerk.

WEST & DE JOURNEL, Attorneys for Plaintiff
54-55-56 Crocker Building, San Francisco

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

In the matter of the Estate of PATRICK F. LYNCH, also known as P. F Lynch, also known as Patrick Lynch, also known as P. Lynch, deceased.

It appearing to this Court from the Petition this day presented by John Farnham, as Administrator of the Estate of Patrick F. Lynch, also known as P. F. Lynch, also known as Patrick Lynch, also known as P. Lynch, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the Real Estate of said deceased to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and now said petition having been filed,

It is therefore ORDERED by this Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before said Superior Court on Thursday, the 31st day of December, A. D. 1903, at the hour of 10 A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 9 of said Court, in the New City Hall in the said City and County of San Francisco, to then and there show cause why an order should not be granted to said Administrator for the sale of all of said real estate, or so much thereof as shall be necessary

It is therefore ORDERED that a copy of this order be published four successive weeks in TOWN TALK a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County.

Done in open Court, this 20th day of November, 1903.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge of said Superior Court

CARLTON W. GREENE, Attorney for Administrator
Chronicle Building San Francisco, Cal.

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DIVIDEND NOTICES

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company, corner California and Montgomery Streets. For the six months ending December 31, 1903, dividends have been declared on deposits in the savings department of this company, as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3 per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904. Dividends uncalled for are added to the principal after January 1, 1904.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and one-half (3½) per cent on term deposits, and three (3) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

The Continental Building and Loan Association, 301 California st , San Francisco, Cal., has declared a dividend for the year ending December 31, 1903, of 5 per cent on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits and 8 per cent to stockholders, free of taxes.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President
WM. CORBIN, Sec. and Gen. Manager

The Humboldt Savings and Loan Society, 18 Geary street, has declared a dividend of 3¼ per cent per annum on deposits, free of taxes, for the term ending December 31, 1903, payable on and after January 2, 1904.

W. E. PALMER, Cashier

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street. For the half year ending with December 31, 1903, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1904.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 7. No. 87599.

MARY M. WALSH Plaintiff vs. D. J. WALSH Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting, to:

D. J. WALSH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's neglect and failure to provide plaintiff with the common necessaries of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(SEAL) GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 3d day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and three. ALBERT B. MAHONY, Clerk

By R. A. MARTIN, Deputy Clerk

GEORGE M. HURLBUT, Plaintiff's Attorney
449 Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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The Year

And when our children turn the page,
To ask what triumphs mark our age—
What we achieved to challenge praise,
Through the long line of future days—
This let them read, and hence instruction draw:
"Here were the many bless'd,
Here found the virtues rest,
Faith link'd with Love, and Liberty with Law."
—*Sprague's Centennial Ode.*

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to leave the ground;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pain grows sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
—*Mrs Thrale.*

Years following years steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.
—*Pope.*

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
—*Bailey.*

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.
—*Byron.*

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
—*Keble.*

Small sands the mountain; moments make the year,
And trifles, life.
—*Young.*

See, Winter comes, to rule the varying year. —*Thomson.*

That stems the starry girdle of the year. —*Campbell.*

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb.;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
—*Byron.*

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction.
—*Wordsworth.*

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust.
—*Byron.*

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past.
—*Psalm* xc: 9.

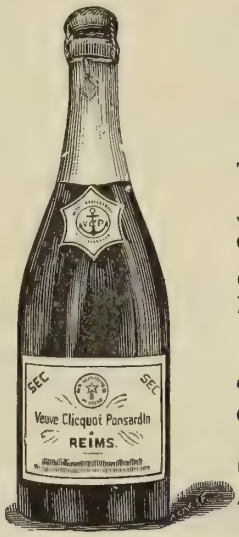
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alter.
—*Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale."*

—*The Gleaner.*

Tradition has it that the death of Robin Hood occurred on Christmas Eve, 1247.

Thomas a Becket was murdered at the Christmas season.

The surprise at Trenton (Revolutionary war) occurred on Christmas



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